

se-Saves Soap

Snowflake Ammonia
le pan of dish water,
dissolves the grease
from the dishes—
and saves its cost
in soap.

Use it in kitchen, bath,
room, laundry.

ake
STRENGTH
onia

“You'll like
the Flavor”
e Big Value
ackage that is
guaranteed.

packed in bright
and price marked
very package.

29th Street
CITY

ort and Refinement
ATH, \$2.50 UPWARD
TH, FOR TWO

De.
F. Head Room Price.
RETY, Mar.

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Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Dearest Boys and Girls:—
It is quite a long time since we have
chatted about those many fellows—
The Boy Scouts. They have been so
much service all during the war and
have certainly done their bit in assist-
ing a great many of the patriotic un-
derstandings, but their good work goes
on all the time and they seem to be
in evidence at peace times as well.
They just about owned the city of St.
John on last Friday—the day their
great leader, Sir Baden-Powell, was
here. Everywhere you looked about
the streets on that day you could see
a hustling chap in uniform rapidly
hurrying hither and thither. To be-
gin with the weather was ideal and
that means everywhere you looked
a demonstration, but it was particu-
larly necessary to the Boy Scouts, be-
cause their uniforms are really spoiled
by covering it up with overcoats or
worse than that—a rain coat. It is
hardly warm enough for a really cold
day and certainly not heavy enough
to keep out the rain, so you can find
how thankful everybody interested,
to have an ideal Spring day. Be-
sides, all their celebration was plan-
ned for outdoors and that was another
reason why the weather vane's favor
was much desired.

Some of the members of the Scouts
about fifty I think, met on the train,
which brought their celebrated organ-
izer, quite early in the morning and
formed the guard of honor for the
day.
But it was in the afternoon that every-
body was alert and how I did
think of the boys and girls of our
Children's Corner and wish they could
all have seen what I witnessed on that
day. Of course many of you in the
city were also there, but I am going
to give the little friends who live out-
side the city a little idea of what they
missed. It had been planned to have
a review on our widest street about
three o'clock and Sir Baden-Powell
was to be taken there for that pur-
pose. Well, he arrived alright and
about a dozen Scout officials were
standing about to greet him besides a
great many hundreds of men, women
and children were in every direction,
one looked all white with excitement,
but a Boy Scout could be seen at all
times. But it was not just what their
leader thought at first, perhaps, he de-
cided the Scouts were all late in ar-
riving or maybe they were not in-
terested enough in his visit to attend
but I hope he at least wondered a
bit over their absence, and even if he
felt a little disappointed his joy a few
minutes later must have been very
great indeed at a given signal from
the leader, hundreds of Boy Scouts
leaped out from every direction, cheer-
ing as they ran and in a very few min-
utes Sir Baden-Powell was surrounded
by these fine little fellows, still in
his proper place and all ready to
salute together. So that you can pic-
ture them springing up so suddenly,
I will tell you how they kept so well
out of sight.

On one side of the street there is
a hill which is part of the old Loyal-
ist graveyard and it has several old
tomb stones in it which made ex-
cellent hiding places, then on the
other side of the street, near the court
house there is a wide open space, be-
hind the sidewalk to quite a large
platform, which has a railing around
it, so with many people standing
about and these hiding places, be-
hind the people you can easily under-
stand how the genuine surprise was
arranged. After their review was
over they gave hearty cheers for their
distinguished visitor and he in turn
addressed them, then they had their
parade and went well and good,
some with green, others with purple
and still more with yellow necker-
chiefs. Oh, yes, before I forget the
nicest appearing troop all came
quite a long piece—from Sussex—in
automobiles, to take part in the de-
monstration and of course they were
given first place in the parade. We
certainly had a reason to be proud of
those visitors for they conducted
themselves admirably and looked ev-
ery inch a soldier. It was indeed a
memorable day for the Boy Scouts.
One would think after such a busy and
exciting day that these Scout friends
would be very tired and need to rest
a bit, but not so, they were among
the earliest to welcome back our brave
infantry men on the following morn-
ing and with their own horns gave loud
and noisy expression of their glad
feelings besides joining in the parade
as the returned men walked through
the streets. So you will all agree
with me that the Scouts have been
very busy fellows of late and though
they miss a great many things, which
the country chaps may have yet their
day for celebrating comes along some-
times to help even up the joys and
privileges of life.

