

Say It with Flowers



The Sawell Greenhouses



Housewives!

Use **SMP** Utensils and Save Work

Buy Diamond Ware or Pearl Ware kitchen utensils and save work. They are so clean, with a flint-hard, smooth surface that wipes clean like china. No scouring, no scraping or polishing. Just use soap and water.

Every conceivable pot and pan is made in either Pearl or Diamond Ware, the two splendid quality SMP Enamelled Wares. Diamond Ware is a three-coated enameled steel, sky blue and white outside, snowy white inside. Pearl Ware is enameled steel with two coats of grey and white enamel inside and out. Either ware will give long service. Ask for



Pearl Ware or Diamond Ware

MADE BY THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

GREENE BROS.

Supplies and Electrical Work

Phone 146

Waterdown

"Made in Waterdown"

Canadian Beauty Washing Tablets

The White Tablet in the Blue Package
For washing Clothes, Woolens
Linoleums, Floors, Silverware
Glass, Etc.

Farmers use them for cleaning Separators,
Cream and Milk Cans

Get your supply now. For sale at

Jas. E. Eagers Estate

W. G. Spence

and

S. Weaver

BANK JOBS GO BEGGING.

Serious Shortage in Clerks Worries the Managers.

Think of it, our once-exclusive banks are hanging out cards asking for clerks, just as factories do when they want help. Neat little placards in this connection are hung up near the tellers' cages. Hark to the contents of one of them:

"Employment on the staff of this bank offers an attractive future for young men. We are in a position to place a number of boys with High School education at our different branches throughout Canada.

"For particulars please refer to the manager."

Can't you imagine one of Canada's bygone general managers, pompous of mien, revisiting old haunts and nearly having an apoplectic fit at the sight of such a placard. Advertising for clerks! The very idea! Twenty years ago or more such an expedient would never have been dreamed of.

Why, there was keen competition to get jobs in banks. In those distant days of Canada's hard times banks had waiting lists just like modern golf clubs, and picked and chose the young men who were to have the privilege of working for them. Applicants for positions approached a manager in humility and awe.

Not only good appearance, but social pull was necessary for admittance to one of the larger institutions. A boy's ancestry loomed larger with some general managers than did his penmanship. A bank job was the goal of most youths whose parents could not afford them a profession. For the post was a sure thing—banks never actually firing their clerks—and promotion, though slow, was regular up to a point, at least. Moreover—alas! that appeal to snobbishness—a bank clerk was some pumpkin socially in the city, and in the country towns he was absolutely IT. But that was twenty years ago.

Junior clerks started their career of finance in those days with as little as \$150 a year. To-day bank juniors are hard to get at \$600 and \$700 a year. And they have adding machines to do the dirty work. Twenty years ago—yes, less than fifteen years ago—branch managers with long service, several clerks under them and heavy responsibility, frequently received per annum no more than street car conductors and motormen are rejecting as insufficient to-day. Ask any senior bank man.

About fifteen years ago the native supply of bank clerks began to peter out in Canada. Better times had come with the opening up of the West, and opportunities offered in the professions and other occupations for young Canadians. The demand, for clerks rose simultaneously with the shortage, as new branches were springing up on the prairie overnight, like mushrooms. One or two large banks began importing clerks from Scotland, which has since furnished Canada with hundreds of hard-headed bankers.

The outbreak of war made the situation more stringent. Girls, whom banks had mostly employed as stenographers or at work which did not bring them into contact with the public, presently appeared at tasks hitherto considered unsuitable for feminine endurance. To-day they run the big deposit ledgers and in some country offices even that nerve-racking post, the cash, where she might have to use the loaded revolver lying ready at her side to defend the money from robbers. Some girls receive \$1,200 and \$1,500 a year in banks.

One Canadian bank has opened no less than 200 new branches within the past two years. Two or three of the larger institutions have from 400 to 500 branches each. All of which illustrates the growth of Canadian banking and the opportunities it offers.

Body Heat.

The immediate nearness of a large and robust person at the theatre or in a street car on a hot summer day may be a cause of discomfort by reason of the amount of heat given off by his or her body.

Such radiation from the human body is so considerable that, as proved by recent experiments, the presence of a man can be detected in the dark, with the help of suitable apparatus, at a distance of 500 feet.

Apparatus of the kind—consisting of a concave mirror to focus the heat rays, a "thermopile" and a galvanometer—proved very useful during the war. If a man crossed the range of the instrument the latter instantly perceived the fact. Even the lifting of a head out of a hole in the ground was registered.

