For the Boys and Girls

"THE GOOD NATURED FAIRY, TROLL"

BY ETHEL TANE.

On one of the [illegible] between the [illegible] mountain range of Eastern Iceland, lived a farmer with his wife and two [illegible]. Ketill, the boy, was ten, and his little sister, Katla, two [illegible].

The house was a very funny-looking one. The walls were built of [illegible] set up from the ground [illegible] as the top of Katla's [illegible] and thence entirely of turf to the tarred, wooden gables.

The [illegible] were nothing more nor less than the ribs of a great whale, and the roof was turf, and beautiful [illegible].

When the great winters of Iceland were nearly over, Ketill used to climb the [illegible] of the valley opposite the house till he could look down on the roof, and the day when he saw it beginning to turn green was considered by all of them as the first of spring.

One June afternoon, the children wandered a long way up the valley, to where the clear, rapid river which [illegible] it to the North Sea.

Katla was chasing the blue and white butterflies which were fluttering [illegible], and Ketill gathered an immense [illegible] of buttercups, harebells, [illegible] and cotton-grass.

"Katla!" she cried, at last, "look!" and she showed a [illegible] in a mossy slab of rock. "See!"

Katla's eyes were very fair, [illegible] and blue eyes, but [illegible] she was so fat with [illegible] that she looked [illegible].

Ketill was a higher bit of [illegible] lifting his legs. [illegible] rocks, where they [illegible] tell me [illegible] Ketill."

Katla looked and was [illegible] and Ketill listened to [illegible] was a good hunter, [illegible] Adam and Eve [illegible] of Paradise, [illegible] accurately, and even [illegible] Eve was [illegible] she did she [illegible] herself."

"[illegible] Katla.

[illegible] was ashamed for God [illegible] in the middle [illegible] Katla," eagerly. "But [illegible] to think she could [illegible]

"Keep on interrupting," cried [illegible]. "So I forget [illegible]

[illegible] said Eve, you are [illegible] Know that what man [illegible] God will hide from [illegible] went away in anger, [illegible] back before the house [illegible] the eyes asked children [illegible] Ever since then they [illegible] hoods, and no [illegible] ever [illegible] unless [illegible] Father calls them hid[illegible] with them themselves."

[illegible] plenty of them in the [illegible] Katla, her blue eyes [illegible] with awe.

[illegible] they can do much [illegible] harm," replied her brother, rather [illegible]

A harsh noise disturbed the sunny air. It sounded like a dozen men laughing together.

Ketill sprang from his perch.

"Run, Katty, run! The hid-folk are coming!" he shouted, as he rushed down the valley.

When he had gone a few yards, he felt ashamed of himself, and stopped for his little sister.

Not a soul could he see as he turned except Katla, who was running after him and screaming; but the very next moment a pair of horsemen seemed to have sprung out of the earth.

They rode tall, handsome steeds, black as coal and glossy as satin, with noble flowing manes and tails.

No horses could be more unlike the shaggy little Iceland ponies.

The men were swarthy; they wore fantastic suits of blue and white, and their cloaks waved like the wings of huge butterflies.

They were prancing and curveting around Katla.

One swung her before him, and then they galloped up the valley and disappeared among the black rocks at the further end.

Ketill wildly followed, stumbling, falling, scrambling up again with bruised hands and knees he, also, was soon lost in the mountainous passes. Whenever he stopped and bent his ear to the ground, he seemed to hear the beat of horses's feet in the far distance.

For several hours the boy trudged on through a wilderness of jagged rocks. At last he reached the brink of a precipice, beyond which lay a lonely valley, which he had never seen before.

It was large and smooth and covered with grass just ready for the scythe. A silvery lake glittered to the right, and flocks of white swans were floating there.

Ketill bent his ear to the ground again. The hoof-beats had entirely ceased, and the boy fell on his face in despair.

"What shall I do?" he thought. "Katla is stolen by the elves, and I am lost here among the mountains. Father and mother will never see us again!"

"So, you'd better make up your mind to go quietly into my pot, little man!" said a gruff female voice above him.

Ketill nearly rolled over the precipice in his fright, as he jumped up.

A woman, as tall as a house, and big in proportion, had come swiftly behind him, and he knew that she was one of those gigantic trolls which are the terror of all Icelanders.

The troll carried a wicker sack over her shoulder, containing several sheep, which bleated all the time.

"What did you say, troll?" asked Ketill, trembling violently.

"I think I spoke loud enough to be heard," she replied, with a grim smile, and shifting her sack to the ground. "Jump in here!"

As he seemed in no hurry to obey, she lifted him by his jacket-collar and dropped him gently on the soft, fleecy backs of the sheep. Then she put the sack over her shoulder again, and walked off into the wilderness.

