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Pow Wow

A Magazine for Children About Animals.



November, 1900.



MISS FRANCES POWER CORBE,
of Hengwrt, Dolgelly, Wales.
One of the most energetic friends of animals.

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POW WOW

NOVEMBER, 1900.

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POW WOW is published monthly in the City of Kamloops, British Columbia. The price is 10 cents or sixpence per copy. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 or 4s. 6d., post free. Subscriptions, which may be commenced at any time, should be sent to Secretary POW WOW, Kamloops, B. C.

All Manuscripts, Drawings, Photographs, etc., must be plainly addressed, and forwarded to the Editor POW WOW, Kamloops, B. C., Canada. They must be submitted at the owner's risk. The Editor will not guarantee their safety, although she will endeavour to return them when stamps are enclosed for return postage. MSS. should be typewritten, and each manuscript or photograph should be plainly inscribed on the back with the name and address of the sender, together with the title, and such descriptive matter as may be convenient.



THE COUNTESS OF MINTO,
WIFE OF
HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA



Sept. 10, 1900.

Dear Mrs. Sarel:

I have much pleasure in giving my name as patroness of your paper, which I think should be very interesting and instructive, and I hope will succeed in making children more thoughtful and considerate to animals.

• • • •

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Mary Smith

INTRODUCTION.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, In starting this magazine the point I most particularly wish to impress upon you is, that we, that is, you and I, are starting out to light a good light for all dumb animals. Without your help my little magazine will surely be of no use, except to give you five minutes amusement admiring the pictures. I only want subscribers who love animals and heartily wish for their welfare. Not one in a hundred of you children are really cruel at heart. None of you would willingly give any animal any pain, but how often do many of you cause acute pain and suffering by ignorance or thoughtlessness? If you were to swing a stick round and accidentally hit your small brother or sister on the face with it and raise a red mark, that small child would cry out, "Oh, you have hurt me," and you would turn quickly full of sympathy and regret, for the pain you had caused. You would caress and pet the little sufferer until the pain was gone. But supposing you did the same thing to a dog or cat, that animal in all probability would not cry out, but would run away to nurse its wound in some secluded corner unseen and forgotten. And you could not call yourselves cruel, it was accidental, and when you saw the animal run away you would imagine that it was not hurt. Let me, here in my first letter, impress upon you that animals are all very patient and quiet over their sufferings, also, that most domestic animals, such as the dog, the horse and the cat, are extremely sensitive to ridicule, although they seldom give much outward show of their sufferings, unless they know their owners very well and have full confidence in them.

I have been fortunate in securing the following ladies to become Patronesses:—

HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

LADY C. H. TUPPER.

MRS. DEWDNEY, wife of ex-Governor Dewdney.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE.

MRS. W. J. ROPER, of British Columbia, and other well known ladies.

With such examples and helpers as they are, we ought in a short time to be a very powerful agent in preventing cruelty to animals.

POW WOW, which will be issued monthly, will consist of from sixteen to twenty pages to commence with, and will be illustrated. It will contain one serial story, three or four short stories by well known writers, a page or so of useful information, also a page devoted to puzzles, riddles, etc. The remaining pages will be contributed by the little readers themselves, who will be requested to send from time to time stories of interest, of their own composition. Three prizes will be given in connection with these, each month; one for the best true story, one for the best composition, and one for the best piece of poetry. All contributions must be more or less concerning animals. Each prize will amount to \$2.50 or ten shillings, and will be sent off as the stories are inserted in the Magazine.

The price of an Annual Subscription is one dollar or four shillings and six pence, post free.

The serial story called "Murphy of Alaska" is about a real dog, and he has gone through even more than you will read in these pages.

I shall be glad to answer any questions about animals that my little readers may wish to ask me. Simply cut out the coupon and enclose it with your letter, and I will tell you about feeding and caring for your pets, or give you any such information as you may wish. Always direct your letters to

THE EDITOR OF "POW WOW,"
KAMLOOPS, B. C.

