

## The Skin

is the outward mark of  
body. When the stomach,  
order, the skin is clear and  
ches, pimples, eruptions and  
of Becham's Pills to stimulate  
gans and improve the circula-  
better looks soon follow the use of

## M'S PILLS

guinea a box

U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

human intelligence in a girl be-  
fore he marries, just as surely does  
he begin to search for them after hav-  
ing had the prize package home for a  
while.  
Then comes the inning of the clever-  
er woman. A man likes to display a  
clever wife before his friends. Some-  
times the glory of her cleverness re-  
flects upon him. There must have  
been something particularly brainy  
about himself to have won the at-  
tention of this marvel.  
Thus begins the reign of the clever-  
er woman!"

## ERIA

adopts a Man's Methods—  
ance Has a Man?

ED LITTLE BLONDE

MARRISCALE

Agelow's Comedy

DDEN NORMA'

Walked in Her Sleep.  
Bluffed When Awake.  
Kissed and Skissed.  
Won a Fortune.

UDINI IN THE MASTER  
MYSTERY

Our Thrilling Serial

nd Dynamite" LARRY  
SEMOM

NDAY:  
Brockwell  
OF THE SOUL"

ERA  
US  
EVILLE

EDDIE VINE  
Comedy Entertainer

SMITH and TOSEL  
Classy Ebony Funsmiths

LA EMMA and BOYD  
Sensational Aerial Artists

The Terror of the Range

THE PRODIGAL LIAR"

Always a  
Good Show  
Ladies & Gentlemen  
MUSICAL COMEDY

2 Changes  
Weekly  
Monday  
Thursday

AMATEUR SPECIALTIES

GEORGE McMANUS.

SIR!

WATCH  
THIS ONE  
CLOSE.

AMATEUR SPECIALTIES

AMATEUR SPECIALTIES

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## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

## Weekly Chat

My Dear Boys and Girls:—  
How many of you who live out side  
the cities know that we have folk  
are just dependent upon you to keep  
us posted about the changes which  
must go on out doors to announce the  
coming of Spring? Now that automo-  
biles are forbidden to ride upon the  
roads those who might have had an  
occasional look about in the country  
are deprived this year, and so you  
dear little out of town friends must  
just tell us all about the things you  
can see.

True—we feel the winds, and know  
they are shaking all the trees, and  
saying "wake up, wake up" to the  
buds, small bushes and buried roots.  
Mr. Wind must call them so many  
times (just as little folk are to be  
called many times in the morning)  
before they really can appear robed  
in their nice new green dresses and  
coats. But then the buds must take  
their time because they need so much  
assistance. The rays from the sun  
and the warm rain drops are very es-  
sential to them. They must wait and  
wait for those things to encourage  
them in their waking-up, but I don't  
believe many of our boys and girls  
can find such good excuses, for they  
are rising and dressing quickly when  
called. One day the trees just start  
"wake up" real earnest like, and along  
comes Mr. East Wind, cold and raw  
and he chills them so that they shiver  
all over, then the trees just whisper  
to their baby buds to take another  
nap because if they appear while Jack  
Frost is about he will just nip their  
nice new green robes if they dress too  
quickly. So they have so many ex-  
cuses for sleeping again and start  
again and when they really do appear  
to stay for good, we feel sure that Mr.  
East Wind will not be back again for  
many months. Then there are our  
beautiful friends the birds. You really  
must let us know when they return  
from their Southern trip and start to  
build their new homes. Several let-  
ters from the kiddies have mentioned  
seeing a crow, but I don't believe any-  
one has told me of seeing a robin yet  
—although I am quite sure I have read  
in some paper of their arrival to our  
province. They are such majestic, no-  
ble looking fellows and my favorites.  
I believe of all the birds. If you see  
them looking around for material to  
build the summer nest with, just put  
out some wool, yarn, twine and bits  
of cloth. The robin will use all of those  
things and be so glad to have them,  
and please write Uncle Dick when you  
see them back, because the land  
seems a better, happier place when  
the robins return. One thing always  
struck me as strange about the robins,  
they build such comfortable, warm and  
strong homes and yet when night  
comes they choose a small bush to  
sleep on, they say that grown-up birds  
wouldn't dream of getting into a nest  
at night any more than you would go  
to bed in a cradle. They have their  
own proper sleeping places and know  
them just as well as you know your  
own bedroom. There are so many in-  
teresting things to learn about the  
birds that we will have to chat now  
and again about them all summer. In-  
stead of using our Sign of Spring  
coupon this week, we will have the  
Bird and Animal Protection, one, and  
kiddies I need a great many more  
members to that pledge, of course  
you couldn't sign the coupon when it  
has not been published lately. I need  
every one who has not already signed  
and returned the B. and A. Coupon to  
me. I hope they will do so now be-  
fore our bird friends all return, and  
then I will know that at least some  
little friends are going to give them  
a welcome and protect them at all  
times. Write me in the coupon and  
kindly inform me whether you are a  
new member just joining our C. C.  
or one who has belonged for some  
time.

