For the Boys and Girls

A MINSTREL BOY OF LONG AGO.

BY FLORENCE ROMAINE.

Twilight was falling one November afternoon many years ago, as three minstrels plodded along a rough, country road through a wild and uninhabited section of old England.

"Would that we might find shelter for the night!" exclaimed Richard, the tallest of the three, wrapping his cape more closely about his shoulders. "Me thinks a storm is approaching on the wings of the wind."

"Small chance have we of finding host or cottage on this lonely road," replied Pietro, the Clown, dubiously.

But Leon, a boy, striding on ahead said nothing; only peered more eagerly into the thick woods at either side.

Suddenly he stopped and beckoned to the others.

"I can faintly discern marks of a path between these trees," he called back. "Perchance it may lead to some hut. What thinkest thou, Richard?"

"Praise be, if thou has found one," replied the big man. "Lead the way, and we will follow."

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

Crunching through the dry leaves, Leon plunged into the forest. At first, he seemed engulfed in darkness, but guided somewhat by the shadowy outlines of the great trees, standing like sentinels, he pressed forward, and had hardly gone more than a few steps further, when to his astonishment he emerged into a clearing. A low thatched cottage stood in the centre, and Leon gave a shout of joy.

"I have found it!" he cried, and in a lower tone, "There is no one within."

Truly, the house seemed empty and forlorn, as if long since tenantless, for the door was open, swinging idly back and forth on rusty hinges.

"We're in no port to welcome us," laughed Pietro, coming close to Leon, "but, by the cross, we are glad of a roof over our heads, lad." He pressed reassuring his hand with a warning [illegible] "But hist! Something within. Listen!"

Breathlessly the companions stood on the threshold. Yes, something was inside the cottage, for they could hear distinctly now, a faint crying sound [illegible] from a darkened corner.

"Perchance some one has sought shelter here even as we have," said Leon, entering fearlessly.

Just then Richard struck his flint and steel together and light flashed for an instant revealing rough, [illegible] walls, earthen floor, and in the middle of a pile of straw a small, furry animal, who sat up and regarded the travelers with a look of startled surprise.

"Why, it's a baby bear!" exclaimed Leon.

A HUNGRY BABY.

Pietro lit a piece of pine from Richard's spark, and held it high in his hand. "Methinks the little creature perhaps wandered away from home," he said, "for there is no mark of other animals about."

"If so, he may be hungry," added Leon. "A piece of bread might help to win his friendship." And searching on the straw he took a small bundle from the leathern pouch at his side, and unwrapped it carefully.

"Here, little one!" Leon broke a bit of black bread from the loaf. "See, I will share my meal with you!"

At first the bear drew back until only the tip of a [illegible] was visible. But gradually, as if in answer to Leon's friendly tone and coaxing voice, he worked his way out again, and finally, with bright eyes fixed warily on Leon's, thrust his head forward and took the bread between his white teeth!

Richard and Pietro watched the strange scene as the boy fed morsel after morsel to the hungry bear, and when all was gone the furry creature came out of the straw altogether, laying his muzzle in Leon's hand, [illegible] afraid and content.

That night, in the world outside, snow began to fall, covering the trees and earth with a mantle of shimmering, silvery white. But the pale moonshining through the window of the cottage, showed the wayfarers asleep, safe and warm—Richard and Pietro covered with their cloaks, and Leon, half-hidden in the bed of straw, with the baby bear cuddled close at his feet.

A few days later, and not many miles from the minstrels' woodland cottage, a fifteen-haired girl stood by the tower window of a great stone castle, looking out over the wintry landscape.

"To-day's feasting holds naught of happiness for me," she sighed, "for without my cousin Gwendolen I am lonely indeed."

"Let not thy father hear thee say as much, my Audray," replied her companion quickly. "Thou knowest well, that since his quarrel with thy uncle, both he and Gwendolen are forbidden here."

"Ay," responded the little girl, "would that something might bring them back again!"

"But come child," the nurse took her gently by the hand," let us go down, lest they think it strange we tarry."

Together they descended the broad staircase and entered the lofty hall, where already Audray's father and his henchmen were seated around a long table.

FEASTING IN THE HALL.

