WHAT THE BOY SCOUTS ARE DOING

Boy Scouts,
This is your department.
Make use of it.

If your Troop has pulled off a good stunt or is going to do anything in the way of a hike, concert, etc., have your Scoutmaster write a little story about it and send it in to this paper.

If you have any ideas about Scouting or want to get in touch with other Scouts, write a short letter to the Boy Scout Department of this paper. Make your letter short and write only on one side of the paper.

Ideas thus will be exchanged and Scout questions answered.

A story by "Sleeves Up."

"SCOUTS ALWAYS ON THE JOB."

Arriving at Liverpool and having, through misplaced baggage, missed the boat train for London, I found it necessary to cross to Birkenhead. The Mersey was very rough, so much so that the ferries could only run along side the dock and the passengers had to simply jump on, only five or six being able to get on at a time.

Upon arriving at the dock at Birkenhead, with the ferry boat rising and falling with the waves, it was again necessary to jump for it and the baggage was simply bundled off. One of the first persons I met was a lad in khaki shirt and Stetson hat who politely saluted and asked if he could be of any assistance. As the baggage had now been taken care of, the services of this young Briton were not required.

Again on board the London and Northwestern train, running partly through the hills of Wales, we soon arrived at Waterloo station, London. Here all lights were shaded and the whole place was almost in total darkness except for the slight rays from the under side of the black painted lamps. Just turning round to get my bearings there bobbed up from somewhere another lad in khaki shirt and Stetson hat. Politely saluting, he asked, "Can I be of any service, sir?" I asked to be directed to a taxi cab stand, which the lad did, and again clicking his heels together and saluting, he walked away.

Returning from Shorncliffe to Ewhurst with our Chief Scout, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, after visiting the ex-Scouts who were training with the Canadian army within that area, we met with a slight mishap. We had just passed the village of Tenterden, running along at a pretty lively gait as no lights could be used, and wanting to make Ewhurst if possible before dark. Bang! went the rear tire. Taking an old oil lamp from the car, for it was now dusk, the writer held it while our chief Scout started to take off the wheel, when along came two or three Scouts. The writer was wearing the Scout uniform, while our chief was wearing the uniform of a British general. One of the boys stepped up to me, clicked his heels together and saluted, asking if they could be of any service. Upon my answering in the affirmative, the lads then started to work, and seemed to quite understand the make of car they were dealing with. They took off the wheel, put on the spare wheel, made everything snug, then clicking their heels and saluting, were about to walk aawy, when the writer called them back and introduced them to their chief Scout. Upon being introduced to Sir Robert, they immediately wanted to bolt, but they were taken by the arm and complimented by their own chief Scout, of which no doubt they were very proud and still more surprised.

Such is the work of the Scouts in England, always ready to do a good turn, always acting the part of a true Scout.

COBOURG.

Cobourg is putting on a campaign for "Canadian Boy," the official magazine of the Boy Scouts Association in Canada, under the guidance of W. V. B Riddell, their Scoutmaster. The boys are going "over the top" with a bang and no doubt will reach their objective.

RENFREW.

Scouts of Renfrew are holding a rally on the evening of April 13th. Steadily plodding along. The Troop in Renfrew has done splendid work. Scoutmaster Rose and the local association are to be congratulated upon their work on behalf of the boys.

HAILEYBURY.

Word has been received that Mr. Mitchell, a Scoutmaster from England, has taken hold of the work in Haileybury and has placed it absolutely up to the boys to make good. Mr. Mitchell is a splendid gymnast and no doubt Haileybury will become a live centre for scouting.

INGERSOLL.

Ingersoll has been carrying on all winter and are now planning their summer program. The Troop in Ingersoll has always been keen upon camping and in the past they have conducted and carried out some splendid tramp camps. No doubt they will be on the move again this summer.

No doubt a great majority of the local associations and troops are now discussing their plans for the summer. To make a success of a camp it should be planned well ahead. The Scout motto, "Be Prepared," can be most aptly applied for any emergency.

MEN TO LEAD.