At first Ketill was too bewildered to notice anything but the continual bleating under him. But after awhile he heard the troll singing to herself, and at last understood the words she sang:

"The hill-folk are joyful, for little they wot
This lad to will never go into my pot."

Just as he had quite made out this rhyme, he felt himself jerked to the ground again. The troll untied the sack and told him to get out.

They were in a large cavern, open to the air at one end, and with a wood-fire at the other, over which hung a huge black pot.

"There it hangs, Ketill," said the troll, nodding toward the fire, but with quite a kind smile this time. "However, I don't intend to boil you in it for supper. Stop here, like a good boy, while I knock these sheep on the head, and then we will have a comfortable meal of stewed mutton."

She went to the entrance of the cavern, stopped, and looked back at him.

"Run away if you like. You are too little for me to find you among the rocks, only—if you care to see Katla again, stop here!"

And the boy did stay. He turned his back on the tempting open country outside, for he loved his little sister dearly.

When the troll returned she was very much pleased to find him still there, and while the mutton simmered she told him about the elves who had stolen Katla.

"That valley which looked so lonely," said she, "belongs to those twelve elves, and they live there, with their wives and children, in farm-houses, near the lake. Everything they possess is enchanted, and hidden from human eyes and ears. Katla was in the meadow beneath you when you lay despairing at the brink of the precipice. She stretched her arms and called to you, but you could neither see nor hear her. I had watched you running through the wilderness, and I said to myself: 'That's a brave lad. I'll help him.' But I wanted to deceive those cunning elves. They think that you are cooked and eaten before this."

"And can you really get Katla from them, kind troll?"

"It depends on how much she loves her brother," said the giantess, rather grimly. Then she sent Ketill to bed.

Very early in the morning he felt some one shaking him. There stood the troll, with her sack. After he had crept in she gave him a small piece of bluestone, explaining that as long as he held it he could see the elves and all their possessions. She had cut a peep-hole for him in the sack, but she warned him to remain perfectly still.

The elfin men were saddling their horses to ride out into the world, when they saw the troll coming. She leaped the precipice easily, gave them a friendly greeting, and began to talk about the hay-harvest.

Ketill peeped out at the twelve groups of farm-buildings, the flocks of sheep feeding in the distance, and the pretty boats rocking on the lake.

"Did you make a good supper last night, troll?" asked an elf, with a wink at the others.

The troll smacked her lips.

"Ah, didn't I! There's nothing so tender as a little boy, except a little girl. Katla would be a daintier bit yet. I'll give you six sheep for her."

"We've got more sheep than we want already," said the elf, boastfully.

"I'll give you a set of ornaments of the finest fretted silver, brooch, pin, bracelets and belt, for your wife."

"You poor old troll! Don't you know that our friends, the spirits of the earth, bring us plenty of such gewgaws?"

"Then," said the troll, bending her shaggy brows, angrily, "gratify an old friend thus far. Bring the child here, and offer her a free choice between you and me. Whatever the result, you shall every one of you have the sheep and the ornaments, but if you refuse me I am your enemy forever."

The elfin-men whispered eagerly together.

"Do you pledge yourself to that bargain?" they asked.

"On the word of a troll."

An elf at once hurried to the nearest house, and presently returned, leading little Katla. The others stood, laughing among themselves at the troll's expense, and directly Katla saw her, she screamed and hid her face in the elfin-man's cloak. She dreaded him, but the huge troll, whom she had seen carry off Ketill like a sheep, seemed ten times more terrible.

"Sister Katla," said the elf, taking her in his arms, "that ugly troll wants to carry you away with her. She ate Ketill for supper last night and she thinks you would make a nice dinner to-day. Will you go with her, or stay here with us hid-folk?"

For answer the troll put her hand into her sack and pulled out Ketill. The elves rushed up and began leaping to get at him, but they could not jump high enough. Katla cried out for joy, and struggled in the elf's arms, while the troll said, quietly:

"This is the brave, loving brother who followed you so far. Little Katla, will you take the risk of going with a troll, and get into my sack with Ketill?"

As she spoke the boy held out his arms. After one moment's hesitation Katla did so, too. Her love for her brother conquered her dread of the troll, and by this movement she made known her choice.

In his excitement, Ketill forgot the blue stone, and dropped it, when the elves and all their belongings vanished in a flash of light.

The empty valley slept in the sunshine, the swans gleamed white on the lovely lake, while little Katla was still there in the troll's strong right hand.

Ketill and Katla got home safely, for their kind friend carried them back at once. It is not easy to tell how glad their parents were nor how grateful to the giantess. Henceforth she was known in all that region by the name of "The Good-natured Troll."

To Charles Dickens.

