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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

"DO YOU LOVE ME?"

Here's an interesting thought. Women often say: "Do you love me?" to their lovers and their husbands.

But can you imagine a man saying: "Do you love me?" to his wife.

You can't, can you?

If someone put it into the dialogue in a story, it wouldn't ring true.

But why is it?

Is it that men don't care so much?

Man Loves Woman, Woman Loves Love.

I think that has something to do with it. They don't think so much about being loved as women do. The average man falls in love with a woman, but the average woman falls in love with the man's love of her. Women want to be loved, men want to love.

That's before marriage. After she has committed herself, woman comes to love the individual "Marriage is a medicine which acts differently on good men and good women," says Charles Reade "She does not love him quite enough—cure—marriage. He loves her a little too much—cure—marriage."

Then, again, men have more things outside the home to think about and so their thoughts do not run so much in the channel which leads to the question: Do you love me? A woman can wash the dishes and do the beds and bathe the baby, thinking all the time about her own emotions, and the fact that her husband forgot their last anniversary and didn't tell her how well she looked in that new hat, whereas a man can hardly be following any separate train of thought while he does an intricate piece of figuring, or dictates a letter or interviews a business prospect.

Woman's Handicap.

The fact that housework, even when carefully done has so much routine in it that does not take up the mind is one of women's handicaps in the business of being happy. It is an inestimable blessing to have work into which one can plunge as into a river of forgetfulness. This is one of the reasons why "man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence."

Then again, men are more sure of themselver than women. I have met plenty of plain women who fully sensed their own unattractiveness and did not expect the opposite sex to be impressed by them. I never knew a man, however, unattractive and insignificant who did not think it perfectly natural that women should like him.

"You Don't Love Me."

I suppose all this goes back, like so much of our sex relation and development of different characteristics in each sex, to the economic basis of marriage.

One last word, which, contrary to the supposed custom of our sex, I give to the Author man. He says: "Men sometimes are in doubt and do say the masculine equivalent of 'Do you love me,' and that is: 'You don't love me,' spoken in an accusatory tone and expecting the answer: 'How can you say such a thing. You know I do.'"

How about it, Husband's and Wives?

THRIFTY.

For years I've been cautious and thrifty, I salted the dimes as they came, and now that I'm two score and fifty, you see me ahead of the game. I toiled with conspicuous ardor, and went to the bank with the tin, and now I have pies in my larder, and bacon and spuds in the bin. And fellows who blew in their earnings, who squandered desirable dough, are busted and sick with their yearnings for comforts they never shall know. All day through the streets they are drilling, and seeking, from dawn until dark, some job that will bring them a shilling, some graft that will yield them a mark. I see them, the weary old walkers, I see them and pity them all; for they should be perched in their rockers, each one in his opulent hall. In beds that are silken and classy they all should be able to snore; they all should be chipper and sassy, with never a wolf at the door. If people would save in life's summer, life's winter would find them serene with bundles of coin that a plumber might view and with envy turn green. Alas, it is idle, this preaching, my sermons have always been spurned; the people are seeking and reaching for new ways to blow what they've earned.

Post Office Puzzle Solvers.

PROBLEMS AND HUMOURS OF FREAK POSTAL ADDRESSES.

The man with a misguided sense of humour who addressed a letter to a friend, "Mr. John Jones, London," probably thought himself a smart fellow, for he knew that in all probability the experts of the "Blind Division" of the Post Office would never be able to discover for which John Jones of London his missive was meant.

But, though these experts are not infallible, their ingenuity in finding the solution of vague, incomplete, and cryptic addresses almost borders on the miraculous. Thus, when a letter addressed, "Mr. Abedefghijlmnopqrstuvwxyz, —— Street, Bradford," came before one of them, he decided in a moment that the addressee was a Mr. No-ke, as the alphabet contained "no-K"; and Mr. Noke received his letter.

Addresses in Rhyme.

Another letter, the address of which consisted of a woman's face, with the name of a small town in Lancashire, was rightly delivered to Mr. Notman of that place; and a third, labelled "J c|o D.Q.," found its proper recipient in a Mr. Jay, c|o Mr. Dee, Kew.

Mere orthography, however confusing, presents little difficulty to these magicians of the Blind Division. For example, the average man might rack his brains in vain to discover where "Iobin" is, but the expert at sight reads it correctly as High Holborn.

He also knows at a glance that Farndenst is meant for Farringdon Street; Senelnard for St. Leonards; Noath for Naworth (Cumberland); and Fashum for Faversham. But even the expert must have been put on his mettle before he discovered that Sabudo was no other than St. Budeaux, in Devonshire; and Berlton was Bridlington in another guise.

Letters addressed in foreign tongues, from Chinese or Japanese to Parsee or Marathi, present little difficulty—any more than those addressed to some obscure village which has perhaps a score of name-sakes—such as Burton, of which there are no fewer than thirty in England; or Thornton, of which there are a score.

But postal addresses have their humorous as well as their puzzling aspects, and to these the lover is perhaps the most interesting contributor. He was a very infatuated swain who has thus addressed one of his billets-doux:—

Mr. Postman, I'm sure you have no need to ask
This damsel's parental abode—
The ivy-clad cottage that stands by itself
At the top of the B—— Road.