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Pow Wow,

Vol. 1.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 1.



MURPHY OF ALASKA.

A True Story of a Dog.

BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER I.

I AM only just a dog and a half bred mongrel Indian dog at that, so those who do not care for dogs please close up this book, for it is my first attempt at writing, and I am quite sure it won't be clever or anything in particular, except true. I don't know where I was born, but my earliest recollections are of a dirty Indian hovel, built on a shingly beach on the South-Eastern Alaskan shore at a place called Tukan. Like all those Indian houses, it was built on stout cedar poles driven deep down into the rocky beach, and it contained but one square room with a place for a fire in the middle, the smoke from which escaped through an opening in the roof and the rain came in at that same opening. Round the fire the Indians sat, lived and ate, while ranged round three sides of the building

were shelves or bunks for sleeping on and keeping the household gods, and other miscellaneous Indian things. Our family—I mean my owner's—was a large one, old Tahsk, Chief of the Tribe, but so poor that it was all he could do to feed his family of children, who ranged from a boy of twelve down to a baby of one, nine of them in all. Such a crew too, dirty, half-naked little creatures whose only object in life seemed to be to make living a burden to me. I was very small then, a ball of fluffy wool, very fond of play, of which I got plenty, and of food of which I got but a scant supply. But let me here pause to remark, that the Alaskan Indians do not starve their dogs any more than they starve their children. If they are prosperous their children get plenty to eat, and so do their dogs as a matter of course. On the other hand, if they are short of food they give their children the lion's share, themselves a small portion and the dogs the scraps. Tahsk was not prosperous and I was only half Indian, so I had not quite so much inborn instinct of taking care of number one first and foremost. In fact, as I grew older I looked upon a child as a being especially put into this world to snatch dogs' food away from them, and naturally I thought it only right that I should try and snatch the food back again, and it was from that very habit that I afterwards got into dire disgrace. One day, a wet day it was, for I remember the rain dripping through on the fire as we all sat round it, Tahsk smoking while his wife leisurely mended some snow shoes, a man came into our cabin, a white man, very big and tall, with a red face, tanned red from exposure to sun and wind; he had a nice face, with merry eyes, and called out laughingly, "Hullo Tahsk, growing thin working over the pipe eh, while your wife grows fat over her work."

The joke in that was that Tahsk was fat and Guen was thin. Tahsk took his pipe slowly out of his huge mouth and looked at the white man with a grin, then added in his guttural native tongue, "Ah, I get fat on nothing to eat."

"Well you lazy old sinner, I want someone to give us a hand in the mill, come on" said the white man.

Guen looked up with a glad smile, work at the white man's mill meant money, and money food, so no wonder Guen looked pleased, and the eight out of the nine children reflected her pleased face. So I got up, shook myself, and tried to look pleased too.

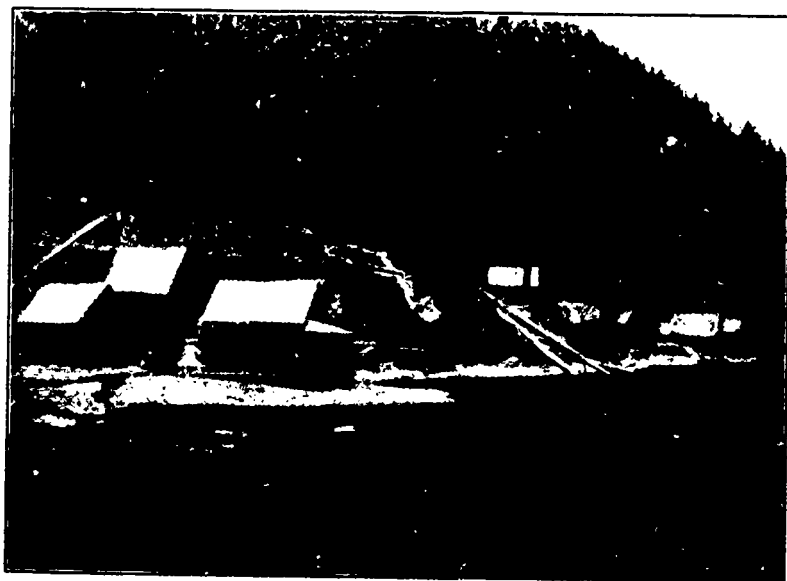
"What you got here Tahsk," says the white man, stooping to pick me up. His big hand was so gentle that I immediately took a liking to this strange white man, and turned my brown eyes up to his, wonderingly. "You are a pretty little chap." "Yes, him mother white dog, good dog, him father Indian dog, he good dog too," answered Guen eagerly, with an eye to a possible good bargain in the future.