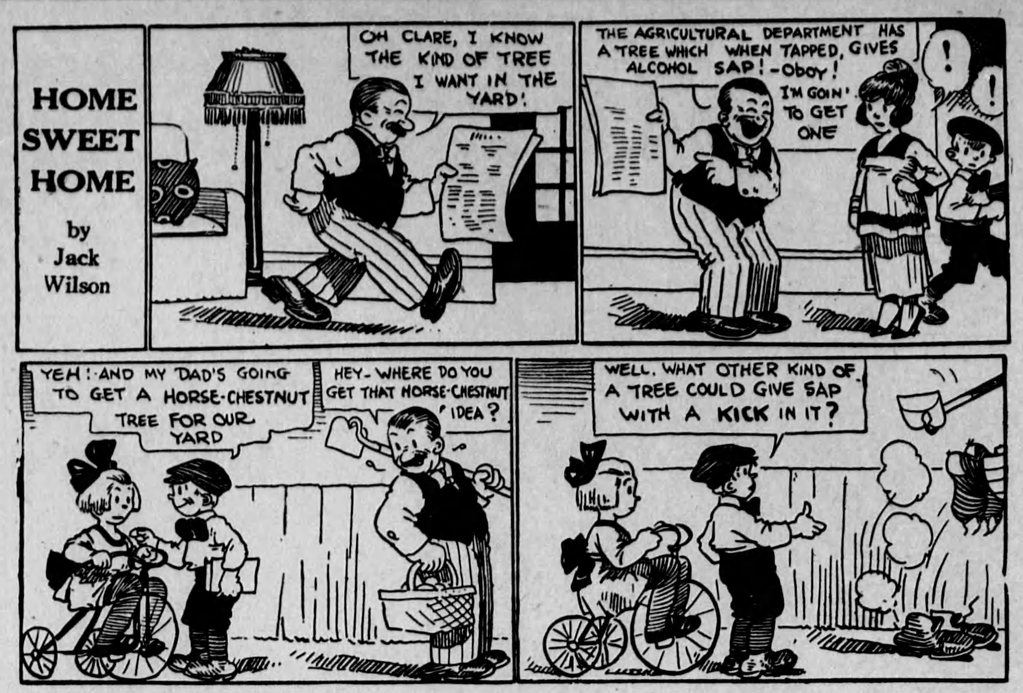
The problem of the Boy Scouts Association is to get men to lead; men to work upon a local association; men for scoutmasters. The boys are clamouring for leadership and the appeal is for men to look still further into the merits of the movement which is doing so much for the boys throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

TORONTO RALLY.

Twelve hundred enthusiastic Boy Scouts, representing 45 troops in Toronto, gave an exhibition of their training at the Armories before a large crowd of spectators, on the occasion of the closing Scout Rally and Jambouree of the winter season. The gathering was the largest of the kind yet held in the city, and the boys in their trim scout uniforms, many of them the proud wearers of numerous badges, made a picturesque sight on the floor of the Armories. The rally included a march past and inspection by Mr. John G. Kent, commissioner for Toronto, with Messrs. Charles Mitchell and H. A. Laurence, deputy commissioners, making the inspection, while there were also present, taking part, Messrs. H. G. Hammond, W. K. George, Provincial Commissioner, J. G. Gibson of the Provincial Council and Alder Bliss, Commissioner for the Ottawa district.

One of the interesting features of the evening was the presence of the 61st Troop, made up entirely of Chinese boys of varying ages, with their own scoutmaster, there being 30 in all in the troop.

The scouts of the Second district will go into camp at Richmond Hill for four days over the 24th of May.



THE KNIGHT WHO COULD NOT KNEEL

By Edgar Wallace,

Author of "The Four Just Men," "The Secret House," Etc.

Daniel Gree was grey and old and broken.

May Excels was young and beautiful. This is a bald claim, yet such a claim could be made with greater detail and less accuracy. Of her nose one had the vaguest recollection, which is as it should be. A woman whose nose one remembers is not beautiful. She may be pretty, piquant and saucy, noble and commanding, but if you remember her nose she is not beautiful. Her eyes were big and lustrous, violet of hue, her hair jet black and her eyebrows painted by nature when the good lady was in her finicking miniature mood. She was, as I say, radiant and beautiful, and Daniel Gree was grey and old and broken.

How dare he left his eyes to her? As a matter of absolute fact he did not lift his eyes at all for he was on the hefty side of six feet, and she was just the right height for a girl, which is about your size.

He was grey and old and—

Well, he was nearly twenty-six, and in certain lights the hair at his temples was almost greyish.

And as for being broken, would not you be broken if you loved the daughter of a millionaire, and she loved you, and her father with a passion for titles, had his eye on the scion of a noble house as a prospective son-in-law?

