

# FOR THE JUNIORS

Tears.

WHY do you cry so hard, little boy?  
Children should never be sad,  
The old world is brimming with happy things  
To make fun for a little lad.

Mother is holding you tight, little boy,  
And big brother is standing by,  
And you're safe as can be from trouble  
or harm,  
Then why, little boy, do you cry?



Learn to be manly and brave, little boy,  
It is never for children to weep,  
Just theirs to be glad in the sunshine by day,  
And sweet dreams in the night when they sleep.

## A Night in Camp.

By Cuthbert G. MacDonald.

THE morning after Harold's arrival at his uncle's farm in British Columbia, he set out on a trip of exploration. First he examined the live stock. There were five work horses and two carriage horses in a paddock near the house, and the stable boy told him that two more were "ploughin' over to the north corner." Three Jersey cows and about thirty hens completed the live stock, and Harold set out to find his uncle who had gone to superintend the setting out of some fruit trees. Mr. Hornby's farm was one of the largest on Sunset Lake, and fruit growing was the most important branch of it. He had sixty acres in apple trees, twenty in smaller fruits, and twenty in hay and vegetables. Thirty acres lay still uncleared, and through this grove a mountain stream wandered to the lake. Sunset Lake lay like a bowl in the heart of the Selkirks. Many larger lakes lay separated from it by the mountains, but the soil here was very fertile, and the climate was the best in British Columbia. Harold watched the setting out of the fruit trees until about noon, when he and his uncle returned to the house. After dinner Harold went over to the stables, and it was not long before he and Joe, the stable boy, had become friends. "After supper you come up to the wood lot with me and I'll show you my camp," Joe promised.

In the afternoon Harold and Mr. Hornby drove into town to buy some things which were needed, and it was supper time when they got home. At six the two boys started for the camp. They hurried through the orchard, and soon disappeared in the grove of evergreens. A small path twisted in and out among the trees beside the stream, and this they followed until they came to a small clearing, in the middle of which stood a rough shanty with a lean-to roof.

"Did you make it all yourself?" Harold exclaimed, as he raised the piece of sacking Joe used for a door and peered in.

"Well, not quite all. John (he's the fellow you saw over in the orchard with your uncle) helped me with the roof, and he put up the bunks for me, one on each side. You see, he's been to the lumber woods and knows how it ought to be done. You just ought to hear the yarns

he can spin. I tell you what, some night we'll get your uncle to let you sleep up here with John and me. I guess he'll let you if John will come."

Harold was delighted with this plan, and when he got back to the house he asked his uncle immediately.

"Why, yes, I suppose you can," he said, "but you'll have to wait till it gets a bit milder—perhaps it will be all right in a couple of weeks."

Two weeks passed quickly on the farm, and it was on a warm evening in about the middle of May that they set off for the camp. Harold had soon become acquainted with John and had been delighted with his tales of the woods. When they arrived the two boys spread their blankets on the bunks, and John made his bed on a heap of fir boughs in the corner by the little stove. He lit the fire, as the night would probably be pretty cool, and called Joe to light the lantern as it was getting dark. Joe hung the lantern on a nail on the edge of one of the bunks, and the little camp looked very cheerful. Two round stumps served as seats, and when John had got his pipe going the boys urged him for a story. And he told them not only one, but many exciting tales of the woods and of the mines (for he had worked there, too). When John's memory at last failed to produce more adventures, Harold told some stories he had read, and they talked of their old homes. John had spent his boyhood in England, Joe had just come the year before from Alberta, and Harold came from New Brunswick, so they found it very interesting comparing notes on the three places. Joe could well remember a cattle round-up, and gave them a graphic account of the affair, perhaps refreshing his memory now and then from his inventive brain. Harold described a week spent in a sugar camp, and John had many questions to ask as to the process of maple sugar-making. Then John gave them a couple of tunes on his mouth-organ, and when Harold looked at his watch it was nearly twelve. They heated up a pot of cold tea they had brought with them, and munched a few biscuits, and it was not long before they were snugly wrapped in their blankets. The lantern was blown out, and John promised to replenish the fire from a stack of wood which the boys had piled behind the stove. They were all tired, and in a few minutes no one was awake.

SUDDENLY Harold was awakened by a vigorous shake from John.

"Get out of the camp," he yelled; "the whole blame thing's afire!"

In a few moments both boys stood in the clearing blinking at the narrow flames which played around the stove-pipe hole in the roof. Fortunately they had not undressed, and they had seized their boots as they stumbled out. John emerged in a few seconds carrying the blankets, and the tin pail they had used for drinking-water the night before. By this time the boys were thoroughly awake, and having pulled on their boots awaited John's orders as to how they should put out the blaze. The poles of which the camp was built were very dry, and the fire was spreading rapidly.

"The walls are as dry as tinder, and I guess we can't put it out. But we can easily run up another one, boys, and we've rescued everything."

Dawn was now breaking, and leaving John to watch the burning camp they set out for the house with the blankets. When they reached the orchard Joe asked Harold what time it was. Harold felt in his watch pocket, and then gave a long whistle.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I left my watch hung on a nail over my bunk, and it's too late to save it now."

He was very sorry to lose the watch, which had been given to him just before he left home. When they reached the house and told their story it caused quite an excitement in the family. Mr. Hornby gave Harold a watch on his birthday, and the boys remembered that night in camp as a very exciting adventure.



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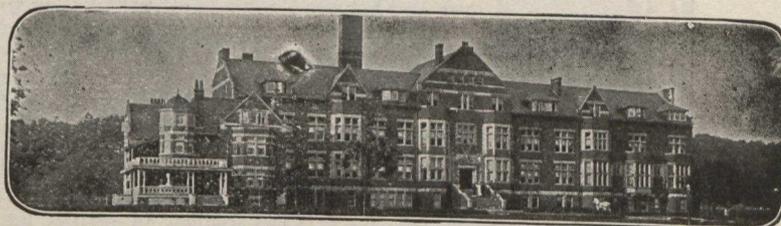
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