

OUR YOUNG FOLK

CONDUCTED BY Cousin Doris.

OUR HEROES

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.

Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.

And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're
tempted,
To do what you know to be right!

Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will overcome in the fight.

"The right," he your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—Phoebe Cary.

THE DUKE AND THE SCOUTS

During his recent visit, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada and Chief Scout, in addressing the Scouts and their officers at Winnipeg, said: "Boys, your character is your greatest possession, and I know of no organization doing more than the Boy Scout Movement, for the building up of a strong, virile manhood, and I hope that the older members of the community will aid and encourage this movement in every possible way."

"I am shortly leaving the Dominion, and one of my greatest regrets is that I cannot continue to be your Chief Scout. But I go back to my old position as President of the Boy Scout Organization, and I assure you that my interest in the movement will ever be continued. I hope that my successor will be as much interested in the movement as I, and there is no movement that I am more interested in than this." At Brandon, the Chief Scout said: "I understand that some of the municipalities are contributing towards the Boy Scouts Organization, and I hope that all public bodies will take an ever increasing interest in the Boy Scout Movement."

THE CANADIAN SOLDIER BOY AND THE LETTER-WEIGHT

By H. Geoffrey Elwes (Editor), 3 High Street, Colchester.

I would like to tell the story of my letter-weight. It holds down a pile of Scout letters waiting to be answered. It is the head of a German shell. It was brought me a few days ago by a young Canadian soldier, wounded in France. I knew him a good many years as a boy. He was deserted by a drunken father and left all alone. And I can remember how he looked up at me with clear brown eyes and said: "I am not going into the workhouse, sir. I am going to keep myself. And he took a little room and cooked his own food a little room and week. Then he emigrated and was doing well in Canada when the call came to serve the Old Country, and he threw up his trade and sold his little house and came back to England; and now, after six months of war, he stood with this piece of shell in his hand which he had brought home to me as a souvenir, and looked straight at me with the same

clear brown eyes, and this is the story he told:

"We were all through the battle of Ypres, and for five days we seemed to be fighting all the time, and hardly slept. Then one part of our platoon got cut off somehow, until we were a mile from the rest of the regiment. Man after man was shot down and I was left alone. There was a great stretch of country between me and the rest of our men. It looked like a great turnip field. The Germans were firing right across it, and it seemed clear impossible to get over alive. I felt quite certain I had got to die, so I just knelt down and said a bit of a prayer, and asked God to forgive me, and then I started across that field. I took what cover I could, and fired whenever I saw a chance. Bullets seemed to fly past on every side, and a big shell plumped right in the field, but nothing touched me and I got back all right."

And as I accepted the shell and held the hand of my plucky Canadian boy, the final lines in the poem of our October Gazette, "Christ in Flanders," seemed to fit his case. Perhaps they may help some of us just at this time.

"And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon—
Especially I think we ask for pardon—
And that You'll stand beside us to the last."

LORD KITCHENER AND THE BOY SCOUTS

The glorious death of Lord Kitchener has come as a shock to the whole Empire, for there was scarcely a part of it which he had not visited; and to the Boy Scouts especially it has been a hard blow, because he was a member of our council and always showed such a special interest in the doings of the Scouts.

Often he has had talks with me about them and has many a time given me friendly and valuable advice for them.

He always wanted our nation to be made of better, bigger-minded men to do the work that lies before it.

To get such men it is first necessary to help the boys to be efficient and patriotic. That was why he thought a lot of the Scouts and their training.

He himself was the best example of the sort of man that is wanted. He was self-reliant; that is, he knew his job and thought out his own way of doing it; no matter what difficulties cropped up, he tackled them with the full determination of walking over them, and always succeeded in consequence.

He never wanted anybody's help; he preferred to do the job himself. He did not do anything in order to get glory or fame, he did not care a scrap for praise or blame—he just went straight ahead doing his work because it was his duty.

Duty before all, might well have been his motto. It was certainly what he carried out, even to the extent of meeting his death in doing it.

DO IT YOURSELF

It is a splendid line for every Scout to take; make yourself efficient so that you can depend on yourself; plan out your way of making your career or of doing any job that comes to you.

Don't bother about getting other people's help—do it yourself.

Don't worry about getting praise for what you do; if you are doing the right thing you will get plenty of satisfaction out of it—it will bring its own reward, "Do Your Best" and do your duty, that is all you have to worry about.

But men are what the country needs most of all, fellows with manliness and character who can be prepared to take on any job with keenness and determination, whether it be soldiering or sailing, or the work of citizens.

"ONCE A SCOUT ALWAYS A SCOUT"

Lord Kitchener it was who warned the Scouts "Once you are a Scout you should always remain a Scout," by which he meant you should get into the habit of "Scouting" at all times; that is, of making yourself efficient—good at doing things.

Doing your best—you may not be brilliant at it, but stick to it and do your best.

Helping other people whenever you get a chance.

Serving your country by working hard whatever may be your job.

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"But," he said, "Don't merely do it while you are still a boy; learn it at that time and make it a habit so that when you are a grown-up man you still keep on doing it, you still remain a Scout by doing good turns, by doing your best, by doing your duty before all other things, by doing your duty even to the death."

And this is what Lord Kitchener has done himself, and in doing it he has thereby shown you the way. Follow his lead.

BADEN-POWELL

NOT HURT SERIOUSLY

A cart containing a number of 50 hands was being drawn by a mule. The driver, a dandy of about 20, was endeavoring to induce the mule to increase his speed, when suddenly the animal let fly with its heels and dealt the driver such a kick that he was stretched on the ground in a twinkling. He lay rubbing his woolly pate where the mule had kicked him.

"Is he hurt?" asked a stranger anxiously of an old negro who had jumped from the conveyance and was standing over the prostrate driver.

"No, boss," was the reassuring reply. "dat mule will probably walk kind o' tender for a day or two, but he ain't hurt."

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Photographic reproduction of Coupon sent in by Frank B. Snyder—winner of the Chevrolet Car.

See page 67 for full details of this wonderful contest and of another of still greater interest now in progress.

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