

For the Boys and Girls

A BRAVE BOY.

BY ORVILLE DEANE.

I have a friend who is six feet and four inches in height, whose arms are very long, whose shoulders are prodigiously broad—who, in every respect, has the make-up of a giant. But, powerful as he is, he once came very near losing his life, and was rescued by a brave little fellow, not quite fourteen years old.

It was a thrilling story, as my friend related it to me while one day we halted in our tramp after moon, and ate our lunch on the bank of Apple River, Nova Scotia.

Cumberland county, N.S., lies at the head of the Bay of Fundy, and is the connecting link between that province and New Brunswick. It has a few considerable towns, like Annapolis, and a large number of little fishing hamlets along the rocky shore, but in the interior it is almost uninhabited.

With the exception of an occasional tract known as a "barren," the country is heavily wooded, and of late years has attracted attention as a lumbering region.

I know a gentleman who has recently purchased twelve thousand acres of timberland in the county, and now has a large force of men preparing the lumber for the European market. In all parts of the county similar work is now being done. The work of preparing the timber for the saw-mills is mostly done in winter. With the first fall of snow, the choppers are sent into the great forest. They usually go in companies of about twenty. They first build a log-house for themselves, and a rude stable for their horses, after which they spend the winter in cutting down trees, saving them into logs ten to fifteen feet in length and drawing them to the nearest river. Here the logs are piled up in great stacks, and await the annual rise of the river by the melting snow.

When this comes, a large force of men roll the logs into the river, and begin what is known as stream driving. It is a business full of hardships and perils. The logs are massed together, forming an enormous raft, and are floated down the stream as fast as possible, a number of men following with axes, pickaxes and peaves, to dislodge any that may be caught on the shore. Sometimes these men must remain on duty day and night for two or three weeks, with no sleep save what they can catch at odd moments.

In some cases, where the streams are not too rocky or too turbulent, a boat follows after the "drive," carrying their tools, their food, and extra clothing for the men, but generally these things are taken along the shore by a team driven by a boy.

I said this stream driving was a business full of danger. Some parts of it are especially dangerous. The water in the middle of a stream always flows faster than that nearer the shore, so it comes to pass that the logs in the centre of a floating mass will be carried ahead, and these turning in various ways, block up the way of the others, and form what is known among lumbermen as a "jam." When ever this happens, somebody must go out across the "drive" of logs, and in some way start the troublesome stick.

Frequently the man who becomes so wedged in that it is necessary to cut away one or more logs, and if this happens near a "rapid" or a "fall," as it is quite likely to, it becomes a very dangerous thing for a man to go out and do chopping.

But someone must do it, and men long accustomed to the business seldom hesitate, though they know that many a man has lost his life in just such work.

In the spring of 1878, Apple River was uncommonly high. A large number of logs had been put into the water, and my friend F—, with half a dozen men under his direction, was driving them down toward the mill, some thirty miles below.

The river was so turbulent, and the shores were so lined with rocks,

that it was impossible to make use of a boat for carrying their luggage, and it was taken along the shore on a rude sled, drawn by a single horse, and driven by the boy of whom I write.

There had been several very narrow escapes from death, and the men came to be more than usually careful about exposing themselves to danger.

One day, as they neared a series of rapids, a few logs became turned about in such a way that they obstructed the passage of the rest, and the whole mass became wedged in and formed one of the most troublesome of "jams."

At the time of its occurrence, Mr. F— and the boy George were alone on that side of the river, and as the troublesome log was only three or four rods from the shore, F— decided at once to go out and cut it away without summoning anyone to his aid.

Taking an axe in his hand, he was soon at the point of difficulty. After examining the jam, he concluded that a certain log just on the edge of the rapids must be cut away, and at once began the work.

The task promised to be but a light one, so he did not take the usual precaution to lay aside his coat, but began chopping in a short sack-coat made of homespun gray, and very heavy.

When he had cut about half-way through the log it broke with a sharp report, the great mass behind started suddenly, and, almost before he had time to move, the whole "drive" shot into the rapids.

Dropping his axe, he sprang from one log to another, and had gone about half the distance to the shore, when he missed his footing and fell into the water.

Such things are not uncommon, and are not very serious usually, for one can easily climb upon the nearest log, and reach the shore with no other inconvenience than that of a thorough drenching. But in this instance F— did not immediately reappear, and those who were looking for him saw by the commotion in the water that something serious had taken place.

