

## Funny Bunny and Laughing Lillian, Two Jolliest Movie Actors, Are King and Queen of Great Eastern Mardi Gras.

Upon a great throne just completed in the centre of Luna Park at Coney Island, happy King John and beautiful Queen Lillian were recently crowned as rulers of the Mardi Gras, the great island carnival.

King John's last name is Bunny. Queen Lillian's other name is Walker.

He, you know, is the fat and famous moving picture comedian, whose smiling face is known to all picture fans throughout the world.

She is the lovely leading woman, whose dimples and golden hair are so often admired in the films. Who could be more fit to rule a carnival of joy than fat and funny Bunny? King John was raised to his new position of power and might by the businessmen of Coney Island. He immediately chose Miss Walker as his consort for the week of festivity and fun.



John Bunny and Lillian Walker, the ever-smiling movie actors, who have royal honors thrust upon them.

## STORY OF EPPING FOREST WHERE FAIRIES DANCE AND PLAY

And People Sit Around Watching the Performance  
---Tells How to See the Epping Fairies After a Pleasant Journey By Motorbus.

[By Muriel Harris, in the London News and Leader.]

In these days of enterprising municipalities it has often surprised me that the advantages of Epping Forest as a holiday resort are so little advertised. East London knows it, and parts of North London, yet to millions of metropolitans it might never have been. Yet you may find more beautiful country and as pure air in Epping as anywhere in England. It has the great advantage over Margate, say, that however many people go to it, you can get away from them whenever you want, seeing that they stray little or never from the beaten track. Last of all, it is the only place in England where you can still see fairies going about their daily business.

I know only three other places in Europe—there are, of course, none in America—where you may still meet the Little People. Two are in Ireland and one in Brittany, and each has the disadvantage that the fairy-nations who inhabit them are to the last de-

gree shy and retiring; only to be approached with infinite precaution, and to be observed at a distance through field-glasses. With the Epping fairies it is different. Their most popular places of entertainment, so to put it, is within a hundred yards of a motorbus route, and still more curious is it to observe their absolute disregard of the crashing, rushing tornadoes that pass so very near to them. They have, again, a very decided sense of humor, of the kind that laughs at itself as well as others; those of Ireland are only impish, and frequently malicious; while the Bretons, perhaps, owing to resentment of a republican government, are moody and a shade mawkish, and horribly upon their dignity.

Follow Your Nose to Fairyland.

There is no difficulty in the way of seeing the Epping Fairies. There are two routes by which to approach them from London. You may take the motorbus that goes to Epping Town—after a very pleasant journey of a

couple of hours, or so—and if you want to see fairies you are probably a person with time to spare. You get down about a hundred yards after you have passed the crossroads that lead to Waltham Abbey and Loughton respectively. Then you have but to follow your nose through the trees and in less than a minute you are in Fairyland. Or you may take a tram to Waltham Cross—it will take you for miles along the route of the incredible John Gilpin past the Bell at Edmington, for instance—and you can occupy your mind in wondering at the prowess of the amazing steed that could bolt for forty miles an end without once faltering or slackening speed. If it had been a motor, now

When you get off the tram at the terminus and have looked at the Cross, which is not at all genuine, but quite sufficiently suggestive, you set out along the road that passes the gunpowder works and Waltham Abbey, and through Uppishire, a village which, while almost within shouting distance of the G. P. O., is yet one of the three most secluded in England. You follow the road down a hill with a common to your left hand, whereon are white geese and donkeys and cows, and the other appropriate incidentals to village life, and just when, if it be a warm day, you are wondering how

much further you have to go, you find yourself at the bottom of a very steep hill, with straggling cottages upon your right. Go up the hill about half-way and you will find yourself at the verge of a dark wood. You will see a path, leading tentatively toward the right and upwards, just past the last cottage. Following it boldly, and before you have gone a quarter of a mile, you will be at the fairest about phitheatre, where all the most important revels are held. You cannot mistake the place, because it is set among very curious trees that have been topped or pollarded, or whatever is the arboricultural name for it, until their arms and legs and faces and bodies are more weird than even those that Mr. Rackham saw when on his way to call upon Queen Titania somewhere in Hyde Park.

**The Beech With the Beautiful Soul.**  
You will know exactly when to leave the path, because you will come to a very sturdy, stumpy tree that almost stops the way. It has an expression of determined malevolence; but that is only external; at heart it is as amiable a beech as ever lined up for the annual dance at midnight on the Eve of Saint John. Leave it on your right and go straight before you at right angles to the path for perhaps fifty yards, until you see a depression in the ground shaped like the bowl of a spoon, and with trees all around it. There you may sit down and rest, and in time you will see the fairies. A Sunday afternoon is as good a time as any for Sunday is their weekly holiday as it is ours, and they hold all their smartest pageants on Sundays. Just before dusk you may be absolutely certain of seeing them, but if you have a long way to go home and must leave earlier you need not despair. Even if you miss the pageant itself you will see all the preliminaries. The way those fairies get erecting a grand stand, for instance, for any of the court who happen to be in residence, would make some of our carpenters open their eyes and—frown.

