

The Skin

Condition is the outward mark of a healthy body. When the stomach, bowels, and order, the skin is clear and healthy, pimples, eruptions and blotches disappear. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People stimulate the organs and improve the circulation. The result is a clear, healthy skin. Try one box and you will see the difference.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

A GUINEA A BOX

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Williams, Pink Pills for Pale People, Smallville, Vermont, U. S. A. In boxes, 25 cents.

Human intelligence in a girl before she marries, just as surely as she begins to search for them after having had the prize package home for a while.

Then comes the inning of the clever woman. A man likes to display a clever girl before his friends. Somehow the glory of her cleverness reflects upon him. There must have been something particularly brainy about himself to have won the attention of this marvel.

Thus begins the reign of the clever woman!

ERIAL

adopts a Man's Methods—
ance Has a Man?

ED LITTLE BLONDE

MARRISCALE

Agelow's Comedy

DDEN NORMA'

Walked in Her Sleep.
Bluffed When Awake.
Kidded and Skidded.
Won a Fortune.

UDINI IN THE MASTER MYSTERY

Our Thrilling Serial

nd Dynamite" LARRY SEMON

NDAY: Brockwell OF THE SOUL"

RAVENS

EVILLE

EDDIE VINE
Comedy Entertainer

SMITH and TOSEL
Classy Ebony Funsmiths

LA EMMA and BOYD
Sensational Aerial Artists

The Terror of the Range

THE PRODIGAL LIAR

Always a Good Show
Ladies & Gentlemen
MUSICAL COMEDY

2 Changes Weekly
Monday
Thursday

GEORGE McMANUS.

WATCH THESE CLIPS

SIR!!

AM

Fold along the dotted line.

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

My Dear Boys and Girls:

How many of you who live out side the city limits know that we have folk here just dependent upon you to keep us posted about the changes which must go on out doors to announce the coming of Spring? Now that automobiles are forbidden to ride upon the roads those who might have had an occasional look about in the country are deprived this year, and so you dear little out of town friends must just tell us all about the things you can see.

True—we feel the winds, and know they are shaking all the trees, and saying "wake up, wake up" to the buds, small bushes and buried roots. Mr. Wind must call them so many times (just as little folk have to be called many times in the morning) before they really can appear robed in their nice new green dresses and coats. But then the buds must take their time because they need so much assistance. The rays from the sun and the warm rain drops are very essential to them. So they must just wait for those things to encourage them in their waking-up, but I don't believe many of our boys and girls can find such good excuses for not rising and dressing quickly when called. One day the trees just start to "wake up" real earnest like, and along comes Mr. East Wind, cold and raw and he chills them so that they shiver all over, then the trees just whisper to their baby buds to take another nap because if they appear while Jack Frost is about he will just nip their nice new green robes if they dress too quickly. So they have so many excuses kiddles for napping again and again and when they really do appear to stay for good, we feel sure for many months. There are our beautiful friends the birds. You really must let us know when they return from their Southern trip and start to build their new homes. Several letters from the kiddles have mentioned seeing a crow, but I don't believe anyone has told me of seeing a robin yet, although I am quite sure I have read in some paper of their arrival to our province. They are such majestic, noble looking fellows and my favorites. I believe of all the birds, if you see them looking around for material to build the summer nest with, just put out some wool, yarn, twine and bits of cloth. The robin will use all those things and be so glad to have them, and please write Uncle Dick when you see them back, because the bird seems a better, happier place when the robins return. One thing always struck me as strange about the robins, they build such comfortable, warm and strong homes and yet when night comes they choose a small bush to sleep on, they say that grown-up birds wouldn't dream of getting into a nest at night any more than you would go to bed in a cradle. They have their own proper sleeping places and know them just as well as you know your own bedroom. There are so many interesting things to learn about the birds that we will have to chat now and again about them all summer. Instead of using our Sign of Spring coupon this week, we will have the Bird and Animal Kingdom, one, and kiddles, I need a great many more members to that pledge, of course you couldn't sign the coupon when it has not been published lately. So every one who has not already signed and returned the B. and A. Coupon to me, I hope they will do so now before our bird friends all return and then I will know that at least some little friends are going to give them a welcome and protect them at all times. When sending in the coupon kindly inform me whether you are a new member just joining our C. C. or one who has been joined for some time.

