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For the Boys and Girls

BY GEORGE G. RYAN.

Wolfe's famous battle on the Plains of Abraham is familiar to every student of Canadian history. The plain extends for about two miles along the St. Lawrence River, from Quebec to the cove up which Wolfe led his forces.

Having tried to capture the city from below, this brave young general determined to gain a foothold above the town. On the night of September 12, 1759, under cover of the darkness, Wolfe and nearly all his army secured a landing at this cove, climbed up the precipitous steep, overcame the small guard at the top, and in the morning formed in line of battle on the plains.

Montcalm was surprised and outgeneraled. He had not defended this side of Quebec as he should, thinking that nature had done this for him. He and all his army were across the St. Charles, on the opposite side of the city.

When he heard of Wolfe's approach, he had nothing to do but to meet him in battle on a field which Wolfe had chosen. The result was death and immortality to both generals, and the permanent possession of Quebec by the English.

The boldness of the undertaking, the military genius of Wolfe, and his glorious death have roused many a young man's ambition, and filled his mind with a thirst for glory.

So we may readily understand how, one day in July, four school-boys, who were enjoying a vacation on the St. Lawrence, and were that day approaching Quebec, determined to follow in the footsteps of Wolfe, and capture once more the plains of Abraham.

The boys all lived in Prescott where they had been attending school, and three weeks before, they had begun their journey down the river from that point. Melvin Green, who had visited nearly all the towns along the river, had organized the expedition. John Crichton, Everett Marshall and Arthur Powell, all of whom were at home on the river, were his companions.

They were well fitted out with boat, tent, oil stove and other cooking utensils, bedding and money. They had a large sail, too, for they had no idea of working very hard, and their progress depended very much upon the direction of the wind.

They had a glorious time. The last day or two had become somewhat monotonous, for the river was wide, and there were few islands or objects of interest.

But one morning, they learned by inquiry that they were within a few miles of Quebec. Again their enthusiasm was aroused. It had been a settled purpose in their minds for some time to camp out one night upon the Plains of Abraham, and to reach their camping ground through Wolfe's Cove, and at dead of night.

A fisherman, whom they chanced to meet, pointed out to them Wolfe's Cove, which could easily be seen at a distance. They made a landing two or three miles above, and waited until evening, not wishing to make the ascent until the appointed time. They spent the time in studying the full particulars about Wolfe's great victory, and impatiently waited for the time to come when they were to embark.

Nine o'clock found them on their way. The moon was shining brightly, and the river and shore never looked grander. They thought it an easy thing to be brave amid such surroundings.

It is said that Wolfe, when he thought of the danger that awaited him upon the plains, recited to his fellows a part of "Grey's Elogy," which had been written only a short time before.

So Melvin, who had spoken the whole poem at an exhibition that very spring, stood up in the stern of the boat, and once more pronounced those well-known words upon the calm waters of that mighty river.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ever gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The cove was soon reached, and by the time they were there, they really wished there were a few soldiers at the top to resist them.

On landing they drew their boat on shore, and quickly made preparations for the ascent. Melvin Green and John Creighton were to carry the trunk, which contained the oil stove, cooking utensils and provisions. Everett Marshall and Arthur Powell followed close behind with the tent and bedding.

It was by no means easy work, for the trunk was particularly heavy; but their enthusiasm made them unusually strong. They had wished for opposition, and they were destined to meet it, though in an unexpected manner.

Just as Melvin and John were reaching the top, a loud, quick bark was heard, and immediately a large dog was seen rushing toward them. They dropped the trunk and took to their heels across the Plains of Abraham, the dog following after them. The dog did not follow far; but as long as he continued to bark, our heroes did not cease to retreat.

It was not long before they found themselves near a large building, which Melvin recognized as a jail, built a few years before on the plains. This was a new source of terror for them.

Now what were they to do? Behind them the jail; to the right the river, three hundred feet beneath; to the left, at some distance, a street, which they dare not approach at this time of night; in front the citadel and outer fortifications.

They sat down on a rock and began to collect their scattered senses. Where were their companions? They had not given them a thought until now. The moon was still shining, though a dark and threatening cloud was rising.