While you are waiting you need not trouble to be quiet for fear of disturbing them. You can take a book, or a pipe, or a sweetheart, if you want to, and you can talk or laugh or sing as loudly as you wish. They will not take the slightest notice of you, whatever you do.

I was a little late last Sunday. I happened to have a sweetheart with me, and we had loitered on the way from the terminus, because he had never seen Waltham Abbey and had to be shown it and taken around to the meadows at the back and shown Harold's Bridge, which is supposed to be the oldest in England—and certainly looks it. We were both a little out of breath when at last we reached the spot, and perhaps a little irritable and it did not improve either of our tempers to find a family party there before us. There was nothing for it but to sit down in my usual stall, the outlying one, and watch the end of the amphitheatre—and wait until it should please the family to go away—which to all appearances might not be for hours. I was just about to give up in despair, when about ten minutes, when to my surprise a little procession of working fairies came into their amphitheatre by their usual entrance—a rabbit-hole under a tree just across the road from the stand. They did not take the slightest notice of the family and neither did the family of them, and though one of the fairies, the one who most needed a handkerchief, was staring straight in their direction. When all was ready the Royal Procession came in and took their seats, and there began one of the most beautiful spectacles of your life. It was the pageant of the Epping Hunt.

**The Fairy Pageant.**  
The Epping Hunt, as everyone knows, was a historic one of the Middle Ages, and it was a yearly festival whereat the Lord Mayor of London hunted the deer with at least as much state and perhaps more magnificence than did the King himself in Windsor Forest. It was really a very serious and stately event, but apparently the fairies thought otherwise, and they burlesqued it most imitatively, so that the King, Charles XII., the Queen, and the Queen actually had to be slapped on the back—very gently, though—by one of her ladies-in-waiting. The Lord Mayor, of course, was a fairy, if rather on the stout side, and dressed in the most wonderful robes correct in every detail, even to the monogram on his pocket-handkerchief, though he could have been more than three inches high, horse and all—was continually tumbling off on one side and being helped on and tumbling off again on the other. So were all the aldermen—and the common councilors and the verderers and the yeoman prickers—and even some of the ladies. I am sorry to say. And the end of it all was that the stag, who had been as much amused as anyone—except, perhaps, some of the hounds, who positively had to sit down on the ground and lol their tongues out for a good sixty-fourth of an inch before they could recover themselves—the stag, I say, put an end to it all by suddenly leaping on to the top of a stone jar, which had arrived with the family, and standing there, on the little neck that runs round the place where the cork ought to be, only the cork had been thrown away a long time before as of no further use, and looking down scornfully at the baffled efforts of the hounds and horses and aldermen to climb up the smooth sides of the jar after him.

That idea brings me to a very remarkable characteristic of these Epping Fairies. They have actually made themselves masters of the Fourth Dimension, and treat it as though it were a mere commonplace. When they wished it, for instance, a young family was not there. They galloped right through it, over and over again, and it was a very odd sight, indeed, to see the Lord Mayor on his chestnut steed dash straight through the old lady's black velvet doorman and go right through it, as though it were a tunnel and come out on the other side, followed by all his suite, without turning a hair. So it was with the stone jar; for part of the pageant it simply wasn't there; you rode through it and ran through it, and one alderman even fell off in the very middle of it, so to speak, and was lifted back into his saddle by four attendants. But as soon as it became necessary as a stage property there it was; the stag leaped to the top of it and the hounds tried to scramble up the slippery sides, and it was as solid as Snowdon and proportionately about as big.

It was the same thing with the fairies themselves, though contrariwise; they can let you see them or not, I mean, just as they feel inclined. I saw them easily enough and so did my friend—though he was a little ashamed to admit it at first, being employed in a bank—but not so the family. The family, indeed, got very angry with us at last, especially the father, because we were talking and laughing

and pointing out things to each other, and he thought we were making fun of his family. I expect it must have seemed rather like it to them. He got up to argue the point, and as he did so I saw his great boot come down plump upon the Lady Mayoress—a very pretty woman, and quite as fair as the almost screaming before I remembered, but it did no harm—she just rode on through the foot as though it were not there, so I suppose it was not.

There are a great many other interesting and beautiful spots and sights in Epping Forest, and there may, of course, be other fairy amphitheatres, though I have not yet discovered them. At any rate, I know that if you have read as far as this you must be the sort of person whom the fairies would be quite willing should see them, and if you do it will only cost you a little more than going to a picture show. And if you take my advice, you will go by way of Waltham Abbey.

### SCARING OFF WILLIE.

"Willie," said the waitress, cheerfully. "I have been thinking."

