## BEDTIME STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Uncle Wiggily and Simple Simon.

rowned stump, he heard a voice any content of the c

Uncle Dick's Chat With the Children

Result of The Standard Contest.

First Prize. Archie McLean, Back Bay.
Second Prize.
Dorothy Whitnest, Nayton, N. B.
June Guptill, Castalia.
Florence M. Gale.
Mary Northrup.
Special Mention.
W. Harris, Fairville.
Henry Long, Belleisle.
Donald Harper, Middle Sackville.
Douglas Woodworth, South Berwick.

THE SCOUTS' BATTLE.

By T. J. Anderson.

When the sunlight fades in the western sky

And the shadows softly fall,

As we swing along with our heads held high

To the song of the bugle call,

There's a something stirs in each swelling heart,

And we make up our minds to prove

We can each of us take a fighting part

## Morse Code.

being crushed.

I told them of the crowd of people, strong men, many of them, who were standing on the side shouting but dying nothing to help, and I asked them why this boy had been the one to make the first dive into the water.

They gave the same answer as before:

"Because it was his duty sir."

There are many boys and girls who

The Law of Duty.

The Law of Duty.

The answers that these boys gave me that night showed that they had already learnt a good dead about Scouting in a better way than by hearing a Commissioner talking to them.

They had learnt it by reading of the generous deeds and heroic actions performed by Boy Scouts all over the world, and they had learnt it by their personal acquaintance with the Scouts. In their own neighborhood, who, in spite of constant failure, were continually trying to do their duty in the spheres of everyday life.

You will, soon be meeting your patrol to speak to them on the third Scout Law, the Law of Duty.

Duty is not the same for everybody. Some people have one duty to perform and some another. It may be some man's duty to emigrate to Canada, while it is another man's duty to look after his mother in England.

Be Prepared to be Useful.

There are many bots and would like to write to each other, and this week I have received the name of the Gort her following member of the Gort her who would like to have either members correspond with her:

Lulu Trift, Youngs Cove.

SEE NEW CONTEST ON PAGE 5.

SEE NEW CONTEST ON PAGE 5.

THE BACK.

TO you were feel that you must have some rest for that lame and aching back?

Do you ever feel that those shooting, satishing, darting pains must be soften ind of before you can get into condition, whereby you can attend to your house hold duties without a pain or an ache?

When the back begins to ache it is a senting that there is something radically

There are many boys and girls who would like to write to each other, and this week I have received the name of the following member of the Corner who would like to have other members correspond with her:

Lulu Trift, Younge Cove.

world, we know.
They are found in the good Scott Law.
They are found in the good Scott S

tugging victously at the bell-rope, "hot one day, cold the next, now sun, now rain. — Oh, damn it! Now in France—ah, what a climate—heaveuly—positively divine; say what you will of a Frenchman, damn him by all means, but the climate, the country, and the women—who would not worship 'em?"

"Exactly!" said the languid gentleman, examining a pimple upon his chin with a high degree of 'interest, "always' dored a Frenchwoman myself; they're so—so—ah—so deuced French, though mark you, Selby," he broke off, as the rosy-cheeked maid appeared with the brandy and glasses, "though mark you, there's much to be said for your English country wenches, after all," saying which, he slipped his arm about the girls round waist. There was the sound of a kiss, a muffled shrick, and she had run from the room, slamming the door behind her, whereupon the languid gentleman went back to his pimple.

"Oh! as to that, Chester, I quarrel only with the climate. God made England, and the devil sends the weather!"

"Selby," said Sir Jasper, in the same repressed tone that he had used before and still without taking his eyes from the gray prospect of sky and tree and winding road, "there is no fairer land, in all the world, than this England of ours; if were a good thing to die—for England, but that is a happineas reserved for comparatively few." And, with the world, than this England of ours; if were a good thing to die—for England, but that is a happineas reserved for comparatively few." And, with the world, than this england of ours; if were a good thing to die—for England, but that is a happineas reserved for comparatively few." And yet it will be a glorious day later the douds are thinning already." Sir Jaspar went on; "strange, furtering sish, and thrust, his hands deeper into his pocketa.

"Deuced unpleasant subject!" said the ether, with a shrug at the cracked mirror. "Something so infernally cold and clammy about it—like the weather."

"And yet it will be a glorious day later the proper of the proper of the proper of the proper of the





