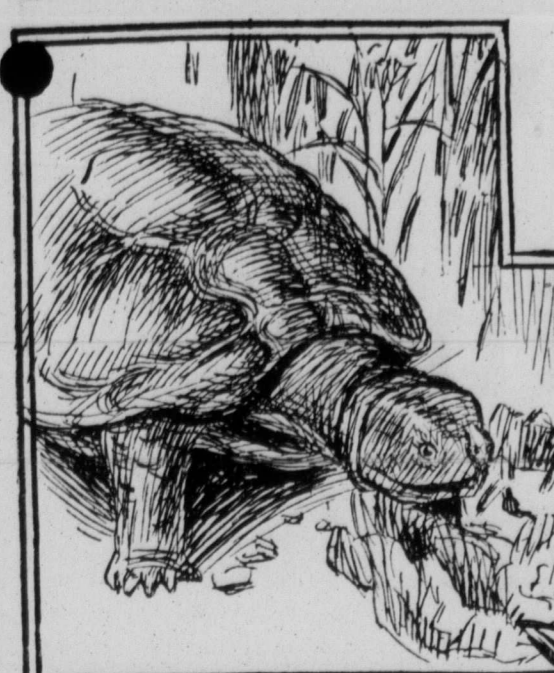


HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THEM?



THE TORTOISE'S BREAKFAST

HERE'S a picture of a tortoise having his breakfast. "Cabbage this morning? That's good!" he says to himself. "But I do hope they've remembered to put a carrot or two somewhere in the pile, and I should rather fancy an onion to finish up with!"

Tortoises live to be over 100 years old, more than 150 years old, nearly 200 years sometimes. And they can go without food much longer than you or I could. If there happens to be no breakfast and no dinner and no tea, "Never mind," says Mr. Tortoise. "I'll wait till tomorrow."

And if there's nothing tomorrow, he tucks his head and tail and feet inside the shell and settles down to wait until next week.

What Robin Told.
How do robins build their nests?
Robin Redbreast told me.
First a wisp of yellow straw
In a pretty round they lay;
Then some shreds of downy fluff,
Feathers, too, and bits of moss,
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way and across.
That's what Robin told me.

Where do robins hide their nests?
Robin Redbreast told me.
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep.
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold,
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby robins—one, two, three;
That's what Robin told me.
—Little Funny Folks.



THE ROBIN'S NEST

Tortoises don't like sunshine; a dark corner where the sun never comes pleases them best. If ever you pay a visit to the Hawaiian Islands, don't fail to visit the very old, huge tortoise in the tank back of the Aquarium. He is a monster.

Rarest American Coins

DEALERS say that the fifteen rarest American coins are worth a total of \$16,000. Here is a list of them:

First is the New York doubloon, coined in 1787 by Ephraim Brasher, a jeweler. It has a record price of only \$50, but is regarded as the scarcest of all American issues by experts, who believe that if a specimen were offered for sale today it would bring \$300 at least. It is the only gold coin of American coinage struck prior to the opening of the first United States mint. This coin weighs 41 1/2 grains, and its intrinsic value is about \$15. There are only five of them known to exist.

The second most valuable coin is the half-eagle of 1822, which has a record price of \$2155. This coin was bought originally by A. P. Smith for \$10 from a man in Wall Street, New York.

Third on the list is the half-eagle of 1815, which is valued at \$1052.

A VALUABLE DOLLAR

Fourth is the 1864 dollar, only four or five being known to collectors in the United States. It is valued at \$1000.

The fifth coin is the Washington cent of 1791, of which pattern one impression was made in gold, and is valued at \$1000. The few copper impressions are also highly valued. The design was not accepted by the government.

Ranking with this coin in point of rarity is the Washington half-dollar of 1792, struck in gold. This was struck as a compliment to George Washington, and was carried by him as a pocket-piece. It sold for \$500 in 1875. It is now practically unobtainable, and valued at \$1000.—The Circle.

He Asked the Office Boy.

"Who is the responsible man in this firm?" asked the brusque visitor.

"I don't know," answered the sad, cynical office boy, "but I am the one who is always to blame."

STRUGGLING TO ESCAPE

In the meantime Esther was struggling to escape from two white-robed figures who had caught her as she fell, and Irene, seeing her plight, was shrieking desperately down the hole.

"By my halldome, I bid thee come up."

Uncle Will ran to the hole and, thrusting a threatening fist down it, yelled:

"I'll wallop you both good for this. Let her go."

"You can't wallop ghosts," remonstrated Irene, "and if you anger them by threats, they may make off with Esther."

Uncle Will looked at his niece in amazement. Even yet, apparently, she did not realize that she and Esther were the victims of two different and distinct April Fool jokes.