Taken From His Sock.

A humorous story comes from the country districts where an automobile salesman had one of the biggest surprises of his life when an Italian farmer, who had ordered a car, made an old-fashioned specie payment and all in silver coin. The salesman was asked to "wait a minute" for his money. After an hour and a half he was summoned to the back yard, where the farmer had laid out the price of the car on two tables. The coins were all quarters, halves and dollars, piled \$10 in a stack. When the salesman undertook to check up he quickly understood why he had been left sitting on the front doorstep so long. It took him another hour and a half to make sure that he hadn't been overpaid.

HOME OF GIANT TREE.

Large Portion of Canada's Total Timber is on Vancouver Island.

Giant trees towering hundreds of feet above the densest undergrowth outside the tropics, pretty bungalows nestling amid roses, are conjured up at mention of Vancouver Island, Canada's western outpost which, in conjunction with Northern British Columbia, talks of setting up as a separate province. Vancouver Island has often been compared to England, with which it has much in common, yet from which it differs so utterly. Whereas open and densely populated England and Wales have an area of 58,324 square miles, Vancouver Island, 280 miles long and from 40 to 80 miles wide, sparsely settled, backboneed with mountains and covered with dense forests, is only 15,937 square miles in extent.

Both countries have very moist climates, and English trees, shrubs and flowers, unknown in Ontario, flourish exceedingly on the B.C. coast. English ivy, brought out from the Old Land, clings to the sides of houses and spreads its dark green mass over walls. English roses riot as they do in Devon. The yellow flowers of the gorse will be blooming there now just as you would see them in the Kentish country. It would make a Toronto gardener sick with envy to see with what marvellous speed English box or privet turns into a hedge in the genial soil and air of Vancouver Island. Holly bushes with red berries stand in the gardens. And the grass is always green, never withering as here.

In addition to the above and other imported flora, lower British Columbia has a wealth of her own ivys and bushes whose evergreen leaves and ferns help to make a veritable jungle of her forests. Many Old Country folk, too, are settled there. Moreover, the damp atmosphere makes for a tranquillity of disposition reminiscent of England and unlike the keyed-up nervousness of Ontario and other inland provinces. But there the resemblance stops. The winters in lower British Columbia are wetter than in England, and the summers much warmer. The soft air of the Pacific Ocean lacks the snap of the Atlantic breezes off the English coast. In fact the warm Japanese current gives the shores of Canada it gives a real touch of the tropics.

The luxuriance of the vegetation is the first thing to impress new arrivals. It is officially claimed that the climate of the B. C. coast will produce as much timber in 60 years as the rest of Canada in a century, for trees grow all winter out there. No forests in the world have a heavier stand of timber than those on Vancouver Island. Of British Columbia's estimated total stand of 366 billion feet of board measure and pulpwood, it is estimated that 200 billion feet is situated along the coast, and half of this—100 billion feet—is on Vancouver Island. The writer, who knows the island well also the lower mainland, once saw a single log at Vancouver from which they would cut 16,800 feet of good merchantable lumber. Douglas fir, 200 feet high are common enough, and 50,000 feet board measure per acre is not regarded as phenomenal in those forests, compared to whose trees our second growth Ontario pine looks like matchwood.

Coal mining and fishing are, in addition to lumbering, Vancouver Island's main industries. Soft coal of excellent steam quality has long been mined, and a large quantity of it goes to the Pacific coast states. Of fish, salmon are, of course, very plentiful, also halibut—large shipments of which have long been actually shipped to Boston—herring, cod, etc. Toronto capitalists are interested in several big whaling stations on the coasts of Vancouver Island. About fifteen years ago the C.P.R. bought out the Dunsmuir railway interests, and has since extended the original lines to various parts of the island. Agriculture flourishes moderately on Vancouver Island, but not quite as well as might be imagined. Soil is rich in the low-lying parts, but the expense of clearing timber is excessive. On the higher land, where suitable timber is encountered, the soil is apt to be light and sandy. And for all the wet winter, the summers can be very dry on occasion.

The Truth, and Nothing But—

The court bristled. Those who read much about police courts will understand what that term means. All the best courts bristle, and so this one bristled.

The court bristled. The lawyer, a smart and sharp young man, helped along the bribe.

His client, a woman, did not look so young as she used to be, although she was relinquishing her youth protestingly.

