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THROUGH THE GATES OF FAIRYLAND: THE STORY OF JACK AND THE BEAN- STOCK; A TALE FOR THE KIDDIES

Long, long years ago, there was a little boy named Jack, who lived with his widowed mother in a little cottage and they were poor. At last they became so very, very poor that the mother decided to sell their only cow to buy food.

Now Jack was really too small a boy to take the cow to market; but he begged so hard that his mother at last consented and he set out.

On the way to the village he met a butcher, a very sharp fellow, who asked where Jack was going.

"I'm going to market to sell our cow," said Jack.

"It's very lucky I met you," replied the butcher, "for I want to buy just such a cow as yours."

The butcher took a handful of bright colored beans from his pocket and offered them to Jack for the cow. Of course Jack did not know how much the cow was worth; but he liked the pretty beans and so he made the trade. Then he ran home to show the beans to his mother.

She was very angry and scolded Jack about the bargain he had made. Then she threw the beans out of the window and they both went to bed without any supper.

Neither Jack nor his mother knew that they were magic beans. So when Jack awoke in the morning and looked out, he was much surprised to see a great mass of green leaves covering the window. He hopped out of bed to see what new tree had grown up over night and found that one the beans had taken root in the night and had grown so tall that the top reached right up into the sky.

Jack being very curious, without waking his mother, at once began to climb the beanstalk to see where it went and what was at the top of it. He climbed and climbed all the morning and was not yet near the top. Late in the afternoon, when he was so tired he thought he would surely drop, he came to the top and found himself in a strange country.

There was no house in sight and no one to talk to. Jack felt very lonely. He was a brave boy or he would never have climbed the beanstalk; but now it was getting dark and he wished he were at home with his mother. He was much too tired to climb down again and he didn't know what to do.

Just then a fairy came from no place at all and she told him it was not far to a castle where a great Ogre lived.

"It was he who robbed and killed your father," said the fairy. "I gave the beans to the butcher to give to you, so that you might climb up here. Now you must try to get back your father's wealth from the Ogre."

The fairy told Jack how to get to the Ogre's castle and promised to watch over him. He was delighted with the idea of the adventure and set off toward the castle.

When he got there a woman was standing in the door, and Jack asked for something to eat and a place to sleep.

"I dare not let my husband see you," said the kind-hearted woman, "or he would surely eat you." Then she took him and fed him. While Jack was eating his supper, they heard the Ogre coming and his wife hid Jack in the oven.

When the Ogre had eaten his great supper he called to his wife, "Bring me my money."

She brought two big bags of money and the Ogre played with it until he fell asleep. Then Jack crept out of his hiding place, and, hoisting the bags upon his shoulder, slipped quietly away with them.

The Ogre was snoring so loudly that he did not hear Jack and he got safely away and escaped down the beanstalk.

His mother was much relieved to see him again and she was delighted with the bags of money, which was enough to keep them in plenty for a long time.

By and by Jack became anxious to make another trip to see what else he might take from the Ogre. So he dressed himself in other clothes so that the Ogre's wife would not know him, and climbing up again, went to the castle. Again the Ogre's wife was in the doorway. She told Jack that a small boy had come some time before and after she had fed him and given him a place to sleep, he had stolen her husband's money and ran away with it. The Ogre had been so mad that he had given strict orders that no one was to be allowed to enter his castle.

For a long time she refused to allow Jack to come in, but finally she agreed to take him in and give him his supper.

After a while the Ogre's tread was heard coming across the hall. His step

was so heavy that it shook the house, and she hid Jack in a closet.

After supper the Ogre called out, "Wife, bring me my hen." She brought the hen from another part of the house, placed it on the table by the Ogre and left the room.

Now this hen was a very wonderful bird. When the Ogre said, "Lay," she would lay a golden egg. For a long time the Ogre contented himself with watching his hen lay golden eggs, which he placed in a large basket, until it was quite full. By and by, growing tired of playing with the golden eggs, he began to doze and finally fell into a sound sleep.

Jack came quietly out of the closet, and as the Ogre now snored very loudly and there was no one to see, he picked up the hen very carefully and quickly ran off with her. He wished to take the eggs also, but could not carry them. Anyway, he would have all the golden eggs he wanted when he got home. So he hurried away and got safely down the beanstalk.

Jack's mother was very much pleased with the hen, which laid so many golden eggs that they became very wealthy.

They built a beautiful home in the village, and had all the money they would ever need; but before moving away from the little cottage Jack was determined to make one more visit to the Ogre. He had grown larger and stronger, and felt sure that the Ogre's wife would not know him now.

When he reached the castle this time, the door was open and he was much surprised to find no one about the house. Jack wandered through the rooms looking for something to carry off, but found nothing of value. Just as he heard the Ogre's wife coming he hid in a large copper kettle near the fireplace.

The Ogre's wife went along preparing supper, and after what seemed to Jack a great length of time the Ogre came stamping in and ordered his wife to serve supper at once.

He ate for a long time, and then called out, "Wife, bring me my harp, and be sure that nothing happens to it or you will pay dearly. My money was lost, my hen that laid the golden eggs has been stolen and I have nothing left but my harp; bring it in."

She brought the harp, which she left beside the Ogre, and, as before, went to another room.

When the Ogre said, "Play," the harp played the most beautiful music ever heard, without being touched. Jack had never seen anything quite so wonderful.

Jack remembered the Ogre's saying that the harp was all he had left, so he meant to get away with it if there was a possible chance and take it to their new home. Then he could forget the Ogre.