They were awakened from their reverie by the sound of oars on the river below. Some one—perhaps a guard from the jail—was on their track.

They took to their heels once more, until they reached the protection of an old round tower. This was one of a line of towers which extended from the St. Lawrence River across a point to the St. Charles.

They were two storeys in height, and the one which the boys entered had some time been used for a dwelling house. They made up their minds to spend the night there. So they climbed a rickety stairway, and lay down to rest upon some straw which they found upon the floor.

Their fears were soon forgotten, and they were just about falling asleep, when they heard footsteps below. Besides, they noticed that it was no longer light, and they heard a storm approaching. Once more their fears were aroused.

They felt that now there was no escape for them. Then a voice was heard amid the murmuring of the storm.

"I wonder where they could have gone?" asked one of the invaders.

"I tell you," whispered Melvin, "that's a man from the jail."

"I am sure I can't imagine. I know they ran in this direction," was the reply of another.

"Perhaps that's the owner of the dog. We're in a fix now. For goodness sake, keep still, Melvin. What shall we do if they come up here?"

"Didn't you hear a noise above?" said one of them. "Let's go up these stairs."

"It was only a rat," replied the other. "But we might just as well stay there as anywhere. There's no use in going any farther to-night." And up stairs they started.

The hearts of our heroes in the straw above beat like engines, and some pieces to shake the tower. It was very dark, however, and nothing remained for them to do but to keep as still as possible.

When the newcomers reached the top of the stairs they did not venture to walk around, but lay down, and, after talking low to each other for a few minutes, were soon fast asleep. Their position commanded the head of the stairs, and Melvin and John could not escape if they should try. In spite of their fears, exhausted nature would have its way, and the snores of their sleeping guard soon lulled them to sleep as well.

Leaving them there in a sleep too sound for dreams, we will now return to Wolfe's Cove, and follow the fortunes of Everett Marshall and Arthur Powell.

When Melvin and John dropped their trunk, and ran across the plains, pursued by the dog, they quickly returned to their boat, thinking the river much safer than the shore.

They rowed down the river as quietly as possible, in the direction in which their companions had gone. They listened intently to catch the slightest sound that might reveal the presence of the heroes above. But the Plains of Abraham are at least three hundred feet above the river, and they could see or hear nothing.

Soon a storm was heard advancing, and they once more effected a landing. They drew their boat on shore, and with much difficulty, succeeded in climbing to the plains above.

Looking around for a shelter, they caught sight of an old round tower near by, and to it they hastened. It was the very same tower to which Melvin and John ran, to escape, not the guards from the jail, nor the owner of the dog, but their own fellow-travelers, Everett and Arthur.

They were too frightened to recognize their voices, but the recognition in the morning, when they awoke in the tower and saw their friends sleeping near them, can be more easily imagined than described.

They returned by boat to the scene of the night's adventures. Near the top of the path up which they had gone was a small shanty, in which lived a French family, the owners of the dog that was the cause of all their woe.

The trunk, with its contents, they never found. It probably rolled down into the river and sank out of sight. Its loss put an end to their voyage, and they returned by steamboat to Montreal and thence to Prescott.

In their opinion, the French general, Montcalm, made a wonderful mistake in not strengthening the guard at Wolfe's Cove with a dog. Who knows but that, if he had done this, Quebec might still belong to France?

A B C in Japanese.

The written language, of course, is far harder to master than the oral, for while a Japanese taking up English has only twenty-six letters of the alphabet to learn, the Canadian who studies Japanese must become acquainted first with two elementary alphabets of forty-six syllables each before he is ready to commence the study of writing the nine thousand-odd characters in the Japanese dictionary.

The worst of it is that each of those nine thousand "words" is a separate picture made up of from two to sixteen brush strokes, and if you misplace a line by a hair's breath you have misspelled the word. The Japanese laid in a large consignment of trouble for themselves when they borrowed the Chinese idea of picture writing!

