

# THE BOYS' CLUB

## TEACHING TRICKS TO ANIMALS

Dear Boys,—THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE began some time ago to think about and plan for the Christmas number. It seems pretty early, but we've found it necessary if the thing is to be done well. As a special attraction for our Boys' Club we are planning to have a well illustrated article on Dog Training, in which I am sure every boy reader will be interested.

But before the Christmas number is ready to come out, I think it would be a good idea to have letters from every boy who has ever taught tricks to a dog or any other animal. If you have seen such things done, even if you haven't tried it yourself, you could write an interesting letter about it. I heard of a man recently who had trained twenty-five roosters to go through many of the tricks dogs are taught, and some that dogs could not possibly do.

Let us hear at once from every boy who has even one idea on the subject.  
THE EDITOR.

## THE CHICKENS' ENEMY

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter and I am enclosing a drawing. I am very fond of such sports as shooting and fishing. I have a 22, and I shoot all kinds of gophers with it. There are four of us going to school and we have a mile and a half to go.

We had a fine brood of little chickens, and when we got up one morning we found a weasel had taken six of them, leaving us only eight. We have a weasel skin and a muskrat skin. I hope the club will never be short of letters and I promise to write again some other time.

Alta. ROY BERRIDGE.  
(Your drawing was well done but not very interesting to the other boys. Won't you try again?—Ed.)

## A TRIP WITH EARL GREY

(Earl Grey's recent trip from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay was a new one for the governor-general to take, but it shows how wise he is to want to know something of the still unsettled parts of the big land of ours. We all need to know more about Canada, too. So take your maps of the Dominion and follow Earl Grey on his trip. You will find it a most interesting story of adventure. Give a moment's thought, too, to the fact that the account given below was sent by Professor Brock, a member of the governor-general's party, by "wireless" from Labrador.—Editor's note.)

"On Monday, August 8, preparations for the journey were completed by Major Moodie, who had charge of the arrangements. The party embarked at Norway House in twelve canoes. Twenty-four Indians and three mounted policemen formed the escort, and a cook and two servants completed the brigade. Ten miles were made that afternoon. Next morning the camp was roused at 4 o'clock and by 5.20 breakfast was over, the canoes loaded and the journey resumed. At 9.30 a stop was made for a voyagers dejeuner, about 1.30 a stop was made for luncheon, and at 6 p.m. the party camped for the night. This schedule was maintained throughout the trip.

"The canoe route leaves the Nelson river and ascends the Echimamish, a small, swampy stream, which was followed to its head at Painted Stone Portage. Here the Echimamish was left and a series of portages followed. On these portages one could not help picturing the old voyageurs who had first carried their canoes and supplies past them, the pioneer traders with wares for barter, the early explorers such as Sir John Franklin, struggling with unwieldy craft; Lord Selkirk's Red River settlers with meagre effects; the British soldiers on the way to protect the colony from possible American aggression; the Hudson Bay company

with brigades laden with rich furs; missionaries penetrating the wilderness to spread the gospel, and governors of the Hudson Bay company travelling in state.

"From the last of the portages to the sea there is 105 miles of river, unobstructed by rapids, but with a swift current.

The trip to Hudson Bay was made without mishap and from start to finish was a delightful pleasure excursion. The fly season was over, the weather was good and it was hot enough to make swimming a delight. Every one was surprised and charmed by the scenery. The nights were made glorious by Northern Lights. The wonderful lakes and water courses made one realize as never before the value of this region to Canada as a limitless holiday ground for millions of people.

"For some distance from Lake Winnipeg a large area of good land lies to the north and becomes more plentiful as Oxford Lake appears. Along Knee Lake, and from there to the bay, the soil is deep, consisting of clay and clay loam.

"After the swampy, Echimamish the rocks, hills and studded lakes and wooded shores of the Hays river were welcome. Everyone paddled and assisted in portaging, and aided by a favorable breeze, which enabled the canoes to sail, excellent time was made. On August 12 the beautiful Oxford lake was traversed and the party arrived at Oxford House, which is situated on a grassy, clay peninsula about five feet high, near the end of the lake. We approached with the flotilla of canoes abreast. His Excellency's canoe in the centre of the line. Indians grouped about the Hudson Bay post, fired round after round from shot guns as a fusillade of welcome. Subsequently in replying to an address of welcome, Earl Grey expressed much satisfaction at the prosperity of the Indian community and urged them to better their present enviable position by further developing native arts and utilizing the resources of the fine soil of the district. The party then proceeded, camping by the Beautiful Trout Falls.

"A strong wind aided the run through the picturesque Knee and Swampy lakes. The run for a distance below Swampy lake was most exhilarating, being through a succession of small rapids, some of which the party ran through without portaging.

"Extensive schists and diabases that may be mineral bearing and that are certainly worth prospecting, occur on the Upper Echimamish, Oxford lake and Knee lake, appearing to extend to Pipestone and to Cross Lakes factory. In all probability the iron ore formation of Lake Superior will be found in it and other minerals may be present.

"York Factory was reached about 8 p.m., August 10, in a heavy rain with the canoes in the same order as at Oxford House. From the esplanade in front of the post the Indians fired salutes and two nine-pounders with slow matches blazed away as fast as they could be re-loaded.

"York Factory is built on a low and swampy peninsula at the confluence of the Hays and Nelson rivers. It was an important post at one time, being the supply point for the whole of Western Canada, but the large building at present only partially occupied, is an evidence of its fallen greatness.

"On August 20 the flotilla reached Nelson Harbor, and the Canadian hydrographic schooner, which is engaged in surveying both the rivers, was sighted. These rivers bring down a large amount of sediment and fill up the estuaries with shifting bars. The government steamer, Earl Grey, which was to meet us here, could not

be seen, as she lay anchored in the roadstead, twenty miles off the land.

