

# For the Boys and Girls

## THE BLIZZARD.

Three children tramped steadily up the steep, winding pass leading over White Mountain.

Martin Rimmer, aged fourteen, was the leader of the little expedition, and walked nearest the edge. Next to him was his brother Sam, aged eleven, while Ella, who was only nine, was on the inside.

Behind came a dog. This dog was the size of a large collie, but, with his pointed nose, puckered ears, and thick grey coat, had something of the look of a wolf. He walked along very soberly, with his head hanging down, and now and then thrust his cold, wet nose into Martin's hand.

Sam looked up at his brother. "I believe Moon knows, Mart," he said sadly.

"I'm sure he does," replied Martin, frowning.

"I do think father might have let us keep him," said Ella, and there were tears in her eyes as she spoke.

"Never mind, dear," answered Mart consolingly. "We shall see him sometimes at Uncle James' place."

"It won't be like having him with us," said Ella. "And Moon will hate it."

Though Mart was as sore at heart as the other two he did not answer, and for a time they went on in silence.

The path was rough and narrow, and while on the left broken precipices towered toward the cold, blue sky, to the right was a sheer drop hundreds of feet down to the frozen creek below. It was one of those brilliant winter days you so often get in Canada. The sun shone like summer, but in the shade were many degrees of frost.

Rounding a huge shoulder of rock, Mart paused a moment, glanced at the sky, and sniffed the chill breeze. He did not say anything, but began to quicken his pace.

It was Sam who complained. "What's up, Mart? Why are you racing along like this?"

"Looks like a change, Sam," said Mart. "Thought we'd better get over the top before it comes. Can you and Ella manage it?"

"Do you think it's going to snow, Mart?" asked little Ella, with a serious look in her big, round eyes. Born and bred in this wild country, she knew well how swiftly the weather can change in the mountains.

"Does look a bit that way," allowed Mart quietly. "Here, you take my arm, Ella. Then we'll get along fine."

The change was made, and they went ahead. The wind grew stronger and colder and the sky, which had been so brilliant when they started, took on a curious blurred look. Little streaks of thin cloud began to appear, and up in the northwest, the horizon turned grey and dull. By this time they all knew what was coming, and Mart stopped.

"Think we'd better go back, Sam?"

"There's no difference, Mart. We're just about half way. If we get on the down grade before it comes I expect we'll be all right."

Mart nodded, and they kept on. Fast as they walked the storm travelled faster, and just as they got to the big stone cairn which marked the divide, the first thin flakes came driving down the wind. They were fine as dust, yet they stung their faces like fire.

In five minutes everything was white, and it was blowing such a gale that the three could hardly stand.

Mart put an arm round Ella and dragged her on. He talked to her cheerfully, but inwardly he was growing more anxious every minute. This was no ordinary snow-storm, and they were still three miles from Catamount, the home of their uncle, James Weston. Their only chance was to reach the trees which began a mile lower down.

The wind was killing; they could hardly breathe; Ella was stumbling, Sam, pitey as he was, was falling behind. The snow was so thick they could not see ten yards, and the savage gale cut through their clothes and chilled them to the bone.

Suddenly little Ella collapsed and would have fallen but for her brother's arm. Mart stopped. He realized that they could never reach the woods.

"Sam,"—he had to shout to make himself heard—"isn't there a cave here?"

"That's so. I'd almost forgotten." "We've got to find it, Sam. It's our only chance."

"I can find it, I believe," declared Sam between chattering teeth.

Holding Ella on to his back, Mart followed his brother up a steep gorge to the left. The next five minutes was one desperate scramble among the rocks, then they came to the end of the gorge and stumbled in under the low roof of a dark-looking cavern.

Mart put Ella down and stood panting.

"Good for you, Sam," said Mart gratefully, for the relief of getting in out of the bitter blast was wonderful.

"Why, what's the matter with Moon?" he went on, for the dog had stopped at the mouth of the cave and seemed unwilling to enter. "Come on, Moon!"

The dog came, but slowly, and it was quite clear he was not happy.

But Mart had other things to think of, for Ella was shivering miserably.

"Sam," he said, "we've got to light a fire. Take care of Ella while I go out and try to cut some brushwood."