It is rather fun tracing the original ride pictures in the present conventionalized characters, some are still quite obvious. Thus "kuchi" (mouth) is a rough square representing an open mouth; "hito" (man) in the beginning looked like a child's line drawing of a human figure, though it has been abbreviated gradually till nothing is left now but the two legs. "Kita" (north) shows two men back to back because the north wind makes men huddle together to keep warm, and "uma" (horse) has actually a neck, back, tail, and four dots beneath for the hoofs.

I used to love the paraphenalia of my writing lessons; the thin rice-paper in long rolls; the ink-stone with its hollowed well for water in which one moistened the stick of perfumed ink before rubbing up a supply on the stone; and the fine hair brushes held daintily between thumb and forefinger, and shaped to a point between the lips. Whenever I see a Japanese writing now, I can still taste reminiscently the sweet, gritty flavor of the ink on my brush.—Theodate Geoffrey, in "An Immigrant in Japan."

The Old Sailor Talks.

There was action in the old days when
I learned to love the sea,
There was beauty in the canvas
Which your turbines can't replace,
Oh, the liner is a lady, but she's not
the girl for me.
For she's business-like and snappy
and there's hardness in her face,
And I like to see my woman wear a
little bit of lace.

There was poetry in sailing when the
seas were running free,
There was music in the rigging when
the wind began to blow,
But the liner, she is haughty, and she's
not the girl for me,
She walks away from humble ships
who try to say "Hello!"
And I like to have my woman sort o'
friendly, don't you know.

It's all business now, is sailing, as I
think you will agree,
With arrivals and departures just as
regular as bed,
Oh, the liner is a lady, but she's not
the girl for me
She always shows about the same
the time the log is read,
And I'd rather have a woman with
some nonsense in her head.

—Edgar A. Guest.

A Male Animal at Least.

She—"When in an out of the way spot like this a girl always wishes she had a man's protection."

Oversensitive Mr. Small—"Miss Nothort, let me remind you that I'm a male animal at least."

Plane to Carry Fifty Soldiers.

An all-metal airplane capable of carrying fifty fully equipped soldiers was ordered recently by the British Air Ministry. This order, says Popular Science Monthly, followed the completion of a fleet of air buses for twenty-five soldiers a short time ago, for use in Mesopotamia. In action the new plane will be used as an ambulance.

Rare Songster.

The nightingale, if he should sing by day, when every goose is cackling, would be thought no better a musician than his wren. How many things by season seasoned are to their right praise and true perfection.—Shakespeare.

Gets Yale Degree.

Yale university has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on the Swedish Crown Prince.

HENRY HUMBOLDT

Whose amazing ability in advanced mathematics is puzzling many of the best known medical men and psychologists in continental Europe. He treats advanced logarithms as the ordinary boy does the multiplication table, and solves abstruse problems with ease and accuracy.

Kipling's Medal.

To Rudyard Kipling has been awarded the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature, conferred first on Sir Walter Scott and later on George Meredith and Thomas Hardy. In his reply to Lord Balfour, chairman of the meeting, Mr. Kipling has made a clear-eyed and masterful appraisal of his ancient draft in which he traces it—as he likes to—back to the primordial beginnings, seeing each writer in his time, in that long succession of the line royal, making a bid for immortality with the power of the written word. He has always held and defended a high concept of the writer's duty, and responsibility, and he now avers that none had known what truth was till some man first told a story about another man. And he assigns to literature the place of the oldest of all the arts, mother of history, biography, philosophy and politics.

It cannot be said that Kipling, great writer that he is, has always been able to realize in his own work that lofty standard to which in doctrine and in the artist's conscience he adheres. Few would prefer his latest short stories, with their cryptic phrases and their vague and blurred intent, to his explicit and brisk-moving earliest tales, such as "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" or "The Courting of Dinah Shadd." In beauty, tenderness and felicity of diction he has never surpassed "The Brushwood Boy." He has written no finer poem than the "Recessional" or the dedication of the "Barrack-Room Ballads," produced as a young man. But he has made his lasting place though he never penned another line.

When he says, on the current occasion, that a dozen writers in 250 years are assured of their earthly immortality, one feels that his own claim to be counted in that small number might be established with a majority of those who speak and read the tongue whose flexible appliance and capacity his writings supremely illustrate.

