

OUR YOUNG FOLKS PAGE

BOYS SUMMER CAMP



Is there any pastime more delightful to boys than camping out for a few days, or weeks during midsummer? And not only do the boys of the family enjoy getting out to nature for a brief while, but the parents and sisters of the boys are happy when visiting the camp for a day's sojourn at a time.

A plan for a summer camp of the "open-face" variety is pictured here, giving boys a very good idea of how to build one of boards and canvas. The site of the camp should be very carefully selected, dryness of ground being the first consideration and proximity to a spring or well of pure water being next considered. If the camp is to be pitched in the mountains do not decide on a spot near to a canyon, for a heavy rainfall might prove dangerous, washing away not only the camp, but its occupants. Select a level stretch well up the side of a mountain where the declivity is not too pronounced.

After the "camp" has been duly erected and the "fire shed" built (a place where the camp fire is to be made for cooking purposes) a ditch about ten inches deep and a foot wide should be dug about them just at their outer base. This ditch is for the purpose of catching the water during the rains, and should have a "lead" dug from the lower side to carry the water off down the mountain or hill side.

Some boys who camp every year build such durable camp lodgings that they last from season to season. These are often equipped with windows and floor as well as with bunks for the bedding. But few boys want to go to so much trouble and expense, and the "open-face" camp is just what they want for a few weeks' outing.

Before going into camp the campers should see to it that everything necessary for camp life has been supplied. There should be a good-sized mess-box of wood in which to keep the provisions. Matches should be kept in rubber-corked bottles to insure against dampness. Crackers should be kept in thick paper bags tied tightly at the opening. Let the bread be well wrapped in paper first and outside that a good thick cloth. In the way of uncooked provisions there should be a side of smoked bacon, a bag of meal, one of flour, a can of lard (for frying fish and game), a sack of salt, glass jars of coffee, tea and sugar. Fresh eggs can be bought from a nearby farmer, also green

corn and new potatoes if the camping crew cares to consume so much time over the camp-fire. And they are pretty certain to want all that they are prepared to cook, for living out of doors sharpens the appetite wonderfully, and boys who eat little at home find themselves while in camp devouring all the food that they can lay hands on.

The cooking utensils should consist of coffee pot, long-handled iron, steel skillet (never use a frying pan, it is a snare and a delusion), a good sized iron pot for boiling corn and potatoes, and a tin pail for holding water. The dishes should consist of tin plates, cups, kitchen knives, forks, and spoons. If napkins are to be indulged in supply a few dozen paper ones. A white oil-cloth serves finely for a table cover, and a flat rock, or even the ground, will prove as good a table as is wanted.

A few weeks in an open camp, living the wild, free life of pleasure and unrestraint, will prove most beneficial to boys that have over-studied during the school year, and they will come home from their outing like "new men," brown and healthy.

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in ball; but not in game;
My second is in picture; but not in frame;
My third is in new; but not in old;
My fourth is in knight; but not in bold;
My fifth is in language; but not in talk;
My sixth is in raven; but not in hawk;
My seventh is in high; but not in low;
My eighth is in lively; but not in slow;
My ninth is in line; but not in rope;
My tenth is in life; but not in hope;
My whole are ten letters.
If correctly culled out,
Spell name of a battle
We've all read about.

A RIDDLE.

I go abroad by day;
I go abroad by night;
I'm busy when it's dark,
And
I'm busy when it's light.
All people know and love me,
Yet none hath seen my face,
Though I go beside them daily.
And
Nightly every place.
(The Air.)

TWO FEARLESS LITTLE GIRLS

By Maud Walker.

Minnie and Pearl Reese were the daughters of a farmer. They were eleven and thirteen years old respectively; and brave, industrious little girls they were, too. Often their mother and father went to town, seven miles distant, leaving the children to take care of the house and stock during their absence. And Minnie and Pearl never for a moment neglected their duty.

One summer day Mr. and Mrs. Reese were called from home on a matter of importance. Before going they instructed their little daughters to remain at the house and keep on the outlook for traps, for during the warm season that part of the country was flooded with tramps that were going from the South to the North on their annual "foot-excursions."

