

SCHOOL STUDY SPORTS

THE JUNIOR BRITISH WHIG

BIGGEST LITTLE PAPER IN THE WORLD

HUMOR PLAY WORK

In The Pirates' Cave

OLLIE CLARK MAKES A SPEECH ABOUT PIRATES

THESE pirate fellows—the old timers—were some pirates. Ollie Clark's word for it.

Last week at the meeting of the Pirate Six in our Cave in Herb Woods' back yard, Ollie Clark, up from his soap box and says he had a few words to tell us about pirates, so we all says and Ollie went ahead. Here's what he had to say:

"Pirates were a pretty rough bunch," says Ollie. "I mean as an outlaw and had a desperate and brutal character he'd make a good pirate."

"They were havin' their biggest times in Spain 'bout 150 years ago. The Spanish Main was their best working field, for it was being traveled a lot by ships going back and forth from the new land, America, and all of them were pretty well loaded with valuables."

"These pirates would band themselves together, and support one day they decide they'll get busy and steal something. They got to have a boat. So they pick out one that's layin' in harbor, and some dark night they sneak up and over-power the guard and take possession of the boat. This ain't hard to do for the boats in harbor wasn't guarded heavy because nobody ever suspected that pirates would attack."

"If it happened that the boat they'd swiped wasn't big enough to steal sailin' far out to sea, the pirates would plan to stay close to shore and attack other boats leaving the ports loaded with valuable cargo."

"Pirates Spy System "Maybe spies would be placed in the different ports, and these fellows would find out when certain boats were leaving for other ports, where they were going, what the cargo was, how strong a crew was on board, and all that kind of stuff. They'd report this to the pirates. Then these fellows would follow the ship out of the harbor and when she got far enough from land they'd attack her. Maybe they'd do this at midnight—sight bells."

"In the quiet of the night, a couple of boats would be lowered over the side of the pirate ship, and each one

of them would be filled with pirates armed to the teeth, as the books say. "Then they'd row nice and easy up to the side of the ship, not making the slightest noise to arouse the crew or the watch. And then they'd climb over the side of the ship."

"It wouldn't be very hard to overpower the unsuspectin' watch. If they had to fight, they'd do it quietly so as not to stir up the others on the boat. Then they'd go after the sleeping crew. Maybe they would kill the whole bunch, or maybe only part of 'em and put the rest in chains."

"Burn Forsaken Ship "Anyway, the pirates usually got the best of the ship. If it was bigger and better than the ship they already had, they'd burn their old one and sail away for the new one. Prob'ly they'd head for some town along the coast where they could sell the plunder they'd got. Or, maybe, they'd decide to keep going further out to sea and strike some uninhabited island where they could throw off those men of the captured crew that were still alive. Then maybe they'd head for another island and there bury their plunder, planning to return for it some day."

"After that they'd start out after more ships and plunder. That's the way they worked. How'd you fellows like to have been real pirates?"

"Well, we all thought it over for a few minutes and then we decided all at once that none of us would have enjoyed being so tough as all that, though we sure would like to sail out in boats the way those real pirates did and go some place where you can do as you please.—AL STUBBS, Scribe of the Pirate Six."



ONE REEL YARNS

LINCOLN'S CHUM

My father knew a fine old man who used to talk of when Abe Lincoln was an awkward lad, for they were playmates then. Just think of it! A chum like that! To work with him and play before the humble cabin door when "chores" were put away! I guess that I wouldn't ask much more of life if I could be the man that father knew, and say that Lincoln played with me.

I like to close my eyes and think what sort of boy he was—a fine, big-hearted kind of lad that fellows liked because they knew he'd always treat them square and never pick a fight with boys that weren't as big as he. He knew it wasn't right. Kind of serious-faced, I guess, ungainly-like, and slim—but gee! I'd give the world to have a chum as fine as him."

To store in Mem'ry's treasure-house those lazy, sunny hours, of fishing in the stinging creek, and hunting wood-land daisies, or meaning all the secrets wise that nature had to tell, and spending forebowed-wrinkled days in learning how to spell; to lie and watch the kindly sky, cloud-castles floating free, together talking, boy-like, of "what I'm going to be."