"You needn't do that," replied Sam. "There's a lot of wood in here. I spotted it when I was up in the spring. Here it is," he added, pointing to a great heap of logs which lay inside the main part of the cave.

Though their fingers were stiff with cold it did not take long to get a fire going, and very soon cheerful flames lit the dark place with a crimson glow.

"This is luck," said Mart joyfully. "I wonder who left all this wood here?"

"Haven't a notion," said Sam, "but I'm grateful to him. But why does Moon hate the place so much?"

They looked at the dog. He was not close to the fire but sitting bolt upright near the tunnel-like entrance. His coat bristled oddly.

"It's a horrid cave," said Ella suddenly. "Look how the roof drops down at the back. It's like a great mouth half open."

"It is rather," allowed Mart. "Still, it's saved us, so we ought to be grateful."

The three sat close round the roaring fire. Outside the storm howled dismally. But the warmth was delightful, and presently Mart found himself nodding. He looked at Ella. She was snuggled up beside Sam, sound asleep. As for Sam, he sat with his back against a rock, and he, too, was asleep.

Mart rose quietly, built up the fire and sat down again. He did not mean to sleep, but the snow drowsiness was on him, and presently he dropped off.

It was a deep growl that roused him. He sat up sharply. The fire had died to a mass of red-hot embers, but the flickering flames still gave some light.

Moon was close beside him. He stood stiff-legged, every hair on end, gazing at something.

"What is it, old man?" said Mart. Moon did not move, and Mart was suddenly conscious of two tiny points of green fire glittering a few feet away to his left.

"What on earth—" he began, and jumped to his feet.

The movement was followed by a strange whirring sound such as might be made by a giant grasshopper, and Mart's heart began to thump like an engine. There was no mistaking that sound or those eyes. It was a rattlesnake, and now Mart knew why Moon had been so loath to enter the cave.

He looked round, and saw two more pairs of eyes behind the first. There were more farther back. Seven—no, eight in all!

"Sam! Sam!" he whispered urgently. Sam opened his eyes.

"What's up?" he asked drowsily. "Don't move an inch. Now listen to me. The cave's full of rattlers. The warmth has brought them out. Keep still, and keep Ella from moving."

"All right," Sam answered simply, and Mart knew that whatever happened he would obey.

Mart looked round, counting those dreadful eyes again, measuring their distance. Then, very cautiously, he turned to the wood-pile, and picking out some small pieces flung them on the fire.

A very chorus of rattling echoed back from the hollow roof overhead, and as the flames shot up Mart could see a dozen sets of rustling coils, a dozen venomous heads raised threateningly. But all, so far as he could see, were on the far side of the fire.

He spoke to Sam. "Sam, we've got to get out. You and Ella go first, I'll follow. Go very slowly."

"Right you are," said Sam stolidly. Mart turned toward the fire, and very deliberately picked up a glowing brand. The rattling went on continuously. One of the snakes, a huge brute, was gliding slowly across the floor. Mart could hear the rustle of its scales as it moved. His heart was beating furiously, but outwardly he was calm enough.

Sam, holding Ella's hand, walked toward the entrance, and Mart backed away behind them. If any of the snakes followed he must trust to his stick. The reptiles were moving restlessly, but did not seem inclined to attack, and Mart was beginning to breathe again when there came a sharp cry from Sam and a scream from Ella.

Spinning round, Mart saw them standing stock-still, and gliding straight toward them, its terrible head raised, a rattlesnake, larger than any of the others. Terrified by the noise and blaze, it was going back into the cave, and they, penned in the narrow entrance, were right in its path.

Mart leaped forward, but in his heart he knew he was too late. A snake strikes like lightning and is as deadly.

A shadow flashed silently past Mart. It was the great wolf-dog. In two bounds he was past the children. The snake saw him, stopped, and there was a spinning whirl of dry, rustling coils. One crunch and the coils flapped helplessly on the smooth rock. Then Mart was there, and stamping the triangular head under the heel of his heavy boot.

Sam flung himself on the dog. "He's bitten, Mart. He'll die!" he almost screamed.

There was such a lump in Mart's throat he could hardly speak. Sam's arms were round Moon, who was trying to lick his face.

"Where did it strike him?" Mart groaned.