"Keep you eyes on the big road in both directions, and if you see suspicious looking characters coming on foot go into the house and lock the doors. And under no conditions must you admit anyone who is a stranger, regardless of any tales of woe or hunger," admonished their father. As the day was quiet and beautiful Minnie and Pearl took their sewing on the porch and sat where they could get a fine view of the "big road," as they always called the public highway. They remained there all morning, seeing no suspicious-looking characters coming along the road to frighten them into the house. Several neighboring farmers came along in wagons or on horse-back, going into town. They called out cordial and homely greetings to the two little girls in passing, to be responded by merry smiles and nods, with an occasional call of "Howdy-do, Mr. so-and-so. How are all the folks?"

About noon, and just as they were preparing to go into the house to fix some

luncheon for themselves, Minnie went out to the gate to take a wider view of the surrounding country. She and Pearl had been discussing the possible appearance of a tramp from over the hills at the rear of the house, and had planned upon a course of procedure should they ever be taken unawares in this way. It had been agreed that if one of them should see a tramp—or evil-looking person—approaching, before both girls had reached the gate, the other should quickly and quietly slip into the house and call up the nearest neighbors by telephone, telling them an unwelcome stranger had come so suddenly that they—Pearl and Minnie—had not had time to lock themselves in the house. And the neighbors were to be asked to send someone right over unless word to the contrary was received within a few minutes. And it was further arranged that while the one was phoning for a protector the other girl should hold the unwelcome intruder in conversation at the gate, pretending all the while that her parents were about the place, possibly in the house.

As Minnie stepped outside the gate to get a peep of the hills behind the house she caught her breath in a startled way, then, beginning to hum a tune, she turned to her sister who was watching her from the porch. "A terrible man is coming. Hide yourself if he gets in, and go upstairs and make a noise as if many people are there." This is what Minnie said, singing the words carelessly as she informed her sister of the approaching danger. Pearl dropped her sewing and ran into the house, phoning to a neighbor who lived some two miles distant. As she did so she shuddered to think how far

they were from protection, and how long it would take for a friend to reach them in case they needed help. As she hung up the receiver, after getting a promise from farmer Jones that both he and one of his hired men would be there as fast as horses could carry them, she heard Minnie talking to the tramp at the gate. Then she dared to peep from behind the window curtain to see how the intruder looked. She turned deathly pale when her eyes fell upon a negro of giant build who was in prison garb. Evidently he had just broken away from a gang of convict laborers that were engaged on some public work several miles away and near to a town where a penitentiary was located.

Quick as a flash Pearl was again at the phone. And this time she called to another neighbor, one who lived farther away from her home, but closer to the town where the state's prisons were. Her information to this farmer was to be sent by him over the wire to the prison officials. Just as she had finished phoning she heard Minnie's voice saying: "No, you'll not be disturbed nor seen by anyone. Just sit there in the shadow of that vine and I'll have some dinner for you as quickly as I can."

"Oh, you don't fool me like that," came a gruff voice. "I'll see you right in an' watch you. If you calls for any puseen I'll kill you. I've bin ayin' down in the co's cell ever since mornin', and I seen yoh pe an' ma go off in the wagon. Now, I knows you ain't puseenly, as I've jes' told you, but I knows dat tha's no other puseen about dis place 'em it's yoh sister. Whu's she at? Come, no foolin' with mah. I'm fer gittin' away from dis part o' the worl', an' I needs some clothes an' somethin' to eat. Now, be quiet an' quick."



"I'll come slippin' back an' kill you all at night an' burn the house."

Pearl had intended to run upstairs and carry on a loud conversation with her mother in different voices to indicate that a number of persons were talking; but the negro's words caused her to change her mind. So she slipped into the kitchen pantry, knowing that Minnie would be obliged to come there for some food for the convict. Then, whatever, her sister advised she would do.

