

WALTHAM

OVER TIME

The Riverside
Most dependable moderately
priced watch in the world

Limited, Montreal
Products in Canada
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Red Rose Coffee is as
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RANN-DOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN
SKAT ING.

Ice skating is an old-fashioned winter pastime which used to be more popular than a giddy bachelor at an Epworth league social, but is now getting harder to find than corn meal mush without an assortment of lumps as big as a lawn tennis ball.

Forty years ago the young people in town and country were obliged to manufacture their own pleasures out of any material that came to hand. They did not have a roller skating rink to go to; the dead of winter, where they could inhale chalk dust and cut the figure eight on their left ear. They did not have the moving show or the K. P. dance, and if anybody had suggested a game of Five Hundred he would have been kicked out of the church without a dissenting voice. If it had not been for the river with its coat of ice, life in the winter would have been dull for the average boy and girl as a safety razor blade on the second trip out.

There was something about skating on the ice which made it more impetuous to cold. He would go out after supper and circle around a small pond when nobody had seen the mercury for a week, but if asked to split up a small jar of cod liver oil he would have been most generous in his tracks. It was a bonny sight to see a country boy or girl come in from the ice wearing red roses in their cheeks and carrying more fresh air in their lungs than they ever saw after they got off the farm. Ice skating prolonged everybody's life except that of the anxious mother.



If asked to split up a small jar of cod liver oil he would have been most generous in his tracks.

cave chests. If our boys would pass their life time on the river, instead of curling up over a pool table with both lungs full of cigarette smoke, they would not be in danger of playing out in middle life with a sudden jerk.

ONCE-OVERS

INVESTIGATE, INVEST.

Whenever anyone says "investments" to you, you hold up your hands deprecatingly and wave them out of sight.

Every investment you ever made was a failure; so you put all investments in the same class and have even given up saving by self-denial.

Perhaps you are past middle age, only a few dollars ahead, and thoughts of the possible poverty of the last years of your life make you shudder in anticipation.

Well, your attitude is all wrong in the first place. It will paralyze the initiative and money getting energy you still possess.

If you look back you may realize

that your past investments were not based on result of study of conditions, on your part.

So and so recommended it, or somebody else was doing it, led you to put in your money and time, and failure was inevitable by your unthinking foolishness.

You don't use your own brain-child to help you, so the legitimate offspring of your own gray matter has never grown to man's stature and understanding.

Get into the thinkers' class before it is too late.

The utmost you can save, say five hundred or a thousand a year for ten or twenty years at compound interest, but say—figure it yourself.

ADVICE TO THE MARRIED

By Aunt Sophie.

"I am a poetess," writes a little Minnesota bride, "and have succeeded in leading my husband ignorant of the fact. The habit of concealment has grown on me since I have been writing verses, and not a single editor knows that I have written real poetry."

"One of my poems an 'Elegy' written in a Hemlock Swamp," has been refused by some of the best magazines in America. What I want to know is how can I keep ink stains off my fingers. I think my husband is getting suspicious about what I do during my leisure hours. He saw the ink on my fingers. How can I keep my hands white?"

My correspondent, poor little dear, couldn't have come to a better teacher than her old Aunt Sophie. My poor child! So you, too, were born under the unlucky star of Poetry! Your little poem beginning "My love is true, my love is brave, but not a night can I save!" is so touching that it brought tears to my old eyes. Poor, poor little girl!

Ink is indeed a stubborn liquid. Much of it has been spread on white fingers and white paper when it might with far better grace have stayed in the bottle. If you must write, my dear I would recommend the use of a pencil. Manuscripts written in pencil are

invariably returned, so in your case the result would be the same.

Your old Aunt Sophie uses a typewriter, which she can work over time, thanks to her early training as a stenographer. But from what I have seen of your poetry I could not write advice that you buy a machine, unless you have an independent income.