Logs blazing in the huge fireplace burnished the [illegible] with fiery glow. There was a [illegible] of many voices, and laughter echoed among the rafters, but as Audray and the nurse came in, Duke Henly sprang to his feet.

"At last the [illegible] here," he cried, pulling out the [illegible] beside him. "Now may the [illegible] thy presence make bright our feasting. Bertram, fetch food and drink for Lady Audray, at once, and quick!"

With a [illegible] of thanks Audray slipped into the seat, but was quiet as the merriment ran high around the long table.

"Thy daughter's smiles have fled," whispered the Duke softly to the cousin Gwendolen, a braver note in her voice; "[illegible] not so when her cousin was here; the child misses a companion and—"

"Cease!" muttered the Duke angrily. "I will not hear that name! Bertram, [illegible] minstrels in, perchance they bring joy to the heart of little Audray."

All eyes turned toward the doorway. And at that instant old friends, Richard, Pietro, and baby bear appeared, toward the company.

Pietro began the performance, throwing many red balls into the air—one, two, three, a half-dozen at a time, then fitting them into curious patterns about his head, and catching them lightly on his fingers. Easily with swift fingers. Richard took his place, making the men roar with laughter at his [illegible]

And then Leon stepped forward, sweeping the [illegible] of his lute with firm, though light touch, while his voice floated clear and true through the great hall.

Peace [illegible] and joy.
In every heart to-day.
Let strife [illegible] cease to be,
And love remain alway.

As the [illegible] words melted away the [illegible] swarthy men [illegible] Kent, and Audray clapped her hands, smiling happily."

A burning [illegible] crashed in two, sending a shower of sparks up the chimney.

"Let strife [illegible] to be, and love remain always," repeated the Duke, to himself. He turned to Audray. "Would it make you happy, little one, if I should send [illegible] your uncle and cousin?" he asked, a gentler expression on his dark [illegible]

"Oh, Father!" Audray threw her arms around his neck, her eyes shining. It was answer enough.

Duke Henry [illegible] her hair tenderly. "So be it, my child," he replied, and to the herald at his side: "Bertram, thou shalt go now with a message to my brother and his daughter, bidding them [illegible] cheer, and welcome to our home again!"

Many happy days the three minstrels remained at the castle. Leon taught Audray [illegible] Gwendolen to play the lute. Pietro again became a great pet with everyone, and the torch of peace burned bright, lighted by the song of a Minstrel Boy of Long Ago.

Mozart Interrupts An Opera.

"Play D sharp, you wretches!" shouted a young man one night in the opera house, and he sprang to his feet as he shouted. The audience hissed and attendants came hurrying to the interrupter, while cries of "Turn him out!" resounded [illegible] the theatre. But when the [illegible] recognized him, there was a tumult of applause greeted him. It was Mozart. The opera was his own. At a certain important point in the score some of the instrumentalists played a wrong note!

The Lacey [illegible] mine, near Sydenham, in Frontenac County, is said to be the largest [illegible] mine in the world. Canada is one of the three principal [illegible] producing countries of the world, the others being India and the United States.

Natural Resources Bulletin.

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, says:

In a study of the physical geography of Canada the waterways stand out as one of its most remarkable features. Providing the original means of communication to the early settlers, the rivers and lakes are still a very important portion of our transportation system. In addition, our rivers and lakes are being utilized to a very great extent for the development of hydro-electric power, wherewith Canada's growing industrial position is largely being supported.

The direction of flow of Canada's waterways is also an important feature of our physical geography. The area from which the water is collected is known as a drainage basin. Canada's drainage system consists of five major drainage basins, the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, Hudson Bay and Gulf of Mexico. East of the Rocky Mountains the southern portion of the Dominion slopes north-eastward, towards Hudson Bay, and the rivers in the south flow eastward. Thus, the Saskatchewan river, with its northern and southern branches, flows eastward into lake Winnipeg and thence northerly by the Nelson river into Hudson Bay. On the north the Great Plain has a northerly slope, and the MacKenzie river, with its tributaries, the Slave, Liard, Athabaska, Peace and Finlay rivers, flows into the Arctic ocean. In British Columbia the Fraser, Columbia Skeena and Stikine rivers flow into the Pacific ocean, while the southern portion of Alberta and Saskatchewan contribute a portion of their drainage to the Mississippi system which flows to the Gulf of Mexico.