"Well, you'll get your dinner and some clothing, too," said Minnie, her voice very calm as she talked to the giant black man in convict garb. "If you want any clothing, though, and don't want any trouble on your hands, you'd better let me go upstairs alone to get it, for as I told you at the gate, my father and mother will likely be here in a few minutes. And if you see them you'd better run for your life, for my father wouldn't have so much patience with you as I have. If he caught you upstairs he'd keep you here till he got the officers."

The negro had entered the house behind Minnie and stood looking round him suspiciously. Then looking straight at Minnie he said: "Are yoh shure dat no puseen's upstairs. Seems like I done heard some noise."

"You have said that you know all about who's here," said Minnie. Then in a tone of warning she added: "But if you stay down here I'll go up and get some clothing for you—a suit of my father's, as you have told me I must furnish you with one. But if you'll take my advice—don't, don't dare to set a foot on the stairs. Stay where you can run if necessary. Now, I'll go up and get the clothing for you. Then, while you are changing them in this room I'll go into the kitchen and prepare some dinner for you. Just keep your eyes on the front door, and if anyone comes through the gate you can run out at the back." Minnie made this last instruction very emphatic, for she had caught a glimpse of Pearl who was signaling to her from the pantry, being in such a position that she could not be seen by the negro who had remained near to the front door. Pearl understood Minnie's warning to this effect: "Pearl—should slip from the pantry and across fields towards the 'big roads,' coming into it at a little creek where timber cut it from the view of persons at the house. Here she would await the good farmer and his hired man who should be warned to take a back road which would carry them into the fields at the rear of the house. By doing this they would not be seen by the escaping convict till they should enter the house, one at the front door and the other at the back."

Minnie, trembling in every limb—for she had no way of knowing just what steps her sister was taking in calling for help—went upstairs and procured an old suit of her father's. Taking it below—and delaying all that she could in order that the negro should be detained till men should come to secure him—she pitched the clothes to him and said in an indifferent way: "Now, I'll get something for you to eat." Then she left the black man in the sitting-room while she went to the pantry. But she did not wait there to procure food. She crept outside through the pantry window and hid herself behind some shrubbery, feeling safer there than in the house. From her hiding place she could see Pearl running through a corn field, making for the creek. And pretty soon she saw coming from the timber farmer Jones and his hired man, their



horses on the run. They kept to the rear of the barn and house, and the convict, running from the front door had no idea of their approach. Minnie, wishing to hold the negro, now that assistance was so near, went inside and rattled dishes about in the pantry. In another moment the escaping convict came to the pantry door, dressed in her father's old clothes, and said: "Hurry, dar, an' give mah somethin' to eat. An' burn dis bundle in the stove." And he handed Minnie his prison garb as he said this. Then, with a menacing scowl he went on: "I'm goin' ter tie you tight an' gag you so soon as you've got me some grub. Then you'll not be runnin' and raisin' the count. An' if you ever talks about mah comin' heah today I'll come slippin' back an' kill you all at night an' burn the house."

But then a shadow fell across the floor and in another instant farmer Jones, holding a revolver cocked, entered the kitchen. And at the same moment his hired man entered the room from the front door. The negro, seeing he was caught, began trembling and talking, begging them to take him and not to shoot.

But before an hour had passed the prison officials had relieved farmer Jones of his prisoner, who was in truth an escaped convict of a very dangerous type. And it was agreed by all that had it not been for the cool-headedness of Minnie and Pearl the convict would have made his escape. And thus it was that these two little girls were voted to be the most fearless, sensible little girls in all the surrounding country. But in any better believe, their parents never again left the little girls alone during their own absence.

TROUBLE BREEDERS.

'Stubb—Now here are some long personal letters written by wise men of today. Penn—They must be forgotten, old chap. Wise men of today don't write long personal letters.

LITTLE LUCY'S CONFESSION

BY HELENA DAVIS.