"I can't stand it, May," said Daniel Gree desperately. "I feel that if I'm not made a Duke in a month or two I shall go really grey. I am old and broken—"

"And stout?" she suggested.

"No, not stout," he denied indignantly. "I am just old and grey and broken."

"I expect that is why it is," she said thoughtfully, "father thinks the disparity in our ages is too great."

"Why!" he gasped, "there is only five years between us. When I said 'old,'" he went on carefully, I was referring rather to the care-harrowed soul than to the arithmetical standard of years—May, what am I to do?"

They were sitting on a bench in Hyde Park and her pretty forehead was puckered with the tremendous character of the problem.

"If you could only earn a title, Danny," she said, "I am sure father wouldn't mind your humble birth," she arrested his exasperated protestation. "You see, dear, father was a foundry man before Mr. Carnegie made him a millionaire, and grandfather used to peddle laces, so naturally pa is rather particular. I don't think he'd mind you being the son of a clergyman, because he's really awfully broad-minded, but you're so terribly American."

"My great-great-grandfather was on Washington's staff," he said with a hint of gloom.

"I shouldn't mention that," she said gently, "not to father anyway. One has to live these things down. Now if your father had made his appearance in New York about the same time that the Archduke Zorth disappeared—"

"Who's he, anyway?" he grumbled.

"The Archduke is, or was, the relative of the Moravian Emperor," she recited, "who having incurred the displeasure of his parents sailed for a foreign land. It is believed by some that the ship on which he sailed was sunk, but authentic evidence exists that he reached American soil."

Daniel Gree looked at the girl suspiciously.

"Where did you learn this little piece?" he asked rudely, for he loved her, and there was no necessity for conventional politeness.

"Miss Zimmerberger taught me that," she said, "when I was at the Pittsburg Preparatory College."

He was silent, then, "We Moors of old Castile—" he began bitterly.

"Moors?"

"Moor or less," he said gloomily. "We are descended from Christopher Columbus."

"He wasn't a Castilian," she scorned, "he was an Italian."

His eyes met hers in pained reproach.

"Didn't I say 'descended?'" he asked with exemplary patience. "Dearie, let us think these things out. Maisie," he said looking at her tenderly, "I've reached that stage in love where I cannot live without you. I know it is absurd," he went on, "I know that life will go on as heretofore even if you are snatched from me by the rapacious hands of fate; that I shall stand on the corner and watch your wedding cortege depart for Paris without batting a lid—I didn't take a degree in philosophy for nothing."

She looked at him gravely.

"I feel the same," she said. "If Papa forces me to marry that dreadful Baron—"

"Count," he corrected.

"There are two," she said. "I was thinking more of the Baron because he is the least objectionable, besides he does parlor tricks and can produce a rabbit out of a tall hat at a moment's notice. One would never be quite bored with him if one kept a silk hat handy, and—oh—he can smash eggs in a paper bag and produce guinea pigs."

"Ah!" the young man nodded, "an evolutionist."

"Where was I?" she went on, "oh, yes, I remember—I say if I am forced to marry either, I shall be broken-hearted—I am perfectly certain I shall do something dreadful. Cry and all that sort of thing."

"Will you really?" His voice implied doubt.

"Of course I shall!" she said indignantly, "do you think I am heart less?"

He made no reply.

Side by side they paced the path, patterned with shifting arabesques of light.

"Why don't you get a title?" she asked suddenly, "you can easily find one here in England—it would be splendid!"

She clapped her hands gleefully, but awoke no responsive spark of enthusiasm.

"I'd have to become English," he said, "and it isn't so easy. Now in Germany I could buy the Cross of the Black Eagles for the price of a taxi-fare."

She shook her pretty head.

"It must be English," she said with a definite air, "Daddy is just mad on real titles, and the Baron's chance would die the death before the glory of Sir Daniel Gree! Doesn't it sound lovely?" she demanded with shining eyes, "oh, Danny, do try!"

They were in an unfrequented part of the Park, amidst trees that offered some sort of privacy. The awakening vigor of Spring was in her blood, the bursting green of the trees, the call of the wild fowl on the little lake, the very wildness of life in her heart.

Suddenly she raised two hands and laid them on his shoulders.

"My boy!" she whispered as she lifted her warm lips to his.