Together the two brothers examined the dog, but, search as they might, could not find the suggestion of a wound. And Moon himself showed no signs of pain.

A cry from Ella startled them. "Here's Daddy!" she exclaimed.

A big man came crunching through the thick snow. "Thanks be, you're safe!" he cried. "Where ever have you been?"

It was Mart who told what had happened, and his father listened in silence.

"It was Moon saved us, Daddy," finished Ella. "He bit the nasty snake. And the snake didn't bite him. And now, please, he isn't to go to Uncle James?"

Mr. Rimmer swung Ella up in his

big arms. "No fear of that, daughter. We can't spare him now. He stays with us as long as he lives." And stay he did, you may be sure.

## Ten Long-Life Hints.

**Food**—Most people overeat. Too much food clogs the digestive tract, generates putrefactive products, which poison the tissue cells and which the body finds increasingly difficult to throw off.

**Tea and Coffee**—Be moderate in tea and coffee drinking, but generous in drinking pure water.

**The Hands**—Keep your teeth clean and in good repair. Frequent visits to a good dentist is a good investment.

**The Bath**—Bathe regularly—at least twice a week. It is of the greatest importance that the many miles of tiny sewers of the skin be kept active and the discharges from the mouths of these sewers (grease and sweat pores) be washed away.

**Exercise**—Take some kind of real physical exercise every day. Walk at least two miles daily. Indulge in some kind of play and recreation.

**The Mind**—Why worry over things you cannot help or for which you are not responsible? Worry saps the energy and vitality, sours the disposition, blunts the appetite, retards digestion, and poisons the whole system. Be cheerful.

**Taking Stock**—Have a thorough physical examination by a good doctor at least once each year and follow his advice.

**Sleep**—Sleep at least eight hours each night with the bedroom windows open, or, better, on a sleeping porch.

**Work**—Work regularly at some task, occupation or profession in which you believe, and in which you have the joy of accomplishment. Life without work is uninteresting, unprofitable and unbearable.

**Men go to books**—Heaven forbid—for instruction, but for warmth and light, for a thousand new perceptions that struggle inarticulately within themselves, for the enlargement of their experience, the echo of their discords and the companionship of beauty and terror for their troubled souls. They go to literature for life, for more life and keener life, for life as it crystallizes into higher articulateness and deeper significance. The enlargement and clarification of men's experience—that is the function of literature.—Ludwig Lewisohn.



She—"They say it's love that makes the world go round."

He—"Yes—if the girl's intoxicated."

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be used till they are seasoned.—Holmes.



## Keeping Cool in Warm Circumstances.

Three Boy Scouts were patrolling along the street in a provincial town recently when their keen eyes quickly noticed smoke issuing from the nearby building. Investigation revealed the beginning of a serious fire. Being used to quick thought and action it did not take these Scouts many seconds to realize what was necessary to be done in this emergency. As Scouts too they had received training for just this event and were fully conversant with the method of entering a burning building, rescuing the occupants and employing resuscitation if required.

One Scout immediately runs to the fire hall to put in the alarm, while the other two enter the building amid danger and stifling smoke and fumes, and rescue a man from suffocation. Whistles had been previously blown to summon other assistance. Ere long the remainder of the Troop are on the spot also ready for quick action, and the first duty allotted them was the pushing of a burning car from the heated building.

With the fire engine now on the scene, accompanied by the usual crowd that quickly gathers from far and near, the tactful job of keeping back the crowd at a safe distance, as well as to prevent the work of the firemen being hampered, was given to the troop.

At this interesting stage we found the photographer busily occupied taking snaps from various points of vantage and curiosity was aroused. Alas! to our amazement we discovered the whole thing was a "put up job," and the pictures were for advertising purposes. We were not disappointed in the least in it being a mock affair because it demonstrated the readiness and adaptability of the Scout and his willingness to fill any useful role.

## Tributes to the Value of Scouting.

As great an authority as Lord Rosebery has said of the Scout movement: "If I was to form the highest ideal for my country, it would be this, that it should be a nation of which the manhood was exclusively composed of men who had been or who were Boy Scouts and who were trained in the Boy Scout theory. Such a nation would be the honor of mankind. It would be the greatest moral force that the world has ever known."

