

For the Boys and Girls

A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND

BY MARY HELEN FERGUSON

A long time ago there lived in a tiny white cottage, at the foot of a beautiful mountain, a poor widow and her little daughter, Nell.

When Mr. Bolton, Nell's father, died, he left his widow nothing but the little cottage in which they lived and a small piece of ground adjoining. By carefully cultivating this patch of land, the widow was able to make a living for herself and little Nell.

Every available spot of this garden was made to rise a fruit, vegetable, or a flower, and these Mrs. Bolton and her little daughter carried regularly to the city to be sold.

Small as their income was, it had been, until now, sufficient for their modest wants. "Children grow rapidly, but, unfortunately, their clothes do not grow with them," Nell's dress was now short for her, and as there were no more to be had, she had to be "let out," a necessity which she had to bear, but for a great while she had grown to like her dress, as she had grown to like her work. With jealous care she guarded her worn leather shoes, carrying them under her arm until she reached the outskirts of the city, where she would slip them off by the roadside and put on a pair of new ones, never failing to remove her old shoes, which she carried home by way of home.

One day Nell's discontent made it her goal, each day, to perform her work, but gradually fell into the delightful but dangerous habit of building castles in the air.

One midsummer night, like many others, she found her kneeling by the open window, looking far into the night, wondering if fairies still existed in the earth.

She wished a curious thought, and came flying right through this window and lay in a "come with me to Fairyland and live there always, and wear a lovely silk dress and a diamond ring, and never have anything to do at all." Oh, how it pleased her! "I'll go with you," she said, and she slipped on her slippers and went to the window.

"There you are, still wondering if there were fairies, and if they would show themselves if she repeated the mystic rhyme she had read. She resolved to try it. So while the stars winked at her, and the gentle, intoxicating night breeze softly kissed her young face and toyed with her golden hair, she said this verse:

"The moonbeam lying there,
Make for me a golden stair,
That I may mount to Fairyland,
Lilte moonbeam, I command!"

Instantly at her feet she beheld a stairway, and heard a sweet, musical voice bid her ascend. Up, up the shining stairs she went, up, up, far beyond the misty cloudland, and still up, until she finally reached the top of the silver ladder, when, instead of the wonderful land with glittering palaces and golden streets which she expected to see, she found herself in the midst of a dark, gloomy forest.

Astonished, terrified, she turned to descend, but to her dismay the silver stairway had vanished and the dreary forest surrounded her on all sides.

Lilte Nell was very much frightened at the dismal sound and awful silence. She desired to return to her home, but she knew that the forest was never known to yield to the wishes of children, and although quite conscious of the fact that she lacked a great deal of being a model girl, still there was comfort in the thought that she always said her prayers and never disobeyed her mother.

She was startled from her reverie by a sorrowful chirp. Following the sound, Nell soon discovered a young bird hopping about in the grass, and pitifully crying because it could not find its way back to the nest from which it had fallen. Fortunately, the nest was built in a low bush, not much above her head, so she had little difficulty in replacing the poor little nestling in its warm nest.

Having tenderly laid the frightened bird in its nest, she thought to herself: "As I cannot go back, I'll try to go forward and, perhaps I may meet some one who will show me the way out of this terrible forest, and maybe I'll meet a fairy who will take me on to Fairyland!"

So brave little Nell trudged along until she was tired out, and her bare feet ached from the cubs and bruises which came with nearly every step she took, for stones, and thistles, and briars were abundant in that dreadful forest.

"Completely worn out, and ready to drop down with fatigue, her heart bounded with joy on seeing near by a sparkling little spring. Cool and clear the crystal drops looked as she dipped them up in her hand to quench her feverish thirst.

Holding the grateful draught to her parched lips she was about to drink, when she saw a tiny fish wriggling in the mud and making desperate efforts to get back into the water.

"Why, you poor little fish!" said Nell, instantly forgetting her great thirst, and gently dropping the fish in the spring.

Upon doing which she saw what she had not observed before—a large bush covered with rich, ripe berries.

Being hungry, she pulled some of the tempting fruit, and, sitting down on the green grass, began to eat.