"Mark me down as a Duke," he trembled, as he left her at the Park gate, "and be careful of your skirt the next time you see me, for I shall be wearing my knightly spurs."

Daniel Gree was a man with a large imagination. He was a dreamer of dreams and in moments when finance did not absorb his attention (he was the London representative of a great American finance corporation) he was highly romantic.

Now the imaginative man has a pull over all other types of men, in that he is bound by no earthly ties, and is chained to no age or clime.

Picture Daniel, a perfectly dressed young man with the shiniest of silk hats and the best fitting of morning coats, striding along the Mall, swinging his ebony stick. An ordinarily pleasant-looking young man, deep in thought, you guess and place him in the category of thinkers, who are deciding whether it shall be a devilled sole at Simsons or a chop at the Charlton Grill. Yet at that precise moment Daniel had a sword strapped at his right side and a white topee on his head.

He is facing a horde of Filipinos with flashing eyes or rescuing a beautiful lady from the clutches of an Arab slaver. Or, influenced by the latest book he has read, he is a calm commissioner holding palaver with his unruly cannibals.

"I am perfectly certain," said Daniel to his unimaginative broker that morning, "that one of these days I am going to have an adventure which will alter the whole course of my life."

(To be Continued.)

IMPERFECTIONS.

Curing Minor Defects in Children.

Many mothers are unduly worried when trifling physical defects manifest themselves in their little ones, but such may take heart of grace and believe that by the exercise of special care and common sense methods they may set the little ones right.

Nail Biting.

One of these troublesome worries in children is nail-biting, anl almost more than any other defect or bad habit, it calls for endless patience and courage on the part of the mother or nurse. Some doctors have expressed the opinion that tuberculosis has been traced in certain cases to this annoying childish habit, so at any cost it must be prevented. If remonstrances avail nothing, their nails should be rubbed with some bitter but innocuous liquid or substance like bitter aloes, and the child compelled to wear gloves almost constantly.

Left-handed Children.

If there is any tendency to left-handedness in the parents, a baby should be carefully watched from birth and the nurse should be extremely careful to change the little one frequently from one arm to the other, so that the infant's hands are not always pressed against the breast in one position. If the left hand is held out for toy or sweet, these should be refused till the right is tendered, but scolding is hopeless and if in spite of everything the child persists in using its left hand, then it should be taught to be ambi-dextrous, like General Baden-Powell, and thus all awkwardness and annoyance may be spared in future years.

Imperfect Noses.

A baby with a snub or upturned nose looks very saucy, but as she grows older this defect may seriously spoil an otherwise pretty face, so it behoves the nurse to pay special attention to this feature. A gentle pulling or stroking several times a day, particularly when the face is being washed, tends towards improvement. Where the nose is slightly crooked a child should be taught to blow it habitually on the crooked side, in order that the defect may be remedied.

Straight Hair.

The mother possessed of pretty curly locks is often greatly disappointed by the fact that her little daughter's hair is lank, straight, and mouse-colored, and simply refuses to take on the semblance of a wave or look nice. Worse still it is if she has a "cow lick," but even then wonders can be worked with care and patience, if the refractory tresses are damped, brushed and trained in the right direction. If straight hair is regularly moistened and put in curling rags it may sometimes be persuaded to form quite pretty ringlets, but such an achievement calls for unwearied trouble on the part of the mother, who may comfort herself that in later years her daughter will be truly grateful, for most girls, even the least vain, covet beautiful wavy hair, and the fortunate possessor thereof can always dress it to good advantage if she will.

Distended Ears.

Prominent, outstanding ears may not be a blemish to a boy's head, but they certainly are to a girl, and any sign of such should be instantly watched and corrected. If the trouble is only slight it may be sufficient when laying baby down to press gently the tiny ear to the head and turn her round in time to lie on the other. If this precaution does not avail, the mother would be well advised to buy an ear-cap sold for the purpose, or, better still, to make one with bands of elastic or tape, fashioned so that the ears can be kept well back on the head. This simple contrivance should be worn under the baby's bonnet day and night until such time as the trouble is modified.

Wooing in Greenland.

In Greenland it is an accepted fact in social philosophy that a woman's "no" means "yes." The priest calls upon the young woman and pleads the cause of her lover, assuring her that he is a good man, that he catches many seals, etc. It is the custom of the woman to reject all proposals at first, but to yield at last an unwilling assent. If she remains obdurate, however, the priest mentions that it is a matter of no consequence, as there are numerous other young women who would be glad of the chance, which remark seldom fails to bring an acceptance of the marriage proposal.

