# For the Boys and Girls

## A NIGHT ADVENTURE

BY G. L. APPERSON.

A night spent involuntarily in a British Columbian forest, among the mountains, is not a pleasant experience.

There are, however, worse things than camping out in the forest, as I very nearly found out.

A doctor's life in a small township in British Columbia, far removed from ordinary city life—"way back" of civilization, as a native might say—is very different from that of his brother in the East.

My every-day costume would shock Toronto, for I dress much as the settlers and backwoodsmen about me dress; and when I go any distance from home among the hills, I always carry arms.

No small part of my life is spent on horseback, for a doctor in a sparsely settled district has often to go long distances to see patients, over trails which, ill-defined as they frequently are, are the only lines of communication; and on one of these trails I was benighted for the first time early in the spring of [illegible] years ago.

[illegible]

when covered with a coat of snow-ice it is simply fiendish, particularly as the snow gives the cross section of the trail a slope the wrong way.

On a track of this kind I found myself, in the fading light, too far from Russell's to return.

I kept the saddle over one or two ticklish places, but after the horse and I had only by a desperate struggle avoided rolling down a rockslide thirty of forty feet, I concluded that perhaps it would be as well to get off and lead the animal over the worst spots.

I found I had to walk and lead the horse for five wearisome miles along the steep shores of Beaver Lake, and by the time we reached the level of Beaver Flat it was quite dark, save for the stars, which, after all, were not of much account, as the timber was big, though not thick.

On the Flat we had to cross the stream to the other side of the canyon, just above its point of junction with the Chiloteen, a much larger river. I found the ford and crossed in safety.

My way now lay along the mountainous north bank of the Chiloteen. The sky clouded over, and I could not see even the horse's ears. But both he and I had been over the trail twice before and I never doubted that, although I could see nothing, he would take me straight to the ford across the river, immediately opposite Limestone Creek.

Once at the ford, I did not anticipate much difficulty in making the crossing.

All went well for two or three miles, though I was hardly comfortable or easy in my mind.

[illegible]

Then I unsaddled Dandy, made as long a picket rope for him as I could with the leading strap and reins and let him graze.

In this country, fortunately, we always put a folded blanket under the saddle, as the latter is not padded; so, wrapping this not very heavy blanket around me, I sat down before my fire and vainly wished for supper. Hungry I was bound to remain, but at least, I reflected, I had a fire.

I looked at my watch, and discovered, to my dismay, that it was but just [illegible] o'clock.

My stock of firewood would last only, with economy, about a couple of hours, and the prospect of the remainder of the long, cold spring night without light or warmth was not alluring.

Just then a rascally wolf began to howl close by, and a coyote added his unpleasant yelp.

I knew perfectly well that neither of these animals would attack me, but still these little manifestations of company in the woods are very apt to make a solitary man feel that a fire is absolutely necessary to any degree of comfort.

I was not afraid of the wolf, but it was borne in upon my perceptions very clearly that if my fire went out and left me in that black, cloudy night in the forest, with, so to speak, the footlights turned out and a wolf and a coyote for orchestra, I should not feel much inclined for sleep; and to sit listening to those ululations, staring into darkness, would be trying to one's nerves.

So I made up a big blaze and began foraging afresh for fuel.

But I only got enough for another half-hour or so and had to resign myself to what seemed to be inevitable. I curled myself up in the blanket and soon dozed off.

At half-past eleven I woke up shivering with cold, and found the fire reduced to a little heap of embers.

The darkness was still black, and the wolf still in attendance. I put on a stick or two I had reserved, and tried to go to sleep again; but the cold was too great, and I began to walk round and round to get a little warmth into my limbs.

It was then that I struck the first bit of luck I had had that day. I tumbled over a big fallen tree trunk, and in getting to my feet, kicked off a large slab of dead bark. This I put on the fire, and to my delight, found that it burned like a torch.

There was enough of the bark to last me a week, so I stripped off a regular stack, and in a few minutes was warming myself at a big blaze.

Unfortunately, it burned out so very quickly that, made I up ever so big a fire, I would wake up cold in half an hour or so, with the fire to re-make.

About three o'clock it was pretty frosty, so I gave up all further attempts at sleeping, and devoted myself to tending the fire.

Soon after five appeared the first signs of dawn, which I heartily welcomed.

I was soon in the saddle, and shortly after six was making them up in Limestone to get breakfast—a meal to which, after riding sixty miles and doing a fast and vigil of about sixteen hours, I was well able to do justice.

[illegible] as the night had been, it was just as well that Dandy had forced me to camp, for a mile beyond our halting-place the trail winds round a precipice, and it was so icy there that I had quite a little difficulty by daylight.