Immediately, the whole scene changed. The gloomy forest, the bush of luscious berries, and the cool, crystal spring had vanished, and Nell cried out, finding herself at the foot of a high mountain, whose summit seemed to pierce the very heavens.

This mountain was very steep indeed, and its surface as smooth as polished marble; so any attempt to climb it must end in failure.

Nell had never so bewailed her sad fate when lost in the dark woods, but she now felt that she had more reason for sorrow.

If she remained in this strange place, she would surely starve to death, and yet how could she ever get away unless she climbed the mountain!

Wiping the tears from her poor little eyes, she heroically began the impossible task, but, as might be imagined, for every step forward she slid back ten.

Suddenly she heard a rustle of wings, and immediately after a large bird flew to her feet, and said to her: "Nell, do you remember the little bird for whom you had compassion, kindly placing it in the nest from which it had fallen? It is now in my power to repay that kindness. Come, jump on my back, and you shall soon be at the top of this mountain!"

Nell gladly accepted her strange friend's offer, and in an incredibly short time, was safely carried to the top of the magic mountain, which she had but a minute before been vainly trying to climb. Before she had time to thank the bird for his services, he was flying far away from her.

"Alas, alas, for poor little Nell! She was no better off now than she was at the foot of the mountain. Its summit seemed to be a huge rock placed in the middle of the mighty ocean. Water surrounded her on all sides.

While she sorrowfully stood, wondering if she could possibly contrive to escape from her perilous position, a fish darted its head above the roaring, dashing waves and said to her:

"Nell, have you forgotten the little fish you put back in the stream? Please let me return your kindness. Send yourself to my back, and I will carry you safe across this ocean!"

Nell did as she was bidden, and the fish carried her safely over to the other side.

As she stepped upon the beach, an old woman, near by, dipping up a pail of water, slipped, and would certainly have fallen into the sea and been drowned, had not Nell clutched her by the arm and dragged her back.

The old woman was so grateful for this that she took Nell home with her and gave her a bowl of bread and milk. When Nell had fully satisfied her hunger, the old woman said to her:

"My child, you saved the life of an old woman at the risk of your own. You shall now receive your reward. You shall this day come with me to Fairyland, the Queen of the Fairies, pledge my royal word!"

At once, instead of the wretched-looking old woman, Nell saw the lovely Fairy Queen stand before her, dressed in shining garments, and

ablaze with glittering jewels and flashing gems. In a voice that sounded to astonished little Nell like the most exquisite music, she said to her:

"Once a year, during the summer-time, a mortal is allowed to visit our enchanted realm, if, after having been proven, he is found worthy. If, on the contrary, it is found that he lacked courage, patience and perseverance, he is invariably sent back to the earth;—not being permitted even a glimpse of the glories of Fairyland. In the lonely forest I found you courageous; at the foot of the mountain, and beside the sea, I proved your patience. In helping the poor little bird and fish, I discovered your kindness of heart. In rescuing the old woman, you proved to me that you were thoroughly unselfish and loving. Dear little mortal girl, receive now your reward!"

The queen waved her silver wand, and there appeared a golden carriage, drawn by a tiny white steed in glittering jeweled harness.

As soon as Nell and the Fairy Queen were seated in the glittering golden carriage, the fairy queen stood away rapidly through the air—away away until they finally reached the queen's magnificent palace, picturesquely situated right in the heart of Fairyland.

Nell's eyes actually ached from all the glare and glitter by which she was surrounded.

The very streets were paved with gold. Flashing diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and jewels of every kind, studded the magnificent palace and blazed from every nook and corner.

The air was laden with the most delicate, delightful perfume, and exquisite music greeted the ear. Beautiful flowers, brilliantly plumaged birds, trees and bushes filled with luscious fruits, met her at every turn.

To live here always surely must be perfect bliss. In this marvelous land she had nothing to do but enjoy herself—her slightest wish being anticipated and granted, even before it had been expressed. No note of time was taken in this beautiful land. Life seemed a blissful existence, a happy dream!

