

When Fred Was Lost In the Deep Woods.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE, JR.

Fred was out of bed by daylight, preparing for a trip into a big woods. He, with several companions of his own age, had for a long week been planning on this excursion, and Fred was full of eager anticipation. His mother was also at a very early hour, for she had much to do to assist her son in getting off before the sun should make the day hot for travelling.

"Now, son, you must not walk too far without resting under some friendly shade tree," warned the mother as she finished packing a good-sized luncheon for Fred to carry with him. "I've heard my old father tell of how he used to be able to walk 20 miles a day without fatigue because he was very careful not to overdo himself by walking too rapidly and too long without stopping on the roadside to rest. So remember that caution must be used by pedestrians on long trips."

"Oh, I'll be careful to not overdo myself," promised Fred. "But I must be off, mama, for the boys will be waiting for me down by the mill. We are to round up there, you know. I'll be back tonight in time for a late supper, I guess. But don't wait for me. Something might turn up to detain us, you know. So if I'm not here by supper time—or even at bed time—don't worry, mama dear. There's a big bunch of us together and nothing will happen to harm us." Then with a goodbye kiss to his mother Fred was off, his rain coat and lunch box swung over his shoulder in the form of a soldier's travelling pack.

As Fred had expected, his party was waiting for him at the mill, each boy supplied with his pack on his back and some of them carrying air rifles. "Come, will come in handy in the case of our meeting wild animals," said Shorty, a sturdy chap who was always on the lookout for danger.

"Yep, I wouldn't wonder if we'll have plenty of use for them ere before we've been in the woods an hour," agreed Peg, another sturdy little man of the party of adventurers.

Then they set off—five strong—down the "section road" towards a long line of grey-blue in the distance. This line of grey-blue was the edge of an extensive forest which had not known the woodsman's axe and was still in a charmingly wild state, abounding with small game and birds of almost every kind, and whose winding creek was full of fish. Peg, who went deep into the wild woods every year, hunters that were big, bold, and fearless. Of course these hunters were men, not boys like Fred and his party.

As the party of five sturdy little chaps made their rapidly increasing footprints in the deep white dust of the road many were the strange surmises voiced by them. Shorty hinted that they might happen upon an old Indian fort where human bones would be stacked in piles, rotting in the damp forbidden forest. Peg, who they hoped to come upon a treasure box filled with gold hidden in the bottom of the creek. He expected to come upon this rare discovery by stumbling his toe upon

human feet and hands, for the tracks of shoes—adult size—and bits of whittlings made by a pen-knife trimming down a bit of elder stick told the adventurers that other human beings from civilization were there also.

"Bet there's an exploring party somewhere about here," said Fred. "Maybe they are out trapping lions and tigers."

"Or hunting for Indian bones and an old fort," suggested Shorty, resting his gun from his shoulder.

"Who can tell but what they're in search of buried treasure?" said Peg, a look of mystery in his eye. "Always in the deep, shady forest there's been robbers in hiding, and they always hide their booty in great iron chests or strong boxes, and they're found many years afterwards."

"Yes, or maybe they're men what wants to study the life of a tribe of dwarfs," asserted Tom. "Yes, that's about it," declared his twin brother, "they're the dwarfs, I'll bet my hat."

"Well, we'll follow their tracks till we come to the men who made them," said Fred. "So far as I'm concerned, I'm not afraid. Are you, boys?"

"None," answered Peg and Shorty. "Nixey," added Tom and Sim. "We are here to discover and not to run from tracks."

So saying the five sturdy wended their way through the timber, which grew heavier and denser at every turn. The road soon became so dim that they could hardly discern the wagon tracks. And at last they were lost altogether. But human tracks were still to be traced in the soft soil wherever the fallen leaves were thin.

After about an hour's trudging through the woods the boys decided it was time to eat. They sat on the soft leaves and opened their lunch boxes. Sharp appetites soon did duty to the plentiful supply of food, and after finishing their repast there were enough provisions left to serve them as an afternoon collation should they feel the need of it before they made their start for home. (And whoever heard of boys not feeling in the need of victuals when there happened to be any left over?)

"Now as we're through eating," said Fred, who was the avowed leader of the expedition, "let's make some plans."

"Yep, we want some plans to go by," seconded Shorty.

"And we must divide forces," suggested Peg. "If we keep in a body we'll find nothing to speak of."

"Sure, sure," acquiesced Tom and Sim. "We want to find something worth telling about when we get home tonight."