Lucy's mama was going away for the day and called her little daughter to her, saying: "Now, dearie, I shall leave the house in your keeping for the day. Of course, Bridget is in the kitchen, but as this is ironing day she will be too busy to look after things in general. So I leave you in full charge—as my little housekeeper, and hope you'll fully appreciate the trust I'm placing in you. You must be careful about the screen doors to keep them tightly closed, for the flies are very bad, you know. And do not unlock the front hall door during my absence, for a tramp might get access to the house by that way while you are at your luncheon or playing on the back porch."

All right, mama, said Lucy. "I'll do as you would do were you here. I'll run over to Maggie's this afternoon and ask her to come and play with me on the big back porch. But I'll not forget to keep a close watch-out for tramps and flies."

Then Lucy's mama kissed her and was gone, and Lucy ran upstairs to get her things to fetch to the big back porch where she loved to spend hours at play. Thus the morning passed quickly, and Lucy was called by Bridget into luncheon. As the little Miss was the only member of her family at home she did not take many minutes for the meal, which was eaten hurriedly and in silence. Then, taking her hat from the hall tree she ran

—thoughtlessly—to the front hall door and turned the knob. Finding the door locked, she quickly slipped the bolt, turned the great key and opened it. But the instant she had done so she remembered her mother's instructions about keeping the front hall door locked. Lucy was always a most obedient little girl, and had no intention of disobeying her mama. It was during a moment of forgetfulness that she opened the front hall door, for her mind was so occupied with thoughts of her little comrade, Maggie, whom she was now going to invite over for the afternoon, that her responsibility as housekeeper had dropped from her shoulders.

On recalling her mother's express order about the front door Lucy was on the point of re-entering the hall and locking the door as securely as she had found it. But on second thought she decided that since she had unlocked it there could be no danger in leaving it so for the few minutes that she should be absent on her call on Maggie, whose home was just across the street. So, drawing the door shut behind her Lucy ran quickly across the street to the home of Maggie. "I'll not even go in," she said to herself, "but shall stand here on the porch where I can keep an eye on our house and watch that no one enters while I'm away. Then, the instant I return I'll lock and bolt the door as mama told me it should be kept during her absence."

A servant answered Lucy's ring at the door. "W'y, Miss Lucy, is it you? Come

right in. Miss Maggie's upstairs. She has company."

"No, I'll not come in, thank you," said Lucy. "But will you please tell Maggie I wish to see her."

"Well, please step into the reception room, for it's my orders not to let the door stand open, and it's very improper for me to shut it in your face," explained the servant, a good-natured foreign girl.

Lucy stepped into the reception room to await Maggie's coming. But even as she did so she felt that she was doing something wrong. In fact she felt guilty of having done something wrong in leaving the hall door at home unlocked at all, and now that she was being detained she feared something dreadful would happen during her brief absence. But just as she was condemning herself Maggie came running down the stairs. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Lucy," she cried on beholding her "best friend."

Then Lucy explained her errand. "But I've already got company," said Lucy. "Della Handy is here. Can't you stay and play with us all afternoon?"

"No-o-o," faltered Lucy, whose heart said yes, but whose conscience said no. "I'm house-keeper at home today. Mama's away. So I must stay there and watch things, you see."

Then it was arranged that Maggie should go upstairs and get Della Handy, their dolls and playthings, and go home with Lucy. All this took some time, and Lucy was away from home about half an hour, the front hall door unlocked to any burglar who might happen to try it; and Bridget away down in the basement kitchen where sounds from the front part of the house could not reach her ears.

And all that afternoon Lucy's mind was restless. A small voice whispered, "Don't let mama that you unlocked the front hall door." And after listening to that naughty voice Lucy had half made up her mind to obey it. On returning home she had looked carefully about to see if there were any signs that the house had been entered during her little call across the street, and as everything seemed to be as she left it she had decided to say nothing about her thoughtless disobedience.

But that night after she had gone to bed—having said her prayer at her mama's knee—a voice louder than the wicked voice of the day whispered to her: "Don't go to sleep till you have confessed to mama how you left the hall door unlocked today during her absence." In vain did Lucy close her eyes after that, she could not sleep. She had disobeyed her dear, trusting mother, and now she felt very wicked indeed. At last, as the clock was striking ten the little girl jumped from her bed and ran to the door of her mother's room, tapping gently on it and said: "Mama, I've got something to tell you before I go to sleep. Come, please to my room."