"Oh, I shall never grow tired of living here!" little Nell said to herself, again and again, and she really thought she never would.

As time wore on, however—though repeatedly assuring herself that she would never tire of Fairyland—she one day made the assertion with a sigh and a yawn. True, she had nothing to do, and was slowly but surely becoming tired of doing absolutely nothing at all.

One fine afternoon, Nell sat in a lonely corner of a hill, and was about to put her hand to pick one of the exquisite blossoms, and instantly the exquisite flower, as if anticipating her wish, fell into her lap. With an impatient, angry movement, she threw it from her, saying crossly:

"I cannot ever take a flower but it must tumble in my lap to save me the trouble. Oh, dear me! I am dreadfully tired of this lazy life! That all play was had as at work. I want to go home ever so much, even if I do have to weed the garden and set flowers. Poor and poor flowers! Oh! I do want to see you again!"

The scalding tears fell fast, and when she brushed them away, she looked up, and there was her kind friend, the beautiful Fairy Queen, standing before her.

"My dear child," she said, smiling sweetly, "you shall return to earth a better and wiser person than when you have learned here. I think that you will never forget, dear, that life of luxurious ease cannot bring happiness. Accept this, my parting gift, and the fairy waved her silver wand, and Nell saw on her own brown little feet a pair of loveliest slippers, beautifully embroidered in jeweled forget-me-nots.

"The slippers," continued the queen, "are two little fairies—Patience and Perseverance. Whenever you wear them, your feet will carry you safely over the roughest way, never faltering, no matter how heavy the burdens you may have to carry. The jeweled forget-me-nots will constantly remind you of your visit to Fairyland."

The fairy then placed Nell in the golden carriage that had brought her there, and kissing her affectionately, she was gone.

In a twinkling, Nell was again in her own little room, kneeling beside the window, with the midnight streaming over her. She crept into bed and was found as sleep.

The next morning she related her adventure to her mother, but her mother only smiled, and said:

"You must have fallen asleep and dreamed it, dear!"

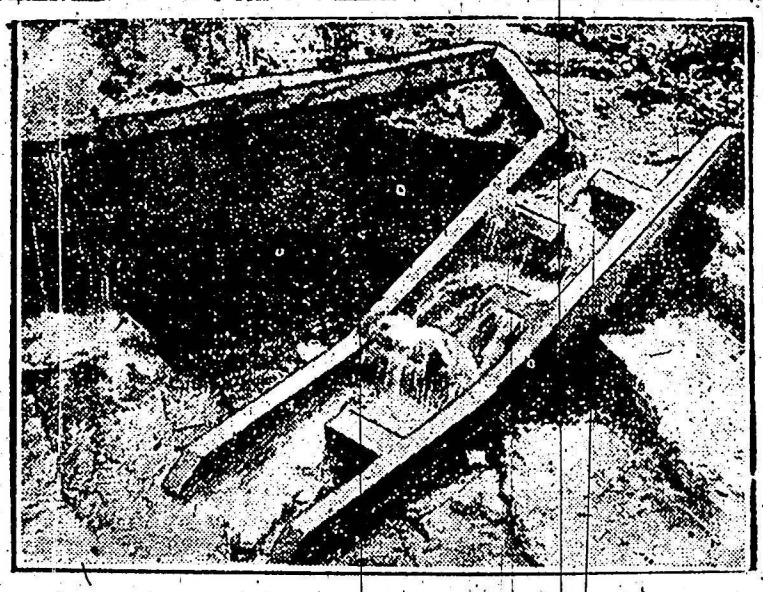
But little Nell was quite positive that it was no dream, and to prove that she had indeed visited the fairies, she said, indignantly:

"But, mother, I have my lovely slippers that the good queen gave me!"

After a great deal of searching, the slippers could not be found.

Poor little Nell was sadly and sorely puzzled; but her mother at last convinced her that it was all a dream.

"My dear child," she said, stroking



One of the fish ladders on streams in the Ozark Mountains, Ark. The fish use them to get round the mill dams when going upstream.

the golden head fondly—"my dear child, dream or reality, you can learn from last night's adventure a whole lesson, which I hope you will never forget. By patience and perseverance you can overcome all the setbacks, and remember, too, dear, that contentment is far better than wealth."