We have had no new Signs of  
Spring this week, but if the East  
Winds don't make their visits too  
frequent we should soon have some  
wild flowers and the brightest eyes  
are going to find them the earliest.  
With the usual good wishes and love  
to all.

UNCLE DICK.

## Answers To Letters

LAWRENCE DICKSON—That was  
a very good example you sent me  
of your great pleasure in the Children's  
Corner. I thought you couldn't have  
had very brown crayon or you would  
have done the branch of the tree in  
that color, or green for the leaves.  
When you have all the colors use  
them in the most suitable and artistic  
way possible. It will soon be time for  
us to have another drawing contest,  
and so many kiddies enjoy them most.  
Thanks for the date.

LILIAN KILCUP, Lepreau—It is  
very encouraging to know how inter-  
ested you little folks are in the page.  
When you can hardly wait for Satur-  
day to come I feel that it pleases  
you very much. I did not use your  
riddle because I didn't like the answer  
and really it is not a riddle anyway  
without a real answer. I don't believe  
you would like to see your name to it  
either, but do send me some really  
good puzzles—the kind that you and  
all the members like to work out and  
I shall be delighted to publish them.

CARLE RIGBY, Hardland—I trust  
the copy of "Lone Scout" has reached  
you before our Saturday page does,  
and I humbly beg your pardon for  
keeping it so long. Carle, but Oh! I  
have been so very busy and when  
I had time I would forget simply  
because it was put away in such  
a safe place. Many thanks for lend-  
ing it and I hope to obtain your for-  
givness soon.

GRACE DAVENPORT—I was so  
sorry to hear that you had been sick  
too. So many of our members have  
been indisposed lately. That was  
why I had some suggestions in our  
Chat last week for little ways of re-  
membering the sick. I know you  
were a very happy girl to have your  
lucky back home again.

PAULINE GRANVILLE, Cumber-  
land Bay—Glad to hear from you Paul-  
ine, you have such a good chance in  
the country to watch the summer grad-  
ually come. There are so many inter-  
esting things to watch in nature stud-  
ies about you everywhere. How nice  
to be so fond of school and your teach-  
er, a pupil can learn so much easier  
when she or he is happy.

MARY GRANVILLE—If you want  
to do some thing to please me Mary,  
it will be to practice writing. I think you  
could be a much better writer if you  
just try hard and some of your little  
easy words were not spelled very cor-  
rectly so you can improve in that too.  
Do show me what a nice letter you  
can send me next time.

## Birthday Greetings

May it be the happiest birthday  
yet to those who celebrate during the  
coming week:  
Flo Ferguson, Lorneville.  
Roy Johnson, Inchy.  
Muriel Ye. Killis, Mt. Middleton.  
Dorothy Stewart, St. James St.  
Geo. E. Dryden, Celebration St.  
Marion Porteous, St. James St.  
Gordon Leing, W. Glasville.  
Josephine Wornell, St. Stephen.  
Adair Barker, Princess St. City.  
Marie Leano, Parkdale.  
Kenneth Haines, North Devon.  
Garnet Walton, Lt. Shemogue.  
Cora Bishop, Salmon Creek.  
Marjorie Atkinson, Fredericton Jct.  
Fannie Goldfarber, Prince Wm.  
St. City.