In my younger days, when I was not unhandicapped, I used to call on the editors in person and recite my poems to them with the flashing smile I had learned from my father, a prominent comedian. This way of selling verse has two advantages: You know the editor has digested your efforts, and he can't refuse to print them. I sold many poems in this way, though I looked vainly to see them in print. And I remember that when reciting my poem and receiving my check, I invariably left the office with the poem in the back of my head, while the printers carried off my line on it.

Little girl, listen to my warning: Do not write poetry! Say to yourself every night, before retiring: "I do not write poetry! I cannot write poetry! I will not write poetry!" In time you will be able to repeat it, straining either your voice or the truth.

THE HIKING PARTY

Women arrange "Day With Nature." The day comes. Rainy. Chilly. Stop put on extra socks. Extra vest. Extra coat. Sweater. Etc., etc.

Members of party hilarious. Street car to end of line. Mud. Auto splashes you.

Mud mud. Angry female hiker falls in mud. You brighten up. Sun comes out. Hot.

Hotter. Hottest. Inmate chatter of the women. Clothing taken off. Clothing dropped by roadside. Five miles to lunch spot. Utter exhaustion.

Lunch spot finally reached. Hungry howls for food. Feminine commissary chairman turns

white. "What's the matter?" Feminine commissary chairman weeps. "I forgot all about the food!!!!" 'S too much.

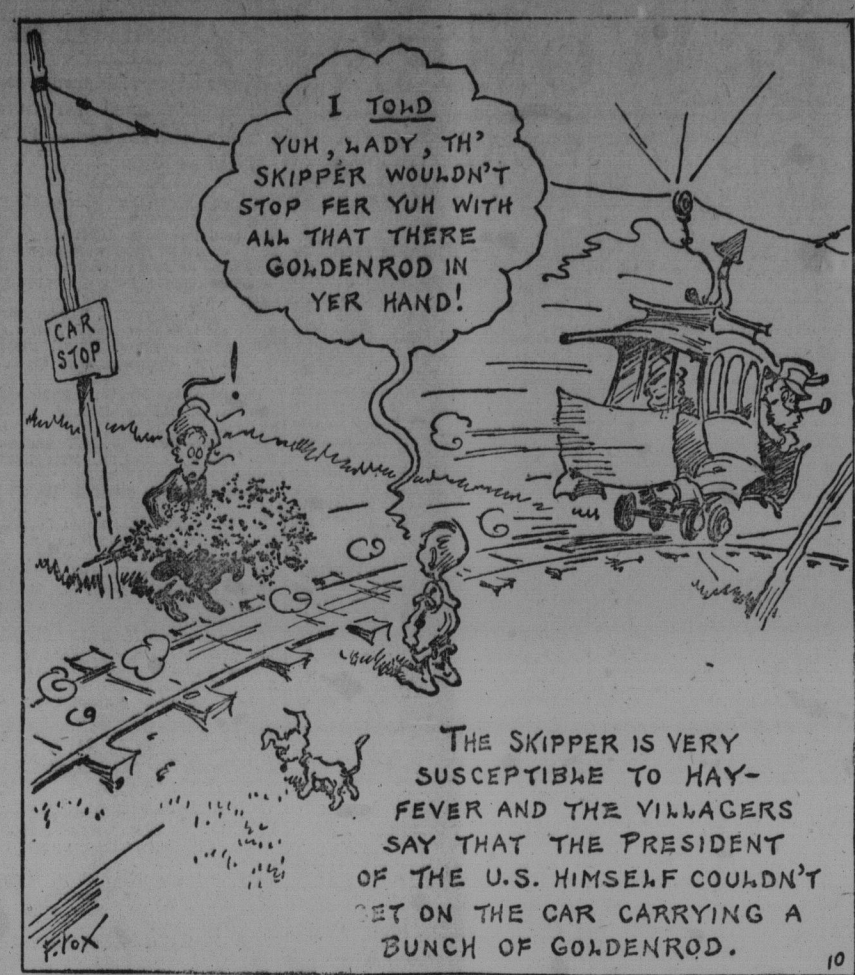
WHY FIFTY.