"The old man said his boyhood friends just seemed to feel some way, that Abe was sure to BE some one, would take his place some day among the world's most truly great, and he was proud and glad to play and work his little while beside the sad-faced lad. It didn't surprise him, then, at all to have occasion come when he could say with shining eyes, "Abe Lincoln was my chum."

TO-DAY'S PUZZLE

NEBES, DRHA, EKID, DEWA Each group of letters may be arranged to form a word, and the four words may be made into a square. Answer to yesterday's: Loss, lone, line, fine, fine.

Answer to to-day's: Wade, arid, dike, Eden.

He Was Frank

Mrs. Jones was entertaining some of her men's little friends. "Willie," she said to a 6-year-old, who was enjoying a plate of cold beef, "are you sure you can cut your own meat?"

"Yes, thanks," answered Willie. "I've often had it as tough as this at home."

Jimmy (tearfully): "Father, the d-donkey kicked me!"

Father: "Have you been annoying it?"

Jimmy: "No, I was only trying to carve my name on it."

MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott By SINCLAIR LEWIS

She dropped into his lap and (after he had jerked back his head to save his eye-glasses, and removed the glasses, and settled her in a position less cramping to his legs, and caressfully cleared his throat) he kissed her amiably, and remarked:

"Nope, I must say you're fairly good about things like that. I wasn't kidding. I just meant I wouldn't want the fire to go out on us. Leave that draft open and the fire might burn up and go out on us. And the nights are beginning to get pretty cold again. Pretty cold on my drive, I put the side-curtains up, it was so chilly. But the generator is working all right now."

"Yes, it is chilly. But I feel fine after my walk."

"Go walking?"

"I went up to see the Perrys." By a definite act of will she added the truth: "They weren't in. And I saw Guy Pollock. Dropped into his office."

"Why, you haven't been sitting and chinning with him till eleven o'clock?"

"Of course there were some other people there—and Will! What do you think of Dr. Westlake?"

"Westlake? Why?"

"I noticed him on the street today."

"Was he stumping? If the poor fish would have his teeth X-rayed, I'd bet nine and a half cents he'd find an abscess there. 'Rheumatism' he calls it. Rheumatism, hell! He's behind the times. Wonder he doesn't bleed himself! Well, well!" A profound and serious yawn. "I hate to break up the party, but it's getting late and a doctor never knows when he'll get routed out before morning." (She remembered that he had given this explanation, in these words, not less

SORES SPREAD ALL OVER FACES AND BODIES

Mrs. Howard Houllette, Waskatana, Sask., writes:—"I wish to tell you of the benefit we have received by using your valuable Burdock Blood Bitters."

My children started to break out on their faces in small white pimples which kept getting larger each day. Pus would form under the scabs and they would come off, and each time the sores would be larger; some were as large as a twenty-five cent piece, and would spread all over their bodies. I was nearly in despair and sent to the village for a bottle of good blood medicine. The druggist sent me a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, which I commenced giving them at once.

In about ten days I saw an improvement and they grew steadily better each day, and in one month the sores had all disappeared."

All blood and skin diseases are caused by bad blood, and to get it pure and keep it pure you must remove every trace of the impure and morbid matter from the system by a blood-cleansing medicine such as BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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Nice decent hard-working people like the Jonderquist!

In her badiste nightgown she was standing at the bureau engaged in the invariable rites of washing that she had a real dressing-table with a triple mirror, of bending toward the streaky glass and raising her chin to inspect a pin-head mole on her throat, and finally of brushing her hair. In rhythm to the strokes she went on:

"—MAIN ST— I had a d

"But, Will, there isn't any of what you might call financial rivalry between you and the partners—Westlake and McGanum—is there?"

He flipped up to bed with a solemn book-somersault and a ludicrous kick of his heels as he tucked his legs under the blanket. He snorted, "Lord no! I never begrudge any man a nickel he can get away from me—fairly."

"But is Westlake fair? Isn't he shy?"

"Shy is the word. He's a fox, that boy!"

She saw Guy Pollock's grin in the mirror. She flushed.