Lee Lewis, Young's Cove Rd.  
Ernest Stevens, Fredericton.  
Louis Sloroff, Chapel St.  
Hazel Thompson, Charlotte St.  
Helen Cosman, Charlotte St.  
Florence Allen, Paradise Row.  
Hilda Goodwin, St. James St.  
Lois McLean, Victoria St.  
William McKenna, Main St.  
Elizabeth Armstrong, Queen St.  
John L. McEachern, Up Main River.  
Fred Bridges, Prince Wm. St.  
Annabell McCracken, Armstrong's  
Corner.  
Evelyn Goggin, Centre Mifflinstown.  
Fred Bayard Tilton, Germain St.  
Muriel Vasey, St. Stephen.  
Mary Bridges, Prince Wm. St.  
Norah Acott, Debec.

## JIMMY COON STORIES

A NEW ADVENTURE FOR JIMMY COON.

Jimmy Coon and Little Miss Coon  
were victors in the great battle with  
the mongrel, and it was funny to see  
that ugly dog running for home  
with his tail up between his legs, and  
yelling with pain at every jump.

Little Miss Coon was the first to  
speak, and she murmured, "I don't  
know your name, brave Mr. Coon.  
But you have saved my life, and I  
can never forget your courage  
and goodness, to save me from that hor-  
rid dog, who was about to tear me to  
pieces!"

And Jimmy Coon felt his heart  
give a thrill of wonderful joy. You  
see no such lovely little lady Coon  
had ever spoken to Jimmy Coon in  
that way before and he felt very  
happy.

And Jimmy Coon smiled his very  
prettiest and replied, "My name is  
Jimmy Coon, Tim from Mirror  
Pond; and I'm delighted to have the  
chance to serve such a beautiful lit-  
tle lady. And I want to say that you

are the bravest little lady Coon I  
ever met!"

And little Miss Coon blushed; and  
nervously fixed the front locks of  
her hair, which had been disarranged  
in the great fight. Then little Miss  
Coon said, "My name is Miss Carrie  
Coon. And I live on the banks of  
Shining Lagoon. I have never been  
introduced to you. But because you  
saved my life, I want you to meet my  
father and mother, and brothers and  
sisters. Now come at once with me,  
and I'll show you our home!"

Jimmy Coon was so happy, he felt  
that he was walking on golden air.  
Jimmy Coon had never felt a happi-  
ness before in his little heart. It  
was a very pretty sight, to see little  
Miss Carrie Coon leading the way  
along little secret paths, through the  
deep woods, as Jimmy Coon followed  
her every step.

And by and by, they both came to  
a lovely shining lagoon, and on the  
banks stood a very big and old Syca-  
more tree.

"Here is where I live," said little  
Miss Carrie Coon; "and now I want  
you to follow me right up the front  
stairs, to our cozy little home."

And Jimmy Coon didn't wait for a  
second invitation; I want to tell you  
that he kept close to little Carrie  
Coon, for he was afraid to let her get  
out of his sight a single moment. You  
see he was afraid he would lose her.  
And when they reached the front  
door, dripping with water, he opened  
the door; and Carrie spoke up at once,  
"Mother dear, I want to introduce you  
to Mr. Jimmy Coon, from Mirror Pond,  
who saved my life from that horrid  
black and white mongrel." And Mrs.  
Coon shook hands with Jimmy Coon,  
in a very friendly way; and intro-  
duced the stranger to Mr. Coon, and to  
their sons and daughters.

Visitor (to facious farmer): "I'd  
like to know why on earth you call  
that knobby pig 'ink'?"  
Facious Farmer: "Because he's al-  
ways running from the pen."



## Fog-Bound With Fighting Mutineers

A Short Story in Three Chapters.

"Hullo! You! Hush!"  
It was a boy's voice whispering, and  
a hand was on Pen's arm.  
"Come forward with me," went on  
the voice. "I'm Philip. I saw you  
come aboard. There's mutiny. Hush!  
I'm going to warn the old man. You'll  
fight, I know!"

Pen seized Philip's hand, tar-tan-  
sted hand in a hearty grasp, and as  
Philip returned the pressure, he con-  
tinued, excitedly, "I'm Newfoundland.  
You're from the old country. That's  
all right. We are from the same  
stock. You beat this game yet.  
Come along!"

Conlon was still at the wheel, but  
Dolph had been swallowed up in the  
fog. Suddenly, there was a roar of  
rage in the tones of Gabe Munson,  
followed by scuffling and the pound-  
ing of heavy blows, as if iron or hard  
wood were beating on the gunwale.