You will find there's no need to knock a rat-tat,
This letter's expected from me;
She will watch by the gate, and with sweetest of smiles
She will pay you the messenger's fee.

It was not a lover, but a humorist, whose faith in the cleverness of the Post Office officials was sublime, who addressed a letter to a town in the West of England:—

I'm an absent-minded beggar,
Now that I must confess;
Excuse me, Mr. Postman, but
I've lost the full address.
If you can safely find it,
Where lives a man named Cox,
When you hand this letter to him,
You deserve a Christmas-box.

"I'll die for you," the young man cried,
"If you will be my wife;
And for your future peace of mind
I've just insured my life."
"If that's your sterling policy,"
She whispered 'neath her breath,
"I'll gladly let you die for me,
And I am your till death."

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Misses' Black Cotton— 20c. to 40c.
Misses' Tan Cotton— 20c. to 40c.
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Misses' Tan Cashmere— 60c. to $1.00
Boys' Wool . . 90c. to $1.50
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Women's $1.50 Overblouses, 50c.
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$1.60 per Pair Towels, at 69c. per Pair.
$2.40 per Pair Towels, at 79c. per Pair.

London, New York & Paris Association of Fashion

sept26,27

Curious, Isn't It?

PECULIAR FACTS AND FIGURES.

The earth is 92,800,000 miles from the sun.

There are 593,493 words in the Old Testament and 181,253 in the Ned Testament, making 774,746 in all.

There are 40,000 lakes in Newfoundland.

In the summer the descendants of a single fly will number 2,080,320.

The force of gravity on the moon is one-sixth of what it is on the earth.

Experiments seem to prove that spiders can call to one another. Several spiders have on the underside of their abdomens a round depression containing small, hardened projections, which is suggested to be the calling organ.

Japan has an avenue of trees fifty miles in length, extending from the town of Nikko to Namada.

The rapidity with which the chameleon strikes with its tongue at a flying insect is such that the tongue cannot be detected with the naked eye.

Something like 20,000 original kinds of orchids are known to exist, and from each of them as many as 3,000 crossed varities have been reared.

Oysters can only live in water that contains at least thirty-seven degrees of salt to every one thousand parts of water.

Rats are believed to destroy food to the value of $50,000,000 yearly.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes.

It is estimated that 93 per cent. of the ocean floor is entirely devoid of plant life.

A guinea-pig is usually full-grown when six weeks old.

Alpha Centauri, the nearest star to the earth, is 25,000,000,000,000 miles away.

Fashions and Fads.

This season no costume has been treated with the richness and elegance as has the fall or winter coat.

A hidden hook or string tie are sometimes the means of holding the coat close in to the figure.

Sliding ornaments of steel, rhinestones, enamel or bronze are used on the straps of the new slippers.

Very little attention is paid to the backs of some of the French models, all being directed upon the front.

Gray soutache is used in rich embroidery on a coat of bottle-green volyeteen, trimmed with gray squirrel.

A Hero of Science.

It is impossible to say how much we owe to those self-sacrificing heroes who give health and like in the cause of suffering humanity.

Such men as Mr. Reginald G. Blackall can never be repaid for their services. For many year senior radiographer at the London Hospital, Mr. Blackall is a victim to X-ray dermatitis (inflammation which destroys the skin) as a result of his constant exposure to the rays. Last February he had to have his left hand removed, and recently it was found necessary to amputate his right hand.

Only forty years of age, he has been unable to carry on any active work for two years, but he still acts in an advisory capacity to the hospital.

Miss Donna Lamb will re-open Dancing Class on October 4th at 8.30 o'clock p.m. in the Supper Room C.C.C. Hall.—sept26,21

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NEW CRANBERRIES, CELERY, CUCUMBERS and TABLE TOMATOES.

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Obituary.

WALTER J. EAGAN.

(H. F. SHORTS.)

A cable was received from East Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A., last evening by Mr. William Duggan announcing the death of his brother, Walter J., which occurred early yesterday morning, in the 67th year of his age. The deceased gentleman was born in the old homestead in St. John's West sixty-seven years ago, and was for several years employed as weigh-master in the enterprising firm of Messrs. P. & P. Cressier. About 17 years ago, like so many of his countrymen, he decided to seek his fortune in the United States, and on arrival he entered the well-known and extensive firm of Squires & Co., where so many of his countrymen have been, and are still employed. By strict attention to his duties and the natural talent always exhibited by Newfoundlanders abroad, he quickly rose to a responsible and remunerative position in the Shoe Department of the above extensive firm, which he held throughout. Some twelve months ago his health commenced to fail, and step he entered the Massachuetts Hospital to undergo an operation for a serious internal complaint, and despite all the medical skill of the physicians of that famous institution, fortified by all the Catholic Church, and resignedly the Creator yesterday ceased was a fine lander, and always interest in the land. He was of of exceptional honest and staunch and pious unassuming man offer a helping men who came in won for him in the land of his his native city casions since principally during Week excursion fested the greatest improvements after his long deceased was son of the late gan, and descend oldest families and maternal side having been one a residence, which that portion of left to mourn a daughter of the Kelly, South Side liam, caretaker who lived with bridge, and one old homestead.

MUTT AND JEFF.