

certain hotel on a much harassed tests who "over-d to make commitments. They had never been oyces as well as ey would never Of course, they at did not alto- om the proprie-

nxious thought, ich seemed cal- and satisfaction

st abusive of his regulations on was first tried, iterated injunc- me to catch that midwinter. The l by experience ision is a sound at that hour of urther past 4 there the guest's door, still louder sum-

?" came the re-

please," in a tone gn this receipt!"

and here's a pen- please! It's very e you a minute,

ntly, the guest The very strange- ad roused him as summons could or, he thrust out leas of registered es, crowded upon nes. The paper bore the date and requested. Sign anion.

praising the New l Cheer, of which member.

or of membership," always upheld wo- her even against

rongly reprimand- roman once. Here

a girl, eh?" I said she displayed her d this little sturdy ongs, I suppose, to

replied "Yassah,



WILLING TO CORRESPOND

Dear Editor:—Here I am again to bother you, although I hope I am not of so much bother as I think I am. I saw in one of the last papers that a boy who gave his name as C. G., wanted to correspond with me. If he will write first and give his address fully, I certainly will. Don't you think that is fair, C. G.?

How many heard of King Edward's death? Must it not have been a bad shock to the country when the news first reached here? I know it was to me. The first time I heard of it, I was out fishing, and it was on Saturday. I suppose the whole of the British Empire will miss him greatly; he was such a peaceful king. I only hope his son will be as good and wise and just a ruler as his father. Some say there will be lots of wars since the new king has taken the responsibility on him as ruler, but I hope not. How many of the members have seen Halley's comet? I haven't, but I think it will soon appear, as the earth passed through the tail of it yesterday.

I saw that the members were supposed to compose puzzles. I am sending some this time that I composed myself, to see if any of the members can guess the answer. Does the editor put the puzzles in the paper one week and then put the answers in the next week?

PUZZLES.

Diamond Acrostic.—1, a consonant; 2, to decay; 3, an early bird; 4, a mineral; 5, a consonant.

Word Square.—1, a tame animal; 2, to be indebted to; 3, to have water in or on anything.

Diamond Acrostic.—1, a vowel; 2, a creeping insect; 3, place where you enter; 4, To test.

Alta. GORDON RYAN. (Glad to get your original puzzles. You forgot to send the answer to No. 3.—Ed.)

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HUNTING QUESTION

Editor Boys' Club:—Since the club started I have always been an interested reader of the interesting and helpful letters, but I think we might make a better show of letters yet. It seems as though it were falling off a little, so we should get a hustle on and send along a few more letters. This is my first letter to the club and I hope it will win a place in the ADVOCATE. I have been out West for some time now, and like it very much. I want to be a veterinarian, yet I would not despise farming, for I like it very much.

Well, in May 4th number, I saw a challenge to the boys, about hunting, and no one has replied to it, so it appears again in May 18th. Someone has made the statement that hunting and trapping encourages a boy to be cruel and appeal to his savage nature. I have been taught at school that the days of savages are a thing of the past.

I myself am very fond of hunting, but do not think it has made me cruel or savage to any dumb animals. It seems to me there are many ways to look at a subject like this. Only a few years ago hunters would come up in the Northwest and shoot down the buffalo, and leave them to linger in pain and die. I think that cruel sport.

But we boys want something to pass away the time a bit sometimes, and I do not think it is because we are cruel that we hunt or trap, but it is natural. We read in history of men who hunted, and the pastime is handed down to the present generations. Those who have read the papers a while back will remember that one of America's most respected and honorable men resorted to hunting, for it is one of the best outdoor exercises.

Now, to come to the point, if hunting is going to make us cruel, why has it not

made the older hunters cruel? They have been boys the same as us. Or if it does, why do they not set us a better example? We shall have to take their places sooner or later. But myself, I think it is manly to be able to use the rifle or set the trap. Of course, others may have different views of this subject, so I suppose this is open for debate. If anyone differs from my way of thinking, I would like to see a letter in our columns.

SPOKESMAN.

(The nearest college is the Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, E. A. A. Grange, principal.—Ed.)