We have had no new Signs of Spring this week, but if the East Winds don't make their visits too frequent we should soon have some wild flowers and the brightest eyes are going to find them the earliest. With the usual good wishes and love to all.

UNCLE DICK.

Answers To Letters

LAWRENCE DICKSON—That was a very good example you sent me of your great pleasure in the Children's Corner. I thought you couldn't have had any more joy or you would have done the branch of the tree in that color, or green for the leaves. When you have the colors use them in the most suitable and artistic way possible. It will soon be time for us to have another drawing contest, and my many readers enjoy them most. Thanks for the date.

LILLIAN KILCUP, Leppau—It is very encouraging to know how interested you little folks are in the page. When you can hardly wait for Saturday to come I feel that it pleases you very much. I did not use your riddle because I didn't like the answer and really it is not a riddle anyway without a real answer. I don't believe you would like to see your name in it either, but do send me some really good puzzles—the kind that you and all the members like to work out and I shall be delighted to publish them.

CARLE RIGBY, Hardland—I trust the copy of "Lone Scout" has reached you before our Saturday page does, and I humbly beg your pardon for keeping it so long. Oh! I have been so very busy and when I had time I would forget simply because it was put away in such a safe place. Many thanks for lending it and I hope to obtain your forgiveness. Write soon.

GRACE DAVENPORT—I was so sorry to hear that you had been sick too. So many of our members have been indisposed lately. That was very kind of you to write me in our Chat last week for little ways of remembering the sick. I know you were a very happy girl to have your daddy back home again.

PALLINE GRANVILLE, Cumberland Bay—Glad to hear from you Pailine, you have such a good chance in the country to watch the summer gradually come. There are so many interesting things to watch in nature studies about you everywhere. How nice to be so fond of school and your teachers, a pupil can learn so much easier when she or he is happy.

MARY GRANVILLE—If you want to do something to please me Mary, it will be to practice writing. I think you could be a much better writer if you just try hard and some of your little easy words were not spelled very correctly so you can improve in that too. Do show me when a nice letter you can send me next time.

Birthdays Greetings

May it be the happiest birthday yet to the who celebrate during the coming week:

Flo Ferguson, Lorneville.
Roy Johnson, Inchey.
Muriel C. Kilham, Mt. Middleton.
Dorothy Stewart, St. James St.
Geo. E. Dryden, Celebration St.
Marion Porteous, St. James St.
Gordon Leung, W. Glasville.
Josephine Wornell, St. Stephen.
Adair Barker, Princess St., City.
Marie Linn, Parkdale.
Kenneth Haines, North Devon.
Garnet Walton, Lt. Shemogue.
Cora Bishop, Salmon Creek.
Marjorie Atkinson, Fredericton Jct.
Fannie Goldfarber, Prince Wm. St., City.
Lee Lewis, Young's Cove Rd.
Marie Sign, Grand Falls.
Louis Slovit, Chapel St.
Hazel Thompson, Charlotte St.
Helen Cooman, Charlotte St.
Florence Allen, Paradise Row.
Hilda Goodwin, St. James St.
Lola McLean, Victoria St.
Willie McKenna, Main St.
Elizabeth Armstrong, Queen St.
John L. McEachern, Up Main River.
Fred Bridges, Prince Wm. St.
Annabell McCracken, Armstrong's Corner.
Evelyn Goggin, Centre Millstream.
Fred Bayard Tilton, Germain St.
Muriel Vasey, St. Stephen.
Mary Bridges, Prince Wm. St.
Norah Acott, Debec.

Jimmy Coon Stories

A NEW ADVENTURE FOR JIMMY COON.

are the bravest little lady Coon I ever met!"

And little Miss Coon blushed; and nervously fixed the front locks of her hair, which had been disarranged in the great fight. Then little Miss Coon said, "My name is Miss Carrie Coon. And I live on the banks of Shining Lagoon. I have never been introduced to you. But because you saved my life, I want you to meet my father and mother, and brothers and sisters. Now come at once with me, and I'll show you our home!"

Jimmy Coon was so happy, he felt that he was walking on golden air. Jimmy Coon had never felt such happiness before in his little heart. It was a very pretty sight, to see little Miss Carrie Coon leading the way along little secret paths, through the deep woods, as Jimmy Coon followed her every step.