Not many days remain for the
bright eyes to find some more wild
flowers, but with all this warm sun-
shine of late a great many will open
out in time to win a Thrift Stamp.

Lots of love to you all,
UNCLE DICK.

“Why do people speak of easy jobs
as velvet?”
“You can be for yourself that when
they strike a soft thing they make
a pile on it.”—Baltimore American.

Moving Picture

Funnies



Fold along the dotted line.

Answers To Letters

ELEANOR SHARPE—Your letter
explains the mystery for I could not
tell you what had sent all the buds and
leaves. Evidently you had not read
of the specimens received for nearly
all of years have been acknowledged
some time ago, and during the last
few weeks we are giving prizes to
blossoms only, as the buds and leaves
were all awarded prizes during the
early days of the contest. Perhaps,
you have not been reading our page
regularly, your collection was a splen-
did one indeed and I am really sorry
it was too late. Glad to hear from
you again.

LILLIAN KILCUP—If you read last
week's Corner you would see that
your specimen was awarded a prize.
Sorry.

VERNON R. BREIN, Moss Glen—
We surely welcome you as a new
member and hope your interest will
continue. You will see part of your
contribution has been successful. The
others having been listed among the
buds.

MARION BROWNE—You must not
feel disappointed when not always in
the prize list, that only takes away
the pleasure you have had in hunting
for specimens, besides you wish the
contest to be fair don't you? Now
one of your signs for this week Balm
of Gilead was acknowledged in March
the other one you mentioned must
have dropped out before your letter
was sealed for I failed to find it en-
closed.

KENNETH FLEWELLING—The
yellow flower you sent was not named
right, Kenneth, as it is a daffodil and
is a cultivated flower. The current had
been acknowledged before, also the
strawberry.

DOUGLAS MCNEILL, Chocolate
Cove—Your box came just in time
Douglas, but most of your signs had
already won prizes, you did not name
correctly the one which took a prize,
but the names are quite confusing I
admit. Glad to hear from you any-
time.

MARY BEST—Glad you called my
attention to the man, woman, boy
and boat puzzle. Part of it was left
out in the answer and certainly did
not explain how they all reached the
other side. Thanks for your kind
words about our page, hope to hear
from you soon again.

Birthday Greetings

To the members having a birthday
during the coming week we wish them
many happy returns:

Charlotte Oakin, Westwood St.
Elva Whorton, Upper Kent.
Outhbert Kane, Duke St.
Dorothy Powler, Sackville.
Marguerite Gannon, Middle Ave.
Gertrude Coram, Canterbury St.
Edna May Cooper, Gagetown St.
Fannie Hubbard, Cassels, P. O.
Pauline King, British St.
Edith Wran, Campbellton.
Henry Hollies, King St. East.
Kathleen Miller, Sussex.
Rose Parks, St. Georges.
Frances Marabank, Sussex.
Mary Thorne, Cambridge.
Charles Campbell, Britain St.
Arthur McCluskey, Leinster St.
Harding Oulton, McGivney Jct.
Ethel M. Elliott, Young's Cove Rd.
Harold Northrup, Dorchester St.
Agnes Pacion, Eby St.
Laura Berry, Tiverton, N. S.
Agnes Hicks, Gunnville.
Pearl Parker, Blair, P. O.
Hilda Sloan, West St. John.
Draunby P. Good, Bathurst.

NEW MEMBERS.

We are pleased to enroll as new
members:
George A. McParlane, age 9, Wawa-
lin, Sunbury Co.
Vernon R. Brien, Moss Glen, Kings
County.
Mary N. Best, age 11, Sussex.