"What's his name?" asked the man.

"Setoosie" said Tahsk, and I immediately jumped down and ran to the old Indian to show how intelligent I could be. "Well, come on Tahsk, its getting late now," and the two men went out closing the door behind them, and I soon fell asleep. A few weeks after that first meeting with the white man, I learnt his

me, which was George Sampson, and that he owned the fur trading post and saw-mill close to our little Indian village. In my puppy mind I then began to lay a deep plan for venturing further away than the beach, which lay just in front of our shanty, and try and see something of the world and that kind looking white man. So bright and early one warm spring morning I crept out and began my voyage of discovery, and an eventful voyage it was. First of all a batch of Indian dogs rushed out at me, and I was nearly killed before I could make them understand that I was only Setsoosie, and when they did let me go, I was so sore and frightened that I had to take a long rest on a bunch of coarse grass which grew on the beach. I then started on again, passing a dozen or more small cabins, all more or less like ours— all squalid and dirty, with a thin column of blue smoke rising up through the roof— when I came to a rushing creek teeming with salmon, that kept up an incessant plunging and splashing until the water looked like a moving belt of sparkling silver. Over this creek was built a crazy looking bridge which I was careful to smell before trusting even my slight weight upon it. I was very nervous but quite determined to gain the end in view, to see that Mr. Sampson again, (then as now, I never would give in). Finally, summoning all my courage, I made a rush at the bridge and bolted madly across, that is to say nearly across, for a little more than half way over I slipped and fell with a splash in the very midst of those energetic silvery salmon in the creek— of course I got soaked and bewildered. More dead than alive I managed to extricate myself from the fish and paddle to the opposite bank panting, shivering, and half blinded with water, I ran slap into a big brown and yellow cat with the greenest eyes you ever saw, and such a don't-touch-me air. "Oh!" I gasped, jumping backwards almost into the creek again.

(To be continued.)



"A dozen or more small cabins."

MY FEATHERED LADY.

WHERE'ER of old my Lady went
 All art, all nature seemed to be
 Attuned in soft accompaniment
 To sing her praise to me.
 With her all gentleness would move;
 Her smile was life, her look was love.

Within her bonnet shone the rose,
 A lily sheltered at her breast,
 But now where'er my Lady goes
 No human heart can rest;
 The very stones beneath her feet
 Cry "Murder! Murder!" down the
 street.

For in her bonnet is the plume
 That waves above her head, to tell
 She has, within her soul, no room
 For Pity's self to dwell;
 That she can see, unmoved of pain,
 Homes plundered, babes and mothers
 slain.

Lo! in the hall of dance and song,
 The maiden, clad with snowy grace;
 No more she glides like light along,
 How changed and slow her pace;
 Knee-deep she seems to wade through
 death
 Of white-winged creatures cast beneath!

Now at the altar kneels the bride,
 Pure joy and spotless womanhood.
 Ah, pluck that dainty veil aside!
 Her hair is red with blood!
 Hark! through the hymn of praise, a
 cry
 Of birds in bridal dress that die.