"It's begun!" shouted Philip, rush-  
ing forward toward the head of the  
companionway leading to the little  
cabin.

Pen was there first, in time to see  
Dolph lying still, and paler than ever,  
on the wet deck, with old Gabe stand-  
ing over him and flourishing a heavy  
wooden belaying-pin, as thick as a  
man's wrist and some two feet long,  
as he defied everyone to come on.  
"I'll give you mutiny!" bellowed the  
captain. "Stand back there!" he  
continued, as Pen came into view in  
the fog; and the lad ran to jump back  
hurriedly to avoid a blow which had  
reached him, would have stretched  
him senseless.

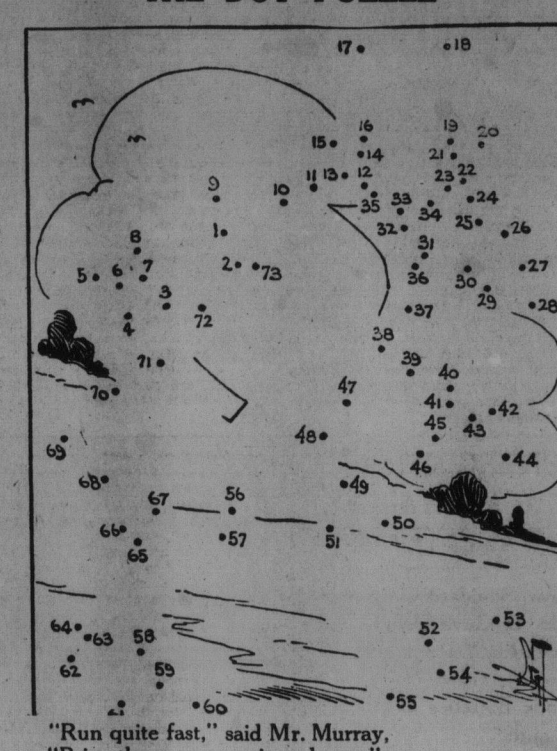
"Captain Gabe! It's Pen," he cried.  
But old Gabe had no time to reply.  
Pen had a hasty vision of the captain  
giving him a look of astonished recog-  
nition, as the voice of Williams, some-  
where in the fog, roared, "Down with  
him, Dolph!" and then a vast square  
object, like a house, with glittering  
brass and great glass eyes, loomed out  
of the mysterious white shadows;  
there was a heart-stopping shock, a rip-  
pling, tearing and crashing, and it  
seemed to Pen that he was looking at  
the body of the captain. "Give me a  
hand, Philip! There are two of them!"  
he heard.

The two lads pulled with all their  
might at the wreckage and at last,  
with an almost superhuman effort,  
dragged into the dory the senseless  
forms of Captain Gabe and Dolph, the  
mutineer! As they did so, a boat-  
hook was thrust out from the yacht,  
and the two lads, who were on top of  
which was close alongside, and the  
dory carefully drawn to the swinging  
sea-ladder. Two men in yachting flap-  
pels came down the ladder, and meet-  
ing the dory when she was on top of  
a wave, dropped lightly into it. One  
of the men bent down over the two  
sailors dragged from the water by the  
boys.

"This one is dead," he remarked,  
calmly, as he turned away from all  
that remained of the shipwreck un-  
derneath. "The other one is all right."  
he added, as he felt the heart of Cap-  
tain Gabe, and proceeded to apply the  
usual treatment prescribed for the ap-  
parently drowned.

"I am glad to hear that, Doctor,"  
remarked the second yachtsman, and

## THE DOT PUZZLE



"Run quite fast," said Mr. Murray.  
"Bring the — in a hurry."

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at  
Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

spar and some fishing-nets, which had  
been part of the loose furniture of  
his schooner's upper deck. He was  
unconscious.

"Looks as if the old man might be  
gone!" murmured Philip, sadly.  
"Easy all!" was Pen's response, as  
he lay flat in the boat, so that he  
could use both hands, and caught hold  
of a huddle of fish-net twisted about  
the body of the captain. "Give me a  
hand, Philip! There are two of them!"  
he heard.