In fact, Irene was bending over the hole and with perfect good faith repeating the incantation Uncle Will had given her.

This time a ghostly voice replied:

"Marry, we will, an the maid will stop struggling."

"Esther," cried Irene, "the ghosts won't harm you. Keep still and they will let you come up."

At this juncture, however, a dim light was seen at a far corner of the cellar, and in anything but a ghostly voice one of the white-robed figures muttered to the other: "Skiddoo for us. Here comes the furnace man."

Esther stopped struggling at once.

"Joe and Jack," she said, disgustedly; "I thought so."

"April Fool!" the boys managed to whisper before they fled for safety.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Irene in great disappointment, as she saw the ghostly figures disappear, leaving Esther to climb the steps alone, where did they go? Will they come back?

THIS trick is simple enough, but it is not so easy to detect, after all.

All you need for it are the following articles: First a cube-



1—THE REAL DIE DEPOSITED

shaped box with a cover that completely encloses it, highly polished and painted black, with the box part marked in imitation of a die (this is to be the false one of your two dice); then a real die, which looks precisely like the false one, and will exactly fill the inside of the box, and two bats.

Having first made sure you are ready to perform the trick, set a table in front of the company, several feet away from them, and set in it the two bats. Then produce your box, black and handsome, and set it on the topmost hat.

Remove the cover, leaving exposed on the hat the false die containing the real die.

Rattle away in a happy conversational style, making all sorts of remarks, anything to keep their attention fixed on you rather than the box, and as you do so, clap your cover on, and lift up the whole thing off the topmost hat.

Then, still talking, bring it down on the hat again, and remove the cover again, but this time, pressing the edges slightly, carry away the real die in the cover, leaving only the false die on the hat. Your audience, false die on the hat. Your audience, sitting below the level of the die, will not see the difference.

Now, talking for all you are worth, go through a few unnecessary and meaningless flourishes, in the midst of which you should manage to move the top hat just enough to admit the real die into the hat below.

As soon as you think fit, announce to your audience that now they see the die on the top hat, but (merely) slipping your cover down over the false die, and removing it with a flourish, then displaying the bottom hat—"now, you see it in this hat."

THE HARD PART

Then, still talking, bring it down on the hat again, and remove the cover again, but this time, pressing the edges slightly, carry away the real die in the cover, leaving only the false die on the hat. Your audience, sitting below the level of the die, will not see the difference.

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2—THE FALSE DIE DISPLAYED
3—REAL IN HAT, FALSE IN BOX

When the Ghosts Played an April Fool Joke

BY JEAN RIDDELL.

Irene and Esther were twins. You could have told that not only because both wore their hair braided in the same way and their clothes made in the same fashion, and of the same color, but because both had the same fair hair, blue eyes and infantile expression.

The resemblance between them ended with their appearance. In disposition they were as unlike as two little sisters could be. Esther could never get out of school fast enough to play with her little friends. Irene would never play when she could get a book to read. She particularly loved the stories of the past, the quaint old times when ghosts roamed about houses as familiarly as the butler, and often, in a more friendly vein, gave warning when the butler was about to depart with the family silver.

HELED TO MEET A GHOST

Irene had, in fact, read so much of this class of literature that she began to hope that she might meet a nice, friendly ghost some night and have a chat with him. She felt quite sure she would not be afraid, for it was too evident from all the stories she had read that they had none but the friendliest intentions.

But alas! Irene lived in a thoroughly modern house in a thoroughly modern American city, and no ghosts ever had there except on the days when

her father received his salary, but that ghost, her father told her, would never be seen by anybody but grown-up men.

Irene used to tell Uncle Will all about her troubles, he was so sympathetic, and she confided to him one day the great longing she had to see a ghost, and how mean she thought it that their house was not haunted.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses," quoted Uncle Will.

"But," objected Irene, "no one has ever lived and died in this house."

"Not in this house," replied Uncle Will, "but maybe on the ground that the house is built on."

"Oh, do you think so?" Irene's eyes shone eagerly.

And just at that moment a strange thing happened. A queer grating noise came from the floor under their very feet, followed by some words spoken in a low, muffled tone.

Irene nearly jumped out of her chair, but, remembering how late it was, said she would be managed to sit still. But her face was very white as she said to Uncle Will:

"What's that?"

Uncle Will had been thinking, but he only remarked: "I will go and see. You stay here until I come back."

UNCLE GETS SUSPICIOUS

He only went as far as the cellar door, which he opened very gently and then called down the stairs in a low tone:

"What are you boys doing down there? Come up here."