Beside the infant's cot there stands
 A mother robed for evening rout,
 The fury in her jewelled hands
 Would cast her own child out!
 She has but killed, for fan and lace,
 A heron's offspring in its place.

There in the land of sun and flowers
 With orange scent upon the air,
 When Egrets-build their bridal bowers,
 They take them plumes to wear,
 Such plumes as with true love in sight,
 Will tell the fluttering heart's delight.

They mate, and happy is the breast
 That feels one day its softness stirr
 By that new life within the nest,
 Loud calls the parent bird;
 The very savage in the wood
 Must share the joyance of the brood.

But hands, whom Fashion arms w
 greed
 And hearts made cruel by the Cha-
 These know our English ladies need
 Some little borrowed grace.
 The merchant unto murder dooms
 A whole bird-nation for its plumes.

Fierce shouts are heard, and up the
 springs
 A palpitating cloud of sound,
 The shadows of ten thousand wings
 Move trembling on the ground,
 And seem in silence to entreat
 For mercy round the murderers' feet.

Gun answers gun, the cloud that r
 Lies warm and wounded undernea
 In all the heart-appalling throes
 Of agony and death;
 From quivering flesh the ruffians to
 The feathers for my Lady's hair.

There falls a hush upon the wood
 Where gun made echo unto gun.
 But still the branches drip with blood
 And, fainting for the sun,
 Unfed, unsheltered now by breast,
 The children perish in the nest.

Wings, meant for flight, that can
 not fly

Are rotting, high above, in air;
 Beneath, the carrion bodies lie
 Whose fault was being fair.
 And Vanity that wrought this doom,
 Goes dancing off with Egret-plume.

O English mother, maid, or bride,
 Who seek for Fashion's feathers to
 grace,
 Come in your beauty and your pride
 And gaze upon the place:
 Then say if Love can wear again
 For Pity's sake, such plumes of pain.

H. D. RAWNSLEY



EDUCATION IN HUMANITY.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

KINDNESS, or, more properly speaking, justice to animals has hitherto been taught far too much as if it were a sort of accomplishment, or finishing ornament of education. It has been treated as a superegregory virtue which may be dispensed with on occasion without incurring any serious condemnation, albeit its possession adds grace to the character—like a taste for flowers or pictures. All teaching of this kind is as futile as if we were to instruct our children to steal because it is unbecoming to a gentleman to pick pockets, or not to drink to excess because drunkenness is undignified.

I am at a loss to know what human action constitutes a moral offence and is sinful, if it be not an offence and sinful to torture a sentient and innocent creature at our own or other's benefit. Nay, I am at a loss to imagine any offence or sin which more directly appeals to the justice of the great Lord of all for retribution.

Like elder children left by their mother for a time in charge of the little ones, our relation to God's humbler creatures is at once serious and infinitely touching, and I know not how we can escape the punishment of hardened hearts and alienation from Him, if we fail in that trust.

If this be the true moral and religious aspect of cruelty to animals, it follows that justice to them ought always to be taught as a duty—a very solemn and noble duty;—and by no means only as an exhibition of good taste and cultivated feelings. It is good taste, truly, to be gentle and just to the weak and dependent, whether they be human or infrahuman. No surer sign of coarseness, selfishness, and vulgarity of mind can be shown than trampling upon those who are at our mercy. But it is a great deal more than a matter of taste; and it is placing the whole subject on a wrong footing in education to treat it as if it were merely a department of *les bienséances*.

Two things, it seems to me, should be aimed at in the training of children in this respect. The first must be to make them fear to be cruel; just as we make them fear to be liars, thieves, drunkards; believing such things to be offences against morality, and sins in the sight of God. Thus whatever power the conscience and the religious sentiment possess will be enlisted on the side of humanity, quite apart from fluctuating sentiment.