"What is your age, madam?" asked the lawyer.

"Forty-six," she returned in clear, distinct tones.

"Gentlemen," remarked the lawyer, turning to the members of the jury, "please take note of that answer, and because of it I will ask you to believe everything that my client has to say."

Millet is a splendid smother crop and weed seed destroyer, especially when cut thickly for hay and cut early.

HOW AUTHORS WORK.

Find Inspiration Under Many Different Conditions.

Various are the adventitious aids to inspiration of which the novelist or poet avails himself. Not the least of them, perhaps, is tobacco. Tennyson and Charles Kingsley were prolific smokers, and Sir J. M. Barrie has confessed that when at work on a novel he smokes seven ounces during the course of a week.

Maeterlinck, too, always works with a pipe in his mouth, though he has long since given up the use of tobacco. According to his biographer, M. Gerard Harry, "in lieu of ordinary tobacco, he fills his bowl with a denicotinized preparation, tasteless indeed, but harmless. His pipe is still always alight when the pen is busy, but it is hardly more now than an innocent subterfuge intended to cheat and so satisfy an irresistible mechanical craving."

D'Annunzio is a night worker, and piles his pen when the rest of mankind are asleep. He works throughout the night, generally retiring to bed at about nine in the morning.

Disraeli always worked in evening dress—a habit that was not, perhaps, without influence on his elaborate and highly-artificial style. That industrious scribe, the late Dean Farrar, used to write his books standing. Maurice Jokai always used violet ink, and when unable to obtain it he found the flow of thoughts considerably impeded.

Upon the writing-table of Henrik Ibsen there was a small tray containing a number of grotesque figures, among which were a diminutive devil, some cats, and some rabbits. "I never write a single line of any of my dramas," admitted Ibsen, "without having that tray and its occupants before me on my table. I could not write without them."

Of James Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," it was said that "he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over in his way what he was to correct and write out next day." Thomson was in the habit of seeking inspiration in long walks in the open air, during which his thoughts would arrange themselves in ordered sequence.

Browning, too, did much of his work in the open air, and it was while walking in Dulwich Wood that the thought occurred to him which was afterwards to find artistic expression in "Pippa Passes." The title of Thackeray's great novel, "Vanity Fair," on the other hand, suddenly flashed into its author's mind one night when he was lying in bed at the Old Ship at Brighton.

If the Sun Went Out.

Wonderful things are constantly happening in the universe; but what if the sun were suddenly extinguished?

The earth and every living thing upon it would be doomed in a very short time.

Why, at the end of the first week the frost would have destroyed all but the hardiest of the vegetation.

Our lakes and rivers would freeze solid. Even our oceans would be soon turned to ice. And the ice, by its greater bulk compared with water, would encroach upon and overwhelm the land, until only the tops of the highest mountains would show above the glacial sea. These mountain summits would themselves be covered with deep snow, or ice crystals, which had fallen because of the water vapor in the atmosphere having frozen.

Mankind would be destroyed to the uttermost ends of the globe. Neither would the very lowest forms of organized creatures escape the icy death.

The stars would be always looking down upon our derelict earth, for it would be one long night. No bright-shining moon would ever rise, for our satellite borrows its splendor from the sun.

The earth would not stop turning round on its axis, nor would it cease to revolve about the dead sun.

There are believed to be many dead suns in the universe, all traveling through space at a great speed.

Would our dead sun be doomed to an eternal night? Perhaps not. Perhaps, in the course of its wanderings—at a speed of about twelve miles a second—it might meet with another celestial derelict.

If so, then appalling would be the impact. Its light and heat would be revived. The sun, in brief, would be born again.

And what of that icy tomb, the earth? It would melt as a flake of snow in the fire.

Vessel Made of Corrugated Plates.

Using ships' bulkheads to build an entire vessel seems an extraordinary proceeding, says Popular Mechanics Magazine; yet it has just been successfully accomplished in England, where a 6,000-ton tanker was so constructed with nearly 400 tons less material than would ordinarily be used. The secret lies in the curious form of the newly-invented bulkhead plates, which are made with vertical corrugations, so strengthening them that the usual horizontal and vertical stiffening brackets are dispensed with. The oil ship built in this manner, with its straight lines and corrugated sides, naturally offers a most peculiar appearance. It is to be used as a floating reservoir at Las Palmas, Canary Islands, for supplying oil-burning ships with fuel, and is equipped with pumps that have a capacity of 200 tons an hour.