

The Canadian Boys' Camp

Dear Campers:—You are letting the girls get ahead of you. They have sent in a great many letters this month. I hope I may hear from many boys this month. Sincerely, C. D.

Prize Letter.

Arnaud, Man.
Dear Cousin Doris:—This is my first letter to the Canadian Boys' Camp. My father has taken your valuable paper for nearly four years and we all like it fine. I am very fond of reading the letters in the Boys' Camp, and when the girls are getting ahead of the boys I thought I would write and help to get ahead of the girls.

I have read a great many books much too numerous to mention I like Ballantine's books the best. I am very fond of coasting and horseback riding. I have a pair of skates, but I have not learned to skate yet.

I walk three miles to school, I am in grade six. My favorite studies are, reading, writing, drawing, history and geography.

My father has seven horses, four cattle, two pigs and about a hundred hens. I will tell you how I killed a blue hawk, a species of the Eagle.

I was coming home from school one evening and had to go through a small ravine; on the opposite side I saw a large bird, evidently a young one as it could not fly. There was some breaking near where the bird was standing. I picked up a large piece of sod and threw it at the bird and missed it. It began to approach me with mouth open and wings flapping. I threw a second piece of sod and hit it on the breast and felled it to the ground, then I ran to where it was lying on its back kicking and scrambling to get up. I started to hit it on the head with the first thing that came to hand, which was my dinner pail, until I thought I had it killed. I then picked it up and started for home. I had not gone far, however, when I found that it had only been stunned. It started to kick with its feet and open its mouth. I held it tight by the feet and hit it on the head with a stick until I killed it. It measured thirty-six inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other.

I will give you a recipe of how I make toffy.

Three cups brown sugar, one cup water, after it comes to a boil, let it boil twenty minutes, then flavor with vanilla, pour on greased plates and let it cool; then pull.

Well, as I do not know what else to write I will tell a story.

Where Tom found his manners

One morning Tom was playing with his dog on the beautiful and well kept lawn that surrounded his home. His father was wealthy and Tom had every comfort in life. But he was very proud and selfish and felt superior to all others on account of his good clothes and fine playthings. He was near the front gate when a ragged barefooted boy came down, carrying a bucket of blackberries. He politely asked Tom for a drink of water, but Tom very rudely refused and called him a beggar. He threatened to set his dog on him if he did not go away at once.

When the boy had gone, Tom thought he would go for blackberries, so he went into the house and got a basket. To get to the blackberry patch he had to jump a ditch. In doing so he fell in and sank to his knees in mud.

He called for help and directly the boy whom he had insulted came along. Tom asked pardon for his rudeness, and offered him money if he would help him out. The boy refused the money, but kindly helped him out. Tom felt ashamed and had to confess that fine clothes do not make fine children. He took the boy home and gave him a ride on his pony.

After that Tom was more polite and kind, and often said he found his manners in the ditch.

Well, I must close or Cousin Doris will be thinking I am trying to fill the paper up.

Wishing the Club every success, I remain, Clarence Brunton.

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Everyone Welcome

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Many exhibitors will have interesting souvenirs for you. Come, surely, and bring every member of your family.

Free Illustrated Lecture at Every Stop

See this Time Table for Date of Arrival

Calgary, Alta.	June 12th	Bawlf, Alta.	June 19th	Yorkton, Sask.	June 25th
Carstairs, Alta.	June 13th	Daysland, Alta.	June 19th	Saskatoon, Sask.	June 25th
Drumhury, Alta.	June 13th	Sedgewick, Alta.	June 19th	Bredenbury, Sask.	June 25th
Olds, Alta.	June 13th	Hardisty, Alta.	June 19th	Langenburg, Sask.	June 25th
Jonisdill, Alta.	June 14th	Provost, Alta.	June 20th	Hinsburg, Man.	June 25th
Red Deer, Alta.	June 14th	Markham, Alta.	June 20th	Russell, Man.	June 25th
Lacombe, Alta.	June 14th	Wilkie, Alta.	June 20th	Soligirth, Man.	June 27th
Coronation, Alta.	June 15th	Biggar, Alta.	June 21st	Straclair, Man.	June 27th
Custer, Alta.	June 15th	Ayrville, Alta.	June 21st	Newdale, Man.	June 27th
Sietler, Alta.	June 15th	Saskatoon, Sask.	June 21st, 22nd & 23rd	Minnedosa, Man.	June 27th
Ponoka, Alta.	June 15th	Colonsay, Sask.	June 24th	Franklin, Man.	June 28th
Edmonton, Alta.	June 16th & 17th	Vincourt, Sask.	June 24th	Neepawa, Man.	June 28th
Ladoc, Alta.	June 18th	Langton, Sask.	June 24th	Gladstone, Man.	June 28th
Wetaskiwin, Alta.	June 18th	Wynyard, Sask.	June 24th	Carberry, Man.	June 28th
Camrose, Alta.	June 19th	Shebo, Sask.	June 25th	Porcupine, Man.	June 28th