And by and by, they both came to a lovely shining lagoon, and on the banks stood a very big and old Sycamore tree. "Here is where I live," said little Miss Carrie Coon; "and now I want you to follow me right up the front stairs, to our cozy little home."

And Jimmy Coon didn't wait for a second invitation; I want to tell you that he kept close to little Carrie Coon, for he was afraid to let her get out of his sight a single moment. You see he was afraid he would lose her.

And when they reached the front door, Carrie's mother opened the door; and Carrie spoke up at once, "Mother dear, I want to introduce you to Mr. Jimmy Coon, from Mirror Pond, who saved my life from that horrid black and white mongrel." And Mrs. Coon shook hands with Jimmy Coon, in a very friendly way, and introduced the stranger to Miss Coon, and to their sons and daughters.

Visitor (to facious farmer): "I'd like to know why on earth you call that white pig 'ink'?"
Facious Farmer: "Because he's always running from the pen."



THE DOT PUZZLE

Fog-Bound With Fighting Mutineers

A Short Story in Three Chapters.

"Hullo! You! Hush!"

It was a boy's voice whispering, and a hand was on Pen's arm.

"Come forward with me," went on the voice. "I'm Phillip. I saw you come aboard. There's mutiny. Hush! I'm going to warn the old man. You'll fight, I know!"

Pen seized Phillip's hand, tar-tarred hand in a heavy grasp, and as Phillip returned the pressure, he continued, excitedly: "I'm Newfoundland. You're from the old country. That's all right. We are from the same stock. We'll beat this game yet. Come along!"

Conlon was still at the wheel, but Ralph had been swallowed up in the fog. Suddenly, there was a roar of rage in the tones of Gabe Munson, followed by scuffling and the pounding of heavy blows, as if iron or hard wood were being on the gunwale.

"It's begun!" shouted Phillip, rushing forward toward the head of the companionway leading to the little cabin.

Pen was there first, in time to see Dolph lying still, and paler than ever, on the wet deck, with old Gabe standing over him and flourishing a heavy wooden belaying-pin, as thick as a man's wrist and some two feet long, as he defied everyone to come on.

"I'll give you nothing but bellows," he continued, "Stand back there!" he continued, as Pen came into view in the fog; and the lad set to jump back hurriedly to avoid a blow. When it reached him, would have stretched him senseless.

"Captain Gabe! It's Pen," he cried.

But old Gabe had no time to reply. Pen had a hasty vision of the captain giving him a look of astonished recognition, as the voice of Williams, somewhere in the fog, roared: "Down with him, Dolph!" and then a vast square object, like a house, with glittering brass and great glass eyes, loomed out of the mists, and a heavy, rattling, tearing and crashing, and it seemed to Pen as though the sea itself had overwhelmed him at once!

The water was in his eyes, ears, and nose, but he had time to see the mutineer who overcame him was not altogether unpleasant, and he was wondering sleepily what would be the end of it all, when he came to his senses, a sudden, as something banged his head violently, and with the instinct of a swimmer he struck out, his only object to keep himself afloat.

There was not much of a sea on a sailor's point of view, but the waves ran fairly high, nevertheless. Pen was in the trough of a wave when he came to himself, but immediately he was carried to the crest of a heavy blue mountain, from which he saw a small boat, with a white-topped, many yards distant. It was a flat-bottomed yawl used by fishermen of Newfoundland, and called by them a dory.

Swimming through the rolling waters was hard work, and Pen admitted afterwards that a dozen persons, of never would have reached the dory had not the swell carried him over and practically tumbled him into the boat. Once there, however, he was on his own. The fog was slowly lifting, and Pen saw that the large square object, like a house, which he had perceived for a moment before the collision, was the deck cabin of a steam yacht. As the dory rocked close to the yacht, under the stern Pen read the name Rosiere on the black hull.

CHAPTER III

The yacht Rosiere was unharmed, but she took with her a dozen persons, Molly Jones, the property of poor Captain Gabe, and his sole means of livelihood? All that was to be seen of her was the top of the white-topped kneeling and some odds and ends of wreckage. The sharp prow of the Rosiere had cut like a knife through the side of the Molly Jones amidships, and she had sunk without a moment's warning. Such things happen not often, where fishermen work in the fog in the path of ocean liners and steam yachts.

