



A spring tonic the children will enjoy  
**Cubs**  
for Breakfast

When it's time for a good spring tonic, give the family Cubs for breakfast. Cubs contain all those elements which nature stores in wheat—its splendid minerals, its bran, its vital wheat germ. Serve this tasty whole wheat goodness—blended with mellow malt to make it tastier still. Spoon-sized bundles of nourishment, toasted a golden-brown. Crispy-fresh. Ask your grocer for Cubs.



THE SPOON-SIZE READY TO EAT CEREAL

Commodore  
Norah

By  
ANGUS MacVICAR

CHAPTER IV  
BATTLE WITH A SHARK

"Jock! Look—what on earth's biting the Mary Rose?"  
David McGregor taken the pipe from his mouth and was staring at Norah Grant's skirt. He started the steering wheel with silver spray, balancing himself with practised skill against each lurch and roll.  
"Deck Galbraith, who had been leaning on the door of the wheelhouse talking to the steersman, jerked round swiftly, impelled more by the tone of alarm in his employer's voice than by the words he had used. He saw the Mary Rose twist suddenly to starboard and then, struck by two heavy waves in succession, stagger sideways.  
Then he glimpsed the great triangular fin and the black shape of the basking shark, moving through the wild sea straight for the side of the Mary Rose.  
"She's out of control. The shark'll be on her," he gasped.  
David thrust the pipe back into his mouth and bit hard on the stem. There was nothing he could do to help. The whole tragedy—if tragedy it was destined to be—would be over in half a dozen seconds. Hands clenched in the pockets of his stiff oilskins, he watched the events from a distance of less than a hundred yards.  
As the Mary Rose lay in the hollow trough of the wave, the shark's nose touched her hull. For a moment the monster seemed to hesitate. On board the skiff old Donald was shouting desperate instructions.  
"Reverse, you'll be right," he roared to the white-faced boy who was in charge of the engine. To the steersman he yelled: "Starboard—starboard! Get her right round, can't you?"  
But his orders, even though they were carried out to the best of his crew's abilities, could not get off the onslaught of the shark. Norah, still clutching the brass rail of the wheelhouse, saw the monster's nose touch the Mary Rose and she roared out the words of the young fisherman: "Sharks are like pigs. They'll breenge right through an obstruction." She forgot about Hector, who had fallen on his knees beside her and was clinging to a bollard to prevent himself being swept overboard by the seas which roared over them.  
Then the shark attacked. It leaped from the water and flung itself against the starboard gunwale, near the stern. Old Donald began to curse at the shark, while Menteth had fallen forward and his face was hidden against the bollard. And suddenly, as the Mary Rose leaned over under the weight of her attacker, the shark slithered towards the stern, its cruel head passing Norah's feet at a distance of only a few inches, and with a furry oil foam and a tremendous crash fell back into the sea. Its mighty tail flew up and struck the Mary Rose on the rounded point of the stern. She was lifted a foot or two and sank back into the sea with an odd lurch. The engine began to cough and roar in an unusual fashion.  
"Stop her! Stop her!" yelled Donald. The brute has snapped of the screw."  
Astern, the black body of the shark was moving away from them, its desire for action apparently satisfied. Once or twice it leaped straight out of the water, but finally sank from view beneath the wild waves.  
Leopoldo, the power of her engine, the Mary Rose was at the mercy of the storm and of the current. In this particular locality, tended to draw her in towards the tangs of the Black Rock. She rolled worse than ever now, for the steersman had no means of keeping her head to the sea, and when the waves struck her broadside on it seemed each time as if her last moment had come.  
Donald Brown kept his head. In less than half a minute after the shark had disappeared, he had directed the men to bring out of its locker in the fore-cabin a small brown sail which was sometimes used to assist the engine. It was hoisted forward and, after trimming, gave the boat steerage way.  
While the shark was attacking and the sail was being adjusted, however, the Mary Rose had been drifting closer and closer to the Black Rock, and even though the sail gave her headway, it did not prove enough to prevent her drifting, though now, of course, this drift was much slower.  
Steadily, inexorably, Norah Grant's skiff was being sucked towards that precipice of death.  
"The only craft near the Mary Rose was the Silver Spray. The other boats were still over a mile behind."  
With something akin to horror David and Jock had witnessed the attack by the shark and they had been immensely relieved when it became apparent that the Mary Rose had escaped with no worse damage than a broken propeller and a stove in the galley. As soon as the brown sail was hoisted, the men realized that the worst danger was over. David stopped his boat and hoisted it. He perceived that the other skiff, with Norah Grant and Hector Menteth aboard, had begun to move perilously near to the Black Rock, and there had stirred in his mind the germ of an idea. A slow grin flickered about the corners of his mouth, and he turned to Jock, who was standing beside him, watching the vain struggles of the Mary Rose to steer clear of the precipice.  
"They'll be calling for help in a minute," he said quietly, knocking his pipe out against the wheelhouse and putting it in his pocket.  
Jock glanced at his master.  
"Ay," he returned, reading David's mind. "And maybe we'll help them—at a price."  
The other nodded, with a grim laugh.  
"We've got them in a corner this time."  
"Ha'e a look at Menteth," chuckled Jock, pointing across the turbulent water. "Saying his prayers up against a bollard!"  
"I don't admire Norah Grant's taste in fiancés," observed David, with an involuntary touch of bitterness; and Jock laughed at a secret thought.  
"A fish's eye often gets the sweet-heart she deserves," he remarked.  
"But Norah Grant's a sight too good for that—"  
David stopped, growled, and fixed Jock with his eye. "What do we care about Norah Grant?" he demanded of the other.  
"Ch—very little," soothed Jock.  
Suddenly, through the howl of the wind, a cry came to them a thin hal. On the deck of the Mary Rose