So the "plan" decided upon was this: Shorty and Peg should go to the right, looking out for what they might find; Tom and Sam (who refused to be separated) should go to the left, looking out for what they might find; Fred, being the leader of the expedition, should go straight ahead—a gun for his companion—and discover anything of consequence that might lay in that direction. They were all to return over their own tracks at the expiration of an hour. As there were only two watches in the party they

consumed more time in going than he had consumed in coming. A little shiver of fear ran through him, but he quickly threw it off. "Oh, I'm not lost, even though the boys have gone on and left me," he said aloud.

"So on and on he walked, and pretty soon, to his astonishment, he came to a stream of water, clear and rippling over rocks and pebbles. Then Fred's heart quickened, for he realized he had been going farther and farther away from the place where he had left his companions.

He knew by description the geography of these woods, and he knew that this creek was much farther within the wood than he and his four comrades had intended to come. He paused and took council with himself. What should he do to this bearing? Clearly, he was lost. He decided to call out as loudly as his lungs would allow and then listen for an answering shout from his comrades. Several times he called "Hello! Hello!" but received no response from his fellows. Then Fred knew he must be a long way from the place where he parted with the company of the "right" and the "left."

And with Fred, foot-sore and heart-heavy, the day waned, getting dark very rapidly in the great woods. Fred was also very much afraid to be obliged to spend the night there alone. He began to think of all the animals of prey that might even now be scenting him and coming stealthily on his trail. He decided to keep on walking, followed the creek's course, for that he knew would lead him out of the woods to a point some eight miles from his own home. But he did not stop to think of the time required in reaching the place where this small stream flowed into a larger one, for had he done so he would have realized that he had more than an all night's journey ahead of him, for the creek was a winding one indeed.

After a long, long tramp Fred sat down on a fallen log to rest a bit. And then the almost miraculous happened. Voices, distinctly the voices of men, sounded in his ears. Fred's heart leaped to his throat in his ecstasy of joy. He called out in a voice which quivered: "Hello, Hello! I'm lost!"

An answering shout came from a nearby spot. Then in another minute two men appeared in the growing darkness, their forms just visible as they came forward. "Well," cried out one, lighting a match. "Where'd you come from, bud?"

And then Fred laughed some more, for the questioner was his own uncle John who, with a companion, was out hunting squirrels. It did not take Fred long to explain his dilemma, and as soon as he was through his uncle, and his uncle's companion, told him they were on their way back to town and that he might join them. Although Fred tried to describe the place where he had intended to join his comrades he could not do so, for, as his jolly uncle declared, "all the woods looked alike to him," and added that the boys had no doubt tired of waiting for their leader and had gone off homeward without him. This information made Fred wince, but he took it as philosophic

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



AN ATTRACTIVE RUNABOUT SUIT.

Every woman should have in her wardrobe a practical suit for runabout wear, made of some material which is practical for all kinds of weather. Such is the pictured suit of a gray skibo serge in a herringbone mixture of two shades of gray. The skirt of walking length is a gored model very full around the bottom and finished about the hem with a narrow band which extends up on the seams of the front panel to the knees and finishes with pointed ends. The coat, loose fitting and made of the same material, is single breasted, fastening with four large buttons covered with the serge, and

the neck is finished with a roll mannish collar. Breast pockets on both fronts show deep flaps buttoned down on the outside and there are deep patch pockets on the hips, these also with buttoned flaps. The sleeves are the regulation full length coat mode, which distinguished all of the severely tailored suits for fall, finished with a stiffened turn-back cuff with a button on the upper side. Straps which start at the bustline extend over the shoulder and to about three inches below the waistline in the back, where they are finished with a pointed end and clusters of three small buttons.

Have a Good Complexion

The Flower of Good Health

Keep the skin clean and healthy by washing it in soft water and fine castle soap. Use plenty of friction, a coarse towel, is just the thing. The secret is to bring the blood to the surface and maintain healthy skin. But you must have plenty of blood—the red kind, rich and pure. Unsightly blotches and blemishes will disappear. You will then enjoy the charm that a healthy complexion always gives.

Ferrozone cleanses inside just as soap does outside—by driving all humors and poison from the blood. Ferrozone will give you a ravenous appetite, it has to, to form blood and sinew. Blood is simply digested food which keeps the body alive and nerves steady. Ferrozone aids digestion, makes you strong and mentally active. Nerves—perhaps you are nervous now, but you won't be if you take Ferrozone.