And with that Irene's brother Joe and his chum Jack came running up the cellar steps. Neither of them seemed inclined to look Uncle Will straight in the face, and Joe only answered:

"Nothing. Looking for something."

"Very well," replied his uncle, into whose mind an idea had suddenly flashed. "Say nothing about it, and neither will I."

The boys stared and promised. But they walked off very uncomfortably.

"How much do you suppose he knows?" queried Jack, anxiously.

"Oh! you never can tell," answered Joe. "But he won't peach as long as he's promised."

Uncle Will returned to the room next the dining room, where he found Irene excitedly telling Esther, whom she had called into the house to hear the great news, that maybe—maybe—they had a ghost.

"Well," cried Irene eagerly as Uncle Will entered.

But he was very solemn and not to be coaxed into telling all his news at once.

"Sit down," he said, "and I will tell you all about it."

Irene clutched Esther's hand and crushed her into a large chair, where she sat beside her and wept.

"I have seen him," said Uncle Will, pausing to let this stupendous fact sink into them.

"Who?" Will" gasped both girls.

"He pointed down toward the cellar with one hand, and placed the fingers of his other hand upon his lips for silence.

"May we?" whispered Irene. Esther lowered voices and mysterious gestures, were growing too much for her. She didn't know the kindly nature of ghosts as well as Irene did, and she was growing afraid.

"Yes," Uncle Will whispered back to Irene's question. "On the 1st of next month. He only walks on the 1st of each month. He had made a mistake in the date today, but when I told him it was the 29th of March he thanked me and vanished."

"How can we see him? Tell me quick," begged Irene.

"Next Monday," said Uncle Will impressively, "the first day of April, he will walk in the cellar."

Esther shuddered. "I don't want to go down to the cellar to see him," she said.

"You don't need to; he will come up here if you will follow my directions."

"Yes, yes," urged Irene. "We will. Go on."

"Well, right after school on Monday you must come to this room; shut the

doors and draw the curtains down. Then measure ten steps from the door to the middle of the room; remove the rug, kneel down and look at the floor. You will find a loose board which you must raise up. Then you will see a flight of steps leading up to this floor. They will be ghostly steps, of course, but that is just the kind for a ghost to use. Then you must both say in unison, 'By my halldome, I bid thee come up.'"

Irene had taken in every word that Uncle Will had said and now stood repeating the directions, winding up in a great flourish. "By my halldome, I bid thee come up."

"Is that all?" she finished eagerly.

"That's all," replied Uncle Will, "but be sure not to do it until the first day of April, or you will break the charm."

And in the excitement of having a real live (or rather dead) ghost on the premises, neither one of the twins remembered that the first of April was

"you would know that there is something queer in this house."

And so on the Monday afternoon two very excited little girls ran all the way home from school and hurriedly hung their hats on the hall rack. They were very much startled to hear a loud shriek, apparently from the cellar.

Irene's first impulse, but she did not lose her courage.

"Come," she said, "let's down there already," and without waiting to take their schoolbags off their arms they hurried to the scene of action.

In fact, they were so flurried they even forgot directions, remembering only to fling their rag away from the centre of the room.

There, sure enough, their excited eyes saw a loose board, which Irene lifted up, and the top step touching the very edge of the hole, the flight of steps was disclosed to view.



THE FLIGHT OF STEPS WAS DISCLOSED TO VIEW.

All Fool's Day and that Uncle Will had a reputation for playing tricks on his unsuspecting nieces and nephews.

Irene cautioned Esther to guard their secret carefully from Joe and Jack, but Esther, who was not quite so lost in ghostly contemplations as Irene, could not help but see that Joe and Jack had some secret of their own which they were apparently hiding from the two girls.

Esther mentioned this to Irene, also the suspicious fact that Joe and Jack were very eagerly suggesting that the girls invite the other girl friends in to an afternoon party on the 1st of April.

But Irene never thought much of boys' secrets, and refused to consider any possible coincidence between Uncle Will's ghost making his appearance on the 1st of April and the boys' party suggestion.

"If you had heard what I did," Irene would reply to her skeptical sister,

Esther, less daring, and, in fact, thoroughly frightened, looked about the room for some sign of a less ghostly presence, who might aid them in case Irene's ghost did not prove as friendly as Irene anticipated.

But the only sign she saw of any presence save their own was a light fluttering of the curtains between the rooms, and then a hand stealthily drawing those curtains back.

This was too much for Esther. She shrieked and tried to run away, but she caught her foot in the hole and in another moment found herself bumping down the flight of steps, which felt anything but ghostly. Into the cellar, Irene being too startled to prevent her falling.

At the same moment Uncle Will stepped from behind the curtains and cried out gaily:

"April Fool!"