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it has **EXTRA FLAVOUR**



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By J. R. Williams

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With Major Hoopie



THE MOST LOVELY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD IN SPRING, CURLY--THE DOWNY COLTS, THE WOBBLY CALVES--NATURE MAKES ALL HER YOUNG THINGS SO LOVELY, SO CUTE

SHORE NICE, HAIN'T THEY?

THE CUTIES

J.R. WILLIAMS 4-18



JOYE, TIFFANY, INVENTIVE GENIUS SCORES AGAIN! WHY, IT WORKS AS SMOOTHLY AS A PRINTING PRESS! WAIT UNTIL IT WHACKS HIM TEN TIMES MORE, AND YOU DASH IN AND RELEASE HIM--I'LL BE READING A BOOK DOWNSTAIRS!

THAT OUGHT TO STOP OUR LITTLE IRON HORSE LIKE CONS ON THE TRACK! MAYBE HE'LL SIT STILL A WHILE NOW--IF HE CAN SIT AT ALL!

WHAT WAS A STRIKING IDEA OF THE MAJOR'S!

THE HOOPIE'S ELECTRIC SPANKER

THE HOOPIE TRUNK TRAP

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McMan



ISN'T IT STRANGE HOW SOME OF THESE INDIAN WOMEN DRESS HERE IN OKLAHOMA CITY. I SAW ONE WITH A PLUG HAT WITH A FEATHER IN IT.

JOLLY ODD, I'LL SAY--AND I UNDERSTAND THEM. ALL AROUND A PLUG HAT AND SHE WUZ COVERED WITH BEADS--

YEP--I SAW ONE WITH A FEATHER HAT AND SHE WUZ COVERED WITH BEADS--

THIS CERTAINLY IS AN INTERESTING TOWN. THIS OKLAHOMA CITY--

MY! WHAT AN INTERESTING DAY WE HAD SHOPPING--

TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwina



I DON'T SEE WHY YOUR GRANDMOTHER HAD TO KEEP ON EATING WHEN SHE KNOWS SHE CAN'T STAND ALL THAT RICH FOOD--

MY LAND! I COULDN'T EAT ALL TH' REFRESHMENTS AT ONE PARTY, AN' NOT AT TH' NEXT ONE! THEY'D HAVE BEEN OFFENDED! UGH! DO I HAFTA TAKE THAT?

MY LAND! I FEEL BAD 'NUFF, MARY BAILEY STUBBS, WITHOUT YOU TELLIN' ME NOW WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE--

NOW HOW DO YOU FEEL, GRAN'MA? MARY! MAKE HIM STOP ASKIN' ME! OH, MY-- I FEEL AWFUL.