The most important drainage area, at present, from the viewpoint of transportation and power development, is the Atlantic. The flow of the great St. Lawrence river system, with its connecting chain of lakes. Through this system the products of Western Canada largely find their way to world markets, and the return cargoes supply the needs of the growing population of the prairie provinces. The rives dashing into the St. Lawence system likewise are providing an enormous volume of power, the Saguenay, St. Maurice, Ottawa, Richelieu, Niagara, Nipigon, Kaministiquia, and others contributing to the industrial development of the central provinces.

The waterways and drainage basins of Canada and their economic importance in the development of the country are being seriously considered by our industrial and financial leaders, and it is a subject that should interest every progressive Canadian.

Queen Alexandra's Property Probably Will Go to King

If the will of the late Queen Mother Alexandra is published it will be found that she left almost no money. This is the understanding in court circles, where it is said that generously was limited only by her resources. She gave away all her surplus income, and for many years she pledged all of her annual allowance of £70,000 in advance to needy charitable and individuals.

However, she had much valuable property, including some fine china and the art collections left by her husband, Edward VII. She also had fine libraries at Sandringham House, where she died, and at her town residence, Marlborough House. Sandringham House was her own, it having been left her by King Edward.

It is commonly supposed that King George will be heir to all of almost all of his mother's property. Queen Alexandra gave most of her jewelry to other members of the royal family several years ago.

Race of Giantesses Forecast by English Specialist.

England is raising a race of combative giantesses, Dr. Leonard Williams, an international known medical specialist, asserted recently. He said it has become the fashion to teach, induce and even compel girls to play games which were originally invented for big boys and young men.

"In teaching and making girls play these games," he claims, "you develop the combative [illegible] you are raising a race of [illegible] who are going to have the [illegible] location. Another effect of this ultra-athleticism among girls of today is to produce a creature who has the male father than the female characteristics."

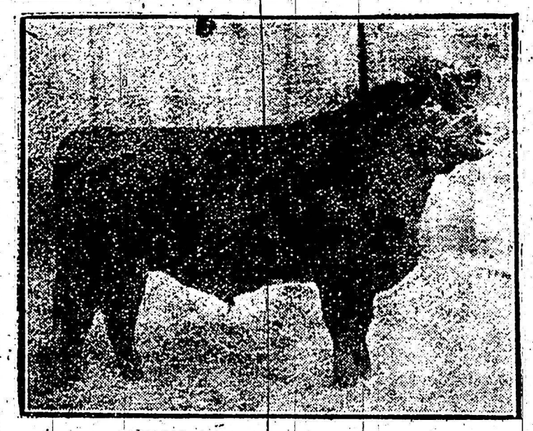
He Made a Good Guess.

A schoolmaster has explained to his pupils the functions of a consulate, and to find out what they understood, he asked:

"If some one carried you off in an aeroplane and after a long flight dropped you thousands of miles away in a foreign country, what place would you look out first of all?"

An eager hand was uplifted.

"Please, sir, the hospital," came the unexpected answer.



ONTARIO BULL, SECOND AT CHICAGO

Above is shown "Browndale Guard," the yearling bull owned by James and Stanley Douglas, of Caledonia, Ontario, which won the junior championship at the International Stock Show in Chicago, being beaten for the grand championship only by the Prince of Wales' "King of the Fairies." "Browndale Guard" also won championships in Toronto and in London. Three generations of the Douglas family have been engaged in shorthorn breeding.

A LAUGH AT JEALOUS HUSBANDS

The golden wedding reception had tired both of them a little—the mass in the village church in the morning, then the breakfast, with the immense table in the fashion of olden times. At the head of the board sat the old couple. Next came the cure, the children, the grandchildren, friends, neighbors and tenants. One hundred covers were spread by a caterer from Paris, on trestles across the lawn.

To spare the chief figures in the fete the repast was a breakfast, not a dinner. The village fiddlers had played their repertory. After numerous healths the guests had departed, some by auto and some by train. The caterer had loaded his paraphernalia into enormous trucks and the gardeners had cleaned up the littered park.