The two lads pulled with all their  
might at the wreckage and at last,  
with an almost superhuman effort,  
dragged into the dory the senseless  
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tain Gabe, and proceeded to apply the  
usual treatment prescribed for the ap-  
parently drowned.

"I am glad to hear that, Doctor,"  
remarked the second yachtsman, and

Pen started at the voice.  
"Dad!" cried Pen.  
"Yes, Pen, and I am thankful to see  
my son alive," was the reply of the  
other, in a choking voice.

"I couldn't help it, dad," protested  
Pen. "Captain Gabe insisted that I  
would not be any good in a New-  
foundland fishing boat, and I had to  
show him what a Cornwall boy could  
do. I did not expect to have such a  
lively time, though, I admit."

"Eight thousand dollars gone to the  
bottom of the sea!" groaned Captain  
Gabe, as he came to his senses and  
realized that his schooner was lost.  
"Yes, Captain Gabe. But the three  
mutineers who meant to murder you  
are gone, too," remarked Pen soberly.  
"I suppose it was their lives or yours."  
"I don't know, Pen, I believe that  
with the help of you and Philip, I  
could have put down that mutiny. Of  
course, I knew that I could depend  
on Philip. Now I feel as if, in a pinch,  
I would as soon have a boy from Corn-  
wall as from Newfoundland."

"I shall buy you a new schooner,  
Captain," put in Mr. Trevelyan, his  
hand on his son's shoulder. "It was  
my fault you were run down. I heard  
Pen's voice. I wanted to go to him,  
but I was confused. And—was it at  
the wheel, you know?"  
"If Captain Gabe will let us take a  
trip with him in his new boat, I will  
show you a trick or two at steering  
dad," promised Pen, with a mischiev-  
ous smile.

THE END.

## A LITTLE HOUSE ALL YOUR OWN

One morning Little Sue thought  
what fun it would be to have a house  
of one's own, and play all day long,  
and not mind very much if one's hair  
dropped out, or one's slippers undid.  
And when she had thought of this for  
a minute or two, she made up her  
mind to go and build a house.

She took with her a very good doll  
and Teddy-Bear—who always had  
been left out of things. Then she  
went to the back door, which Pen  
was kneeling and some odds and ends  
of wreckage. The sharp prow of the  
Rosiere had cut like a knife through  
the side of the Molly-Jones amidships,  
and she had sunk without a moment's  
warning. Such things happen not so  
often, where fishermen work in the fog  
in the path of ocean liners and steam  
yachts.

The Rosiere had stopped her engines  
and Pen saw half a dozen persons, of  
both sexes, in white yachting flannels,  
looking down at him. But he had  
paid little attention to the yacht.  
There was work for him to do. He  
had loosened the oars lashed to the  
bottom of the dory, under the seats,  
and soon was rowing hard toward a  
small, round, dark object on the blue  
swell some little distance away. It  
looked like a man's head. So intent  
was Pen on reaching this object that  
he did not turn his head when he felt  
the dory tip suddenly, as if somebody  
were climbing in. Nor did he express  
any surprise when Philip put forth a  
clipping hatch and a clew from behind  
him and took one of the oars out of  
his hand.

"Two can row faster than one," re-  
marked Philip, quietly. Explanations  
could come later.

"Do you see him, over there?" asked  
Pen, suddenly putting all his strength  
into the one oar.

"Alive?"  
"Yes, yes!"  
"Pull hard, Philip!"  
"Aye, aye!"

It was, indeed, Captain Gabe, in a  
jangle of wreckage, consisting of a

as the Spalder-Cat, who simply loves  
to make folks feel miserable  
she is in a naughty mood—  
she came and scratched her paws on  
the roof so that the leaves went twit-  
tery-tweak, and swept her tail against  
the chimney-stack, and sang this song  
in a voice all fierce and whiny:

"Miaow-miaow, you don't know  
where I come from, where I go.  
What I choose to leave behind,  
What I look for, what I find!"

At first Little Sue and Tim thought  
the little house was singing; but after a  
moment they knew it wasn't the wind  
they heard, and they didn't like the  
song, and Little Sue said, "Do let us  
go home." And Tim said, "Yes, we  
will."

So they left a note for the Apple-  
Woman to tell her why they had gone  
and Tim also said in it that he was  
sorry he had broken the kettle lid, but  
that he had mended it.

