

The Week's Calendar.

MONDAY, 13th March—31 Days.
Full moon 4:40 a.m.
Field Marshal Lord Blumer born.
1857. H.R.H. Duke of Connaught
married, 1879. Bloemfontein oc-
cupied by British, 1900.

TUESDAY, 14th March—30 Days.
Battle of Ivry, 1590.
Admiral Byng shot, 1757. Duch-
esse of Connaught died, 1917.

WEDNESDAY, 15th March—29 Days.
Major-General
1880. S.S. Grand Lake
sunk, 1880. With broken shaft,
Capt. Delaney, Breton, 1897. Sir
H. Beaumont died, 1898. Abdi-
ca-tion of Czar of Russia, 1917.

THURSDAY, 16th March—28 Days.
Queen Victoria crea-
ted Empress of India, 1876. H.M.
A. Ophir, carrying Duke and
Duchess of York on Imperial
tour, sailed from Portsmouth,
1911. German retreat on the
Somme, 1917.

FRIDAY, 17th March—27 Days.
St. Patrick's Day. No
new in St. John's, June, west-
ern province, 1874. Fitzsim-
mons defeated Corbett for the
World's Heavyweight Champion-
ship, 1907.

SATURDAY, 18th March—26 Days.
St. Edward's. Sheil-
sky Day. Lucknow taken by
British, 1858. Naval attack on
Mauritius, 1915.

SUNDAY, 19th March—25 Days.
3rd in Lent. St. Jos-
eph. Indian troops entered Per-
th, 1907.

Just
Talks
10
Star U. G. Guest

IF YOU'VE GOT A COLD.
You can't enjoy the music when your
ears are flaming red.
You can't enjoy the singing for the
humming in your head.
You can't enjoy the dancing all
about you on the floor
if your head is aching.
If you don't wish for glory and
you've lost the love of gold,
if your bronchial tubes are
aching and you're suffering from
a cold.

You can't be very happy when you're
sneezing and coughing and sneezing.
There is nothing that is pleasing in
the things that ought to please;
if your head is aching and your
ears are flaming red,
there's nothing on the table that
can tempt your appetite.
You cannot start a chuckle when
your tale is told.
You have just one dismal burden when
you've got a rotten cold.

Friends may throng about you,
and your thoughts are far away,
your cold seems more important
than the things they have to say;
if there's comfort at your fire-
side, there is none for you to know
as you slip through chills and fever
to the deepest depths of woe.
You may have a thousand blessings,
but the joys are manifold,
you're doomed to gloom and tor-
ment when you're suffering from
a cold.

CHAS. HEAR "SOAP-BOX O'-
BRIEN" PRAISE RUSSIA—AF-
TERWARDS DELIVERS REAL
TALK.

(From a New York Exchange.)
The hundred members of the Ro-
tary Club were at luncheon recently
on the twenty-fourth floor of the Ho-
tel, when a sharp featured
man, wearing a sharp gray
and necktie, dark brown glasses,
saw pulled over his eyes, jump-
ing on the platform.

He used to addressing members
of his own class, workmen on street
cars, the young man began, "I
speak to Rotary members as a
Rotarian. I'm here to tell you facts
you ought to know."

The speaker then launched into an
address on the present government
of the United States, and praise
of the Government of Russia.

"I want to let about your pro-
sperity," he said in a voice
that carried every corner of the
room. "Where is your prosperity?
Rotarians have got twin-tailed
workers have got six twins.
Years ago we were wearing
suits that said, 'No beer, no work-
ers' and got them both. The only
way for present conditions is to
go with our present capitalis-
m and to seize the
production, distribution and
and to administer them for
the benefit of all the people."

He moved uneasily in his
seat. A group of American defense
men began to drum nervously on
the table. Former Assistant District
Attorney Alexander I. Rorke, one of
the most radical, was noisy.

The working class produces every-
thing and everything belongs to the
working class," the speaker contin-
ued, "look at the cattle on the
farm. Who eats the steaks that
come from the cattle? Rotarians
workmen are glad to get a
steak. Sometimes he doesn't
eat it."

The audience half arise and
begin to shout. "This is se-
rious," they shouted. "Kick him
out!"

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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

WHEN WE CALL OUR OWN NUMBERS.



Can you really believe that at some not so far distant day we shall really have the experience of getting our own numbers on the telephone?

If it were not that we live in an age of miracles; if I had not held a wireless instru-
ment to my ear and listened to a
phonograph record being given in a
house 35 miles away and known that
it came through the air to me with-
out even the aid of a wire, I should
find it hard to believe this promise.
But after that I could believe any-
thing.

Truly it will be interesting to see
this prophecy fulfilled.

We Shall Miss the Telephone Girl.
But how we shall miss the telephone
girl as an outlet of our telephone ir-
ritabilities. Will there be no one
whom we can rebuke when our num-
ber fails to answer, and "we know
perfectly well there is someone
there." Shall we have only ourselves

to blame? Blaming oneself is such
an unsatisfactory outlet! I can al-
ready see where some wives are go-
ing to get the Dickens when Himself
calls some number and it fails to an-
swer, or the line is persistently busy.
He will feel quite sure it is his
fault, because her aunt is a Presby-
terian. Or if it isn't her fault indi-
vidually, it will be her fault as a sex
because "some fool woman is prob-
ably possessing over that line."

There is no greater convenience in
the world than the telephone and
there is no device that seems so capa-
ble of arousing people to irritability.
Now a Ghost Hunt Feels.
I suppose it is the baffled sense of
not being able to get at anyone that
gives us this feeling. I think perhaps
the most trying of all telephone ex-
periences, the most baffling, is to have
someone answer the telephone, prom-
ise to get the person we ask for and
then disappear, and either because
they are distracted and forget, or be-
cause they are otherwise prevented,
fail to call anyone. I had that ex-
perience the other day when I called
a garage. I waited ten minutes on

that line. Actual time, not time as
measured by a person waiting at the
telephone; according to that standard
it would have been an hour and a
half.

All the time I could hear people
talking, and the noise of pounding
and various activities, and yet was
absolutely unable to make myself
heard. I got some idea of the way a
ghost must feel if he hears all that
goes on around him and can not make
his presence felt. I do not think I
shall ever come back as a ghost. I
am sure ghosting would not appeal to
me.

Why We Get the Wrong Number.
Of course the telephone girl was in
no way to blame for this episode and
I told myself so very firmly when I
called upon her for aid, but I have a
suspicion I did not manage to keep
all the irritability out of my voice.

Another highly delightful experi-
ence is to be very haughtily told, "No,
this is not 6234, this is 3217" by the
voice at the other end of the tele-
phone. Needless to say you are not
any more pleased at the extraordinary
substitution than she is. However,

she may have had to come down from
the attic, so doubtless she has the
greater right to be cross.
And to think there is coming, and
coming soon, a day when we will
have no one to blame such misunder-
standings on but ourselves! Doubt-
less it will be good practice in the
habit of self-blame.

Stafford's Liniment, best for
Aches and Pains. For sale
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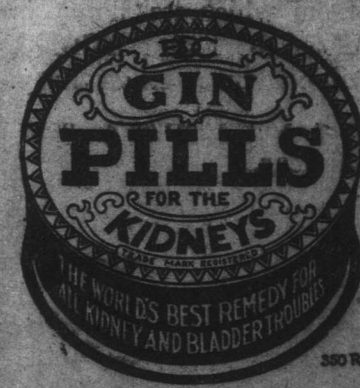
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man and child, both inter-
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