

For the Boys and Girls

REDSTONE CLIFF

What a happy crowd of boys we were, to be sure, in those good old days, when our greatest troubles consisted in constructing a shell of rock protruding out of the hills in front of our dear old place. The boys were holding a party on the hillside, and the girls were holding a party on the hillside.

With throbbing hearts and trembling lips we huddled close together on our little patch of refuge, while the dark, head-banded, old man and the tall, thin, young man, and the other boys, all of them, were looking at us with their eyes fixed on the cliff.

With a gasp we saw the old man, who was waiting impatiently to enter the little village of Kingston, and the tall, thin, young man, who was waiting impatiently to enter the little village of Kingston.

Many and varied were my reminiscences of those old school days, but through the gathered dust of years one memory in particular stands out in bold relief.

I refer to a simple incident which I am never likely to forget. One day my companions were one whom as the principal figure in the following sketch, it is necessary to describe. In fact, he is my hero, this boy of fifteen, whose name was Archie, and whose name was Archie, and whose name was Archie.

One hot afternoon in September, when a lazy sun seemed to brood over the hills, and the boys were all in the mood of mischief, and the girls were all in the mood of mischief.

The weather was too warm for a game of ball, or even for a resting place in the shade of the trees. So you may fancy how hot and listless we became, and how the boys were all in the mood of mischief, and the girls were all in the mood of mischief.

Look at Redstone Cliff, said Archie, pointing to where, in the distance, a huge, jagged, perpendicular rock rose about a hundred feet above the level of the sea. "Let us go over there to the cave and have a swim," he continued, "and when we get there I'll tell you a story about a certain kid."

"Can't we have the swim and the story right here?" inquired Toby, as he sent a pebble skimming over the smooth surface of the water.

"Let us go to the cave," I suggested, by way of a compromise, "and let us have the wonderful story in the meantime."

"All right," came the cool, untroubled answer, "and when we get to the cave, I'll tell you the story of the boy who climbed up the cliff."

"Yes, yes," we eagerly exclaimed. "And then Archie went on to tell us how five years before a dark, raking vessel, anchored about one mile from the shore, just opposite Redstone Cliff.

The strange craft excited the curiosity of the neighboring farmers, but as the following day it disappeared, it was mysteriously untraced.

Shortly afterwards, however, a party of boys playing in the cave were missing themselves by jumping over the head rock.

Suddenly one of their number astonished his companions by remarking that the stone had evidently been moved, as sand marks around the ledge could testify.

The boys provided themselves with a number of stout poles, and at last succeeded in reaching the rock.

"Now, what do you think," they said, "is that?"

"A pot of gold!" was Toby's prompt reply.

"No, but they found a hole in the sand where the pot had been. You see, the pirates carried off the pot the night before."

He ended the story, and soon we reached the cave, which was a black, rocky, and very ugly to most of us, and spent a pleasant half-hour plunging about among the rocks, refreshing our throats.

Then at the foot of Redstone Cliff we huddled stretched ourselves on the ledge, and watched the gulls circling round us, until evening shadows crept in from the sea and enveloped all the land.

Archie rose with a yawn, stretched himself and remarked that the night was very oppressive and that a thunder-storm was impending.

"Then he took a few steps forward," and in another instant Toby and I escaped to one side, shivering with error at the exclamation which burst from Archie's lips:

"Heaven save us!"

We ran toward him, and the terrible truth flashed through our minds when we felt cold splashing waves around our feet.

While we were sitting on the beach, the roacherman told his story into the cave, and the water was so hot that we without any means of escape.

"We must swim for our lives!" Archie cried, pulling off his coat and boots, while I followed his example.

At that moment I caught a glimpse of Toby's white, scared face. My heart sank within me, and my voice trembled as I turned to Archie.

"Poor Toby ran to Archie."

"Then stay with him," Archie exclaimed, "while I go for help. If I can't weather the point, a boat will be back to rescue you in half an hour."

He plunged into the water and we watched him struggling with the waves, which were growing larger and fiercer every minute.

They conquered him, and in five minutes he was being cold, chilled and exhausted at our feet.