Everybody at home was as pleased  
as pleased to see them back again;  
and Little Sue was pleased to be at  
home, and so was Tim. For you can  
be very homesick in a little house all  
your own.

MR. BLACKBIRD'S SPELLING  
CLASS.

"T-o-m and T-i-t!"  
"Sweet," chirped a robin, "sweet."  
"Nothing of the kind, not right  
at all."

Who is it builds his nest in a wall—  
Who is it sings the song, 'Zit-zit'?"  
"Tit," sang a thrush, "Tom-Tit."

"L and A and R and K?"  
"Tu-whit, tu-whoo," shrieked an owl.  
"Down, sir down, to the bottom of the  
class."

Who is it builds his home in the  
grass—  
Who is singing now overhead?  
"Hark! Hark!"  
"Lark," chirped a chaffinch, "Lark."

## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

## Puzzles

Bird Conundrums.  
1.—What bird believes in the Mon-  
archist Form of Government?  
2.—What bird introduces 'cata-  
strophes'?

3.—What bird is a Doctor of Divin-  
ity?  
4.—What bird is a tangle foot?  
5.—What bird is next to I but not to  
me?

6.—What bird is rubbish and an ex-  
clamation?

Numerical Puzzle.  
I am a word of nine letters.  
My third, fourth, fifth and ninth are  
used for binding large parcels.  
My sixth, first, eighth, and second are  
a narrow secluded road.  
My fifth, fourth, third and ninth are  
found on everyone's body.  
My fifth, first, eighth, and ninth are  
found in every window.  
In nine.

My first, sixth, fourth, eighth, and sec-  
ond are "by one's self."  
My fourth, first, and third are essen-  
tial to bonding.  
My sixth, fourth, first, and eighth are  
"something lent."  
My fifth, ninth, first, and third are a  
favorite fruit.  
My fifth, seventh, sixth, and ninth are  
"not ruddy."  
My fourth, third, and ninth are found  
in nine.

My whole is a modern invention.  
Enigma.  
My first is in male, but not in horse.  
My second is in caught, and also in  
trap.  
My third is in dragon, but not in  
snake.  
My fourth is in tore, and also in tear.  
My fifth is in fish, but not in fowl.  
My sixth is in horse, but not in cow.  
My seventh is in aunt, but not in uncle.  
My whole is the name of a group of is-  
lands off Africa.

## Riddles

1.—What is the beginning of eterni-  
ty, the end of time and space, the  
beginning of every end and the end  
of every place.  
2.—What is the longest word in  
the English language?—Sent in by  
Ronald Mackinnon.

## Answers To Puzzles

Thrift Stamp Problems.  
1.—Answer—\$36.48.  
2.—Answer—3 per cent.

Riddles.  
1.—Letter L.  
2.—Ohio.  
3.—Friendship.  
4.—Water.  
5.—His foot.  
6.—Both need dressing.  
7.—An umbrella.

Word Square.  
T I D E  
I D E A  
D E A R  
E A R N

Enigma.  
Clemenceau.

## Explained By a Naturalist

Speaking of the causes which lead  
to the long journeys undertaken by  
birds of passage, a naturalist says:  
"The two chief causes are food and  
climate. The frosts of autumn banish  
the insects, and so the birds which  
live on insects are forced to depart to  
warmer latitudes."

Ducks, geese, and other water fowl  
travel south in search of open water,  
while certain birds which, even if  
well provided with food, would be  
unable to bear the winter cold, mi-  
grate to countries where the condi-  
tions are more genial.

The instinct which leads birds to  
travel, wonderful as it is, occasion-  
ally misleads them. Feathered travel-  
ers have been known to migrate too  
long, and be overtaken and killed by  
wintry storms, or to miscalculate their  
distance and stop in some region not  
sufficiently far south for their com-  
fort.

Even the delicate little humming bird  
of Mexico is a traveler. At midsum-  
mer it will stray as far north as Can-  
ada, but it will be back again in its  
own latitude at the approach of the  
northern winter.

It has been noticed that migratory  
birds which have been reared in con-  
finement become restless when the  
season of migration arrives, showing  
that the instinct is an inherited one.

## Smile Kiddies, Smile

Sparks From the Anvil.  
The leaders of today are the average