His men were all on the other side of the river, and it was impossible for them to get to him quickly across the tumbling mass of logs. No one could help him, unless it was the little fellow George, who all the while sat by his sled, some four or five rods down the stream.

He saw the difficulty in an instant, and without calling to anyone, or waiting for directions, he sprang from his sled, and, with the speed of a deer, bounded from log to log till he reached the point where his employer had disappeared.

And it was fortunate he ran as fast as he did, for when F— rose to the surface a projecting limb on one of the logs had caught in the skirt of his coat, and drawn it over his head in such a way that he could not see what to do, and had so pinioned his arms that he was perfectly helpless.

The log was a very large one, and whenever it rolled it carried him with it, so that sometimes his head was above the surface of the water and sometimes below it.

In a very short time he must have perished for his great strength could not avail to save him.

It took but a glance for George to see what the trouble was, for he reached the spot just as F—'s head was drawn under water again by the movement of the log, and quick as thought he bounded upon the threatening tree.

He knew perfectly well how to manage a floating piece of timber, for he had often ridden on them, and, running to the end of the log where F— was imprisoned, he slipped astride of it, and grasping the coat with all his might, he pulled it from over his employer's head, and gave him the use of his arms.

Then, by skillful movements of his feet, he disengaged the skirt from the limb, and raised the drowning man's head above the water.



Mahuta Le Toko, a chieftain of the Maori nation, one of the most interesting types which the Duke and Duchess of York met in New Zealand.

They were not in the rapids yet, by forty or fifty feet, and were only approaching them by a side motion, but George saw that he must move quickly to escape the current; and so, holding by the collar with one hand, he paddled with his feet, and pushed against other logs, till he reached a place where he could touch bottom.

By this time the men on the other shore had managed to get over; but Mr. F— was safe when they reached him, and the honor of saving his life belonged to little George alone.

I think this is an example of heroism as rare as it is noble.

As my friend F— finished the story, his brown face was wet with tears, and his voice trembled with emotion as he said, in his own peculiar way:

"I tell you I set a mighty sight by that 'ere boy George, and I mean to do sun' 'im handsome for him some day."

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Study the Rules.

Oh, whether it's business or whether it's sport.

Study the rules.

Know every one of them, long and the short.

Study the rules.

Know what you may do, and what you may not.

Know what your rights are. 'Twill help you a lot.

In the critical times when the battle is hot—

Study the rules.

Life's not a scramble, and sport's not a mess.

Study the rules.

Nothing is left to haphazard or guess.

Study the rules.

Know what's a foul blow, and what is a fair;

Know all the penalties recognized.

Know what to go for, and what to beware.

Study the rules.

Nature has fixed for us definite laws.

Study the rules.

Every effect is the child of a cause.

Study the rules.

Nature has penalties she will inflict; When it comes to enforcing them Nature is strict.

Her eyes are wide open. She never is tricked.

Study the rules.

Play to your best in the game as it's played.

Study the rules.

Know how a fair reputation is made.

Study the rules.

Sport has a standard, and life has a plan.

Don't go at them blindly. Learn all that you can.

Know all that is asked and required of a man.

Study the rules!

—Edgar A. Guest.

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"SOMETHING BESIDES DYE"

"We'll finish the centrepiece to-day," Mrs. Walker was saying. "We'll finish the centrepiece to-day and then it will be all ready to put down right inside the dining-room door." She took a bundle of bright red rags, laid them on the rug in its frame before her, and untied the string that held them together as she addressed Ada.

Ada's gaze wandered over Mrs. Walker's shoulder, fluttered through the bare boughs of the apple trees and rested briefly on the black shine of the lake where on the water came up darkly through the ice to meet the strengthening sun. "It'll be finished just in time," she observed, "just in time for us to get the hot-frames ready for the tomatoes."

Mrs. Walker glanced across the kitchen, where the window framed a square of the barnyard, a square with one black, dripping corner of woodpile etched into an expanse of snow; a few cows stood in front of the barn, where the sun had left a brown brown patch, and blinked in drowsy content; a flock of hens scratched industriously; and then Albert came out of the stable, crossed to the woodpile, and the sound of his ax as he split wood came to her ears, muffled and belatedly remote from her vision of the blows. Mrs. Walker's gaze came back to the work before her, and the small thud of her hook as she worked at the rug was like a heavy undertone of accompaniment to the incessant cheerfulness of the wall clock.