DOWN ON THE FARM NEARLY READY FOR SHOWING

Mack Sennett's Five-Reel Successor to Mickey Soon Will Be Seen in Canadian Theatres.

Mack Sennett's five-reel super-production, long heralded as that producer's successor to his successful "Mickey," has been accepted by the United Artists for distribution throughout the United States and Canada. This, it is claimed by the Sennett organization, is the most important and largest film transaction of the year. The importance of the event, it is said, arises not only from the size and cost of the production, which are great, but from the fact that it represents Mr. Sennett's positive entrance to the activities of productions in big filmdom. Hitherto his two-reel comedy feature output has been occasionally interrupted in favor of a work of larger character, but "Down on the Farm" commits him finally to a policy which will present several of these big works each year. It is natural that his first production in this size and form of a series would command his most careful and effective creative genius. That such is the case would seem to be indicated by the success of "Down on the Farm" during a brief period of preliminary tryouts before the production was taken to New York.

Helps for the Housewife

Suggestions from housewives who have found some way of lightening their housework, new recipies for cooking, or any household ideas, will be welcomed by this newspaper, and will be published in this column.

Send your ideas to the Housewives' Department of this paper and they will be published each week under this heading.

VEGETABLE TIME TABLE.

For steaming, double the time.

For Boiling.

Potatoes, new—about 15 minutes.
Potatoes, old—25 minutes.
Onions—1 to 3 hours.
Old Carrots—1 hour at least.
New Carrots—25 to 30 minutes.
Old Turnips—35 to 40 minutes.
Young Turnips—20 minutes.
Beets—1½ to 3 hours.
Parsnips—30 minutes to 1 hour.
Artichokes—35 minutes.
Old Cabbage—25 minutes.
Young Cabbage—15 minutes.
Cauliflower—15 to 20 minutes.
Spinach—15 to 20 minutes.
Brussels Sprouts—15 to 20 minutes.
Young String Beans—15 to 20 minutes.
Old String Beans—30 to 35 minutes.
Vegetable Marrow—20 minutes.
Salsify—2 to 3 hours.
Young Green Peas—15 to 20 minutes.
Old Green Peas—30 to 40 minutes.
Broad Beans—20 to 35 minutes.

A HEADACHE CURE.

A teaspoonful of charcoal powder in half a glass of water, is a cure for sick headache, and relieves heartburn. The powder is difficult to mix with water; it assimilates better with milk, so that the quantity named should be worked to paste with a small quantity of milk; sufficient water to make the draught being added.

INDIVIDUALITY IN DRESS.

If any proof were needed that women are not the entire slaves of Fashion they were once reputed to be, it is to be found in the fact that most of the great dressmakers now make, irrespective of the fashion of the day, a special branch of individual gowns to suit the particular style of any client who prefers them to the prevailing fashion.

USING DRIPPING.

The trimmings of rib-roast and of steaks should be carefully gathered, rendered and used instead of cooking butter. They are the equal, if not the superior of butter, inasmuch as they are just as delicate in taste and do not turn black in frying.

The cracknels of these fats should be chopped fine and, after being heated, should be added to a mixture of corn flour, egg, milk, salt, a little baking powder, a trifle of sugar and a small percentage of rice flour, and made into the most delicious pancakes imaginable.

There is no art required, a neutral frying medium will turn the trick; cottonseed fat, highly refined, is the best for the purpose.

Ham trimmings, after being fried and freed of skin, will serve the purpose equally well.

A hotter oven is required for layer cakes than for loaf cakes.

To make smooth gravy, put a tablespoonful of flour in fat in pan and add water.

How Can I Save Money?

Wise buying means economy.

The way to buy wisely is to read the advertisements.

—**because** advertised products are good products.
—**because** merchants tell you of their bargains thru advertisements.
—**because** almost every new opportunity is offered thru an advertisement.
—**because** practically every unusual buy is advertised.
—**because** you save time and trouble by choosing what you want and where to get it from the advertisements instead of hunting all over town.

How can I save money? By reading the advertisements.

Not today only.

But every day.

You'll save money by keeping up with every opportunity to get full value in buying---by reading the advertisements regularly!