The Rosiere had stopped her engines and Pen saw half a dozen persons, of both sexes, in white yachting flannels, looking down at him. But he had paid little attention to the yacht. There was work for him to do. He had loosened the oars lashed to the bottom of the dory, under the seats, and soon was rowing hard toward a small, round, black object on the blue swell some little distance away. It looked like a man's head. So intent was Pen on reaching this object that he did not raise his head when he felt the dory tip suddenly, as if somebody were climbing in. Nor did he express any surprise when Phillip put forth a dripping hand and a sleeve from behind him and took one of the oars out of his hand.

"Two can row faster than one," remarked Phillip quickly. Explanations could come later.

"Do you see him, over there?" asked Pen, pointing with all his strength into the one oar.

"Aye. It's Captain Gabe."

"Alive?"

"Yes, water."

"Pull hard, Phillip."

"Aye, aye!"

It was, indeed, Captain Gabe, in a tangle of wreckage, consisting of a spar and some fishing-nets, which had been part of the loose furniture of his schooner's upper deck. He was unconscious.

"Looks as if the old man might be gone!" murmured Phillip, sadly.

"Easy all!" was Pen's response, as he lay flat in the boat, so that he could use both hands, and caught hold of a huddle of fish-net twisted about the body of the captain. "Give me a hand, Phillip! There are two of them!" he added.

The two lads pulled with all their might at the wreckage and at last, with an almost superhuman effort, dragged into the dory the senseless forms of Captain Gabe and Dolph, the mutineer! As they did so, a boat-hook was thrust out from the yacht, which was close alongside, and the dory carefully drawn to the swinging sea-ladder. Two men in yachting flannels came down the ladder, and, meeting the dory when she was within ten paces, dropped lightly into it. One of the men bent down over the two sailors dragged from the water by the boys.

"This one is dead," he remarked, calmly, as he turned away from all that was left of the white-headed mutineer. "The other one is all right," he added, as he felt the heart of Captain Gabe, and proceeded to apply the usual treatment prescribed for the apparently drowned.

"I am glad to hear that, Doctor," remarked the second yachtsman, and

Pen started at the voice.

"Dad!" cried Pen.

"Yes, Pen, and I am thankful to see my son alive," was the reply of the man, in a choking voice.

"I couldn't help it, dad," protested Pen. "Captain Gabe insisted that I would not be any good in a Newfoundland fishing boat, and I had to show him what a Cornwall boy could do. I did not expect to have such a lively time, though, I admit."

"Eight thousand dollars gone to the bottom of the sea!" groaned Captain Gabe, as he came to his senses and realised that his schooner was lost.

"Yes, Captain Gabe. But the three mutineers who meant to murder you are gone, too," remarked Pen soberly. "I suppose it was their lives or yours."

"I don't know, Pen. I believe that, with the help of you and Phillip, I could have put down that mutiny. Of course, I know that I could depend on Phillip. Now I feel as if, in a pinch, I would as soon have a boy from Cornwall as from Newfoundland."

"I shall buy you a new schooner, Captain," put in Mr. Trevelyan, his hand on his son's shoulder. "It was my fault you were run down. I heard Pen's voice. I wanted to get to him. I was afraid, and—And I was at the wheel, you know."

"If Captain Gabe will let me take a trip with him in his new boat, I will show you a trick or two at steering," promised Pen, with a mischievous smile.

THE END.

A Little House All Your Own

One morning little Sue thought what fun it would be to have a house of one's own, and play all day long, and not mind very much if one's hair were curly or one's slippers undone. And when she had thought of this for a minute or two, she made up her mind to go and build a house.

She took with her a doll who was a very good doll and never made any fuss and Teddy-Bear—who always had been left out of things. Then she called on the boy next door, whose name was Tim, and asked him if he would like to come too; and he replied at once, "Yes, please. I should like to go with you. You can't bark if you pinched him in the right spot—and one or two bits of string."

They walked along the lane which had three crab-apple trees, and then across the meadow, and then a little way across the wood. Then they stopped, for there they came upon the tiny house belonging to the Apple-Woman.

"The Apple-Woman was standing by her door and when Tim said to her, 'Will you let us have your little house to live in, please?' she replied 'I will let you live in it for a whole week, if you pay me three new pennies.' Tim had only two new pennies, but luckily, little Sue had one; so they gave all three pennies to the Apple-Woman, who put them in her pocket, and said, 'You are welcome to eat anything you may find in my larder; and with that away she went.'