IF I COULD DIG LIKE A RABBIT.

If I could dig holes in the ground like
a rabbit,
I'd know what I'd do?
Well, I'd dig a deep hole.
Right under that tree.
Then I'd go down and down,
And find out where the tree starts.
And I'd find out how it eats and
drinks,
And what makes it grow.
Yes I would!

P'raps I could dig a hole right up into
that tree.
And see it grow.
But p'raps I couldn't.

Anyway I could dig way down,
And see all the flower seeds,
And all the grass seeds,
And under that big rock there might
be some rock seeds.
And I'd see everything start growing.

Do all the seeds make noises
When they start to grow?
What do you suppose about that?
I suppose they sing.
'Cause they're so glad to come up here
and see the sunshine.

Well, anyway I'd find out all about it,
'way down there.
And then I'd want to come up home,
And I'd have so much to tell to you!

If I could dig holes like a rabbit,
That's just what I would do.
—Rae Strong Hubbard.

CHEER ONCE IN A WHILE.

When you see the other fellow try-
ing hard to accomplish something,
stand up and yell for him when you
get a chance. It'll help him a heap.
A baseball team plays better when
its friends are cheering for it, and a
boy or man climbs nearer to success
when his friends swing their hats in the
air and yell, "Bully for you. Fight it
out!"

HOW FAST CAN YOU READ.

Peter Prangle, the prickly prangy
pear picker, picked three pecks of
prickly prangy pears from the prickly
prangy pear tree. If three pecks of
prickly prangy pears were picked by
Peter Prangle from the prickly prangy
pear tree, where's the three pecks of
prickly prangy pears from the
prickly prangy pear tree that Peter
Prangle, the prickly prangy pear pick-
er, picked.



Out-Straining a Tiger.

An Ordeal in the Jungle Night.
For miles round I was the only
white man in that lonely forest of
Jungle (relates a British sportsman
who bought a bungalow by a river in
East India, and dwelt there in quest
of adventure). And it was by a miracle
that I escaped a terrible death and
saw civilization again.

The trees and grass went right
down to the water's edge, and if I
wanted to stir out, my only chance
was to find some place where a goph-
er had crushed his way through the
thickets, and so follow his track.

With the coming of each night a
noise commenced like the blowing of
forty cracked brass instruments. That
noise that an elephant was going
down to the water. He would wake
up the crocodiles in the mud, and
they would start bellowing and splash-
ing in chorus.

This would awaken the monkeys in
the trees, and their chattering and
squealing helped to swell the din.
That would rouse some dreadful old
native bird, whose name I could never
find out (perhaps no one had ever
been able to invent one bad enough
for it), and it would start shrieking
away as if somebody was being mur-
dered.

And then, all at once, there would
come rolling through the depth of the
forest the roar of a tiger, which seem-
ed to strike them all silent for a mo-
ment, as a cannon drowns the crackle
of fireworks; but in another minute
or two they were all just as bad as
ever.

But the things that plagued me most
were the jackals. Judge what it must
have been for a man fresh out from
Europe (and rather feverish into the
bargain) to hear under his window,
every night and all night long, a noise
like forty children were being bitten
by half a dozen mad dogs.

"This is getting intolerable!" I de-
cided one night. "I must go out and
do something to get the value of sil-
ence."

As soon as it was light I went into
a small clearing in the jungle, where
I had a hole deep and stiff that I
made, leaving only my head and arms
out. There were any number of jack-
als' tracks about, so I knew I should
get plenty of sport.

That night, when my servants were
asleep, I visited the hole with a rifle
and began my vigil. But those wretch-
ed jackals seemed actually to have got
a kind of what was in store for them,
for not one showed his nose.

Well, then I waited and waited, till
at last I got so tired and stiff that I
was just thinking of giving it up and
going home to bed, when I thought I
heard a rustling in the thicket just in
front of me.

The next moment there was a sharp
crackling, like dried twigs snapping
under a heavy weight, and a few
feet inches from my head, a light
filled the hole with a little to see
moonlight, came stalking the biggest
tiger I had ever seen in my life!