He Was Right.

The chairman of the advertising conference sat down, confident in the knowledge that his speech had been a success.

"No," he said, turning to a man by his side, "I don't think that there is a single business under the sun that would not benefit by advertising."

"Well," remarked the other, "I can't agree with you."

"What?" The chairman's tone was cold. He was not used to contradiction.

"No," came the answer. "In my line of business advertising is quite unnecessary; we find that our clients do the pushing for us."

"Rubbish!" snapped the other. "What is your line of business, anyway?"

"Perambulators," was the bland reply.

"Wee, Modest, Crimson-Tipped Flower."

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm.
Scarce reas'ring above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowrs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun
shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble field,
Unseen, alane.

—Robert Burns.

A Patriotic Song.

The Golden Hinde went bowling
Nor'westward of the Main
And Drake drank deep of Spanish
Wine
And spat the less at Spain.
Till northward on the colder coasts
The savages came out
To hail the ship with tossing spear
And tomahawk and shout:
For the red gods and the witch-doctors
Had cursed the golden grape
Bidding him yield up Malvoisie
And wine in every shape.

And need I say that Drake complied
And poured the wine over the side,
Invited all the Teds inside
And let them ransack far and wide
The ship that was his sinful pride
For anything his men might hide,
That so he might escape.

The top-sails of the Victory
Turned westward on a day
Great Nelson saw his sunrise land
Like a sunset fade away.
And pledged immortal beauty.

And the isle beyond the foam
In the dark wine of Oporto,
That his father drank at home.
His hand and glass were lifted
When they reached the rebel shore
And Hiram Hugginburg came forth
And bade him drink no more.

And naturally Nelson ran
To do his bidding and began
To empty every cup and can
And snatch the rum from every man
Who (ignorant of Hiram's ban)
Had broken with him the battle-van
From the Nile to Elsinore.

Lo, of that leaping pennant learn,
Of those world-wandering graves,
In what more-modern modern style
Britannia rules the waves.

If, loyal to some foreign cause,
We still are careful, clause by clause,
Obeying other countries' laws,
We never shall be slaves!

—G. K. C.

Her Part.

A certain young lady, in a certain village, was the proud winner of a beauty contest in which the prize amounted to the sum of $200 in cash, or a part in a big film.

The young lady decided on the latter, and departed from her home, the envy and admiration of all her friends, bound for the film studio.

A week went by without any news; then one day she returned and resumed her previous occupation.

"But," inquired the wondering villagers, "what about acting for the film? Didn't they give you a part, after all?"

"Oh, yes," replied the girl bitterly. "They told me that mine could be the hand that held the bottle labelled 'Poison' in the villain's nightmare!"

Beside the Point.

The teacher was giving a lesson on the Creation, but was finding it hard to hold the attention of the class.

Suddenly Thompson, the least attentive of all, interrupted with the remark:—

"My father says we are descended from apes, sir."

"Well," said the teacher, sharply, "your private family matters have no interest for the class."

Bright Girl.

"Why didn't you put this watermelon in the icebox as I told you, Mary?"

"I did, mum."

"But it isn't cold."

"No, mum. How could it be? I had to take out the ice to get it in."

LOVE ON A [illegible]ER

Why is it that Cupid always gets so busy when land is out of sight and Mrs. Moon casts her spell on the rippling waves? This article, by a sentimental sailor, answers the question and tells some stories of love at sea.

A pleasure ship, which returned to England a few days ago after a long cruise, had on board twelve couples who had become engaged on the trip and two who had been married by the captain. The latter, when questioned about the happy events, laughingly replied:

"What can you expect? A tropic night, a silver moon, youth—and the sea! That's all! You can't explain it. It works the same magic over and over again!"

An Ocean Romance.

Youth and the sea! That was all, yet how much it means! We do not need to tax our imaginations overmuch to capture something of the spirit of romance which hovers over the pleasure-liner ploughing its way over the ocean highways of the world with their ever-changing panorama.