Secondly, and subordinate to the sense of duty, we may cultivate as far as possible those feelings of sympathy with animals which are natural to most children, but which, nevertheless, need to be drawn out and encouraged. The sentiment of sympathy thus cultivated will be to humanity what the sentiment of heroism is to truth and courage, and that of modesty to chastity—a safeguard and forerunner, keeping temptation altogether at a distance, while yet leaving a sound sub-structure of duty as a final security.

Of practical hints for the cultivation of such sentiments, I can only offer the following:—

First. Let children see that you yourself love animals, and caress them tenderly, and admire their beauty and intelligence, and prize their affection. Human sentiments are much more often transmitted by the contagion of the emotions—whether of love or hate, admiration or contempt—than by any didactic teaching which can be given.

Second. Never allow a boy or girl to witness even the most merciful butchery of cattle or fowls. It is a frightful practice, responsible for a great deal of the brutality common among men, to accustom young lads to assist at slaughter-houses. The beast of prey is not so wholly bred out of human nature yet as that a boy can see these spectacles with impunity. As I have elsewhere shown, heteropathy—a sentiment the reverse of sympathy—is the earlier and more spontaneous sentiment; and the dreadful "*Vae victis*" is a cry which rises sooner at the human heart than the voice of pity. Even among grown up and fairly educated people it is astonishing now often "those who are appointed to die"—helpless beasts or fluttering birds—seem to pass beyond the pale of pity just when they need most to be included therein.

Third. Never allow children to whip horses or dogs, or to take pleasure in the overdriving of a horse or donkey. The sense of power enjoyed by a little rascal on a driving seat with a heavy whip in his hand, is very obviously a temptation to cruelty. When boys ride or drive, they ought to be led to take pride in foregoing the use of the whip, and in guiding their horses by the voice and easy bit.

Fourth. Give children of all classes, whenever it is possible, the delight of possessing a pet animal (the higher in the scale the better), and watch very closely how they use it; take it from them at once if they neglect or ill-treat it. I visited several times in a very poor district of London, a schoolroom called the Pilgrim's Hall, wherein, for its annual festival, the good master induced his young scholars every year to bring their pets—cats, dogs, rabbits and doves, white mice and guinea-pigs—for “competitive examination,” together with the results of their window gardening. The scene was exceedingly pretty, when good Lord Mount-Temple one year, and Lord Shaftesbury another, went round, carefully noticing and caressing every little petted creature, to the delight of the young owners; and then distributed as prizes small books on natural history. I do not know why this kind of humble exhibition should not more frequently be inaugurated as well as Bands of Mercy—also excellent things in their way.

Fifth. Never treat with levity the distress of an animal, or allow a child to think it a small matter to leave a dog chained all day in its kennel, or a wild bird pining in a cage, or any creature in want or misery.

“ Let no bonnie birds on your hats be worn,
 No more sweet singers be mangled and' torn;
 There's a stain of blood on every bonnet
 Which has a dead bird stitched upon it.”

ANNA GREGG SAVIGNY.



OLD CHARLIE.

BY A LADY.

SOME years ago we had a favourite pony, which, like all animals that are taken notice of, showed us many amusing proofs of his sagacity.

Unless the stable door was fastened outside, Charlie generally opened it with his mouth, and went wherever he liked. One afternoon the boy had neglected to do this, and the consequence was Charlie was missing. In a few hours a farmer brought the truant home, whom he had found feasting in a field of barley.

When shut in, he made a most unusual stir, which was taken no notice of at the time; but the next morning the boy came in with the news that "Charlie certainly was mad, for he would not let any one go near him; was kicking and plunging, and, moreover, groaning piteously." We were at breakfast, and my brothers laughed, and rose to see what was the matter; but they soon came back saying, the boy was right, for it was quite evident something was hurting the pony, or he was ill.

I was very fond of old Charlie, and jumped up to go to him. "You must not go, it is not safe; he attempted to bite me but a moment ago," my brother said. However, I was not at all afraid; and, followed by the whole party, went to the stable. Prancing about, and moaning still, there he was, but directly I saw me he walked quietly over, and speaking soothingly, I patted his head. Still he moaned.