After a grand review of German troops at Potsdam the Kaiser called out to the officer commanding the Prussian Guard, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the distinguished guests who were grouped in front of the palace: "Pick me out a hundred men from the Prussian Guard!"

Then taking the arm of King Edward VII, who was there, he said: "Come with me." He escorted King Edward very delicately round the hundred men and then said bawlingly: "Well, do you think you could find a hundred men in England to beat them?"

"I don't know so much about that," promptly replied the late king, "but I could easily find fifty who would try."

Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains.



THE SKIPPER IS VERY SUSCEPTIBLE TO HAY-FEVER AND THE VILLAGERS SAY THAT THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. HIMSELF COULDN'T GET ON THE CAR CARRYING A BUNCH OF GOLDENROD.

THE EVENING STORY

WHY DOESN'T HE PROPOSE?

THE FATAL CHIFFON BLOUSE.

Are you a girl waiting with bated breath for the man among men to propose? And are the days passing into years while you wait? Have your friends assured you that he is "waiting your time"—that he has no "serious intentions" and a lot of other pleasant sounding things? Let me tell you something. He may have the most serious intentions in the world; but there may be some one small thing which keeps him silent. Some more trifling—some little mania which gets on his nerves—some trick of speech—some eccentricity of dress. The smallest thing feminine can loom mountain big on the masculine horizon and seal with silence lips that long to speak.

Let me tell you what a chap told me not long ago. We were talking of girls. And he said "I loved a girl—and I hate to think of it, but I'm sure she loved me. I hate to think of it because I just couldn't marry her. You see I have queer ideas about some things and I just couldn't. She worked where I did and she loved me. I treated her just as I would a girl. I was a wonderful looking girl—I just watched her all day and never even noticed her. She was dressed in the latest style, on till one of the other fellows passed her desk glanced at her and said to me with a wink, 'case of I see your back again.' I looked and saw at once just what he meant. And really her blouse was the thinnest and sheerest I had ever seen and under it she had about two inches of lace held on by two straps of ribbon. It was true what he said—all her back was visible except that three inches just above her belt. And when she turned I saw her front—a deep, deep V.

He Was Ashamed of Her.

Now everything about her was dainty—and sweet, but the other men all around me were watching for her "back again" every morning. And every day I was growing more fond of the rest of her. I liked the way her head bent over her work. I liked a little from her. I liked her hands, strong looking little hands. I liked the neat piles of work she turned out. I liked the very click of her machine. I liked the way she addressed and answered people. I liked her. And I wanted to know her outside. But I couldn't stand having the other men know. In short, I was ashamed of her.

However, one night it rained and I took her home under my umbrella—

in a while as the little boy he was when he was ten. Think of him that way next Sunday when he comes. Ask him what kind of a boy he was then. He'll tell you. I never saw a man who didn't have a big, warm place in his heart for the little grimy cuss he was when he was ten.

The Boy He Used to Be.

And while he sits there telling you about that boy you'll be finding out more than you ever knew before of the young man where you work. You'll understand a lot of things my girl. Because he is shipping clerk or Press-dent—a man is in his heart—just the little boy he was when he was ten. So think of him as such, and decide the kind of girl you'd like that boy to have. Into what sort of a world would you have that little fellow fall? What sort of woman should he have to marry him? Choose him a wife, dear girl, not a girl in chiffon—no, not a suffragette in a linen eque—no, a refrigerator plant, who sits waiting for him to "propose," but a girl who KNOWS—a girl who KNOWS—and loves him just the same.

Wasting your time? Why for all these years he's been giving you a chance to do that for which you were created. While you have been waiting for him to "propose" he has been waiting in that small-boy way men have for you to start on the job God made for you—the Mothering of a Man.

Did He Demand Too Much?