Count Stephen was seventy-eight years old. He was still handsome, with his fine white imperial.

Countess Sophie Edmee was seventy-two. She was very slight in figure, a little bent, but her blue eyes sparkled vivaciously in her delicately wrinkled face.

They sat alone that evening in the salon, which was packed with flowers.

"My dear Sophie Edmee," said the count, "we are in the twilight of life. I don't want to let this day end without thanking you for all the happiness you have given me. There are few women with virtues like yours."

"You have always been very good," answered the countess. "I ought to thank you, too, Stephen. You have loved me and cherished me, and have never been jealous."

The old man got up gallantly and kissed his wife's hand.

"Thanks, my dear Edmee. But who could be jealous of a wife as constant as you?"

She smiled.

"A husband less perfect than you, my dear Stephen."

Count Stephen smiled in his turn.

"I have never had cause for jealousy. Your life has always been open and loyal, without any secrets."

"Without any secrets? I wished it to be so."

"I don't mean to say that I always understood your motives."

"For example?"

"You remember the porcelain service which you had painted, about thirty-five years ago, by that young Polish artist? He spent three months here doing the work. I made no complaint about it. He was also a good musician and I owed him many pleasant evenings. Do you remember?"

She sighed.

"I remember Ladislas."

"It is true, his name was Ladislas. You have a good memory. Well, when the first sets were finished you became displeased with his painting. You let him do only the thirteen pieces for soup, fish, meat and dessert. He went away. You have never used the service. It is in the dining room, and except for annual cleanings it has slept there for thirty-five years. It is the only thing in which you seemed to me a little fantastic."

The old lady smiled silently at these memories. Then she lifted her head and looked squarely at the count.

"Stephen," she said, "we are so old that I can tell you everything, just as if it concerned another person. Ladislas went away at my request."

"Why?" He had not finished paining the service."

The countess sighed again.

"Come," she said, "we will talk it out."

"This evening? Certainly, if you wish to do so."

The count carried a lamp into the dining room and the countess looked for the key to the china closet. They took out the porcelain pieces, on which the delicate fancy of the Polish painter had traced exquisite garlands of flowers.

Sophie-Edmee arranged the pieces on the table, inspecting them carfully, changing thir positions and putting them in a certain order.

"What difference does it make whether this plate is to the right or left of this other one?" asked the count. "Aren't they all alike?"

But she continued to shift them. Finally all were in place.

"It is a shame," said the count. "The service is charming. I admit having felt annoyed that he never finished it. Why send Ladislas away so soon? He ought to have done the 104 pieces before we let him go."

Sophie-Edmee fixed her still beautiful eyes on her husband.

"Look, Stephen," she said. "Each piece carries in the decoration a letter which you have never noticed."

He adjusted his monocle.

"That is so. A capital letter on the dishes and small letter on the plates."

"Take a pencil and write down the letters in the order in which I have placed the pieces—in the same order in which Ladislas presented them to me."

Full of curiosity, the count wrote down, line by line:

"Love is all;
It is happiness.
With a laugh at jealous husbands,
Hers is my heart."

The count dropped his pencil and let his monocle swing.

"By the Pope's shadow!" he cried, "that is a piece of insolence! An insult in my face! And I never knew it!"

The countess smiled broadly.

"That is why," she said, "I asked Ladislas to go away before he had finished the 104 pieces. I was sufficiently warned by his quatrain of fifty-two letters."

She added, tactfully:

"I am really old now since the only little secret of my life has been revealed.

Already Stephen was piling up the pieces and replacing them in the china closet. He locked the door and came to kiss his wife's hand.

"You are always young, my dear, since I am still jealous, surprised and grateful, for you could have gone on keeping your secret. I thank you in both senses for showing me this service."

A Lonely Man.

It's lonely in lodgings above the street
When dusk slows down the day's long laboring,
With only a nod to a lad on the stair,
And neither kith nor kin to be neighboring.

It must be good to go out of a house
With the soft goodby of your loved one spoken,
And hear the joy, the welcoming shout of it,
It must be good to have any one care
If you come into a house or go out of it.

