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"'Tis a strange thing, near everybody I know is thyrin' to rayjooce his weight. Why shud a woman want to be thin unless she is thin? But nowadays 'tis th' fashion to emaciate ye'erself . . . Th' only ginooine anti-fat threatment is sickness, worry, throuble an' insomny. To be beautiful is to be nachral."

MR. DOOLEY ON HOW TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT

BY F. P. DUNNE

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"I see th' good woman goin' by here at a gallop to-day," said Mr. Dooley. "She's thyrin' to rayjooce her wight," said Mr. Hennessy. "What fr?" "I don't know. She looks all right," said Mr. Hennessy. "Well," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis a strange thing. Near irybody I know is thyrin' to rayjooce his weight. Why shud a woman want to be thin unless she is thin? Th' idea iv female beauty that all g-reat men fr'm Julius Caesar to meself has held, is much more like a bar'l thin a clothes pole. Hogan tells me that Alexander's wife an' Caesar's misess was no light weights; Martha Wash'nton was short but pleasantly dumpy an' Andrew Jackson's good woman weighed two hundherd an' smoked a pipe. Hogan says that all th' potes he knows was in love with not to say fat but ample ladies. Th' potes thimselves was thin but th' ladies was chubby. A pote whin he has wurruked all day at th' typewriter wants to rest his head on a shoulder that won't hurt. Shakespeare's wife was this an' they quarrelled. Th' lady that th' Eystalian pote Danty made a fool iv himself about was no skiltion. All th' pitchers iv beautiful women I've iver see had many curves an' sivrul chins. Th' phottograft iv Mary Queen iv Scots that I have in me room shows that she took on weight after she had her dress made. Th' collar looks to be chokin' her. "But nowadays 'tis th' fashion to thry to emaciate ye'erself. I et supper with Carney th' other day. It was th' will iv Hiven that Carney shud grow fat but Carney has a will iv his own an' fr tin years he's been thyrin' to look like Sinitor Fairbanks whin his thruce model was Grover Cleveland. He used to scald himself ivy mornin' with a quart iv hot wather on gettin' up. That did him no good. Thin he thried takin' long walks. Th' long walk rayjooiced him half a pound and gave him a thirst that made him take on four pounds iv bodwaiser. Thin he rented a horse an' thried horseback ridin'. Th' horse liked his weight no more thin Carney did an' Carney gained tin pounds in th' hospital. He thried starvin' himself an' he lost two pounds an' his job fr bein' cross to th' boss. Thin he raysumed his reg'lar meals an' made up his mind to cut out th' sugar. I see him at breakfast wan mornin'. Nature had been kind to Carney in th' matter iv appyite. I won't tell ye what he consumed. It's too soon after supper an' th' room is close. But, anyhow, whin his wife had totored in with th' last flap-jack an' fainted an' whin I begun to wonder whether it wud be safe to stay, he hauled a little bottle fr'm his pocket an' took out a small pill. "What's that?" says I. "'Tis what I take in place iv sugar," says he. "Sugar is fattenin' an' this rayjooce th' weight," says he. "An' ar-re ye goin' to match that poor little tablet against that



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breakfast?" says I. "I am," says he. "Cow'rd," says I. "The latest thing that Carney has took up to make the fight again' Nature is called Fletching. Did ye iver hear iv it? Well, they're a lad be th' name iv Fletcher who thinks so much iv his stomach that he won't use it an' he tells Carney that if he'll ate on'y was or two mouthfulls at ivy meal an' thurly chew thim, he will ivin' chooly be no more thin skin an' bones an' very handsome to look at. In four weeks a man who Fletches will lose forty pounds an' all his frinds. Th' idea is that ye mumble ye'er food fr tin minyits with a watch in front iv ye. This night Carney was Fletching. It was a fine supper. Th' table groaned beneath all th' indilicacies iv th' season. We tucked our napkins under our chins an' prepared fr a jaynival avenin'. Not so Carney. He laid his good eye on th' table, took a mouthful iv mutton pie an' begun to Fletch.