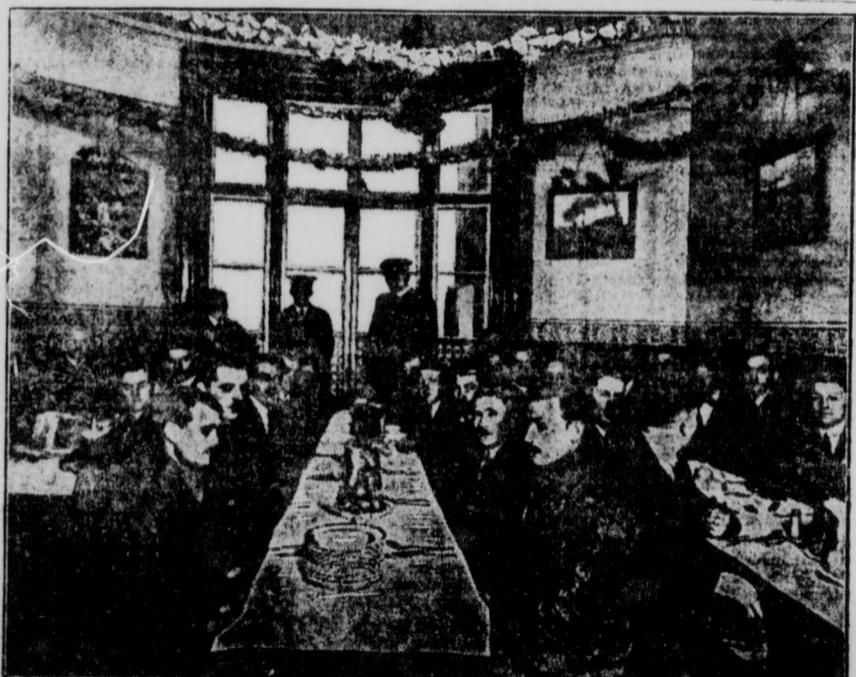
Another eminent authority on educational methods has declared the Boy Scout movement to be "the most significant educational contribution of our time. The naturalist," he says, "may praise it for its success in putting the boy close to nature's heart; the moralist, for its splendid code of ethics; the hygienist, for its physical training; the parent for its ability to keep his boy out of mischief; but from the standpoint of the educator, it has a marvellous potency for converting the restless, irresponsible, self-centred boy into the straightforward, dependable, helpful young citizen. To the boy who will give himself to it, there is plenty of work that looks like play, standards of excellence which he can appreciate, rules of conduct which he must obey, positions of responsibility which he may occupy as soon as he qualifies himself—in a word, a programme that appeals to the boy's instincts, and a method adapted to a boy's nature."

## Love and Life at Vigo.

Love at a distance until you are engaged is the rule in Spain. As a result of that somewhat inconvenient custom lovers are driven to strange expedients to communicate with each other. Consider the gentleman of Vigo whom Mr. Ralph Stock tells about in the Cruise of the Dream Ship. Picture if you can, says Mr. Stock, a well-dressed Spanish gentleman standing in the middle of one of the main thoroughfares and gazing toward one of the housetops; he is apparently engaged in practicing the deaf and dumb alphabet. No one of the stream of pedestrians passing along the sidewalks takes the slightest notice of him; neither does the wheeled traffic, except to swerve obligingly out of his path. It is his affair, and a love affair at that. He is conversing with his lamorata at the third-floor balcony window yonder. It needed three vulgar sightseers such as the crew of the Dream Ship to find anything unusual in the proceeding. I am ashamed to say that the lady caught sight of us and pointed in alarm; whereupon the gentleman turned with an excusable frown of annoyance, and we hurried on our way.

"Slow and sure" is all right if you're quite sure you're not too slow.

The sheep in Taranto, Italy, wear blankets to protect their fleeces. This place is noted for its fine wool and for the purple mussels from which a dye is recured for fabrics of fine tissue.



These are a number of "new Canadians" who tasted of Canadian hospitality before leaving the Old Country. The photograph was taken in the dining-room of the Canadian Pacific Railway Quarters, London, England, and shows some of the third class immigrants awaiting the serving of Christmas dinner.