COWPUNCHING

Dear Editor and Boys:—This is my second letter to the Boys' Club, and I hope it will escape the waste-paper basket. First of all, I am of Irish descent, but I have lived on the prairies all my life. I learned to ride when I was four or five years old and I have helped to brand horses and cattle ever since I was big enough to lift an iron. Every fall I go out and punch cattle, and think it is very interesting work. We have an old gray cow horse, and no cow that grows hair can get away from him.

You asked me to describe to the boys that live in the wheat country the use of lariat ropes, etc. First, a Stetson hat is a strong, good-wearing hat with a broad brim to keep the sun off and when a horse goes to bucking, you can hit him over the head to make him buck harder. Chaps are to protect from cold, and when riding through brush, to save your pants, and to keep out the rain. High-heeled riding boots are to prevent the foot from going through the stirrup and as a brace on a bucking horse. A spur fits well on riding boots. Tapaderas are large flaps of leather that cover over the stirrup. They are great things to ride through brush with and to prevent cold. Spurs are to make a horse move around quickly, and when you are riding a bucking horse, you can stick them in the front cinch to help to hang on. A girth is a lazy persuader. A lariat rope is used for roping and whirling. A red silk or white handkerchief is generally tied around a cowboy's neck to make him look tough and wild looking. A buckskin shirt is sometimes worn. A hackamore is a plated halter sometimes used as a bridle. Well, I must say good-night now, wishing the club great success.

P. S.—Next time I will write on trapping.

COWBOY BILL (14).

(Many thanks for your prompt and entertaining reply.—Ed.)

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PULLED BEAR'S SORE TOOTH

The veterinary clinic at Berne, Switzerland, whose chief is Professor Noyer, had a strange visit, when a man leading a powerful bear entered the place and asked the professor to examine the beast, who refused to eat or perform in the menagerie. Toothache was the verdict, and it was decided to extract the molar. The bear, scratching and biting, was with great difficulty strapped to the operating table, and Professor Noyer, employing all his force and both hands, extracted the tooth, aided by several assistants. On the bear being released he jumped about the room with joy, and by instinct searching out his benefactor the animal placed his paw on the professor, with the result that his clothes were torn. After paying the bill, the proprietor of the menagerie took back the jolly bear to the show.

THE PLEDGE FOR BOYS

BY CARDINAL MANNING

I promise thee, sweet Lord,
That I will never cloud the light
Which shines from Thee within my Soul
And makes my reason bright;
Nor ever will I loose the power
To serve Thee by my will,
Which Thou hast set within my heart,
The precepts to fulfill.
Oh, let me think as Adam drank
Before from Thee he fell;
Oh, let me drink as Thou, dear Lord,
When faint by Sychar's well;
That from my childhood, pure from sin
Of drink and drunken strife,
By the clear fountains I may rest
Of everlasting life.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM

Suppose I met a sheeted shade
All ghastly grim.
Why should I be a bit afraid
Of spooks like him?

The worst that he could do to me
Would be to slay.
And if he did, should I not be
A spirit, pray?

Then couldn't I pick out the spot
He guarded most,
And make it mighty all-fired hot
For Mister Ghost?

—Lippincott's.

* * *

They were having a guessing match at riddles, and nothing seemed impossible to old Father Jones. As a last resort old Mother Jones got up and announced that she had one. "It is green, it stands against the wall and makes a noise like a cow."

After a volley of faulty answers the younger generation gave up and turned to Father Jones. Even he looked helpless. At last he surrendered to mother's mercy.

Mother Jones drew a deep breath and, with a look of importance, said, "It's a herring."

"A herring?" all yelled. "How?" "Why, it's green if you paint it green," said Mother Jones, "and"— "But it doesn't stand against the wall," they all protested.

"Yes, if you nail it against the wall," smiled Mother Jones.

"But," spoke up Father Jones, "who ever heard of a herring crying like a cow?"

"Well," defended Mother Jones, "if I hadn't put that in you would have guessed the riddle."—Success Magazine.



DR. WOLVERTON, WINNING THE KOOTENAY LAKE CHAMPIONSHIP IN HIS KOOTENAY FLYER, "MY LADY"