He hopes she didn't. Without a doubt she did—and does love him. Without a doubt she would have made a good little dear little wife all "covered up and nice." But just because she could not see the harm of seeing him doing heretofore she left behind to wonder and to wait. To ask herself a thousand times "Why?" Why did he treat her so? And doubtless she will write some Susan Paper saying "I'm a young girl in love with a young man. I am sure that he loved me, but he never asked me to marry him." Of course he loved her, but she did not represent his ideal. His dream of a little wife respected by all men. Did he ask too much? After all, isn't a chap entitled to his ideals? And after all, shouldn't a girl have ideals for herself?

Now, your case is all different. You may wear the most of starched high collars, and all men may stand in awe of you. But look into your own case—and your own heart. It's your HEART does the trick. Let your heart get acquainted with his heart. Stop thinking of him as the young man where you work. Think of him once

Old Gentleman—who has just had his boots cleaned!—And is your father a bootblack also my boy? Bootblack—No, sir; he's a farmer. Old Gentleman—Ah, I see. He makes hay while the sun shines.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By WALT MASON
IT MEANS YOU.

You read the rhymes handed down by this and that official board; you read, with some of the old folks, the reprint to those who heard. You say, "O old folks! Gadzooks! They're always springing something new."—this you seem to overlook—the rhymes are addressed to you. You read the poster on the wall that tells how coin is in demand, if we would see the Kaiser fall so hard we'll far his native land. You sigh, "It takes some cash, in sooth, to put this mighty struggle through," and seem to overlook this truth—the poster is addressed to you. The other fellow does his best, restrictions can't his ardor cool; he buys his bonds and stamps with zest, and cheerfully obeys each rule. He profits by the public prints, which tell of stunts we ought to do; but you forget that all such hints were written out, my friend, for you. The other fellow and his wife are ready to surrender all; their prized possessions, even life, they'll give up at the country's call. And will you let the other gent give many things, while you give few? Wake up! The country's call is meant for you—yourself—for you—for YOU!

BRAD'S BIT O' VERSE

WELL ENOUGH.

Some folks, when the read gets rough, sigh, and say: "That's well enough, I'm not going any higher, just to be a cloudland spyer; that far summit gets no higher; I don't want to scale the bluff." Then they try to fool old Pat, then they climb with halting gait; self-absorbed and self-esteeming, nothing higher worthy of the professionals call it "flat." This is a small wooden box varying in size with different growers, but for which a convenient size is 18 by 24 by 4 inches.

These flats can be made of other approximate sizes by using boxes as near to the desired size as possible, saving them lengthwise so that they will be four inches high to a portion and putting on bottoms. Many of our common groceries come to the dealers in boxes near enough to the size of a standard flat to be thus used. If given a coat of creosote paint they will still be porous and last for years.

In order that you may know how many flats to prepare for your young plant growing, estimate that each one of the dimensions given above will produce about 100 plants when ready to be transplanted into the cold frame or transplanting flats. The latter will hold about twenty-five plants to a square yard. For an ordinary family there will be little use for more than fifty plants of any one kind, cabbage, tomato, pepper or sweet potato. This will give you an idea as to quantities. However, you must bear in mind that there are likely to be holocausts among your young plants, and it is well to grow at least a few extra ones to allow for accidents and disease, as it is a true story to sow a lot of plants and nurse them along all spring, and not have enough for your garden at planting out time.

For your flats, boxes, seed pans or pots, in which ever you may decide to plant them, use only the best seed obtainable, so as to reduce the possibility of failure from this factor to the minimum. The best plants are those which are planted at the right time and grown on continuously until set out. If the seeds are not good and replanting must be done, just that much time is lost out of the growing season. The best seeds are the cheap set, at any price you are likely to be called on to pay.