As when a friend (himself a music's list)
Stands by some rare, full-handed organist,
And glorying, as he sees the master roll
The surging sweets through all their depths of soul,
Cannot, encouraged by his smile, forbear
With his own hand to join them here and there;
And so, if little, so add something more.
To the sound's volume and the golden roar;

So I, dear friend, Charles Dickens, though thy hand
Needs but itself, to charm from land to land,
Make bold to join in summoning men's ears
To this thy new-found music of our spheres.
In hope that by thy Household Words and these
The world may haste to days of harmony.

—Leigh Hunt.

A Real Cosmopolitan.

"He considers himself a real cosmopolitan, eh?"

"Oh, yes, he once spent a week in New York."

CHIEF JUSTICE MARKS 83RD BIRTHDAY

One of the Dominion's outstanding figures, Chief Justice the Right Hon. Sir William Mulock, K.C., P.C., celebrated his 83rd birthday on Jan. 19. Virile, alert and active as many men 20 years his junior, Sir William took a "busy man's holiday" when he appeared at Osgoode Hall as usual. Sir William's family tree now includes four great-grandchildren. In addition to greetings from his family, he received messages of congratulation from all over the Dominion.

Early Music.

Most interesting to the student and musician who thinks about his art are investigations as to the place music holds in human consciousness, and particularly as to its forms and the growth from primitive manifestations into the superb art of to-day.

At a meeting of English music teachers in 1902, Dr. Crow, of Harrogate, read a paper on the topic "Music: Its Origin, Evolution and Relation to Human Consciousness," from which we select a few thoughts.

The first "composer" was probably some savage who found delight in striking together two sticks, perhaps at first at random, but sooner or later in rhythmical succession. When he reached the latter stage he must have felt a bounding force in his discovery and have appeared to his fellow-tribesmen as a genius. From the fact that early instruments of percussion are known to human beings lowest in scale, we infer that rhythm preceded tune or melody in coming to human consciousness. Even to-day we note those persons who have little or untrained musical sensibility are most strongly attracted to music in which rhythmical element predominates, such as the march, the waltz or other dance tunes.

When the association of art then with dance music began to tell its force, and as the intellect began to take cognizance of this new impression, a feeling for melody arose and developed. And for many years musical evolution stopped at this point. The second step, and one that pointed the way toward modern music, was taken when composers tried to combine melodies, thus developing the two sciences—counterpoint and harmony.

Bearing on the question of the difference between the effects of music on different individuals, the following incident was related: A banker-viscount from Glasgow, while on a visit to London, wandered into Queen's Hall one day, when a Wagner concert was in progress. He sat stolid and indifferent until the Ride of Valkyries was played. At the close he applauded most vigorously, explaining his emotion and enthusiasm to the man beside him, on the ground that it did so remind him of home.

TOURIST TRAVEL TO OUR NATIONAL PARKS

The 1926 summer season witnessed the establishment of new records in the number of persons visiting Canadian National Parks. As the value and importance of these great scenic and recreational reserves become better known to the people of Canada, the United States and other parts of the world, each succeeding season brings a greater influx of visitors.

While this increase has been general it has been most noticeable in the matter of motor tourists. Advances made in the automobile industry and in the construction of good roads have brought corresponding advances in the growth of motor travel, until this traffic has become of great importance in the development of the country.

Highways play an important part in drawing a large number of the tourists who visit Banff and Kootenay National parks by motor. Through the Kananaskis gateway, which is the eastern entrance to Banff park, and the Radium Hot Springs gateway, which is the western entrance to Kootenay park, there passes each year the greater part of the motor traffic to the Canadian parks in the Rockies.

The volume of travel which poured into these two parks by motor is shown by the registrations. At the Kananaskis gateway at the end of October 18,069 motor cars had been registered as incoming, at Radium Hot Springs gateway 6,593 entries were recorded, making a total of 24,662 cars entering the two parks. This number shows an increase of 5,780 over the 18,882 entries recorded in 1925.

Waterton Lakes National park, in southern Alberta, on the International boundary, drew an amount of tourist travel in excess of that recorded in 1925. The possibilities of this scenic wonderland are accentuated by the plans for extensive development announced in 1926.

The opening, in June, 1926, of the motor road extension from Lake Louise to Field brought Yoho National park for the first time into prominence in the motor tourist world. The further extension of this road which will enable motorists to proceed through to Golden, is expected to be opened to travel early in 1927. Traversing Yoho park and the approach on to Golden, along the Columbia valley to the junction with the Banff-Windermere Highway, this newest motor way opens up a field which is wonderfully rich in scenic resources and has hitherto been unknown except to travellers by pack train.

Jasper National Park, in the northern part of Alberta, had a most successful season, nearly 7,000 hotel registrations having been recorded prior to the end of October. This great playground is rapidly finding favor with the tourist public as the steady growth in the number of visitors attests.

The National Buffalo park at Wainwright, Alberta, drew more visitors than in former years. A very keen interest is being taken in all countries, particularly Canada and the United States, in the efforts of the Canadian Government to preserve the buffalo and also in the experiments that are being conducted at Buffalo park in cross-breeding.

