

BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES

18. 20.

24

The Amateur

Detective

23. .

22 21

JENNIE S. I hope you have a ni reliday Jennia, though perhaps yo

SMOKE.

old as old,

wasn't afraid, so

in their high Cast

and we sail in them

11

as I held the old Wizard's

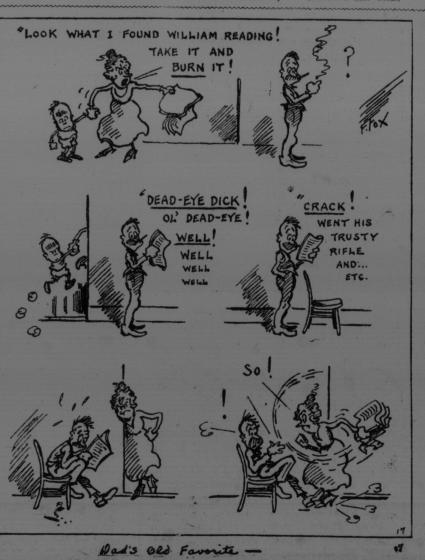
ame back-oh, much too I heard her cough and

THE WESTMONT BOYS' CLUB STORIES it lucky if

CHAPTER III. Leslie on the Trail.

reve

he thought at last visi



A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies Auntie's Lesson "Auntie! Splvia! Quick! Look what ve found!" cried Eric, "Do look! I ta. "I do h

That don't stay

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

Birthday Greetings "May you live long and pro-

ney, Creek Road. aird, River de Chud

UNCLE WIGGILY AND BILLIE'S BALL.

and, it won't has and, it won't has pran Erde. He is hat out of a snap said Aunt Alice e arms and legs. poppy-stem long d poke them up twes at the top w poke up anoth bend all the ster look like hands

nfk you, Auntie!" cried the "Our garden will be a fairy-You will see!" Kathleen W. Coales.

CHARLES DICKENS' CAT.

ens was a lover of ani-all true lovers, he was be the slave of his pet.



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de a

Later he was seen, with both oars gone, being swiftly borne by the our- rent to what, in the debris-choked	choke. nd the Wizard vanished eff I could see was a long grey spire of smoke! —Thore Stowell.
state of the river, seemed probable death. A crowd had collected on the	Rebuked.
bridge, and voices called to him mes- sages of symphthy and encourage or ment; but hundlest above the din rose du the shrill piping voice of a small ur- of chin, whose anxiety concerning his of friend's fate esemed extreme. In "I say, BM!" he voriferated, m agonised tones. From between the white bips of Bill came a faint "Yus!" heard dimly came a faint "Yus!" beard dimly T across the wate. "I say, Bill!" shrieked the young- fn ster again, trembing with suspense: "Who shall yer isave yor bicycle w	oor, who never paid him except in flusive thanks. He had just return- d from the third errand one morn- g, and the old gentleman, patting im on the head, said: "Robbie, I am very much obliged to ou. You're a fine little fellow. Thank you, my boy, thank you." Robbie looked up in hts face wist- ally, and apologetically replied: "Mr. Jones, you don't know here t

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I was bern in the year 19	