Half an hour later Lucy, kissing her forgiving mama goodnight, got into bed, happiness at her heart, for she had confessed her thoughtless disobedience of the day and now her mind was at rest. "Honest confession is really and truly good for one's soul," she said to herself as she nestled to sleep. "Never, never shall I disobey mama again. The thought of having done so hurts too badly. But I'm thankful I confessed, and that mama forgave me so sweetly."

MARIA SOLVES A MYSTERY.



Maria Ann sat by the fire, And watched the blaze leap higher, higher! Then wide she opened her mouth and spoke.

"I guess the blaze does chase the smoke Clean up the chimney to the sky, Where it makes clouds to sail on high."

RETALIATION.

A plumber was called to do some work in the house of a very rich woman. While engaged in the pantry the mistress of the house came in, and seeing that the china closet contained some of her most valuable silver, turned to the plumber, saying: "James, remove the silver to the side-board and lock it up at once."

The plumber, taking from his pocket his watch and purse handed them to his assistant saying: "Tom, take these to my wife and tell her to keep them for me till I'm through this job. There seems to be dishonest people in this house."

HINTS ON THE CARE OF PIGEONS

In the matter of pigeon culture many boys and girls over-do caring for them. Pigeons, to do well, should not be handled much. If you have but a few pairs as they nestled in the warm barn loft or provided with a coop such as is built for poultry. But their house should be warm in winter and secure from draughts, for pigeons are very susceptible to cold.

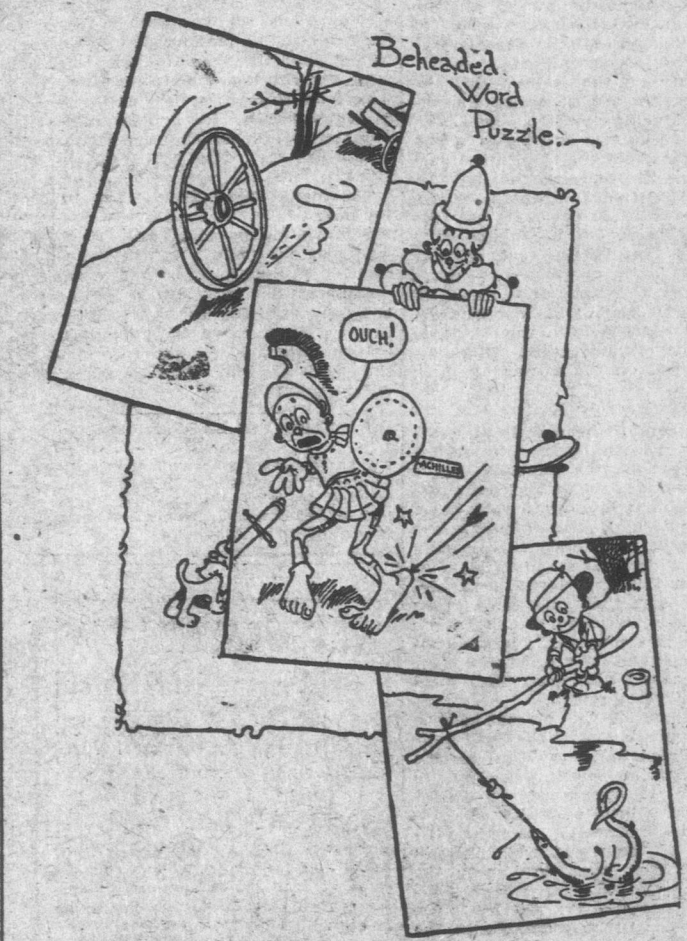
Those little toy pigeon structures that are perched on the tops of tall poles or on the sharp roofs of barns and out-places are never satisfactory. In the first place they are too diminutive for the breeding of the birds and in the second place it is impossible to keep them clean, not speaking of the risk to the feathered occupants during the severe cold weather.