"Oh, my poor mother!" Archie

The Little Road to Nowhere.

The little road to nowhere
Is the road for you and me,
The little road to nowhere
That runs beside the sea.
Between the sea and mountains
Where birds the silence break,
The little road to nowhere
Is the road we long to take.

The little road to nowhere
That leads to a stream,
The little road to nowhere
That leads us to a dream,
To where a dream awakes us,
A dream we've sought in vain,
The little road to nowhere
That runs past mead and plain.

It runs past lake and mountains,
Past farms and town and tree,
It leads to where the sunset
Is soundless in the sea.
To where no eye whippers,
No grier or hate can mar,
The little road to nowhere,
Where peace and silence are.

This world is far too earnest,
Is far too grim and cold,
Too full of petty warfare,
Too bitter and too old,
But we'll be young for ever!
Because so well we know
The little road to nowhere,
The road all wise folks go!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Spider-Web Secret.

The spider's web is remarkable in several ways. It is the only trap, save one, that any animal builds.

The "manufacture" of this essential accessory to the spider's life is performed by a series of actions in which intelligence takes no share. Such typically instinctive actions depend on the inherited structure of the nervous system and not on the inheritance of intelligently acquired habits.

In the corner of its web it stimulates to rush out and attack an oncoming insect by the vibrations of the silk threads. It will attack a tuning fork that is used to shake its web in the same way, for a certain time. On each occasion that it runs out to the fork it is performing an instinctive action, but when it refrains from running out it is exhibiting intelligence. It is capable to learn it shows itself, to that extent, intelligent. In an hour or so, however, it will attack the fork again.

In the act of spinning a web a spider shows no sign of profiting by experience. It never spins more quickly or symmetrically, or in a series of better and better-chosen places. It never improves. Therefore, web-spinning may be an unconditioned act, an act that makes no contribution to experience and thus affords no data by which the individual spider may profit.

Facts.

The original manuscript of "Kidnapped," by Robert Louis Stevenson, brought \$10,000 at an auction in New York City recently.

Texas produces 40 per cent. of the cotton of the United States.

The authorities in charge of several big hospitals in England have decided to lift the ban against women nurses smoking cigarettes while on duty, having concluded that it was impossible to enforce the rule prohibiting the practice.

Montreal is now the greatest inland port in the world.

The water of the Dead Sea is five times as salty as that of the ocean.

The history of almanacs has been traced back to very early times. It has been ascertained that Alexandria and Greece had them, though it is not exactly known when they appeared in Europe. The oldest existing almanacs in manuscript form date from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, whereas the earliest printed almanac was that of the astronomer, Purbach, and appeared between the years 1450 and 1462.

The unpleasant odor of Limburger cheese is due to specific fermentations in made from sweet milk. This cheese formed into cakes about five inches square and two inches thick and kept for several days.

The main cause of the purplish coloration is the extremely moist condition in which it is kept.



In Paris.

Clerk: "How do you know he's a rich American?"
Proprietor: "Don't you see how willing he is to pay too much for a thing?"
There are about 5,000 different languages in the world. Money talks all of them.



Striking illustration of the triumph of will over physical handicap is this street worker in London. With one hand he weaves designs which have won universal acclaim from critics.

AVIATION IN CANADA

work in the northern British Columbia coast will also be enlarged this season. In addition to this work by the Federal Government, additional flying operations are carried on by the various provinces having full control of their natural resources, which comprises all with the exception of the three Prairie Provinces. The Province of Ontario, for instance, carries out a deal of its own forestry patrol, and is maintaining its program this year. The Dominion has recognized this since the war, and has taken practical advantage of the large number of highly trained men who had available at the conclusion of hostilities. Aviation is coming to play a greater part each year in many phases of the Dominion's economic life, and operations are carried out with a high degree of efficiency.

The Royal Canadian Air Force in 1924 took up 3,340 hours of flying time without a single fatality or any accident involving serious injuries to any of the personnel, which, according to the Air Board, "proves that flying as carried out by carefully trained personnel is quite applicable to everyday civil life." Returns show that of the total flying time last year, 1,220 flying hours were for air force training, 1,000 hours were flown during 16 hours' joint operations with the Royal Canadian Navy and the remainder, 1,940 hours were flown wholly in connection with the work of other Government departments.