CHAPTER II.

My word! It did give me a turn!
There was the great brute's face but
a few inches from my own. I dared
not make the least movement. My only
chance was in keeping absolutely still.

I imagine my position cramped up
Well, I'd dig a deep hole.
Right under that tree.
Then I'd go down and down,
And find out where the tree starts.
And I'd find out how it eats and
drinks,
And what makes it grow.
Yes I would!

P'raps I could dig a hole right up into
that tree.
And see it grow.
But p'raps I couldn't.

Anyway I could dig way down,
And see all the flower seeds,
And all the grass seeds,
And under that big rock there might
be some rock seeds.
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Do all the seeds make noises
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What do you suppose about that?
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'Cause they're so glad to come up here
and see the sunshine.

Well, anyway I'd find out all about it,
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And then I'd want to come up home,
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—Rae Strong Hubbard.

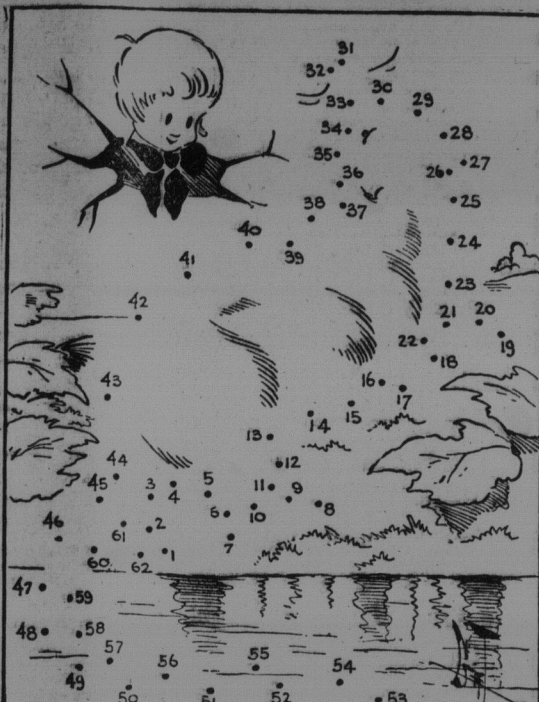
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Prangle, the prickly prangy pear pick-
er, picked.

THE DOT PUZZLE



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

Baby Bear Stories

By Neil Minor.

BABY BEAR'S MAY DAY.
"Mother Bear, what's May Day?"
asked Baby Bear.

His mother answered: "May Day
is the first day of May. It's the day
on which we celebrate the spring-
time and welcome the flowers and
birds and butterflies. It's a beautiful
day, Baby Bear. If you are a
good little cub, I'll bake some honey
cakes and you shall help pack the big
honey basket and well have a May
Day picnic."

Baby Bear liked picnics and he
liked to have Mother Bear bake
honey cakes, so he thought May Day
would be a very happy day.

One day he saw Bo Peep from
Mother Goose Village, and asked her
to tell him something very nice to
do for May Day.

"Don't you know?" Bo Peep asked.
"Why, you must fill a little basket
with flowers for the one you love
best and this is the way you must
give it. The night before May Day,
if it is dark, you hang the basket
on the door knob, then run up
the door and run. If some one comes
out and chases you it is more fun.
You must run and hide in the bushes."

Baby Bear decided to hang a May
Basket for the one he loved best.
He took a basket and filled it with
flowers for the one you love
best and this is the way you must
give it. The night before May Day,
if it is dark, you hang the basket
on the door knob, then run up
the door and run. If some one comes
out and chases you it is more fun.
You must run and hide in the bushes."

He went out into the woods and
saw a little black and gold bird.
He looked up and saw a beautiful
tree to think. Father Bear said that
you could think your way out of al-
most any trouble if you only thought
hard enough, and Baby Bear was
thinking very hard indeed.

