

YOUNG FOLKS.

WINNOGENE.

Mr. Todd in Manitoba has been telling readers of 'Morning Rays' about the Red Indians of the North West; about the poor, dusky-skinned, dusky-voiced papooses who know nothing of that gospel of love, in whose sunshine the white children of our race are fostered.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

'Ar' Brudder J. X. Caniff in de hall to-night' blandly inquired of the President at the meeting opened with the mercury in the thermometer touching the figures 99.

Delivering the Mail at Fayal

The arrival of the mail throws Fayal into a state of excitement. Half the population then comes to town, and a hot and steaming crowd picks itself into the one Post Office that the island possesses.

CIVILIZATION FATAL.

Gradual Extinction of the Great Aboriginal Races of the North.

The following article, taken from the New York 'Sun,' though not quite accurate in some of its references to our country, is yet intensely interesting, and will furnish food for thought to the reflective reader.

ARE RAPIDLY PERISHING.

The opinion was frequently expressed that the evils which are decimating these four or five Indian and Eskimo tribes, who number about 20,000 people, are the direct result of the advent of the whites.

AGENCIES OF MORTALITY

is believed to be largely induced by the diet, almost exclusively of fish, upon which many of the natives depend.

Round.

That tireless investigator of Pagan life, George Kennan, visited in the course of his wanderings, the Grand Lama of the Trans-Baikal, in Eastern Siberia, and in his account of that dignitary, given in the 'Century,' says that it seemed very strange to find an educated man and high ecclesiastical dignitary who never even heard of America, and who did not feel at all sure that the world is round.

'I think,' I replied, 'that it is shaped like a great ball.'

'I have heard so before,' the Grand Lama replied, looking thoughtfully away into vacancy. 'The Russian officers whom I have met told me that the world is round.'

'It is very strange!' said the Grand Lama after a thoughtful pause. 'Where is your country? How far is it beyond St. Petersburg?'

After a long talk, during which we discussed the ephemerality of earth from every possible point of view, the Grand Lama seemed to be partly or wholly convinced of the truth of the doctrine, and said, with a sigh, 'It is not in accordance with the teachings of our book, but the Russians must be right.'

Things a Boy Should Learn.

- To run. To swim. To carve. To be neat. To be honest. To make a fire. To be punctual. To do an errand. To cut kindlings. To sing if he can. To sew on a button. To hang up his hat. To hold his head erect. To respect his teacher. To help his mother or sister. To button his mother's boots. To wipe his boots on the mat. To read aloud when requested. To help the boy smaller than himself. To speak pleasantly to an old woman. To put every garment in its proper place. To remove his hat upon entering a house. To keep his finger nails from wearing mourning. To lift the baby out of the cradle and hold it for half an hour. To treat the girls so well that they will wish he was their brother. To close the door quietly, especially when there is a sick person in the house.

The Most Enterprising Crow on Record.

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

An African Queen's Sad Tale.

Here is a glimpse at woman's lot in Africa from a chapter in a recent book on South Africa, which describes some of the customs of the Swazi tribe: 'A beautiful young wife of the king had in some innocent way displeased him. The order was given to smelt her out, and the witch doctors did their horrible work. Executioners were told off, and they were sent out to the young wife to tell her of her sentence.

Influence of a Good Woman.

And still we respect and admire a gentleman, and we take off our hats and worship a gentlewoman. Still we like to kiss the hand of a poor and innocent girl and listen to the low, soft voice and refined thoughts of an educated and delicate woman.

It Had Become an Old Story.

Many and many a time the little boy had made an honest little dime of pocket money by getting himself in the way when George came to court his sister. He had got it down to a science. But one night he was put to bed after having been taken in to take a look at his sister in a bridal veil and orange blossoms.

No Use Whistling for Him.

A story is being told of a very close citizen of Washington that he wanted to go to Lynchburg recently. At the ticket office he was told that the fare was \$1.80.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is said to be in receipt of the largest income now made by any woman in America. She earns by her pen upwards of \$40,000 a year.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

The truest help we can render to a afflicted man is, not to take away his burden from him, but to call out his best strength that he may be able to bear the burden.—F. M. Smith.