Operations in Forestry Work.

The Forestry Branch is using the air service more and more. In the Provinces of Alberta and Manitoba in 1924, work of the forestry patrol involving 1,350 flying hours was carried on. Over three million acres of forest land in Alberta were covered twice daily by forest patrol during the season of fire hazard. In Manitoba forty million acres were under observation from the stations at Victoria Beach and Norway House, and in some cases fire-fighting forces with their pumps and gear were transported to the scene of fires by plane.

No less than 40,000 square miles were photographed from the air for topographical survey of Canada. A new feature of the flying program in 1924 was the survey of the coast. Other services undertaken were for the Department of Agriculture in connection with the investigation of white pine blister rust in British Columbia; preventive patrols on the Patagonia coast for the Department of Customs; fire patrol and photography for the National Parks branch; and the transportation of treaty money parties for the Department of Indian Affairs.

Work Laid Out for '25.

The program of work to be undertaken by the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1925 again exhibits expansion and will be the most extensive ever undertaken, comprising operations to be carried out in all of the provinces with the single exception of Prince Edward Island. Surveys covering approximately 80,000 square miles will be made in conjunction with the topographical survey branch of the Department of the Interior. In addition to the aerial photography work for survey purposes, considerable work will be done in the photographing of Canadian historic sites, whilst the forest fire patrol areas for the detection of forest fires has been considerably extended. The fisheries protection

Sentence Sermons.

Change your motto—From "Every fellow for himself" to "Every self for his fellow."
From "I can't" to "I'll be one who will try."
From "Business is business" to "Life is living."
From "Money talks" to "Character counts."
From "Let George do it" to "Count me in."
From "I got by" to "I will, make good."
From "Anything goes" to "Nothing but the best."
Looking for Her Friend.
Clerk: "Now that you've seen all the blankets in the store, which one do you wish?"
Lady: "Well, I was only looking for a friend, and didn't expect to buy."
Clerk: "Well, ma'am, if you think she's in that remaining blanket up there, I'll take it down for you."
Isn't that the hard worker who finds work hard.

FORESTS A SUR

Without Timber No Wild Life Sanctuaries Remain in Any Game

Having followed the profession of trapping for some ten years in the Athabasca country as well as for several years in the western States, the writer has always been interested in the question of forest and game preservation. For instance it was easy to see the difference between the western areas and virgin forests as the present day. We believe that the present dangerous state of affairs in respect to the conservation of the wild life is due largely to forest destruction.

The government of Alberta is considering the advisability of reserving areas to bona fide trappers over a period of years, giving them protection from poachers but at the same time exacting cooperation from the trappers in connection with guarding the forest fires. That is, the government would hold the trappers responsible for control in the reserved areas. This plan has been followed, as you may know with excellent results in the province of British Columbia.

All professional trappers are experienced woodsmen and rarely any trouble over fires. They would undoubtedly have a restraining influence over hot headed hunters or fishermen who should open within their limits. The fact that trappers are not usually about the business during the summer months would, of course, have to be considered in respect to the degree of responsibility.

A peculiar experience of mine will show to what extent forest fires affect the game under certain conditions. I am looking for some place where I can capture martens alive in specially constructed traps (made mostly of wire) having a fish mesh. Naturally I wanted to locate a place as near the railroad as possible, as the live animals were to be shipped some distance by rail.

Not being particularly familiar with the district, I yet had a hunch that certain part called the High District country should have some martens. It, for the very simple reason, I had been trapped by very little in the course of several years. Certain trappers scolded at the mere idea that I was looking for a marten, but a man who had actually taken skins out of there only three years previously. Subsequent events have proved his assertions were quite true for my martens all right.

Now the interesting point is the how did it happen that these martens

FOLLOWING THE FLY

The fly is not a fit companion of human beings. The objection to it is not on the score of its language, but on the score of its habits, though it is a kind of musical hum—though the annoyingness of it is not the objection. It is a disgusting insect, and it is a disgusting insect, and it is a disgusting insect.