The Ogre had eaten so much that he was soon lulled to sleep by the sweet sounds of the harp and began snoring loudly. Jack quietly climbed out of the kettle, took up the harp and started to run off with it, when the harp began playing louder and louder until it finally awakened the Ogre, who jumped to his feet with a bellow of anger and clumsily ran after Jack.

The harp was heavy, but Jack ran faster than ever before in his life. It was a very narrow escape, but Jack hurried down the beanstalk as the Ogre came rumbling along after him.

Jack called to his mother to bring the axe, and as soon as he was on the ground he chopped off the beanstalk close to the roots. Down came the beanstalk and the Ogre fell to the ground and was killed.

Because of his wealth and bravery Jack became one of the King's favorites and was made a Knight.

He and his mother lived happily in their new house, and he spent much of his time doing good deeds among the poor.

One day he met a small boy leading a cow. When he found that it was to be sold for money to buy food, Jack gave the boy a great bag of gold and sent him back home with the cow.

"You say that all these pictures have been drawn with your left hand?" said the passerby.

"Yes, sir," admitted the pavement artist, proudly.

"Well," replied the critic "that's no excuse."

The young man was shy but he responded nobly when the pretty girl gave him an opening.

"I hope" she said "you will invite me to your wedding when you get married."

"Yes," he replied. "I'll invite you before I ask any one else and if you don't accept there won't be any wedding."

Here and There

Fifteen head of shorthorn stock owned by the Prince of Wales at his ranch near High River, Alberta, were purchased for the Kirkwood Farm in California, according to an announcement made by Prof. W. L. Carlyle, manager of the Prince's ranch.

Canada's largest muskrat ranch is now being established at Swan Lake, about 40 miles west of Quesnel in central British Columbia. There are about 4,000 muskrats on the farm now and it is estimated that the ranch will eventually have an annual output of 50,000 pelts.

The S.S. Emperor of Port McNicol, purchased by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and renamed the S.S. Nootka, sailed from Montreal recently for Newfoundland and will thence proceed to Vancouver via the Panama Canal to join the Canadian Pacific coastal fleet. The Nootka will be operated on a cargo service between Vancouver and Skagway, Alaska.

Edmonton.—The first plant in Canada, outside of British Columbia, for the freezing of fish, poultry and eggs under the Otteson process, will be operating in this city by June 1st, according to P. Johnson, managing director of the Johnson Fisheries, Limited. His firm paid \$10,000 for the rights of the territory. The initial capacity of the plant will be fifteen tons a day.

Victoria.—The new drydock just completed at Esquimalt, Victoria, is the second largest in the world and only 29 feet shorter than the Commonwealth dock at Boston. This giant dock, hewn out of solid rock, cost \$6,000,000 and measures 1,150 feet long, 149 feet wide at the top and 125 at the bottom. Its depth is 49 feet 5 inches with 40 feet of water in the sills at high water. The dock will take the largest ship afloat.

The shipment of Canadian apples to England and to many centres on the Continent is expected to be heavier this year than ever experienced, according to J. R. Martin, manager of the foreign freight department of the Canadian Pacific Express Company. About three years ago the practice of sending Canadian apples to the Old Country as Christmas gifts became popular, and the shipment each year have correspondingly increased.

Facilities at the Eastern Public Cattle Market in Montreal have been augmented by the addition of a new export cattle building, which was opened recently. This new building is considered one of the finest of its kind on the continent and has accommodation for 50 carloads of cattle. By the arrangements of 25 cattle chutes on each side of the main alley-way, a train of 25 cars can be unloaded at each side of the building.

According to the western farmer a feature of the present year's harvest was the use of "combines"—the combine reaper and thresher now being made by several implement manufacturers in this country. One farmer using this outfit claims to have covered from 35 to 50 acres per day at a cost of 45 cents an acre. He says that they save the cost of twine and about nine-tenths of the labor of harvesting. The implements cost about \$2,000.

A preliminary conference, the results of which may be of the utmost importance to the Maritime Provinces, was held in the Board Room of the Canadian Pacific Railway at recently at the invitation of E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of Windsor street station here re the company. It was attended by Hon. E. N. Rhodes, Premier of Nova Scotia; Hon. J. B. M. Baxter, Premier of New Brunswick; Hon. J. D. Stewart, Premier of Prince Edward Island; E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway; A. V. Sale, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company; Colonel Stanley, of the Hudson Bay Overseas Settlement; G. W. Allan, director of the Hudson Bay Company; and Dr. W. J. Black, representing the Canadian National Railways.

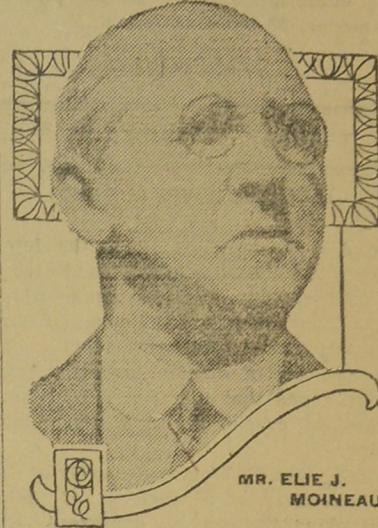
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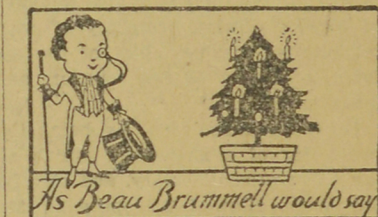
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