Had we attempted it in the darkness, we should probably both have gone over into the river a hundred feet below.

We couldn't have camped on the bluff, nor could we have gone back, because there is no room for a horse to turn round; so to go on or go over would have been the only possible course.

The moral of the adventure was obvious. Don't try to do what there is every reason to suppose you can't get through with, or, in Western parlance, "Don't bite off more than you can chew."

SENATOR W. B. YEATS

Of the Irish Free State, who is also W. B. Yeates, the well known 20th century poet, classed with Robert Bridges, Delamere and Lawrence Binyon as one of the four greatest lyrists; and also he is W. Bird, the Punch artist.

## Clearing.

The forest has been brushed back as if with a huge comb. A cottage nestles snugly in the midst of vines, while the surrounding land has been gently tilled and covered with an emerald sward. The little gray chimney is a pedestal for the almost motionless vapor that hovers above it. This is the modest home of a modern Northwest pioneer.

[illegible]

Precociousness.

[illegible]

## Peace on Earth.

Some have found it in a garden,
Some have found it by a stream,
For the peace of true contentment is
The dearth of every dream;
Some have found it on the hill tops,
And the search is ages old;
But no man has ever found it in a
Selfish strife for gold.

Oh, 'tis plain which men are after as
They seriously, with the strong,
[illegible] the hope of every toiler through
The weary days and long,
[illegible]

There are countless ways to win it,
[illegible]
Some have come to it through sorrow,
[illegible]
But whichever way you wander and
Whichever choice you make,
You must have a touch of beauty for
The happiness you take.

[illegible]

— Edgar A. Guest.

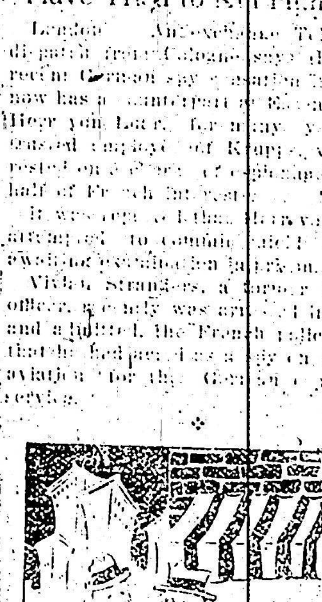
Not Wholly Exposed.

[illegible]

## CALL KRUPP EMPLOYEE SPY

### Man Seized at Essen Said to Have Tried to Kill Himself.

London.—[illegible]



A Wise Guy.

"The undertaker is a wise guy."
"How's that?"
"He has the [illegible] for three or four of the [illegible] automobiles."

## Duce Puts Abrupt Stop to New Year's Revels; Starts Year of Intensive Work by Italy

Rome.—Premier Mussolini's determination to make 1927 a year of intensive labor, with play reduced to a minimum, got off to a flying start when Rome's New Year celebration was cut short at the height of its gayety.

Scarcely had the new year been ushered in at cabarets, night clubs and other haunts of public merriment when the Prefect ordered that music must cease and entrance be refused after 1 o'clock and the places cleared by 2. One cabaret, exempt from the order because it had registered as an art theatre, did an enormous business.

Simultaneously, the police enforced an order prohibiting the time-honored custom of firing revolvers and dropping from windows crockery and worn-out kitchen utensils.

"Those who have work to do," the authorities explained, "should not be disturbed by such foolishness."

In a New Year's speech before the [illegible] Fascist Party [illegible] declared that the new year would be particularly interesting.

"Nineteen twenty-six saw the creation of the corporative State," he said. "In the course of 1927 it will begin to function. We will proceed in full view and always giving to the world the proof of a great national organization raised on bases different from all others."

There were innovations in the traditional ceremony of New Year's visits to the Royal Family at the Quirinal Palace. Premier Mussolini [illegible] [illegible] of the Order of the Annunziata, who rank as cousins of the King, as in previous years. During the [illegible] King Victor Emmanuel [illegible] Secretary General [illegible] of the Fascist Party and the members of the [illegible].

## TO ALL GOOD FELLOWS LIKE YOU

As I roam here and there, ere my journey [illegible],
May I always find friends [illegible] true,
May Dame Fortune in kindness my daily path bend
To a bunch of good fellows like you.

In this life I have found that we get what we give,
We are done to, forsooth, as we do;
So my prayer is that I may live while I live
With a bunch of good fellows like you.

There's a glint in your eye, there's a clasp in your hand,
There's a tone in your voice [illegible],
I think Paradise must be some sort of [illegible]
With a bunch of good fellows like you.

Here's a pledge to your health, to your [illegible] success,
For the folk of your kind are too few;
There is something to hearten, to gladden and bless
In a bunch of good fellows like you.