After he has stretched his wings to dry where does the fly go? Most likely to the fly. It is a disgusting insect, and it is a disgusting insect, and it is a disgusting insect.

Where does it lead him? To the place of the fly, or to the place of the fly, or to the place of the fly.

It is a disgusting insect, and it is a disgusting insect, and it is a disgusting insect.

With feet clogged with foulness he is seen on the spoons, on the forks, on the butter, on the sugar, on the rim of the drinking vessel, the meat, the egg, the mill pitcher. And be sure that his muddy boots will leave a track across a crimson carpet so the fly will leave his tracks on everything he touches.

Is he satisfied with making his nest on the outer utensils? No, at all, he finds rest for the soles of his feet on our hands, our faces and he partakes of our food. Imagine how disgusting must be when the fly alights on the baby's lips for it to leave behind the germs of disease. It has been proved that the house fly may carry the germs of thirty distinct diseases and parasites etc. organisms. Think also how disgusting a connection there is between the fly and the prevalence of such a disease.

Shoes From Sharks.

From the head of the shark we obtain material for shoes. The fins are valued at three dollars a pound. The body makes a good fish meal, and the oil from the liver commands a good price.

If it is the life, however, which is most valuable, as it is almost indestructible. The leather is excellent for shoes. Finer grades of tanned leather are used for upholstery.

The outer strip of sharkskin must come off in the first place, and a process has been developed which takes his away. It has the exact properties of sandpaper of the rough variety. For very fine work on wood polishing, the sharkskin of the baby shark cannot be excelled.

Getting Her Friend.

What she wanted was the friend of her friend. She wanted the friend of her friend. She wanted the friend of her friend.

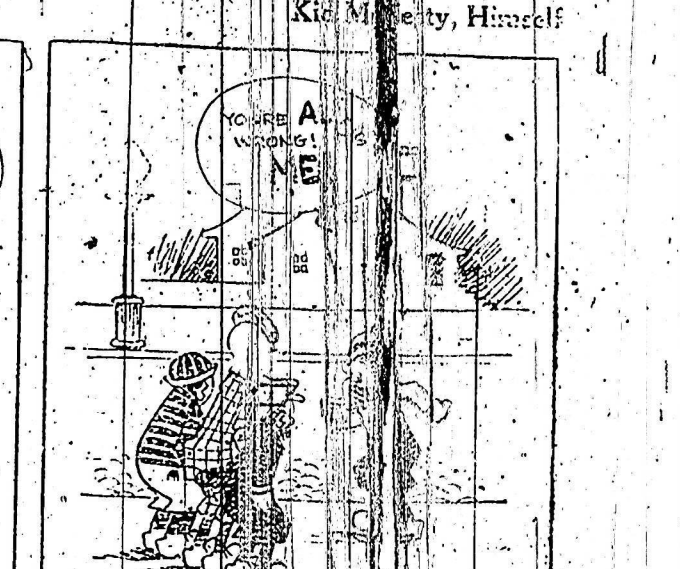
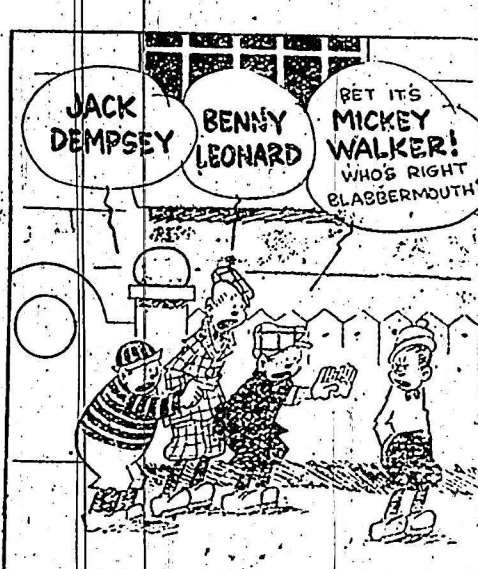
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REG'AR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



After Every...
Pass it around after every meal...
Costs little, keeps...