

somewhere, somehow, there must be a good reason.

Not without fears he asked them their idea about a camp. He had all his arguments ready and the names of his "most respectable" chums who wanted to go. His father hummed and hawed for a while, and finally said: "I tell you, Alan, if you can get Mr. Wilmot to take charge of the camp you can go." Mr. Wilmot was a well known and highly respected young man in the village who was a great Sunday School worker and ran a Boys' Club.

Out of the house dashed Alan to find Mr. Wilmot. He put up the proposition and told him the number of boys who wanted to go. To his delight, Mr. Wilmot said: "You know, Alan, I have just been thinking you boys should have a camp. Sure, I will take you for ten days on certain conditions. Get all the boys together, and I will tell you what my conditions are."

The "bunch" soon got together with Mr. Wilmot. They wondered a good deal what his conditions would be. When they heard them, the conditions seemed very simple. They were:

1. That every boy must have his parents' consent. To help each boy get the required consent, Mr. Wilmot promised to call and see the parents and explain the matter to them.

2. That no boy should go out in a boat while at camp without first asking Mr. Wilmot, so that he could arrange for one who could swim to be always along.

3. That no boy should go in swimming except twice a day, with "the bunch" at stated times.

4. That all boys must go to bed at 10 o'clock.

5. That every boy must take his turn as cookee,—washing dishes, peeling potatoes, etc., and helping him, Mr. Wilmot, with the cooking.

6. That all boys must be on time for meals.

7. That they would buy what food they needed in bulk and when the camp was over the amount spent would be apportioned, the same share to each boy.

8. That each boy must bring his own dishes, blankets, ticks and towels, etc.

Things began to hum. Mothers gave not only consent, but also baskets of all kinds of food. Fathers gave not only their blessing but money. Two men resurected two big tents which they had lying packed away in their garrets, and freely loaned them. Another man offered the loan of a camp stove and cooking utensils. Two others offered teams and wagons to drive the crowd and their belongings to the camp.

That was how Alan Crawford got the boys of Jonesville off to camp.



A Girls' Camp

By Miss I. T. MacDougall

What does going to camp mean? To those who know, it means the best time you ever had in all your short life. Whether it rains or whether it shines, there is always something doing, plenty of life and good wholesome fun where fourteen or fifteen jolly, healthy girls are gathered together.

From the moment the crowd assembles at the station, the fun begins. Every one who sees them jostling each other in their endeavor to get their two weeks' luggage piled on the car and listens to their laughter and good-natured sallies and repartee concludes that a merry crowd of girls are going some place to have the gayest, happiest time possible.

Last summer, at "Bonnylynn," the summer camp of College Street Presbyterian Church, Toronto, the teen-age girls had one of the best camps of the season. The location was ideal, situated on Lake Wilcox, about 20 miles north of the city. There were fifteen girls in this party, and they took with them a Supervisor who entered into the fun with as much zest as the oldest or the youngest. They were all congenial friends, coming from the same church, the same Sunday School class, the same environment, and all brimming over with life, energy and high spirits.

There was not a dull moment in all the two weeks. A considerable part of each day was taken up with the swimming, which was most thoroughly enjoyed by all, as the bathing beach was excellent. There were long rambles through the woods, up and down hills and