

RK BASIER. mixed up and I began why Nora used up cloth

ALTH M. D.

s, or several days, disappear, or end

nay be twitching in one the limbs and there may less extensive convulsion

ot do

id him. usit HIRS ty raguest 4 A PLEA. s not how rough the way, s not how rough the way, ot wince nor whine, today is of pleasure lie behind; shies now my path is lined, sh thoughts and ceifing gon fit for oreven souis. is best is now at chake, ot let my courage break.

THE STANDARD, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1918.

DOWNRUDD BY HOWARD L. RANN

OVEREATING

ve for a

A deep sense of

en to dr

William when she came to a young man of the young man of

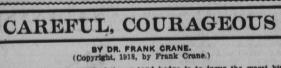


ag wile, ag in h the blow. In ray ther boys; I do s t sick as blases h all fuss the Dicks and Harrys are the for the former of the former li nations know that V innot whip the Teuton, in, with curses and re

RIPPLING RHYMES By WALT MASON.

WARTIME WORK.

WARTIME WORK. The click of needles ever is counding in my home, while I m endeavor to grind my daily pome. Tm giving Art and Letters of kind of incocks, while wife is knitting sweaters, and aunt is knit And sundry loyal neighbors have come to knit a while, and sus their labors in patriotic style. They're talking while they' I cannot heip but hear. "Old Jinx is worth a million, and m beyond; he bought, so help me Lillian, a fiftydollar bond." who does my washing is poor, so poor she grouns; but up and sicehing, and digs up fifty bones. The day that brought no w her has seldom dawned, but she is grayly singing because a bond." "We'll know who are the slackers, I'll bet my widows ' spot the wordy clackers who don't make good with deeds. The abetiors of Wilhelm must be canned." The girls are knitting s' socks, to beat the band. I hear their needles clicking, with p while I am sady ticking the stuffing from my lyre. Can be white is an eaging a gong, my dears, with all that conversation for



e faithful to the last-ed till the storm is passed. and country, i must live; nd freely 1 must give they ask of me today th shall not be swept away, fors now to count the cost, his country's honor tost

ange the man 1 was, and

the hy of the cause at stake, hy of the cause at stake, e of soft to think no more use bitter days are o'er, not whimper nor complain losses. From that stain be free, until the hour inquishes the tyrant's power.

.

(as.

eedom's flag shall triumpo

endomive fing ored I am and have i'd give edom on the cartin shall live. foranke my sollini needs myseld to begger doods.

Heart Throbs The cause of the sound of normal heart beats has not been definitely as-cortained. There are normally two sounds—the first, which is called systo-lic, is duil and somewhat prolonged; it is followed quickly by the second, call-ed diastolic, which is shorter and sound. It is supposed that the vibra-tion and closure of the valves between the aurkles and ventricles is one of the causes of the first sound; the contrac-tion of the centricles, or the striking of the heart against the walls of the chest is the the cause. The second sound is known to be caused by the vibra-tion produced by the closure of the semiunar valves.

Why We Hear

DICKY DIPPY'S DIARY.			-By SINNOTT.
SATURDAY: SAW A LITTLE GIRL IN TEARS. MY MA GAVE ME A NICKEL"SHE SOBBED, AND I LOST IT!"	"WELL, DON'T CRY," SAID I, "HERE'S ANOTHER NICKEL."	INSTEAD OF STOPPING SHE BAWLED LOUDER! "WHY ARE YOU CRYING NOW?"I ASKED.	"CAUSE IF I HAD N'T LOST THE NICKEL MA GAVE ME 120 HAVE A DIME!"
		1	1
E TO IN	1	the file	
		in the	100 PT
		1 38	33 60