"Thinking of me, my precious?" asked Willie.

"In a way, yes," replied Gladys. "I have been thinking that, were you to marry me, everyone would say you only did it for the sake of my money."

But Willie was not abashed one whit.

"What care I for the base, unthinking world?" said he, gallantly, adjusting his immaculate gloves.

"Still, Willie, nothing shall part us. I will marry you or no one."

"My own Gladys!"

"And I will not have people saying unkind things about you, so I am disposing of my fortune to the missionaries. Why, dearest, why are you going?"

Willie looked back through the half-open door.

"I'm going to be a missionary," he replied.

**SCORING OVER THE INTERRUPTER.**

A certain politician has the happy knack of being able to parry inconvenient interruptions with some smart retort that instantly squashes the opposition. He was speaking at a rather noisy meeting not long ago, and after a short time a big lump of wood was thrown at him. Fortunately the aim was bad, and it fell harmlessly on the platform.

"The speaker picked it up and showed it to the audience."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed in tones of mock anxiety, "one of our opponents has lost his head!"

Lord Ballyrot in Slangland



At a hotel hairdresser's, you know, I had just completed the operation of submitting to a shave, old chap, when it occurred to me that I might be manured. Brilliant idea; what? On confiding my desire to the chief barber, he introduced me to the young lady manicurist as follows: "Kick in, mister, and hang out your grappling hooks. This little Jane is the finest fin-vanisher in the burg, and she'll polish your claws till they look like church windows. Minnie, grab your old orange wood digger and primp the gent's card-trick apparatus. Hoist your mauleys, mister." My word!

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"Heavy work, severe straining and evil habits in youth brought on Varicose Veins. When I worked hard the aching would become severe and I was often laid up for a week at a time. My family tried several specialists, but soon found out all they wanted was my money. I commenced to look upon all doctors as little better than rogues. One day my boss asked me why I was not working so much and I told him my condition. He advised me to consult Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy, as he had taken treatment from them himself and knew they were square and reliable. I wrote them and got Free New Mexico Treatment. My progress was somewhat slow and during the first month's treatment I was somewhat discouraged. However, I continued treatment for three months longer and was rewarded with a complete cure. I could only earn \$12 a week in a machine shop before treatment, now I am earning \$212 a week and never lose a day. I wish all sufferers knew of your valuable treatment."

HENRY C. LOCUST.

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**"ORANGE LILY SAVED MY LIFE"**

These words or expressions having the same meaning are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of womb; others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive, scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial.

As a trial offer, I prove its merit. I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Enclose 2 stamps. MRS. FRANCES E. GURHAM, Windsor, Ont.

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**FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC**

**De Jong's Dutch Cocoa**

**IS THE FINEST**

De Jong's Cocoa Factory, Wormerveer, Holland.

**BOTH CURIOUS.**

"Women's curiosity," said Mr. Gammer, "is a quality of mind beyond all human understanding."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gammer. "What made you think of that?"

"The actions of a woman I saw in the town today," answered Mr. Gammer. "She followed a man nearly half a mile just to read a placard that was fastened on his back. She spotted him in King street. That was really the end of the trip. I feel sure, from something she said to another woman, who was too fat to join in the chase. But when she caught sight of the

blue poster tied to his back her curiosity got the better of her and she set out after him."

"He led her quite a chase along Manchester road, down Axon street, and through Chestnut Square, but she never weakened. She faithfully followed him, and finally got close enough to read the poster."

Mrs. Gammer reflected a moment. "What did it say?" she asked.

"It advised her to get her teeth pulled somewhere along Nelson street."

Mrs. Gammer thought again. "Where were you all the time she was trying to find that out?"

"Me?" said Gammer. "Oh, I was following the woman. I wanted to see if she finally caught up with the man."

## WHY THE MANTIS PRAYS

BY STUART STANTON TABER



Among the grass roots, soft and green, Once roamed a mottled Mantis lean, In search of things to eat. He never in his life had prayed Nor ever been the least afraid While hunting for his meat.

But one fine day there, happened this— There came to break in on his bliss A bold, bad highway bug. The Mantis paled and would have fled But knew he could not keep ahead Of such a fearsome thug.

He begged the thief to let him go But robbers never do, you know. "If they get their spoils, The Mantis racked his brain in vain For some sly scheme to save the gain Of his long years of toil.

It came to him he heard folk say That praying sometimes saved the day. When everything seemed lost, In fact 'twas quite a common tale How praying saved a nightingale From death by winter frost.

So down he went upon his knees And prayed with him beneath the trees For safety from the thief. And sure enough an answer came That made the thug forget his game And howl with awful grief.

A toad with sly and slinking ways Had crept up close to end the days Of this bad highway thief. And thus the Praying Mantis learned When badly scared or much concerned To pray for quick relief.