—Agnes Lee.

The Teacher.

Leagues and leagues of wilderness,
But in her heart an urge to press
Onward, knowing a hidden spring
For freshening.
There may be plodding, hour on hour,
Year on year, but she who dares
Shall one day witness a desert flower
Bloom for her prayers.

—Fanny de Groot Hastings.

A DAY WITH THE POPE

Intimate Details of Life at the Vatican.

Very few of the thousands of pilgrims who have seen Pope Pius XI. this Jubilee Year, who have kissed his ring, received his apostolic blessing, and a commemoration medal from his own hands, know how he lives, how he spends those busy days, which begin at six in the morning and do not end until after midnight (writes a special "Tit-Bits" contributor, whose facts were obtained at the Vatican).

They see him dressed in his long white robes, surrounded by members of the Papal Court, Cardinals in scarlet and rare lace, chamberlains of cape and sword, dressed in the high stiff ruffs and knee breeches, relics of bygone centuries, and by prelates in sombre black. They note the enormous rooms, halls in the sense of mediæval grandeur, painted by the artist giants of the Renaissance—rooms large enough in themselves to make more than one West-end flat.

They admire His Holiness's Swiss Guards, in their ancient uniforms of red and yellow, with their halberds and helmets; or the Noble Guards, in shining cuirass and scarlet. And they think of the Pontiff as ever surrounded by these outward forms of state.

But when Pope Pius XI. retires to his private apartments, high up in that same palace of the Vatican, he becomes a recluse, though a very hard-working recluse indeed.

CLOCKWORK PRECISION.

He rises at six in the morning, but his first mass of the day he says in the chapel of his private apartment after midnight. All the same, His Holiness says mass there again on rising. Prelates of his household, and some privileged persons, especially invited, attend this mass. After mass he passes into the dining-room and partakes of a simple breakfast, consisting of a small cup of coffee with a dry biscuit, which he dips into the coffee. The work of the day then begins. And his day is regulated with clockwork precision.

He goes to his private library—not the smaller one in his private apartment, but one on the lower floor—and looks over his mail. At nine o'clock he receives his Cardinal Secretary of State, and the important matters connected with the diplomatic and political activities of the Holy See are gone into.

These things take up the Pontiff's time until eleven o'clock, at which hour he begins his daily series of private audiences. First to be received are those Cardinals resident in Rome who may have to report on the business peculiar to their respective offices and congregations; then Italian and foreign persons of distinction in the church, and sometime diplomatists accredited by foreign countries to the Holy See.

But for ordinary business such diplomatists are received by the Cardinal Secretary of State. With all Pope Pius is calm, courteous, and brief.

At one o'clock His Holiness takes a small glass of cordial and begins the most tiring part of his arduous day's work. Accompanied by his Court, he crosses the Throne Hall, the Ducal Hall, and the Royal Hall, where the pilgrims await him. To every four or five he extends his hand for the kissing of the ring.

Almost always the pilgrim throng, often running to a thousand, consists of two thousand souls, is in the Hall of the Benedictions, when the Pope pronounces a welcome, admonition and blessing. It is translated into whatever of the pilgrimage's nationalities render necessary; for pilgrims are, almost invariably, arranged according to their respective nationalities. Italians according to cities and provinces. But with French, German, and Spanish pilgrimages the Pope speaks to them in their own language.

Then he bestows the apostolic blessing. Each pilgrim is then given a medal—which very often the Pope gives with his own hands. He returns to his own apartments, dinner is served in his private room. The Popes always take their meals alone. The menu of the day consists of fish or meat with cheese, either cheese or fruit, followed by small cups of coffee. Plain water and small glass of white wine are drunk.

Then there is a solemn function of the Pope's cross surrounded by the Cardinals to St. Peter's basilica. When the ceremonial, after the late afternoon, after which has taken place, and the Holiness himself, [illegible] in St. Peter's, in the [illegible] Cardinals [illegible] communion to a [illegible] of. In very hot weather [illegible] girls in one of the [illegible] of the Vatican.