The Event of the Year.

100 Interesting Exhibits.

Don't Miss It.

Harris, Sask.

Dear Cousin Doris:—Although I take the Canadian Thresherman and Farmer, I have not written to your charming club for a long time. I am (13) thirteen years old and I am in Grade VI at school. There is no school now, as the weather is too cold. Our teacher was Miss Stewart. We all liked her fine. I am (5) five feet high, weigh about (100) one hundred pounds, and I have black hair and grey eyes. I can dive well, although I am not a very good swimmer. I am just learning to skate.

I like reading very much. The chief books I have read are Oliver Twist, The Specimen Hunter, The Red Mountain of Alaska, and By Smeer Pluck. I like Henty's and Ballantyne's books best.

Well, I guess I will close now, or I will be filling up your whole page. Hoping your club will continue to grow and prosper, I remain, your cousin, Ed. Ferris.

Oakland, Man.

Dear Campers:—It is very cold now and it is storming. I have not been to school since summer holidays. I passed into grade VIII before holidays. I helped put up the hay, stooked other things. When I was stooking I saw a large broad striped skunk; he looked fat. I, for the first time, saw a live ground mole then. There are snow gates along

the track where the trains used to get stuck last winter. I set a trap for a weasel in a pile of poles at a close siding and the weasel stepped on it and set it off but did not catch him as the spring did not come up. I set some more traps north and caught five weasels. I have six traps. I think size O trap is the best. I caught the largest and the smallest weasel in the same trap. A large one got away by chewing out and left just the hind foot to tell he was there. I caught a bird and three or four mice. I like our teacher fine. It was 48 below Thursday. I froze my face yesterday. There is only about 3 feet of snow in our bluff. I received my book last spring and thought it fine. I will close now, my pen is no good, yours sincerely, John Blair, Jr., Oakland, Man.

Tomalta, Alta., May 4th, 1912.

Dear Canadian Boys' Camp:—This is my first letter to your camp. My father takes the Canadian Thresherman and Farmer. I like to read the letters in the boys' camp and girls' cozy corner. I live three miles from Tomalta and fifteen miles from Lacombe. We have sixteen horses and twelve cattle. I am ten years old. My birthday is on the fifth of March. I, like many others, am a great book worm. I like riding horseback. I have one sister and one brother. I see

you are giving a prize for the best letter so I thought I would try for one. I would like to correspond with any boy or girl my own age. For pets I have two cats and a calf. I am in the fourth grade. I study arithmetic, reading, writing, drawing and spelling.

Well, I guess I will close for now, hoping to win a prize. I remain, yours truly Lester L. Dobbs.

Tezorton, Sask.

Dear Canadian Camp:—This is my first letter to your club. We will have a school next spring. I will be glad when we can go to school. I have a pair of pigeons. They are very pretty ones. I have two brothers and one sister.

I will close now, hoping to see the letter in print. I would like a book. Yours truly, Joseph Boerjan.

Roseisle, Man.

Dear Cousin Doris:—This is my first letter to the Boys' Camp. My brother takes the Canadian Thresherman and Farmer. I go two miles to school. I drive a horse and cutter and leave the horse at my uncle's right near the school. I am in grade eight. I just go to school in the winter time. We got a football at Christmas and we have great fun playing with it. There are five girls and five boys going to school. I would like to get a book. Good-bye, from your Cousin Gordon Lowry, age 15.