Sleep—of course you will—Ferrozone is simply fine for weakness, and is so pure everything in it builds you up. Just take Ferrozone and see what it will do—watch your weight increase and the additional strength it brings. For a tonic and re-builder it is the best yet. Thousands use it. They say they could not get along without it. Better get a 50c. box from your druggist.

EARL GREY'S MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CONTEST

It Will Be Held in Ottawa During the Week of February 24.

Ottawa, Aug. 23.—The conditions for Earl Grey's musical and dramatic contest which proved such a success when inaugurated last winter, are to be renewed this year. Last year only places of 50,000 people or more could compete. This year there is to be no such restriction. Then from each province only one musical and one dramatic organization would be accepted. This year Ontario and Quebec will each be allowed to send two musical and two dramatic companies to the competition. The competition will be held in Ottawa in the week of Feb. 24.

THE D. R. A. SHOOT

Record Breaking Attendance Expected at Approaching Rifle Meet.

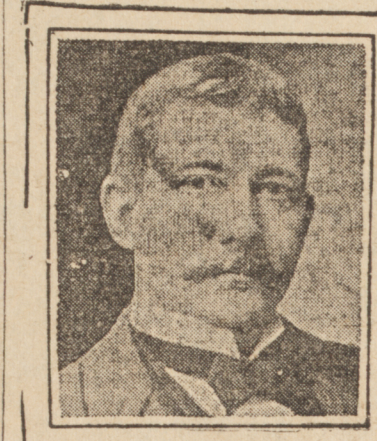
Ottawa, Aug. 23.—It is expected that the competitors at the D. R. A. shoot, which takes place on Monday at Rockcliffe range, will reach the number of 520. This will be the largest gathering in the record of shooting in Canada. Last year the competitors numbered only 468 and already this year 490 entries have been received.

It is thought that a good share of the \$10,000 prize money will go to outsiders. The Australian and English teams are very strong and there are said to be good marksmen among the Newfoundland six.

SEC'Y ROOT BROKEN DOWN

Brilliant U. S. Secretary of State Is Taking the Rest Cure in a Sanatorium.

New York, Aug. 23.—While Secretary of State Taft starts away on a tour of the world incidentally campaigning with the stamp of Rooseveltian approval prominently displayed, another member of the cabinet, Secretary of State Root, has so broken down in health that he has gone to a sanatorium for rest and recuperation.



ELIHU ROOT.

The country was shocked this morning to hear that he was at "Billy Muldoon's" famous farm near White Plains.

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If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 71, Windsor, Ont.

A FATAL MISTAKE

Montreal Man Drank Carbolic Acid Thinking it to be Ginger Ale.

Montreal, Aug. 23.—When Philas Morin came home tonight from work he was thirsty. Going to the sink he took up a ginger ale bottle, partly full, and thinking it contained a good cooling beverage took a good drink.

With a scream the unfortunate man made known to his wife that he had drunk carbolic acid. He was taken to the Western Hospital and lived but an hour.

The bottle containing the acid had been placed in the sink by Mrs. Morin to be out of harm's way and her husband had not noticed the small label saying it contained the deadly poison. Morin was 40 years old and leaves besides a wife two small children. The family lived at 1688 St. James street.

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T. McAvity & Sons, Ltd., have been awarded the contract for supplying 2,000 6-inch valves at \$13.50 and 25 8-inch valves at \$20 each to the city of Winnipeg in competition with a number of other firms. The St. John firm have on several previous occasions furnished western cities with water works supplies.

Safest Medicine for Women's Complaints

Women certainly do neglect themselves. They work too hard—over-tax their strength—and then wonder why they suffer with diseases peculiar to their sex. Most cases of female trouble start when the bowels become inactive—the kidneys strained—and the skin not cared for. Poisons, which should leave the system by these organs, are taken up by the blood and inflame the delicate female organs.

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OR (FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.) remove the CAUSE of these diseases. "Fruit-a-tives" sweeten the stomach—make the bowels move regularly every day—strengthen the kidneys—improve the action of the skin—and thus purify the blood. "Fruit-a-tives" take away those distressing headaches, backaches and bearing-down pains, and make women well and strong. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices, intensified, with tonics and antiseptics added. 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. At all druggists—or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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THE BORDEN MEETING, Opera House, MONDAY, 26th, 8 p. m.

Mr. R. L. Borden and Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron will address the people of St. John on the political issues of the day. Ladies will be provided with seats. All are welcome.