Later, His Holiness again [illegible] personal privacy, [illegible] a recreation [illegible] in his two [illegible] by the [illegible] day [illegible] Holiness [illegible] after a supper [illegible] dinner [illegible] engages in [illegible] an hour [illegible] midnight.

The long day [illegible] change of [illegible] lively [illegible] winds from [illegible] marvel that Pope [illegible] the supreme [illegible] Holy Year, [illegible] of an evening [illegible] for studies [illegible] A British [illegible] gates for the Pope [illegible] in the [illegible] Rome [illegible] Paris, Berlin, and [illegible] capitals.

Great Beasts Were These.

The Dinosauria form an order of extinct land reptiles which inhabited the earth more than ten million of years ago.

All that is known of them has been learned from the study of their fossil remains found in the rocks of Europe, India, South Africa, and North America.

All had limbs and in many species the hind ones were much larger than the front ones, indicating that the animals walked on two legs, similar to the birds.

The bones are hollow, as in birds, and since in several other important features the skeleton is similar to that of birds it is believed that the two groups are closely related and have descended from a common parent.

Many species were of immense size. Brontosaurus, the giant reptile whose mounted stone skeleton is in the Museum of Natural History in New York, was over sixty feet long.

Diplodocus, whose fossil remains may be seen in the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburg, was about seventy feet in length.

The extinction of this entire group of huge creatures may have been brought about by lack of food or the presence of numerous, parasitic or carniverous enemies.

The reptiles are intermediate in structure between the amphibians and birds. The brain resembles that of the frog, but the cerebrum is larger. The vascular and respiratory systems approach the condition in birds. In most forms the heart has two cavities [illegible]

[illegible] Past and Present.

[illegible] Bridal Robbing.

[illegible] Didn't Do It.

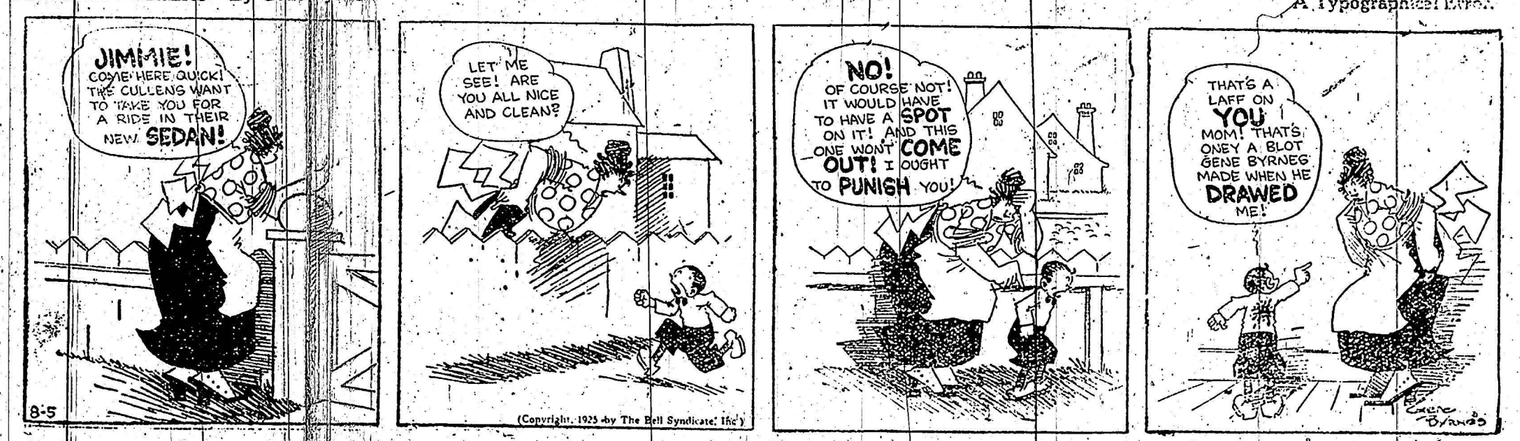
[illegible] A Pattern.

[illegible] in Sunday school being "God made the flowers of [illegible]
[illegible]ma'am, I suppose for paper [illegible]

[illegible] Aches for the Finger.

[illegible] aches [illegible] a backward [illegible] have made their appearance.

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



A Typographical Error.

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