Then little Sue and Tim played games—every game that they found in the Apple-Woman's box, and many others which they carried in their heads. And they ate quite a lot of the food in the Apple-Woman's larder; and Tim broke the knob of her kettle lid, and mended it with one or two pieces of string.

They were quite happy all day long, and Noreen was very good, and Tim's Bear only sat in a chair and blinked his eyes and perked his ears.

Then the evening came on, and the wood grew dark and lonely. And, as

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Smile Kiddies, Smile

Bird Conundrums.

1.—What bird believes in the Monarchical Form of Government?
2.—What bird introduces 'catastrophes'?

3.—What bird is a Doctor of Divinity?
4.—What bird is a tangle foot?
5.—What bird is next to I but not to me?
6.—What bird is rubbish and an exclamation?

Puzzles

Numerical Puzzle.

I am a word of nine letters.
My third, fourth, fifth and ninth are used for blinding large parcels.
My sixth, first, eighth, and second are "a narrow enclosure road."
My fifth, fourth, third and ninth are found on everyone's body.
My fifth, first, eighth, and ninth are found in every window.
My first, sixth, fourth, eighth, and second are "by one's self."
My fourth, first, and third are essential to boating.
My sixth, fourth, first, and eighth are "something lent."
My fifth, ninth, first, and third are a favorite fruit.
My fifth, seventh, sixth, and ninth are "not ruddy."
My fourth, third, and ninth are found in mines.
My whole is a modern invention.

Enigma.

My first is in male, but not in horse.
My second is in caught, and also in trap.
My third is in dragon, but not in snake.
My fourth is in tore, and also in tear.
My fifth is in fish, but not in fowl.
My sixth is in horse, but not in cow.
My seventh is in aunt, but not in uncle.
My whole is the name of a group of islands off Africa.

Riddles

1.—What is the beginning of eternity, the end of time and space, the end of every end and the end of every place?
2.—What is the longest word in the English language?—Sent in by Ronald Mackinnon.

Answers To Puzzles

Thrill Stamp Problems.

1.—Answer—\$36.42
2.—Answer—3 per cent.

Riddles.

1.—Letter L.
2.—Ohio.
3.—Friendship.
4.—Water.
5.—His foot.
6.—Both need dressing.
7.—An umbrella.

Word Square.

T I D E A
I D E A
D E A R
E A R N

Enigma.

Clemenceau.

Explained By a Naturalist

Speaking of the causes which lead to the long journeys undertaken by birds of passage, a naturalist says: "The two chief causes are food and climate. The frosts of autumn banish the insects, and so the birds which live on insects are forced to depart to warmer latitudes.

Ducks, geese, and other water fowl travel south in search of open water, while certain birds which, even if well provided with food, would be unable to bear the winter cold, migrate to countries where the conditions are more genial.

The instinct which leads birds to travel, wonderful as it is, occasionally misleads them. Feathered travellers have been known to linger too long, and be overtaken and killed by wintry storms, or to miscalculate their distance and stop in some region not sufficiently far south for their comfort.

Even the delicate little humming bird of Mexico is a traveller. At midsummer it will stray as far north as Canada, but it will be back again in its own latitude at the approach of the northern winter.

It has been noticed that migratory birds which have been reared in confinement become restless when the season of migration arrives, showing that the instinct is an inherited one.

COUPON

I wish to become a member of the Children's Bird and Animal Protection Society and promise to be kind and helpful to all the dumb friends.

Name

Address

A REAL EASTMAN CAMERA GIVEN TO BOYS AND GIRLS



ALSO CASH PRIZES

BOYS' GIRLS: Know the fun of owning a camera? Take pictures of mother, father, the baby, your home! Have the finest kind of fun on pleasure trips, picnics at school—everywhere you go, your camera—every double your fun, and later help you live your good times over again looking at your pictures. Anyone can make good pictures with this camera. Has dandy lens, two view finders, seal grain leatherette covered case, and 74 page illustrated instruction book. (\$5 in cash prizes for best pictures.) YOU can win it easily, by selling only \$5.00 worth of our magnificent Patriotic Pictures, Fine Art Reproductions of Famous paintings and popular motto pictures at 10 and 15 cents each. Printed on fine art paper all ready for framing. They sell quickly as almost every home will buy several. Send no money—we trust you. The Galt Mfg. Company, Picture Dept., S.S. 9, P. 311 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ontario, "21st year in this business."