For soil to be used in the flats or other receptacles get what is known as "potting soil" if it can be had. All seedsmen and florists have it for sale at all times. If not within your reach use a good garden loam, one which is well enriched with manure and fertilizer last season, sift it free from coarse detritus with the coal sieve and mix it with a dirt sieve to make it fit for the seed flats. Give it a dusting of fine, slack lime, and one of bone-meal, mix well and fill into the flats to within almost the top. Just before you are ready to plant the seeds, the planting in flats or pans should not be done broadcast, as this hinders the process. A better way is to sow some of the seeds so close together that later when you come to thin them out those remaining are disturbed in the process. A better way is to sow in shallow drills, made by laying a ruler or other straight-edge across the flat and with a pencil or sharp pointed stick score drills about a quarter of an inch deep, both ways, an inch apart, planting the seeds at the intersections. If this method be adopted it will be well, first, to gently level the top of the soil by laying a piece

of board to just fit inside the flat on top of the soil, and press lightly and evenly all around. This makes it easier to do the scoring.

Drop the seeds one by one at the intersections of the scored drills and when the flats are completed cover them lightly by scraping back the portion of soil the scoring removed and press down heavily with the board. The soil must now be watered, but to do it directly except with a very fine hose would wash and "float" some of the fine seeds. This can be prevented by covering the flat with a piece of light burlap or old muslin, fastened to cover the top on which the water should be sprinkled until the soil is thoroughly soaked.

Set the flats in a warm, moist place in the kitchen, preferably a window where there will be good light, and allow the cloth to remain on the flats until there is sign of germination. When it should be removed, the flats set out of the direct rays of the sun until they can gradually be brought into the full sunshine a little at a time.

The watering of these flats must be done early in the morning of a bright, sunny day, so that the top of the soil will be dry before night to prevent "damping off" of the plants.

Ain't It the Truth

THE SUNDAY EXCURSION.

Decision to go. Unseasoned Sunday rising. Stretching. Yawning. Perverse toilet. Guilted breakfast. Rush for the train. Queer looking fellow passengers. Delayed arrival. Disagreeable weather. Chilly boat ride. Strange food.

Resistant indignation. Druggist's nauseating prescription. Decision to take the early train back. Rush for the early train back. Missing the early train back. Black despair.

Wondering how to kill the time. Nap on the park bench. Tapping on the shoulder by the watchman.

Prantie rush for the last train back. Delayed departure of the last train back. Queer fellow passengers. Pain in the back.

Rainy arrival home. Monday brag about the swell time.

Reckoned Up.

A certain fat railroad man, finding his business growing, decided to purchase a horse.

He was a very poor judge of horse-flesh, and the animal he bought from the local fair was distinctly dear even at the low price he had given for it. Soon afterwards the horse, owing to the carelessness of the boy in charge, was unfortunately so badly hurt as to necessitate its being slaughtered.

On hearing of the accident, the tradesman rushed to the spot. "You young villain!" he roared to the boy "do you wish to ruin me? What's going to pay for this? I'd like to know!"

The youngster made a rapid calculation of the damage done, and replied: "Never mind, sir; it was all my fault, an' it shan't cost you anything. You can stop the cost of the oss out of my wages on Saturday."

He was earning five shillings a week.

THE GENERAL STAFF OFFICERS DISAGREE

By EDWINA.

"CAP" STUBBS.

WE'LL GO DOWN TH' ALLEY-SEE! THEN CUT 'ROSS MISS PENNY'S BACK YARD AN' SPITE TH' ENEMY!

YES-AN' HAVE MISS PENNY CUM FLYIN' OUT 'COUNT OF 'RUNNIN' ON HER YARD

WE'LL GO DOWN TH' STREET-HERE, AN' CLIMB OVER RILEY'S SHED, AN' THEN ROUND-

WHY THAT'D BE JEST PLUMB CRAZY

LISTEN- WE HIN WALK STRAIGHT UP TO TH' ENEMY FRM 'ROSS TH' STREET-

HOW YOU TALK-

THEN I AIN'T GONNA PLAY I'LL VA FOLLER MY PLANS

SWELL PLANS YOU GOT?

AN' I AIN'T GONNA PLAY 'LESS YA DO IT, WA

AN' I AIN'T IE YA DONT DO MINE!

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