But when he advanced to the centre of the room and saw the hole and the flight of steps just as he had described it all to the twins, he felt as if the

Some Puzzles to Solve

PUZZLE VERSE

THINK of a little word which means "large hatchet," and use it to fill in all the blanks in the following verse. See if you can then read the verse intelligently.

There once was a kitten named M—
Who partook of his sn— on some s—,
But the s— was not some s—,
Which annoyed Mr. M—,
Now he never has his sn— on these

- Conundrums.**
1. What is the oddest piece of furniture in the world?
 2. Why does a sailor know there's a man in the moon?
 3. Suppose father sent you a kiss over the telephone, why would it be like a straw hat?
 4. What is that which is cut down before it is cut up?
 5. If I franked an apple, and my brother had one as well, what figures could his brother use to explain what he had done?
 6. When are two apples alike?
 7. How can a man never use his teeth for eating purposes?
 8. What is the worst weather for rats and mice?
 9. What is that which you cannot hold for ten minutes, although it is as light as a feather?
 10. Of what trade is the summer sun?

Catches.

Try these catches on your friends:

1. Which is correct? To say 8 and 3 is 12, or 8 and 3 are 12? Neither, because 8 and 3 make 11.
2. How do you pronounce M-a-c-d-o-n-a-l-d? M-a-c-d-o-w-a-l? M-a-c-f-a-l-l-a-n-e? M-a-c-h-i-n-e-r-y?

Some one is nearly sure to say Mac-Hinery for the last, but of course, it's "machinery."

Although not new, these catches are always unfamiliar to somebody.

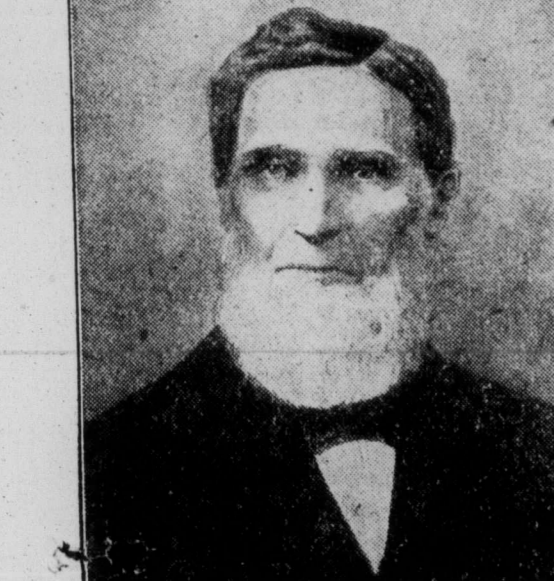
Up-to-Date Rhymes.

"Little John Cable sat at the table,
Serving some Irish stew;
He heaped up the plate of his small sister Kate,
Saying, 'What a good girl are you!'"

"I had a little husband,
Anything but tall,
I always filled his pint stoup,
And loved him best of all."

"Hush-a-bye, baby, in clean bassinette,
She will not be happy till grandmother
Thingummy food for mother's own pet."

"Marry, Mary—prudent and wary—
How does your garden grow?
With peas and beans, with turnips and greens,
Which are good for soup, you know."



THE LATE MR. C. B. RECORD,

FOUNDER OF THE RECORD FOUNDRY.

Reproduced above is a portrait of the late Mr. C. B. Record, the founder and original head of the Record Foundry & Machine Co., of Moncton, N.B., and Montreal, P.Q.

Previous to Mr. Record going into the manufacture of stoves, those used in Canada were almost wholly of American manufacture. The character of the work turned out by the Record Foundry & Machine Co., at once gave their stoves a reputation, and as a result a very large business soon grew up, largely owing to Mr. Record's untiring industry and perseverance against many obstacles.

Although Mr. Record retired from the active business as far back as 1879, the solid basis on which he had established the industry, has resulted in its growth from a sturdy pioneer into one of the largest stove manufacturing plants on the northern half of the American continent. With two large plants, one in Moncton and one in Montreal, the Record Foundry & Machine Co. are known from Halifax to Vancouver, and their "Caloric" and "Admiral" furnaces and "Penn Elifer" ranges recognized as the standard of Canadian excellence.

scratch along without
disloyal, if you ain't got
tuck with some Nigry
he up ter the depot as
be married some time
weddin' trip."

"In' again!"
only thinkin' that God
ood at the back door,
Mr. Colton. She was
wore a slightly pus-

"how I come ter mix
so very careful with
an a special Providence
he wash-bench, blow a
ps and smiled blandly

THE JUNGLE SOCIETY PRESENTS
YOU WITH THESE GIFTS!



HOLD! STOP!