The most romantic ocean voyage, the one which is said to result in most sea engagements, is the trip from England to India. It was once the scene of an international love-match, the details of which were recorded in the newspapers here and in America at the time.

The story begins in the United States. A young American girl had fallen in love with an English baronet whom she had met during a visit he paid to New York. He was nearly twice her age, tall and distinguished, handsome, too, but rather cold, and aristocratic in mien. She made no secret of her affection, but he ignored her, although she was wealthy and lovely.

Under the Tropic Stars.

His indifference piqued her, and when she learned that he had taken a passage on a vessel bound on a round-the-world cruise, she followed suit. Surely, she argued, she could win him if they were thrown into each other's society every day for months? She was prepared to try; more, she was determined to win.

But she seemed to be fated to encounter disappointments. The baronet was willing to walk and talk with her on board ship, but he remained as cold as marble. He was apparently heartless. She couldn't understand it, unless it was that all Englishmen were the same. So she made no progress—until the ship left Bombay and steamed into the blue of the Indian Ocean.

A warm evening found the girl promenading after the dance. She paused under an awning, a figure radiant in white. She was gazing with sad eyes upon the shimmering sea, which seemed to croon and gurgle to her, when she was [illegible] by someone—the man she loved. [illegible] talked in the mystic darkness [illegible] were silent hushed into wonder [illegible] Softly the melody of a guitar [illegible] floating upon the breeze.

[illegible]ng a Woman-hater.

The [illegible]ng romance lived again. Before the end of the voyage the little American girl had become "my lady."

The voyage to and from South Africa has made many people rich in happiness and memories. In a court case [illegible] ago a curious story of [illegible] was revealed. A girl was on her way out to Cape Town to be married to a young man to whom she had been engaged for some time. On board, she struck up one of these acquaintanceships which are [illegible] of life on the big liners.

[illegible] young engineer going to [illegible]. He proved to be an interesting companion; too interesting. The [illegible] ripened their friendship into a [illegible] and by the time they reached [illegible] they were hopelessly in love. They were married and left the ship [illegible] Madeira, to spend their honeymoon amidst the exotic splendour of the [illegible] of grape-gardens. And the [illegible] which should have carried a [illegible] young man in Cape Town to send a letter and a ring! [illegible] antic crossing would be [illegible] might imagine, for instances, but this is not so. [illegible] further, during a voyage [illegible] heard a story from the [illegible] which reveals that even [illegible] turned by the glamour of the [illegible] spend."

[illegible] Canadian, suffering [illegible] but, was bound for the [illegible] a confirmed woman-[illegible] he said, did not interest him [illegible] would. He spoke too soon.

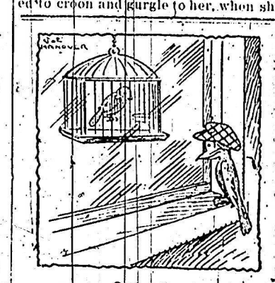
[illegible] was a flighty widow, as [illegible] Canadian, if not more so. [illegible] been stirring up the [illegible] to life, and, in his own [illegible] "fell for" the [illegible] flapper. Instead [illegible] lounging in his deck-chair, [illegible] and hobble round the [illegible]

[illegible]nco's Relapse.

[illegible] more ardent. The [illegible] was told to send her [illegible] morning. Soon all the [illegible] to know about [illegible] of which was [illegible]

[illegible] they became engaged. [illegible] married until [illegible] as it took [illegible] ancient though [illegible] never from the [illegible] suffered as a result of his [illegible]

[illegible] all of which to. When [illegible] or whether you're old, [illegible] in love go to sea!



Sympathy.

Bird (outside)—"Poor fellow, he must be a dangerous criminal to be locked up like that!"

The Healer.

Time pours an opiate for all,
Pain fades—a dream, then nothing!
Sleep!
Oh, soft and kind the shadows fall,
Keen watch with care not long we
keep.

Sweet slumber hides in acrid gall,
Lo, grief grows drowsy while we
weep!
Time pours an opiate for all,
Pain fades—a dream, then nothing!
Sleep!