"That red is just the right shade for the centrepiece of roses," Ada remarked, with a little critical side tilt of her head. "I'm glad that we didn't have to dye any rags for this rug."

Mrs. Walker surveyed the rug pattern with an aloof satisfaction, while the hook in her hand thudded on rhythmically. "It'll be more familiar like," she agreed, "there on the dining-room floor with all its colors just as we picked them out in the store-room. When we traced the pattern down last fall I thought of making the background all in tan, and we'd have had to dye rags for that. But when I found that old gray blanket in the bottom of the rug barrel I knew that that was just the thing. 'Twas just the right shade of gray. After being out of sight so long it'll be like old times to see it there on the floor in the dining-room."

She gazed across the barnyard reminiscently, and the hook came to a halt in the rug. "I was just a little girl when I got that blanket, and mother was fixing up a room that I was to have all to myself. I remember as well as if it were yesterday the proud, grown-up way I felt every time I went into the little room. One side of it sloped down almost to the floor, with a tiny window set in under the eaves, so low down that I had to lie on the rug in front of the chest of drawers to look out across the meadow to the woods beyond. The other window was

land is as a haven of refuge for the first few weeks of infancy.

Scott, the Antarctic explorer, tells of passing a small iceberg, far, far south with a group of Antarctic petrels on the other side; still relying on the sea and swell to cast up food for them onto the ledges of the iceberg.

In memorable words, he has described this entrance upon the Antarctic. "A stillness, weird and uncanny, seemed to have fallen upon everything when we entered the silent water streets of this vast unpeopled white city. There was no sign of life, except when one of the little snow petrels, invisible when flying across one of the glistening bergs, flashed for a moment into sight as it came against the dark water." And how friendly a vision it must have been.

More Like Themselves.

The new chaplain of a Scottish asylum was accompanied one day by an inmate, who said: "We like you better than any chaplain we have ever had."

"I'm pleased to hear it," said the grateful man. "May I enquire what it is that has made me preferred by you above my predecessors?"

"Weel ye see," replied the inmate, "we think ye mair like corseel than any o' the others."

Start from the bottom. Be natural. Herbert Morrison.

The Real Proof.

My father's so wealthy that mom asks him for money almost every munit he gives it to her too!

Yeah, an' my pop writes checks with solid ink an' a diamond pen is how rich he is!

Betcha my dad has! He never picks up his change from waiters! He's stuffed with money!

How wouldja like to have all that money in that bank?

18th National Bank

REG'LAR Fellers—By Gene Byrnes.

United States

Crime, indirectly the United States \$18,000,000,000 an estimate made in 1921, in the cord.

Mr. Prontice National Crime Official body seeking causes of U. S.

He points out economic losses due United States ex-European debt to The present era United States, at numbers some 2.0

If gambling, the Prohibition law, he estimates that another \$5,000,000, \$13,000,000,000.

One of the bells ham Parish Church back to 1198. Church at this church over 700 years.

WHY BURNS IS CLASSIC

In one respect Burns to the poet of Scotland, who has summed up the long troubled history of our land, and has combined all the diverse loyalties and traditions of Scotland. Another side he is the poet of our common nature who has expounded, as it has not often been expounded, the greatness and the frailty of plain humanity.

On still another side he is the reformer who flashed the lantern of his satire into many foul corners. He appeals to us as patriots, as democrats, as citizens, as fallible men. But it is none of these things, fine as they are, which make him immortal.

Many have preached the same creed with equal earnestness, with the same sincerity, and their names are to-day forgotten. Why is it that as years pass the fame of Burns rises steadily higher and becomes steadily a more universal thing, so that not Scotland only, but the whole earth, acknowledges his power? It is because he was first and foremost a great artist, and though creeds and philosophies perish a perfect art endures. I want to speak to you for a little about Burns as a poet.

It is the fashion to call Burns a classic, and he is a classic in the strictest and truest sense. What does the word mean? It does not mean only that his position is accepted by everybody. . . . It means that he has the same qualities as the great Greek and Latin poets, the universal and the perfection which are beyond the reach of time, and which owe no allegiance to geographical boundaries.