They were all surprised to see him so suddenly docile. "Depend upon it he has chosen me for his surgeon again, and has a thorn in his foot, or something of the kind," I said; for once before I had taken a thorn from his leg, when he would let no one else approach him. I could find no thorn; still he looked at me beseechingly, and moaned.

All at once I saw a barley-corn had run deeply into his eye; only just enough was visible to enable me to take hold of. Doubtless, in his pain, he had rubbed and pressed it further into the eye. Poor Charlie! he had paid dearly for his runaway and thievish gambols in the barley-field the night before.

I held up the eyelid with one hand, and, as gently as I could, pulled out the barley-corn. Charlie never moved while I was doing it, but when he found the pain lessened, he rubbed his head against me, and plainly showed his gratitude. The boy went to him, and Charlie was quiet again, as usually he was wont to be.

Charlie was a very good-tempered, though high-spirited pony.

Every morning (excepting Sunday), winter and summer, when it was fine, I rode on Charlie's back, and he was generally used in the gig during the day. My ride never seemed to tire him; both of us in high spirits, away we went, first up a mountain skirting the sea.

Charlie well knew the round, and I am sure the enjoyment was mutual. Playful as a lamb, he would trot, canter, or gallop, as best pleased his fancy.

One day, more playful than usual, he succeeded in throwing me off. My foot was entangled in the stirrup, and if Charlie had gone on I should probably

have had a serious accident. But I was mercifully preserved. In an instant the faithful creature stopped ; he was so frightened that he trembled all over. I could not scold him, got up again, and very quietly went towards home.

Charlie was a musical pony. Whenever we began to sing, he always stepped to the tune, slow or fast. Charlie loved music, and often, for amusement, we gradually sang slower and slower. When ending the tune, Charlie would stand still in the road.

When anything was given to Charlie he did not like to eat, he would always take it, and hold it in his mouth for a long time (as dogs often will) just to please the giver.

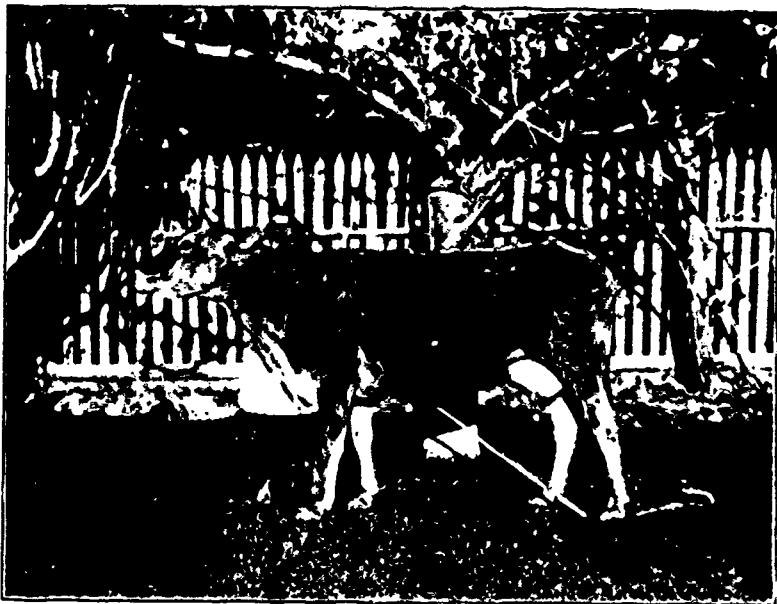
But I must tell you of old Charlie's mournful death. One of his favourite haunts was a wood, and many of the trees overhung the cliff. He would jump over gates and hedges from his field to reach the wood, and one morning he was found hanging dead in the branches of a tree above the water. We suppose some boys must have teased him, and in trying to escape them he fell over the cliff. Poor Charlie !