And little Nell did remember, and although she is quite an old lady now, she often fondly thinks of her "Visit to Fairyland."

Secrets of the Snows.

This summer has witnessed one of the greatest exploits of mountaineering ever recorded—the conquest of Mount Logan, the highest peak in Canada, which rises to a height of over 19,000 feet.

The Canadian Alpine Club expedition, which triumphed over all obstacles and reached the summit of Mount Logan, originally consisted of eight members, but two of them had to abandon the attempt because of frost-bite and general exhaustion before attaining their goal.

Almost incredible hardships were suffered by the conquerors of Mount Logan, who spent forty-four days encamped on ice in getting to the summit and back again. Each man of the party had to pack about seventy pounds over two hundred miles of ridge and glacier. Dangerous storms were encountered, and only the most heroic efforts averted less of life.

On the last lap of the ascent, when the party reached what they believed to be the highest point of the mountain, they found yet another peak towering above them. To attain this they had to descend a thousand feet into a valley between the two peaks before again beginning to climb.

This final peak was heart-breaking work, as the party had to make progress up a steep snow and ice slope, impeding in a knife edge that led to the summit. The temperature when they gained the top was four degrees below zero.

Autumn Woods.

Far in the wide, white pathways of the skies,
Bright are the wondrous beauties of the stars;
The autumn woods, ere winter's ruth,
Boreave them, glow like some enchanted land,
Imprisoned in the sun's long golden bars.
—Eugenie Du Maurier.

MOTERING TO TIMBUKTU

Perils of Crossing the Sahara.

The old geography books pictured the Sahara as an ocean of shifting sand—the dry bed of an ancient sea. In reality it is nothing of the sort; it is the world's greatest desert, covering 3 1/2 million square miles—desert because practically no rain falls there. It is a hot, flat land. It contains mountains 8,000 feet high, covering as much territory as the Alps. Much of it, too, is hazy rock of volcanic origin.

Various areas have never been explored. It is through canyons, however, that the Sahara is crossed. The Grand Sahara, as it is called, is a mountainous region of utter desolation, where the temperature at night fell to within a few degrees of zero.

After leaving the Hoggar, the explorers entered what is known as the "Land of Fear." Here is the actual heart of the Sahara, an arid waste of sand and rock, uninhabited and unapproachable. Even a band of pursued marauders would not dream of crossing it. It is the Grand Sahara, devoid of all animal or vegetable life.

The desert what few the land into oases, so dense as to seem almost solid. The cars had to follow close upon each other so as not to lose touch.

It was well-nigh impossible to eat, for hardly had they opened a tin of food than it was instantly smothered in sand.

On New Year's Day, 1922, the expedition emerged from the Land of Fear to camp 1,250 miles from their starting point.

A week later they entered Timbuktu.

Days' End.

They said, "The sunset's wonderful,
Golden and rose behind the trees,
Come and watch it at the gate with us:
There's a ring of salt in the evening breeze."

But I was busy with heaving goats,
And a milk pail filling between my knees.

They said, "The stars are stars in the sky to-night,
And a faint white mist on the sleeping heather."
They said, "There are gnats abroad to-night,
To-morrow should bring us better weather."
But I was feeding my yellow chickens
And getting to-morrow's fuel to gather.

They said, "You are missing the magic oven,
You, with your chickens and goats and wood!"
They said, "There is splendor on every hand,
You are blind—you could see if you would."
But I was darning my gingham gown
And coaxing my hair to a smoother mood.

They went to doors to their cards and wine,
And I alone, at last, by the gate,
With the dear familiar dark around,
And the day's work done; so I could wait
To watch you come over the dim hill
—A row
Wearily with your burden's weight.

Then the stars burned low and pale
Against white clouds,
The sea breeze carried your call
Through the night,
And the gnats and the promise of better weather
Were swift over the scented sleep of the heather,
And night's full splendor shone far
And free
When you viewed your shabby old hat
To me.
—D. E. Norman Smith.