At first Hogan thought he was makin' faces at him but I explained that he was crazy. I see by th' look in Carney's eye that he didn't like th' explanation but he went on with th' supper. Well, 'twas glorious. 'Jawn, ye'er health. Pass th' beefsteak Malachi. Schwartzmeister, ol' boy, can't I help ye to th' part that wint over th' fence last? What's that story? Tell it over here where Carney can't hear. It might make him laugh an' hurt him with his friend Fletcher. No? what? Ye don't say? An' didn't Carney resist it? Haw, haw, haw. This yesther sance is th' best I iver see. Michael, this is like ol' times. Look at Schwartzmeister. He's Fletching too. No, be gorry, he's chokin'. I think Carney's watch has stopped. No wonder; he's lookin' at it. Haw, haw, haw, haw. A good joke on Carney. Did ye iver see such a face? Carney, me buck, ye look like a kinetoscope. What is a face without a stomach? Carney, ye make me nervous. If that there idol don't stop fr a minyit, I'll throw something at it. Carney, time's up. Ye win ye'er bet but 'twas a foolish van. I thought ye were goin' to push Fletcher in a wheelbarrow. Gave it the Bad Eye.

"I've known Jawn Carney, man an' boy, fr forty year but I never knew until that minyit that he was a murderer at heart. Th' look he gave us whin he snapped his watch was tur-rible; but th' look he give th' dinner was aven worse. He set there fr two mortal hours miditatin' what form th' assassinations wud take an' Fletchin' each wan iv us in his mind. I walked home with him to see that he came to no harm. Near th' house he went into a baker's shop an' bought four pies an' a bag iv doughnuts. "I've promised to take thim home to me wife," he says. "I thought she was out of town," says I. "She'll be back in a week," says he; "an' anyhow, Misther Dooley, I'll thank ye not to be pryin' into me domestic affairs," he says.

His Good Looks Are Buxom.

"An there ye ar-re. What's th' use iv goin' up again' th' laws iv Nature, says I. If Nature intinded ye to be a little roly-poly, a little roly-poly ye'll be. They ain't annything to do that ye ought to do that'll make ye thin an' keep ye thin. Th' wan thing in th' wuruld that'll rayjooce ye surely is lack iv sleep an' who wants to lose his mind with his flesh. I'll guarantee with th' aid iv an alarm clock to make anny man a livin' skiltion in thirty days. A lady with a young baby won't never get no chubbier nor th' gentleman, irs father. Th' only ginooine anti-fat threatment is sickness, worry, throuble an' insomny. Th' scales ain't anny judge iv beauty or health. To be beautiful is to be nachral. Ye have g-reat nachral skinny beauty while my good looks is more buxom. Whin I see an ol' fool in a sweater an' two coats sprintin' up th' threect an' groanin' at ivy step

I want to jine with th' little boys that ar-re threy-in' bricks at him. If he takes off th' flesh that Nature has wasted on his ongrateful frame, his skin won't fit him. They're nawthin' more leecious to look at thin a fat man that has rayjooiced his weight. He looks as though he had bought his coverin' at an auction. It bags under th' eyes an' don't fit in th' neck.

Fears No Foe.

"A man is foolish that thries to be too kind to his stomach, anyhow. Fletcher's idee is that th' human stomach is a kind iv little Lord Fauntleroy. If ye give it mush to do, it will pine away. But Dock Casey tells me 'tis a g-reat, husky, good-natured pugilist that'll take on most annything that comes along. It will go to wurruk with grim resolution on a piece iv hard coal. It will get th' worst iv it but what I mane is that it fears no foe an' doesn't draw th' color line. I wud put it in th' heavy middle weight class an' it ought to be kept there. It requires plenty iv exercise to be at its best an' if it doesn't get enough, it loses its power until a chocolate eclair



"Shakespeare's Wife Was Thin an' They Quarrelled."

might win against it. It mustn't be allowed to shirk its jooties. It shud be kept in thrainin', an', says Dock Casey, if its owner is a good match-maker an' doesn't back it again opponents that ar-re out of its class or too many at wan time, it will still be doin' well whin th' brain is on'y fr fr light exercise.

"D'ye expict to go on accumylatin' to th' end iv ye'er days?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I do that," said Mr. Dooley. "I expict to make me frinds wurruk fr me to th' last. They'll be no gavety among th' pall bearers at me obsequies. They'll have no sinyoure. Befure they get through with me they'll know they've been to a fun'ral.

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