Pigeons must have plenty of flying room. If they are to be kept in a city or town where flying about as free as the air is not permissible there must be a flying pen erected for them. This may be built on the plan of a miniature tennis court, being roofed with close wire netting (the same as the sides. About the sides of the pen place a six-inch board, about four feet from the ground, for the pigeons to roost on and sun themselves. Also have several shallow vessels of water about the pen that the fowls may drink and bathe at will. These vessels should be filled twice a day with pure fresh water. Never allow the vessels to become dirty. Feed boxes save the food and should be used always. A famous pigeon

raiser gives the following dietary for pigeons: "The best grains and the proper proportions to feed are—
"Wheat, four parts; sifted cracked corn, two parts; kaffir corn, two parts; Canada peas, two parts; bird millet, one part, (every second day). Fine charcoal, two parts, (once a week)."
Once or twice a week throw a handful or two of hempseed to the pigeons at noon. All other feeding should occur regularly at seven o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon. The quantity of food per pigeon cannot be given. You must watch their eating and be governed that way. There should always be food enough placed in the feed-

boxes to supply the meal and leave some for eating later in the day.

Plenty of fine gravel and crushed oyster shells should be sprinkled everywhere about the flying pens and inside the feed-boxes as well. During the summer months some green food may be given to the pigeons, such as pepper grass, lettuce leaves and perhaps some cabbage leaves. Also a bag-cloth sack-of salt should be placed inside a little wooden frame in the yard for the birds to pick. If the salt sack were open they might get too much salt at times for their own good, so it is better to let them pick through the coarse sack for it. In this way they'll get all they require.



Bottom picture—A very slippery fish. Middle picture—Where the ancient warrior was vulnerable. Top picture—The missing part of the wagon. The last three letters of each word are the same, can you guess them?

GENERAL CONVENTION

REPORTS ON RESOLUTIONS

Ownership of Telephones--The Right of Coal Areas

Oct. 2.—The session of the liberal convention this morning devoted to the consideration of the committee on the subject presented were as follows:

Of uncoupled crown various coal fields of reserved by statute, state owned and operated to be established in the public interest of the Liberals in view of the stand they took of a thorough investigation of irrigation the view of adopting such a plan as to be necessary to secure the greatest benefit to the public.

Government has already through a committee of members into the question of telegraph lines in possession of which would indicate the government owning and public utilities, therefore, the Columbia declares in ownership and operated under Dominion till the public acquisition of commercial telegraph lines should be brought to the attention of the railway.

ON OF DISEASE.

General Practice of Medicine Contracted.

"The change the practice of medicine was the address made by doctors at the opening winter session of medicine with London hospitals said the day was doctor in private practice and be replaced by an officer, whose work prevention more than Dr. Ewart told the situation was in the crisis, economical and declared that the growing prevalence of disease of specialization had led of general practice. was bound to continue members must devote culture of health, preventing disease. of a similar nature physician contending moving toward the notion of a calling by its application destroying upon which it depended

PROVINCE VERY RICH ONE

Visit to City-Expense of G. T. P. to Come Here

of Montreal, head of an firm, left Wednesday after a short visit to the guest of the G. T. P. went north with the Rupert. Having business on to Victoria for

who was the head of a Company, says the company will be unable to give assistance to the death of E. C. Russell, the manager of the emptied him to wind

has still considerable assistance which call for him. One of the end regards as an exception is the marble. He is deeply interested in the modern machinery is being used in Newfoundland elsewhere. things there are great investment in British expects from time profitable sources of the province. He has however Island which wing to prove a very part of the province he says. says there was a misfeels sure, with reference between the G. T. P. office and Mr. Moore. ally aware that they the premier. Owning Mr. Smithers, one of holders of the comgot back as quickly as necessary to cut out the He feels sure, however, Hays or Mr. Moore. remiser expected them made some other arrangements in every 1,000 ween cousins.

IAN CLUB.

Oct. 1.—A Canadian here last night, with president S. W. W. A. H. D. Cuttle.