Lordly Kitchen of Henry VIII. Opened

FOR FIRST TIME IN FOUR HUNDRED YEARS.

Britons Flock to Hampton Court Palace to Gaze at Huge Fireplace.

King Henry VIII's great kitchen at Hampton Court Palace was thrown open to the inspection of the public a few days ago for the first time in its 400 years of existence. All day long it was visited by successive parties of sightseers coming from a long queue stretching into the Hydrated Gallery, along which the ghost of Queen Catherine Howard is supposed to rush screaming, says "The London Post."

The kitchen is a lordly apartment. They did things on the big scale in the days of Wolsey and Henry VIII. A side fireplace could roast a sheep whole. The great fireplace is capable of cooking the prize bull from the Smithfield market. The implements for roasting that joint was, well, none remain—racks from two sloping walls, with spindles running across between the notches, and an effective jackscrew arrangement to do the turning.

Roasts had to be big in those splendid days. For one thing, a small joint would get cold during its journey from the kitchen to the banquet table, and for another they entertained on the large scale. It is recorded that the Cardinal had 300 beds and 1,000 men with a couple of millions (in modern currency); that he had a retinue of 500 servants and that once, for two or three days, he entertained the French Ambassador with the whole of his retinue of 400 gentlemen.

Turkeys Big as Navy's Pick.

So the kitchen's kitchen, especially when entered by Henry VIII, who followed him in ownership, was of a dimension which would have made Gargantua smack his lips. It was as suitable in appointments as in size. The roof from the roof rested on corbels of fantastic design. The master worked a velvet interior and a golden chain of office and his power over life and death. Was to the kitchen who overdid the royal joint.

Other interesting things in the kitchen are the skeletons of some "swallow birds," possibly jacksaws, which were broken up and forgotten in the Cardinal's kitchen; an ancient bell from the porter's gateway at the moat gate, nine-inch murrhine, tarapits as big as a navy's pick, smoke-jacks and split dogs, hot-dish furnaces, fed with logs; horn lanterns and a

PROTECTING THE NATION'S HEALTH

Advances Made in Fumigating Ocean-Going Ships as Safeguard Against Plague.

The health of a nation is its most fundamental asset, and a true national recourse. It is from this foundation that the various forms of economic wealth as well as national well-being largely swing. A recognized function of modern government is to safeguard the health of the people, and, due to the rapid advances made in the sciences of bacteriology, preventive medicine, and hygiene during recent years, the task has been rendered considerably easier than formerly.

As instances of the dangers which continually threaten, it is only necessary to recall the cholera epidemics which spread over parts of Canada during the second quarter of the 19th century to remember that smaller dangers still exist, and must be continually guarded against. It is not by chance that Canada is now practically immune from similar outbreaks, but owing to the increased vigilance of her health officers working in the light of improved scientific knowledge. Vessels arriving at our ports from the populous nations of the tropical Orient are well as the numerous countries of Europe, Africa, and South America, are the chief sources of danger, and special precautions have to be taken in clearing such ships to make sure that they are free from the germs of disease.

Plague is one of the major quarantinable diseases. It is not only infectious, but very dangerous and often fatal. It is now known to be transmitted by rats and the fleas which infest their coats are carriers of the plague bacillus. One of the most prolific breeding-places for rats is on board ship, and the destruction of these rodents is achieved most effectively by systematic fumigation.

Fumigation of ships to be most effective should be performed periodically and ordinarily not more than six months intervals. This requirement is now a part of the Quarantine Regulations of Canada and applies to all

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Keeping the School Band

Active Throughout the Entire Year.

The school band is dependent upon two important factors for its success—enthusiasm and loyalty to the organization. The first is built up by cultivating in the boys' mind a pride in their school and helping to make the organization one that is of some consequence to the school and community. The second is based upon the "keeping spirit" of the band. A boy who is a member of the band should be organized as an integral part of the school. He should not be allowed to drop out of the organization. The first instance of such a boy is a disgrace to the school and to the band. The band is the pride of the school and the community. The band is the pride of the school and the community. The band is the pride of the school and the community.

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REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.