A cowboy's horse preparing to buck—



—The same horse in the act of bucking.



QUEENIE.

When my photograph was taken the first time, as I appear in this picture, was a very much puzzled cow. My master's little six-year old boy came and told the man who looks after me to tie a rope round my neck, and said something else about a picture which I did not understand. So a rope was put loosely round my neck and the end of it given to my small master, who led me through the gate of the farm yard down into the cool sweet-smelling garden, where a large expanse of green grass was allowed to go to waste. For I never saw any cows or horses feeding on it. Before we arrived quite at the grass part, my little master became suddenly enamoured of a bright red butterfly and dropped my rope to give chase to the pretty creature. I watched the child for a few seconds rushing madly along without the remotest chance of ever catching the butterfly, then I bethought myself of the tempting grass and sauntered along down the path between the rows of gay flowers and shady trees until I reached it. Ah! how delicious it was. I ate the grass slowly, walking ahead as I ate, until I was startled by a series of wild cries, which frightened me very much. I looked up ready to run away from some dreadful object, but all I could see was some prettily dressed ladies upsetting a table full of cups and saucers and plates of cakes, and several dogs busily eating up the cakes as they fell. I could see nothing else, so I went on eating quietly, each mouthful taking me nearer to the ladies and the table. Then I again heard screams, and looking up saw them running away in a far corner, but my little master called out: "Queenie won't hurt any of you" and they all stopped and looked round at me fearfully.

I am Queenie, and it was actually my own timid self who was frightening them and causing so much disturbance. How I wished I could tell them that

sorry I was, and how far from my thoughts and inclinations it was to hurt or frighten them.

Just then a strange man came and pointed a black box thing at me, and told one of the children to hold me "quite quiet," and I was frightened in my turn, but I could understand my people telling me, it would not hurt me, so I stood still, which pleased the man very much, for I heard him say to my little master: "Queenie is a good cow, for she has allowed me to take a good photograph."



LASSIE.

Here is a picture of Lassie and her small master whom she appears to be looking it over, for she has comfortably ensconced herself in his chair, and stands beside her looking slightly annoyed. Lassie is a beautiful tri-coloured dog who is a great pet among her people, and as you see, usually finds a comfortable chair to sit on or a sofa to lie upon.

THE BURGLAR.

When I was a little girl, and lived in one of those tall greystone houses which are so common in London, I was very anxious to have a cat of my own. We had one great big yellow cat in the house, but he always lived down in the kitchen, and as he was never allowed to come upstairs, and I was seldom allowed to go downstairs, I did not think that he was much of a pet. Nurse objected principally to a cat, but I felt sure that if I could once smuggle a dear little kitten into the nursery, that nurse's kind heart would never allow her to turn it away.

One night after I had been put to bed, and nurse had gone back into the day nursery, leaving the door between the two nurseries open, I overheard the most alarming conversation. One of the housemaids—named Jessie—, when she brought nurse's supper up, told nurse of some burglars who were breaking into many of the houses in our neighbourhood.

"Just to think of it," continued Jessie— "while the Carsons were at dinner tonight, the thieves got in through the skylight at the top of the house and were through all the bed-rooms, took everything they could carry away. All Mrs. Carson's diamonds and everything. And they do say that they are a villainous crew, that they'd as leave kill you as look at you."

"Dear me, dear me," I heard nurse say with her mouth full of bread and cheese, "and we have got just such a skylight as the Carsons."

"Have the thieves got clear away Jessie?"

"No, that's the awfulest part of it. One of the band is lurking somewhere on the roofs of the houses and—," but Jessie stopped talking suddenly and gave a scream, and I, already very much excited by what I had heard, climbed out of my cot and ran into the day nursery.

"Bless me, Jessie, whatever is the matter girl? And you, poor little dear Miss Maudie, come to your old nurse," said nurse, taking me up in her arms.

"Didn't you hear?" said Jessie, who was standing near the table looking very pale.