So I pledge you again, and [illegible]
And it springs from a sentiment true;
I shall always regret every hour I must [illegible]
From a bunch of good fellows like you.

— Wilbur D. Nesbit.

## HORSE TO STAY.

### Future Bright for Light Breeds and High Class Heavier.

"Anyone who studies the situation will be convinced that the horse's day is by no means done," says Mr. Williams. "The mechanization of traction [illegible]

Decline Too Swift.

"But for purposes of sport the horse will never be displaced. [illegible]

[illegible]

## LONG JOBS

Twenty-six Years Were Spent in Preparing One Illustrated Copy of the Bible.

[illegible]

## The Enthusiastic and Popular Music Teacher.

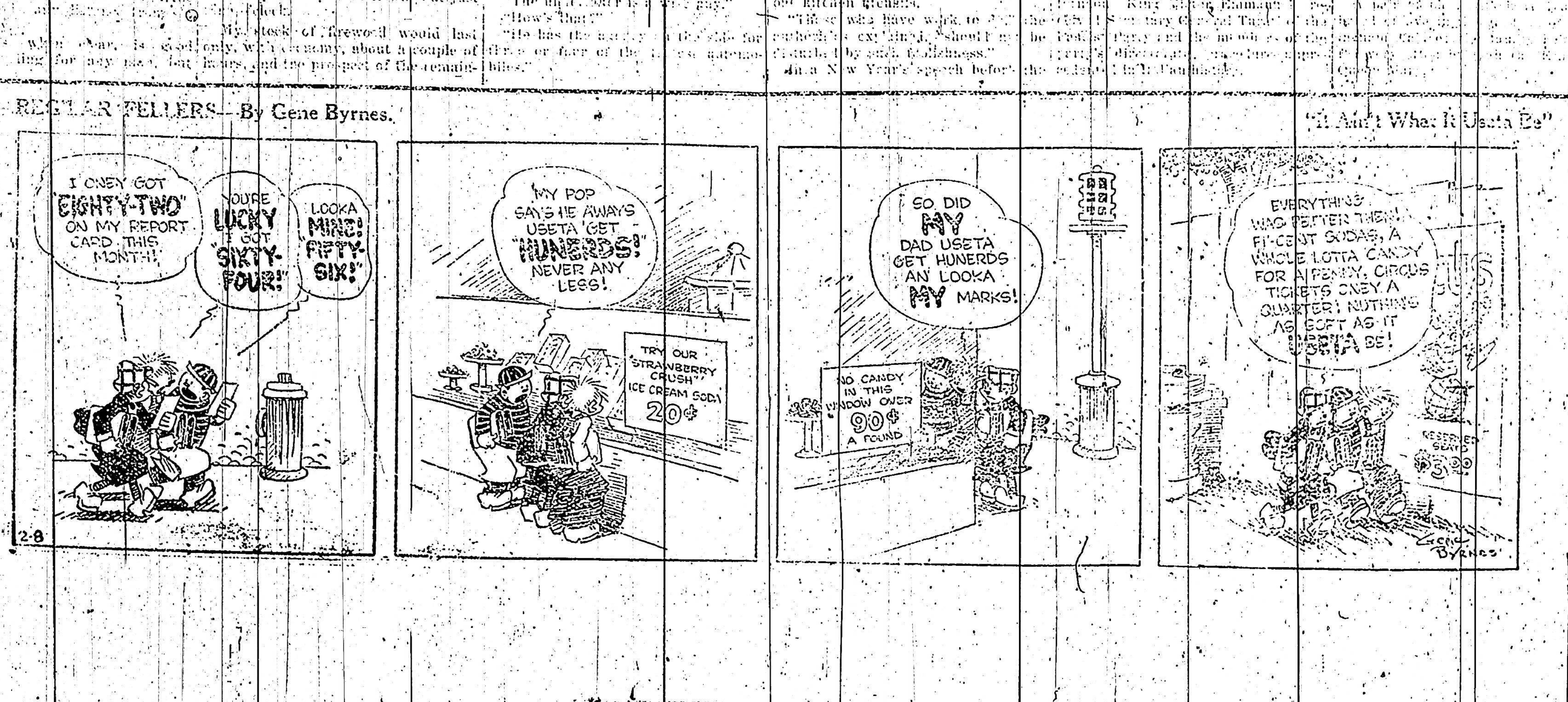
[illegible]

Royal Pets.

[illegible]

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.

"It Ain't What It Useta Be"




[illegible] Family.

[illegible]

In [illegible] "Ben Hur," 3,000 people and 10,000 movable dolls were employed.