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Write for our Scout booklet—it is full of useful information about Signalling, Scout rules, etc.—which every Scout should know.

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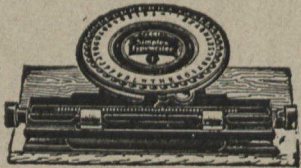
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# A Day Off--Doing the Exhibition

In Lighter Vein--Thrift and Serious Things Being Left in Abeyance

By NORAH M. HOLLAND



The Midway—where the person who is destitute and penniless may be sure of finding entertainment



ROWDS, crowds, crowds! The sidewalks were full; they overflowed into the wide roadways. The Canadian National Exhibition held sway. The whole grounds appeared to be a jumble of kaleidoscopic figures, tossing and changing ever as we gazed into some startlingly new combination of color and movement.

Here a fat old lady, in tight violet satin, panted along, gasping out orders and comments to the subdued looking man at her side.

"Mercy me!" we heard her ejaculate, as she gazed at the crowded cars of the Ferris Wheel ascending slowly heavenward. "It's as bad as Elijah! How folks can! Why, if I ever dared to go up in one of them seats, I'd expect it to break just as it got to the top, and then where'd I be? That's what I want to know."

As we gazed at her ample proportions, that was what we also wanted to know. We lingered close at hand a moment in hopes that she would try the experiment, but her thirst for knowledge did not reach so far and she panted on her way without doing so.

Presently a small girl came staggering along, clapping in her arms a live duck. The child's face wore an expression of mingled exultation and affright; the duck was looking distinctly bored. When, however, his eye caught the gleam of water at a little distance, his expression changed to one of hopefulness. A small pink ear was temptingly near his beak. He hesitated, opened it—there was a tweak, a shrill yell of pain and amazement and Mr. Duck was free. Many hands attempted to seize him as he waddled quickly towards his native element, but he made a brave fight for liberty, quacking, hissing and snapping, and he was on the verge of success when the ubiquitous small boy came to the help of the enemy. A dive, a grab, and he was held fast by one leg and despite his frenzied efforts, he was borne away and restored to his sobbing owner, who carried him away, head downward this time and voicing his indignation in weird gobbles and quackings.

### "IT IT AGINE JOE!"

ON we went through the crowd. We paused a moment to watch a red faced young man in a suit of very badly made tweeds pounding with an enormous hammer upon an iron block in an endeavour to make a heavy weight run up a post and ring a bell upon the top thereof. He was surrounded by admiring relatives, male and female, who implored him to "It it agine, Joe—you'll do it this time." Joe obligingly complied—but did not "do it;" whereupon

he stopped, glared around him with ferocious determination, took off his coat, spat on his hands, swung the hammer round his head and delivered one last blow. The weight gave way before his attack, the bell sounded, and we left him smoking a very bad cigar, the reward of merit, and being patted lustily on the back by various energetic friends, to one of whom he was remarking a trifle bitterly, "You, Alf, if you do that agine, I'll smack your 'ed."

On again! And now the barking of dogs reached our ears and we turned

### The Very Joy Of It!

WHEN you threaded your way down the Midway—that last time you were at "the fair"—do you remember the joy of it, the exhilaration you felt to be a part of that great mass of humanity? And the humorous, the touching by-plays that were enacted all around you—how you enjoyed them!

You forgot the high cost of living, set thrift aside for that day only. So did we all—may we be forgiven!

We give you an opportunity to live it all again—with Norah M. Holland. She escorts you through with the wit of her country as an unerring guide.

—The Editors.

our steps to the ramshackle wooden building which for many years the Exhibition Authorities have considered good enough quarters for mankind's best friend. Year after year they have held forth hopes of a more commodious and better show-place, and year after year exhibitors have been disappointed. Let us hope that by next year their expectations will be realized and the old Dog Building be a thing of the past.

Once more the magic symbol of the power of the Press was invoked and once more it proved all powerful. We entered the building and proceeded to dogs and one of our greatest pleasures is the yearly visit to the big show. Most in Toronto more than once and are consequently good friends of ours, so

we felt ourself sure of a welcome. And we got it! We appreciate affection as much as most people, but there are limits—and these are reached, when a large white bulldog, after sitting up on your knee and snuffing damply all over your face and neck, proceeds to plant moist and enthusiastic kisses in your ear. We removed him and went on to greet other and more self controlled acquaintances.

### THAT PUPPY "HECTOR"

ONE new friend we made, whom we are not likely to forget. He was a mastiff puppy, Hector by name, and his age was eight months and nine days. He stood thirty inches high at the shoulder, weighed one hundred and twenty-two pounds, and when, in his pleasure at the introduction, he planted two large paws on our shoulders, we sat down with more haste than dignity. He was truly a beautiful creature and his master was justly proud of him. There were a half dozen five-weeks-old mastiff puppies there also—fascinating, soft cuddly things that it seemed almost impossible to believe would grow to the gigantic size and strength of their big brother.

One word we should like to say about the senseless conduct of some of the creatures—we will not call them men—who patronize the dog show, and persist in worrying and tormenting the dogs. One such person we had the extreme pleasure of seeing rather badly bitten, and we hope it will teach him a lesson. The great majority of the dogs were most friendly and good-natured animals, but no dog, however good-tempered, will stand being poked with papers and prodded with umbrellas more especially when already excited by the unwonted proximity of hundreds of his own kind, and rendered irritable by confinement. We think it spoke well for the patience of the much-tried animals that there were no more people bitten.

Having thus voiced our own little grouch, let us hasten to add that we have heard of a greater and much more serious complaint, that is to be made to the Exhibition authorities. As we were passing the "Applied Art" Building behind us, "Oh, Henry, I dote upon art. Let us go in." Turning we saw a solemn faced man in black, with a lady leaning upon his arm.

As we also dote upon art, we followed them into the building and found ourselves in a series of rooms hung round with Persian rugs, and with tables down the centre holding ancient Persian manuscripts, embroidery and jewel-work whose gorgeousness of coloring and beauty of material and workmanship seemed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31)