"Cheep, cheep, friend Baby Bear,
why are you sitting there moping with
your back against a tree this beauti-
ful spring day?" called a sweet voice
over his head.

He looked up and saw a beauti-
ful little black and gold bird, signed
Baby Bear. "I'm not moping, I'm
trying to think a way out of my
trouble."

"Tell me your trouble," coaxed the
little golden oriole. "I haven't for-
gotten how you helped me last sum-
mer when my babies were learning to
fly. I remember that you guarded
them and kept every creature away
that would harm them until their lit-
tle wings were strong enough to carry
them."

Baby Bear told how very much
he had wanted to hang a May Bas-
ket for his mother, but he didn't
have any basket and he didn't know
how to make one, and that was trou-
ble enough, wasn't it?

"The little oriole grew so excited
that she danced on the branch till
Baby Bear was afraid she would fall.
Perhaps I ought to have let him go,
but a feeling of rage swamped all pru-
dence. I jumped out of the hole, and
levelling my rifle, gave the tiger both
wildly and came down—stomping
dead."

After that night I decided to leave
the jackals alone.

Looked That Way.

"Edith, the young man has been
calling on you now for over a year.
Isn't it about time he was breaking
the ice?"

"I don't believe he intends to
break the ice—he's going to wear it
out."

filled it with the sweetest spring
flowers he could find.

"Hang it early," said the little
oriole. "I always tuck my head
under my wing and go to sleep be-
fore it's fairly dark, but I must see
my dear little nest when it is hung
on the door knob for a May Bas-
ket."

When it began to grow a teeny-
weeny bit dark in the woods, Baby
Bear hung the basket on the door
knob, and he took the basket back and
his little brown paw three times,
"rappa-tappa," then ran and hid
behind the big tree where the little
black and gold bird sat.

Mother Bear opened the door and
when she looked all around to see
who had rapped on her door she spied
the May basket.

"Who's there?" she called, and
when no one answered she came out
and went hunting and poking around
in the bushes and down the path, call-
ing in her middle-sized bear voice,
"Somebody hung me a May basket!
I'll catch him! I'll catch him!" but she
never poked behind the tree.

Baby Bear had to stuff his little
brown paw into his mouth to keep
from squealing out loud and the lit-
tle golden oriole was so excited that
she forgot and said, "sweet-sweet-
sweet-sweet."

Then Mother Bear gave up look-
ing and went into the house and Baby
Bear told the little oriole good night
and he went in, too.

He had to tell Father Bear about
the May basket, because he couldn't
keep the secret all to himself.

You had such a good friend, Sonny
Bear. Father Bear was glad to hear
of it. It is better to have friends than
to be the richest little cub on
Story Book Island, and always re-
member, and Baby Bear was think-
ing very hard indeed.

"Cheep, cheep, friend Baby Bear,
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A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Puzzles

My "first," is one of twelve that make
The time twist birthdays two—
One of the twelve that come and go
And leave their gifts with you.

My "Second's" one of thirty one
That make my first always
The time to play the time to work
And do the good.

My whole's a second of my first,
'Tis then a girl may go,
And be a queen, and wear a crown.
For just an hour or so.

Word Square.
1.—A transparent mineral.
2.—A mountain goat remarkable for
its horns.
3.—Part of a battery.
4.—The rod upon which a wheel re-
volves.

Conundrum.
My first is in time but not in tune,
My second is in war, but not in soon,
My third is in fly but not in bee,
My fourth is in flood though not in
sea.

My fifth is in light, but not in sun,
My sixth is in two likewise in one
My seventh is in well, but not in laugh
My eighth is in whole, though not in
half.

And my ninth you'll find if you will
hark,
Somewhere, sometime, maybe, in the
dark.

My whole is in bloom this time of
year,
And worn by many both far and near.

Thrift Problems.
1.—A farmer purchased 3 sheep for
\$25.27. At what price must he sell
them to gain enough to buy 1 W. S. S.
(April).

2.—How many W. S. S. (April)
would 400 eggs at 48 cents per dozen
purchase?