Reports received from the smaller parks follow those of the larger reservations. A larger number of persons than in 1925 visited Fort Anne National park, Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia. The recreational reserves comprising the St. Lawrence Islands parks were also very popular during the summer.

MEN AND WOMEN OF TO-DAY

Photographing Royalty.

It must be very entertaining to be a Court photographer. That, at least, is the conclusion one comes to after reading the "Memoirs" of Mr. Richard N. Speaight. But it can also be confusing, and once, in a Spanish palace, Mr. Speaight became hopelessly lost.

He had been commissioned to photograph the Spanish Royal Family in Madrid, and the palace contained dozens of passages and hundreds of doors. Towards the end of the proceedings he had to escort the Queen back to her apartment, and after leaving her, he realized what the little children felt like in the wood. He floundered up this passage and down that, opened countless wrong doors, and was about to give up when he saw the Queen's brother, Prince Maurice of Battenberg, wandering along a passage away from him.

He rushed after the Prince, and asked the way out.

"What?" exclaimed the Prince, bursting into a laugh. "Are you lost, too? So am I!"

They then joined forces, and, as Mr. Speaight puts it, "escaped together."

The Queen on Looking Natural.

It was Mr. Speaight who took the last photograph of the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and on this occasion he also took "Little Joe" (Big Joe's grandson), with whom he continued his friendship. One day Little Joe turned into Mr. Speaight's studio and cried, in a state of considerable excitement:

"Please, Mr. Speaight, can I use your dark room? I've photographed Lloyd George on a donkey!"

A most interesting insight into the Queen's mind is given in an account of the paintings of her miniature, a work undertaken by Mr. Speaight at the time of the Coronation. When Queen Mary saw the completed picture, she expressed great approval.

"I am so pleased," she said, "that you have not attempted to make my mouth small, and I do like that you have given a natural wave to my hair. In so many paintings that I have had, they have made my hair bright golden, and the whole face more like a picture by a chorus girl than a portrait of me."

One for Authors.

Mr. [illegible] is noted for two things—his [illegible] mystery and detective novels and his many books on Yorkshire. Some time ago he went to live in a [illegible] village very remote from the [illegible]. One day a former [illegible] of his and asked why his [illegible] mother was, for he seemed to have [illegible] to do and plenty to [illegible].

"Mother's [illegible]," replied the man, "but what [illegible] told the [illegible]

"I [illegible] He was [illegible] books."

"Ay, [illegible] Daddy [illegible] but [illegible] what does [illegible]?"

A Mantle of Mercy.

While mankind lies the [illegible] beneath the snow,
Light, feed from the deep compassionate sky,
The [illegible] leaves that drifted to and fro
In dark [illegible] their [illegible] lies,
The [illegible] grass, the [illegible] and dry,
Thou cover [illegible] cut blade,
And shielding from [illegible] vengeance fly
Are hidden where [illegible] spreads.

So in my life, now [illegible],
What scars of failure, waste and false desire,
What beauty missed, that now too late I rue!
Hot shall I, Lord, to peace of soul aspire,
Unless Thou, pardoning all humanity
Thy kindly mantle [illegible] over me?

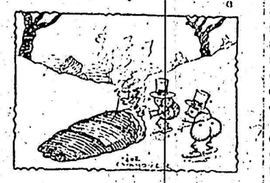
—W. Clark Sanderson.

Songs on Bare Boughs.

There are few sweeter benisons than the singing notes of thrushes across the bare heights at river's dawn. And lest we should be in any doubt, that lyric is repeated again and again. It is the conquered, a challenge, to lift up our hearts a miracle of endurance and of hope. Not all the creatures, not even all the birds can sing, but how precious are those who do, and how doubly precious those that on the shortest and coldest days still make the comfort of their melody, bringing the comfort of music to our need. They are the victors, transforming the weakest fare into overflowing praise.

In the music this hour of hardship there is a special quality and power. There is something strangely moving in the winter songs of birds: their cheerfulness is literally their triumph over circumstances at times the most severe. The light, the warmth—the table spread for them in summertime are no more. Yet they build their melodious bridge of hope across the darkness and barrenness of the land, as though they were so sure of Spring's coming they would gain go out to meet her with songs.

How precious then are these of the hardy kind—those on whose harmonies we may always rely to us when the year is unclothed, and to us hope when days are dark and cold. They are the prophets, the seers. They merit our interest and our love.



And Cheaper Than Coal.

Bug—"Gee, Bill, this cigar gives out a fine heat this cold morning!"

Gift by the Queen.

The Queen has sent £100 in support of Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's scheme to provide lodging houses in London for homeless women.

Size and Strength of the Walrus.

[illegible] that the [illegible] mammal [illegible] is the [illegible]. This [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]