Kennicott, with his arms behind his head, was yawning:

"Yump. He's smooth, too smooth. But I bet I make prett' near as much as Westlake and McGanum both together, though I've never wanted to grab more than my just share. If anybody wants to go to the partners instead of to me, that's his business. Though I must say it makes me tired when Westlake gets hold of 'de Dawson. Here Luke Dawson had been coming to me for every toothache and headache and a lot of little things that just wasted my time, and then when his grandchild was here last summer and had summer-complaint, I suppose, or something like that, probably—you know, the time you and I drove up to Lac-qui-Pan—why, Westlake got hold of Ma Dawson and scared her to death, and made her think the kid had appendicitis, and, by golly, if he and McGanum didn't operate, and boiler their heads off about the terrible adhesions they found, and what a regular Charley and Will Mayo they were for classy surgery. They let on that if they'd waited two hours more the kid would have developed peritonitis, and God knows what all; and then they collected a nice fat hundred and fifty dollars. And probably they'd have charged three hundred, if they hadn't been afraid of me! I'm no hog, but I certainly do hate to give old Luke ten dollars' worth of advice for a dollar and a half, and then see a hundred and fifty go glimmering. And if I can't do a better penicotomy than either Westlake or McGanum, I'll eat my hat!"

As she crept into bed she was dazzled by Guy's blazing grin. She expostulated:

"But Westlake is cleverer than his son-in-law, don't you think?"

(To be Continued.)

The Woman's Part THE average woman in the discharge of her many responsibilities as wife, mother and housekeeper learns her own lessons of finance in the management of her household. Her efforts are largely concentrated on "making both ends meet." Naturally, she does not always realize the difference between capital and income, because the average woman doesn't get the opportunity to accumulate capital. It is wise to consider this point in connection with life insurance. Would a lump sum paid in the possible event of your death, be the wisest and safest form of bequest for you to make? Or would not provision of a regular income every month be better? Many a family has learned by sad experience that an insurance policy which seemed quite substantial in a lump sum, when first paid by the insurance company, proved but brief protection when treated as income instead of capital. A Guaranteed Monthly Income policy in the Mutual Life of Canada saves all danger of this mistake. It removes also danger of loss from un-sound investment of the proceeds of the insurance policy. Your beneficiary is guaranteed a regular monthly income for twenty years, and as long thereafter as she may live. We'll be glad to send you our folder, "A Guaranteed Monthly Income—the Greatest Thing in the World of Insurance". Write us. THE MUTUAL LIFE of Canada: Waterloo, Ontario S. ROUGHTON, District Agent Kingston, Ont.

There's no case for the whole mouth when one tooth is aching. It is foolish to fight the wall after the thieves are gone. Foot-binding, which resulted in women having feet so small as to be practically useless, has been discontinued in enlightened China. The Nova Scotia House of Assembly will meet March 2nd. One doesn't take a butcher's knife to carve the rib of a fowl.

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY LIMITED MONTREAL November 3rd, 1921. Canadian Daily Newspapers' Association, Excelsior Life Building, Toronto, Ont. Speaking from the standpoint of the manufacturer who does a Dominion-wide business, newspaper advertising is as necessary to the successful distribution of a trade-marked piece of merchandise as food, raiment and shelter are to the well-being of the individual. Newspaper advertising nourishes the product; it clothes it with reputation, integrity and respectability; and it protects it from the storms of competition and the inroads of goods of questionable parentage. Nation-wide newspaper advertising is the foster-son of transportation. As the facilities for the distribution and delivery of goods increased, so did national newspaper advertising develop. The shoe manufacturer of to-day was the village cobbler of yesterday. The manufacturer who makes thousands of good mouse-traps for the public now is the successor of the man who years ago made mouse-traps for himself and his neighbors. But the world does not best a pathway to the door of these manufacturers! No, they go out and "tell the world" about it through the newspapers. And the world responds, and buys. R. W. Ashcroft/S. ASSISTANT TO PRESIDENT. Ames, Holden, McCreedy, Ltd., state a truth that is vital to the buyer—Daily Newspaper advertising "nourishes the product." A product advertised in the Daily Newspapers must be better value for the same money than one which is unadvertised. No firm can continue to advertise successfully and break this law. Issued by The Canadian Daily Newspapers' Association, Head Office, Toronto.



I'm So Tired

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Neglected kidney troubles lead to years of suffering from rheumatism or develop into such fatal ailments as Bright's disease.

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