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And there they found the "right" and the "left" divisions grouped about a small campfire.

the corner of the metal box while he should be in swimming. Fred, with a brave light in his eye, declared he wouldn't be surprised if they should find themselves within a jungle filled with tigers, panthers and lions. Not that anyone had heard of such beasts of prey roaming those woods; but Fred did not stand in need of hearsay. He had a wonderful imagination from which he could draw at a moment's warning. Sim and Tom, the other two boys of the sturdy five, had an idea that deep within that forbidden forest there dwelt a tribe of dwarfs. But they declared they would not be afraid of such insignificant beings as dwarfs (Sim and Tom were twin brothers and always thought along the same lines).

And so they passed the time as they trudged along the narrow, dusty country road leading towards the darkly-wooded forest which held—as they fancied—so many strange adventures and dangerous experiences for them. And every little while Fred, remembering his mother's warning not to overdo themselves by walking too far without resting, would call the party to a halt, ordering them to sit on the roadside and rest.

About ten o'clock the party of adventurers and explorers reached the forest. They followed a wagon road, dim from want of frequent use and littered with dead leaves and fallen twigs and branches till they had penetrated to some distance. But to their astonishment the trees were so sparse in patches as to admit the sun. And here and there were signs of recent

were given to the "right and left divisions," and Fred, on his lonely way, would "count as he travelled to keep tab on the time."

Then, marking with a stick stuck into the ground their place of parting, and agreeing to wait at that point for each other on returning, the "three exploring divisions" set forth to make great discoveries. When alone, and out of hearing of his companions' voices, Fred began his work of counting. Every minute was recorded by a notch cut into a small stick which he carried for the purpose. He kept his mind well on his work of time-keeping till his eyes and ears became too busy looking and listening to remember his notching with the minutes marked.

The first half-hour thus passed, Fred peering through the bushes in the hope of seeing—NOT a jungle! What he did want to find was a camp with men sitting about it, telling stories and smoking. But though he kept on hunting and hoping to such goodly sight came into view. But the woods became very dark and the air damp and chill, and somehow Fred wished he had gone with the "left" or the "right" division; for seeking for adventures alone was a bit scary.

And after what seemed a long time to him he suddenly recalled his counting and the notch stick. Surely, surely, he had let the hour slip by without keeping track of the flying minutes. And his comrades had doubtless returned to their meeting place, and were patiently waiting for him. And what had they found? Perhaps they would make him ashamed of his poor efforts, for he had not even seen a squirrel, let alone a jungle full of wild beasts. He hoped with all his heart that the "right" and the "left" had met with the same disappointment, and would have nothing out of the ordinary to relate.

Fred turned about and began retracing his steps, or that is, he went in the direction from which he thought he had come. But he could not find his own footprints, the ground was too solid and the fallen leaves lay too thickly over it. Strange he could not have noticed this on coming! But Fred was brave-hearted and did not feel afraid. He went along whistling merrily, trying to assure himself that he was on the right track. But after a while he felt that he had already

ally as he could and arose and proceeded homeward in the company of his uncle.

But they hadn't gone more than a mile when a faint cry caught their ears, and they paused to listen. Again came the call: "Hello-o-o-o! Fred-d! Hello-o-o!"

"That's Shorty's voice," cried Fred. And he answered with all his might. Well, pretty soon Fred and his uncle and his uncle's companion came into a little clearing; and there they found the "right" and the "left" divisions, grousing about a small camp fire. They were near to the spot where Fred had agreed they should meet, and as Tom and Sim declared, "We meant to stay here, too, till Fred turned up." And then they told how they had been calling for two hours with all their lung power, and how they had built the camp fire to attract Fred's eye should he be too far away to hear their voices.

"Well," said Fred with feeling, "you fellows of the right and left divisions are all right, all right, you are. But what did you find on your expeditions? I didn't find nothing, except some hunters to fetch me back."

"And we didn't find anything—not even an old Indian bone," confessed Shorty. "But we did find our way back to our starting place."

"But the next time we'll find the old chest full of treasure," declared Peg. "There's one in this wood somewhere, sure."

And with hands full of sandwiches, which they munched on as they travelled, the party, under guide of Fred's uncle and his companion, went merrily homeward, reaching town just as the clock struck nine.

"Home for supper!" cried Fred, bounding into his own home where his indulgent mother had a nice "spread" on the table awaiting him. And in the enjoyment of it Fred almost forgot the terrible experience of being lost in a deep forest "filled with jungle animals."

Corns Are Like Knots

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