"Didn't I hear what?" asked nurse.

But before Jessie could answer, we all distinctly heard a light scratching or scraping on the skylight which lit the landing outside the nursery door. Nurse clasped me tighter, and Jessie grabbed the table-cloth and trembled.

"There it goes again," gasped nurse. "Run Jessie to the speaking tub and call down for help."

"Oh, I daren't, I really couldn't go out there with those thieves just getting in at the skylight. Oh, we'll all be murdered in our beds. Oh, dearie me," sobbed Jessie, loudly enough to have warned any burglar to make off as quickly as he could.

"Don't be an idiot, girl. How can we be murdered in our beds, when we are not in our beds? And it seems to me its a queer kind of a burglar who does not run away," with all your noise," said nurse angrily.

"That's just because he is going to kill us, he knows I am wearing my dear grandmother's Scotch pebble brooch," sobbed Jessie.

"Yes, he'd kill you for certain for that bit of a brooch you are wearing," sneered nurse. Getting up with me still in her arms, she bravely crossed the room and went out into the landing, where to our surprise, we found that the light was already open a few inches. It probably had been so all day. And peering in through the darkness was the face of this dear little kitten you see in the picture, looking down at us with sweetly pleading eyes which plainly said "Please take me in, I am so hungry."



Nurse was so relieved at seeing that no noise was made only by a harmless

little kitten, that she called to Jessie to bring a chair and climb up and get the kitten. It was some time before Jessie could be prevailed upon to go near the skylight, but eventually she did climb up, and to my great delight the kitten was put into my arms, and nurse told me to keep it for my very own, as it had come in such a queer way. So I named it Burglar. A funny name for a cat, is'nt it?

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSHMEN'S COLLIE.

We have heard a good deal lately of regimental pets, but most people were under the impression that they were not included in the African campaign. However, it seems (says the *Nottingham Guardian*) that there is at least one interesting exception. The first Australian bushmen who arrived brought with them a collie dog, which has an illustrious destination, for they intend, if it should survive the war, to present it to the Queen as a proof of their loyal attachment. The Queen's love for dogs is well known, and she will no doubt be much interested in the travelled collie.--*London Globe*.



HORNED TOADS AS PETS.

HORNED toads make odd pets, yet there are many of them in the sandy regions of the southwest. They do not look very attractive, but they have their admirers, as the ugly looking, repulsive bulldog has friends. Despite their dangerous appearance they are really harmless and remarkably sociable. If you have one on your desk it will make its home among the papers and spend hours at a time watching you as you write, but let a fly perch anywhere within striking distance, and you are forgotten. Immediately the little creature becomes active, and unless

that fly is unusually gifted, its minutes are numbered. The toad almost invariably captures the insect, and it enjoys nothing more than a place by the window where flies are numerous. The horned toad likes to be petted. Rub its head and it will roll up its eyes, puff out its throat, and you can almost see it smile.



A HERO'S CHILD.

THE *Daily Mail* tells a pretty anecdote of Sir George White's six-year-old daughter. This little lady, while walking with her nurse in the neighborhood of Windsor, met the cripple boys sent down by the Ragged School Union to Princess Christian's holiday home. Finding out the most helpless urchin, she cried, "Poor little boy—oh, you poor dear little cripple boy!" and would not be content until she had obtained cakes and oranges for the sufferers, while her chosen way of celebrating the relief of Ladysmith was by having these children to "tea and fireworks."



WHY SHE DIDN'T CARE.

The many things that have been written concerning the wearing of feathers on ladies' hats for adornment, remind one of a woman who met a small boy carrying a nestful of eggs. "You cruel wretched boy," she cried, "how could you have the heart to do such a horrid thing? No doubt the poor mother is now breaking her heart for the loss of her eggs." "Oh, no, she don't care," said the small boy, moving cautiously out of reach, "she ain't got the chance. You've got her in your hat."



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