How good that fragrant rest enthrall,
That calm through every sense
should creep;
But best oh best the soundless pall,
The peace for any dream too deep!
Time pours an opiate for all,
Pain fades—a dream, then nothing!
Sleep!

—S. S. Fisher.

Mourning Colors.

Black is not the world-wide color for mourning, although to us it seems the most appropriate. In Persia the color is pale brown, indicating withered leaves. In Egypt and Burma yellow is favored, white in China, and deep blue in Bokhara. After all, the color does not matter, provided the sentiment is sincere.

Glass-Like Steel.

Steel can now be made so thin that it is as transparent as the clearest glass.

Kip[illegible]g's Technic.

[illegible]ndamental Kipling the[illegible] are three. The first [illegible]owering passion for de[illegible] hunger for certitude; [illegible] second (but is the ar[illegible] and imaginative in[illegible] the first: a predilection, namely, for enforcing [illegible] coherence, for [illegible]stantial dream-stuff in [illegible]cact and decisive [illegible] and tinted metal dis[illegible]ct), on the physic[illegible] unusual counterpart [illegible] craftsman's gift for [illegible] units into coe[illegible] [illegible] (than like [illegible], with an exquisite [illegible] miracles of intric[illegible] perfection.

[illegible] three faculties, often [illegible]ished, that form every [illegible]ews of his work [illegible] run, with a snap to [illegible] every sentence is [illegible] ring; each has its [illegible]

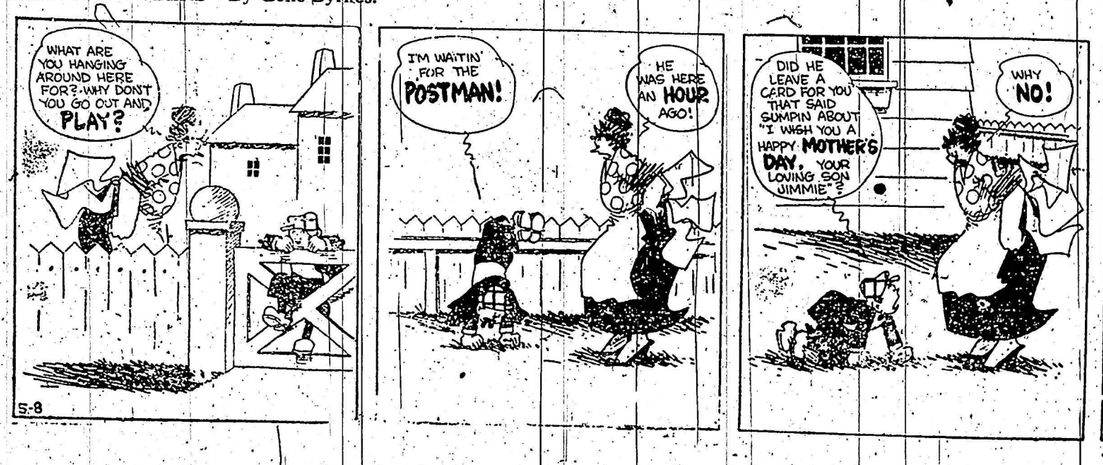
Prize one of them [illegible] you feel it would [illegible] taking a slot that would [illegible] as he loved do in wood [illegible] place it, and it looks [illegible] in a form, fitting into [illegible] the paragraph like [illegible] There are no gardens or [illegible] blown spray of sound. [illegible] this must repeat themselves [illegible] prove their validity, [illegible] the full stop. Lack [illegible] like but also, it must [illegible] marvellously unpredict[illegible] of craftsmanship. And [illegible] with theoretical intuitions [illegible] sudden scenes stand [illegible] alone. The lecture [illegible] adorned with peacocks' [illegible] I swung the car to [illegible] brushed along the edge [illegible] and turned in on the [illegible] to where the foun[illegible] exactly one star-sapphire.—"Men of Letters."

Could See Through It.

[illegible]ow, remember, Nellie, [illegible] can see through is [illegible] you name something [illegible] it?"

"Yes, ma'am. A keyhole."

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



Jimmie's Prise Mother?

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