He has the classic directness of vision and simplicity. He has a great clearness, rightness and sanity. In his best Scots verse there are no loose edges, no indefinite colors. He is wholly sincere, both in form and matter; there is no suspicion of false sentiment; there is never a word too much; he is the most nobly economical of all the poets. Take, for example, the description of a spate in the "Brigs o' Ayr." Every phrase is the result of direct observation and stings like the whip of an east wind.

If we want to realize Burns's greatness as an artist we must study closely his methods. Take that perfect lyric, "It was a' for our Rightfu' King." Burns composed this from a dozen old rhymes, and there is scarcely a phrase in his song which does not occur in one or other of the originals. But the originals were doggerel, because there was no shaping art in them. Burns unerringly picked out of the patchwork the right words and the right cadences, and blended them into an immortal cry of regret and longing—John Buchan, in "Homeilies and Recreations."

Cherry Blossom Fete.

During this great yet simple festival, in which all the members of the Japanese family partake together, willow and cherry blossoms mingle in vivid color to re-make the Mikado's spirit. Amid the flowery richness of that ancient fair Fuji-Yama radiantly unveiled his face, flawless with perpetual snow. On the calm surface of the crystal-clear, transparent River Sumida dances the shadow of Mount Teukuba, catching hands in that gleaming mirror with the swaying willows that border that lovely stream.

That scene, dreamily enveloped with the eight-fold mist of fragrant purple, is truly an altar for feminine beauty, reflected in a hundred kindred lovelinesses. There, too, like snowflakes, the peaceful "Miyabodori" birds swim glidingly along, adding beauty of motion to the whole enchanted air, while quietly singing the "Kimi-Ga-Yo" anthem, a prayer for an everlasting reign for our illustrious Mikado.

In order to see the cherry blossoms in their dazzling glory one has but to have a run to Yosino, where one can view the ravishing sight by the thousand. Indeed, it has been worthily said that the beautiful nature of our country can even transform the subornment of aliens to its own spirit, thus naturalizing them to the very heart's core and beyond all risk of relapse.

Could we but show now To many a stranger On alien, dim shores The glorious dawn Of Yosino's Spring. With the scented mist Of our radiant cherry. Surely they would soon be softened With souls transformed to a Japanese semblance.

Full of craving, devoted passion For our dear islands. Our ancient Sun-Rise Yamato-Land.

The loveliest view of spring in all Japan is on the Arasayama Hill in Kyoto. As we stand on the Togekkyoh Bridge with fallen petals of cherry blossom floating like butterflies through the perfumed air, we see beneath us rafts swinging down the rapid waters of the blue Katsura, while around us brightly clad village girls from Yabe and Ohara peep above their laughing eyes light loads of the daintiest flowers—Gonosaka Kamai, in The Poetry Review.

The frontier of women's empire in trade is extending year by year.—David Lloyd George.

Where Can Immigrants Go

The European countries most to the increasing population, it seems general impression is that the number of the settlers come from the But the figures of the month of Immigration months of the fiscal year that of the 59,885 arrived in this period from the British 507 came from the States, and 12,986 came from the States. Noting that the "Manitoba" on the flow of population United States and Canada. From the United returned to Canada, residence south of the months or more, 272, adians, o whom 22, o this country, 3,668 ormerly domiciled by lized Canadians, for 1,562.

As is pretty general countries of Europe Immigration purpose ment into two classes ferred and non-preferred countries are Belgium, and Holland show a smaller number than the southern countries. The two Immigration in the come from the nor tries, the largest German and German figures for these mer and 6,294 of the

The next two in newspaper points of non-preferred countries Portugal and Poland a total of 3,986. former country is large, it is said, available at the offices of any of through Winnipeg.

"Nor are any known in the West, Europe, Finland su way 1,672. Sweden, 425, and Holland l, vided 340, or aroun the preferred countinent.

From the non-part from the fig were 3,992 Slovaks, 1,299 Italians, 22 Serbs, 792 Croats, Jews to the number Canada the summe ling of lesser non-odd settler or so; stians, 40 Armenians, to mention one Korean.

"It seems to be the figures quoted harder it is for res come to Canada, and to make the of As these figures of the fiscal year in Immigration enters improbable that a period will show at percentages."

Grand