POPEYE SLEEPS SOUNDLY AMID A STORM, OBVIOUSLY HE HAS A CLEAR CONSCIENCE

J. WELLINGTON WIMPY ALSO HAS A CLEAR CONSCIENCE--YES, INDEED, MY MIND IS COMPLETELY UNTRUBLED

PEACEFUL SLEEPER SHALL COME TO ME AFTER A BIT OF JEEP-COUNTING

784  
785  
786  
787  
788  
789

JEEPBURGERS

?

?



GOSH, YOUR EYES ARE TURNING BLACK

YOU'RE CERTAINLY MAKING A MESS OF THINGS, MAC-- YOU TALK ABOUT TREATING US ALL ALIKE, THEN YOU KISS ME AND SOCK WALLY

GEE, I'M AWFULLY SORRY I HIT YOU, WALLY-- I'LL GIVE YOU THE AFTERNOON OFF

WELL

WHAT NEXT?

SAY, MAC-- AREN'T YOU GOING TO TREAT US ALL ALIKE AND LET GLENNY AND ME GO, TOO? PHEH-HEH

WELL

C. W. P. C. Prize  
Goes To Sussex

(Saint John Telegraph)  
The \$10 prize offered by the New Brunswick Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club for the best article on "What Canada Means to Me" has been awarded to Miss Elizabeth Brewster of Sussex, aged 17 years. Her entry was considered the best of 21 received.  
Those eligible to compete were girls resident in New Brunswick at the time of writing who had had their 15th birthday but had not had their 21st birthday. The article was to be between 300 and 1,000 words in length.  
Members of the New Brunswick branch C.W.P.C. made the final choice of the winner at the branch's annual meeting at 248 King Street East on Saturday evening. The meeting was presided over by the Educational Review, the president was in the chair and with the other officers was re-elected for the ensuing year. Other officers are honorary president, Mrs. Margaret Lawrence; secretary, Mrs. H. C. L. Sweet and treasurer, Miss Katie Broad.  
Among those present at the meeting were Mrs. A. E. Mathewson of Fredericton, vice-president for New Brunswick on the National C.W.P.C. executive and Miss Priscilla Fuzen, a prospective member. The meeting heartily endorsed the membership application of Mrs. J. Brown Maxwell of Fredericton, well-known writer on historical themes.  
Mrs. Mathewson told of receiving a gracious reply to the letter of sympathy she had forwarded to Lady Tweedsmuir, with whom she had personal acquaintance as Lady Tweedsmuir was both an active

member and honorary president of the C.W.P.C. Congratulations were extended to Mrs. Mathewson on having been selected as one of the two representatives of the press to attend the state luncheon when Their Majesties the King and Queen were in Fredericton.  
Correspondence received included letters from members from outside points, Miss Molly O'By of Gagetown, Miss Katherine Irvine of Charlottetown, P. E. I., and Mrs. Vera Daye Ayling of Moncton.  
Mrs. Sweet's annual report told of the success of the members in various literary and journalistic fields and noted that the branch had welcomed three new members in the past year. Mrs. Jessie Allen Brown, already a valued member on the national organization, who has lately taken up residence in New Brunswick, Mrs. Guy Robinson of Renforth and Miss Irving of Charlottetown.  
In war time activity recorded, special mention was made of the patriotic clubs formed by Mrs. Mathewson in Fredericton for wives of soldiers and by Miss Alice L. Flarweather in Saint John for members of the motion picture exchanges and Miss Fairweather's work in connection with the Navy League and Seamen's Mission in recognition of which a gold wrist watch was recently presented to her. Miss Stella Payson has been specially active in work for soldiers and sailors. Miss Marlon Cox was congratulated on radio addresses and children's stories, and Mrs. Sweet on the presentation of her original plays.  
The 21 entries received in the "What Canada Means to Me" contest were from all parts of the province, 10 counties being represented.  
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Get a bottle at any drug counter and see how quickly it will rid you of those all-gone, don't-care-to-work feelings caused by

**"SPRING FEVER"**

(Continued on page 6, Col 7)