"Before leaving York Factory, His Excellency received a deputation of Indians and gave them some much-needed advice regarding the ventilation of their dwellings.

"The run to Fort Churchill was most enjoyable, no wraps being required when sitting on deck. At 11 o'clock in the evening we were on deck without hats or coats, watching the Northern Lights. Summer sailing on the Mediterranean of Canada we found as pleasant as it could have been on the Mediterranean of the old world.

"At Churchill harbor the next morning we were on deck at 6 o'clock in pyjamas, for coffee. The Hudson Bay Company's steamer, Pelican, was in the harbor, but sailed almost immediately for York and Moose factories. The harbor, the Hudson Bay post, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police barracks, the old Fort Prince of Wales, the Indian and Eskimo camps on a site opposite the town, and the railway yards were inspected.

## RUN THROUGH HUDSON BAY

"Churchill was left at 7 p.m., and the ship was headed for Hudson Straits. The run was without incident, the weather fine and wraps were superfluous. No ice was seen, not even enough to cool a glass of champagne. The ship then coasted along the north shore of Ungava, running into Prefontaine harbor and Saglok bay. Along Charles island numerous walrus were met.

"On August 26 we ran down the shore of Baffin land, sighting Grenfell Glacier. A number of icebergs drifting in from Davis Straits were seen during the day, forming a beautiful picture in the bright sunlight.

"At Port Burwell, on the east point of Ungava Bay, a stop of two days was made for watering the vessel, which enabled the party to visit the Moravian mission.

"On August 29, Port Burwell was left, and steaming around Button Islands we reached the Atlantic. The extended trip through Hudson Bay and Straits was as pleasant as a summer sail upon the Atlantic. Certainly if we had not known we would never have guessed that we were on what has been popularly regarded as a Polar sea. We constantly spoke of it as the Mediterranean. For 178 years the Hudson Bay Company's ships have come in without missing a year save once. For 300 years it has been frequented by ships of all descriptions from the pinnacle of twenty tons to frigates of seventy-five tons and finally to the Earl Grey, of 2,500 tons. Scarcely a ship has experienced serious trouble, although the majority have been sailing vessels without auxiliary power to keep them moving through the ice, and although there are no artificial aids to navigation, not even detailed or accurate charts being available. As routes are established, currents and magnetism carefully worked out, and when sailing masters become thoroughly familiar with this route to the east the safety of navigation will be increased and the season of navigation may be lengthened over the present three and a half to four months from mid-July to November, which is generally considered by those who have experienced these waters to form

the period during which the route is navigable."

## ROUSING THE BOYS

Dear Editor and Boys,—I am an interested reader of the Boys' Club and have been ever since it was started.

Come, boys, what is wrong with you? I have not seen any letters for the last week of two. Would it be too much trouble for you to tell us more about the Boy Scouts and what they are doing? What do you mean by a tender-foot?

I agree with some other of the boys that hunting and fishing does not make a person cruel and I entirely disagree with the boy who says that it does. For instance, when the disciples of Jesus had been out all night and caught nothing, but after obeying the commands of the man they thought a stranger, they got their net full of fishes. On reaching the shore their breakfast was awaiting them with fishes and bread and also a warm fire to warm themselves by.

May I join your club? I do not think I am too old to join, as I am only fourteen years old.

Alta. ALBERT BARKER.  
(I will tell you more about the Boy Scouts in another issue soon.—Ed.)

## SAND WILL DO IT

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day. It was waiting in the roundhouse where the locomotives stay; It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned, And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip; And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command, And to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

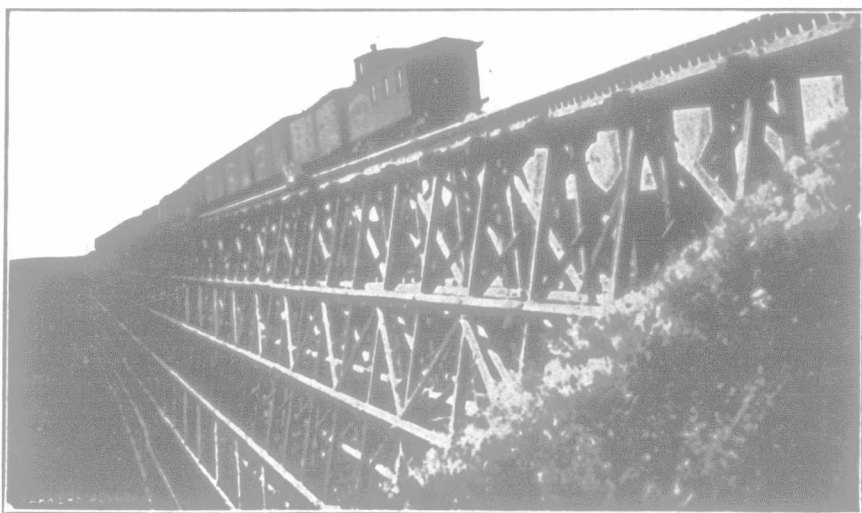
It's about the way with travel along life's slippery track, If your load is rather heavy you're always slipping back; So, if a common locomotive you completely understand, You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade, If those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made, If you ever reach the summit of the upper table-land, You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover, to your cost, That you're liable to slip up on a heavy coat of frost, Then some prompt, decided action will be called into demand, And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen, If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine, And you'll reach a place called Flushing at a rate of speed that's grand, If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

—Anonymous.



A PIECE OF SASKATCHEWAN BRIDGE-MAKING