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Thrills of Digging up History

AMAZING FINDS BY DARING FOSSIL HUNTERS.

The news that an expedition, organized by the Natural History section of the British Museum, is to be sent to Tanganyika Territory, East Africa, to recover the remains of dinosaurs, has attracted the attention of the present day work of the fossil-hunter.

Dinosaur is the name given to a species of huge prehistoric lizard that lived millions of years ago. The remains of one in Tanganyika Territory are said to be 106 feet in length. Such an animal when alive must have weighed over a hundred tons.

Searching for the remains of these extinct animals may be described as a new vocation. A decade or so ago those engaged in this quaint calling could have been counted on the fingers of one's hand. To-day there are hundreds, and at the moment they are busy in the wilds of Mongolia, in

China, Africa, South America, the United States, and Canada.

Discovered By Chance.

The explorer may remain in the field for a whole season and at the end be able to show nothing for his labor. On the other hand, he may strike the scientific world with a find that will upset the text-books and existing theories regarding the form and habits of certain prehistoric creatures.

It was pure luck that led to the discovery of what proved to be a vast graveyard of fossilized remains of extinct animals. Mr. Walter Granger, an American scientist, was crossing the "Bad Lands," or desert wastes of Wyoming with a party of adventurers a few years ago, when a sudden storm came on. The party sought refuge in a dilapidated sheep-herder's hut.

Mr. Granger thought the posts that held up the rickety roof looked very strange, and on examination he was astonished to find they were the bones of some prehistoric beast. Believing they must have been taken from the ground near by, a shovel was obtained and the party started digging. It was not long before they sighted upon the remains of a brontosaurus.

The spot was christened Bone Cabin Quarry. From this single ancient graveyard the whole or partial remains of seventy-three different animals have been recovered, the majority of them being absolutely new to science.

The fossil-hunter's greatest enemy, perhaps, is water. In the parched lands, where the bones are mostly found, fresh water is scarce, and that which is obtainable is often tainted with alkali. Drinking this has much the same effect upon the body as a dose of Epsom Salts, and if taken two or three times a day is very weakening to the system. Malaria fever is often the result.

It is disheartening to an explorer, after he has discovered and worked, perhaps, for months upon a skeleton, to be obliged to return home broken in health and with the precious treasures only partly excavated from its rocky bed. True, he can return to the spot when he has regained his health, but he never knows what will happen to his prize in the meantime. He may find it damaged beyond repair by passing cattle men, ignorant of its scientific value, or a rival may have removed it.

The heaviest single specimen ever taken out of the rocks was the head of a triceratops which weighed, when bored, over three tons. This is a prehistoric rhinoceros, a veritable giant compared with his brother of to-day. It had a length of 25 feet, and carried 3 horns upon its head and a collar of spikes around its neck, while its body was encased in a thick coat of bony plates.

In the phosphate beds of South Carolina there was recently dug up the jaws of a prehistoric shark. It had 200 teeth and the monster was estimated to have a length of 80 ft.

"He Spoke of Burns"

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned,
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
From humble smiles and tears.
J. R. Lowell (1819-1891.)
("An Incident in a Railroad car.")

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The Four-Hour Day

In the course of a recent interview a famous scientist predicted that the development of electrical power would ultimately lead to a four-hour work day. He did not seem to feel, however, that this era of leisure ahead of the human race would be an unmixed blessing. Too much leisure, he intimated, would perhaps have a bad effect, particularly on the young, says the Saturday Evening Post.

"He has presented the adverse side much too mildly. If the time ever comes when a four-hour day is the common lot, living conditions will be little short of deplorable. In the first place, the human mind and body need the stimulus of labour, and it is impossible to keep the one keen and the other fit on a daily shift of four hours."

It is not so much that four hours devoted to work would in themselves fail to keep the mind sharp and the muscles properly exercised. The difficulty would consist in the inability of the average person to make proper use of the twelve hours of leisure thus

provided.
"Twelve hours of loafing or misdirected energy would steal from mind and body any benefits that might accrue from shortening the hours of work to four. Man has never been a good loafer. With nothing to do he either lets his powers atrophy or turns to pernicious activities. The society waster, the bored dilettante, the tramp, the beggar and the beach-comber are the common types created by idleness."

Work Saves the Race.

"Even the hardworking and successful man who finds it possible to retire soon shows the effects of an unwanted inactivity. He becomes heavy and lethargic in body and thoroughly miserable in mind and spirit; often, too, he fails to live out his allotted span and succumbs to some disease which might never have laid its grip upon him had he stayed in the harness. Any man worth his salt comes back with idleness and with renewed zest for his work. Work is the salvation of the human race."

"All work and no play may make

Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work makes him the worse possible kind of citizen. The four-hour day would make man a twelve-hour loafer. Electrical power may some day partly replace brawn and give such aid to mechanical skill that a shorter day will become possible for the man who works with his hands. Electricity, however, will never take the place of thought."

"If civilisation is to keep on functioning and advancing, the brain worker will never have it any easier than he does to-day. Responsibility can never be put on a four-hour basis. Leadership and supervision have always been twenty-four-hour propositions, and always will be, no matter how advanced our mechanical devices may become."

"Scientists and inventors will do more for the race, if, instead of bending their efforts to the shortening of hours of toil they will discover for us means of reducing discomfort and monotony in many trades and tasks and thus make it possible for men in all occupations to approach their work with zest."

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST

AFTER WINTER.

It's a lovely world this morning, with the blue skies overhead
And the graceful tulips nodding all around us, white and red.
It's a kindly world this morning, with the orchards dressed in bloom
And the breezes stealing from them all their delicate perfume.

Skies have worn the garb of sorrow, and the winds have chilled us through.
We have braved the snows of winter and our faith has faltered, too;
But the sun shines out this morning, and the world is fair to see.

And there glows a touch of beauty on the humblest maple tree.

Once my little yard was ugly, bleak and desolate and bare,
And the elm tree at my doorway seemed a symbol of despair;
But to-day it glows with color and the tree in green is dressed,
And a pair of merry robins in its branches have their nest.

Through the wintertimes of sorrow, every man of us must go,
There must come to all the season when the clouds are hanging low;
But there is no death to beauty and there is no death to peace,
Life shall bring us lovely mornings

AW, NIX ON SADIE!

She never powders up her face—
For this I love my Sadie.
I'll see her when the circus comes,
For she's the bearded lady.

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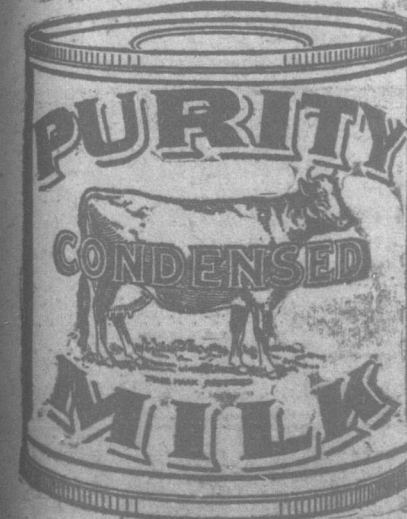
There's a story most romantic in the Morning Blade to-day, telling how young Andrew Antio married Jane Augustus Hay. They were strangers in the morning, and at evening they were wed, with a bridal veil adorning Jane Augustus's queenly head.

After seven hours of wooing he had won her for his bride, and they're off, their flivver chugging, honeymooning in their pride. "Love is surely most compelling," I remark to Gaffer Brown; "when in human hearts it's dwelling, prudence cannot turn it down." "Lovers still will go their courses," sadly Gaffer Brown replies, "though they wind up with divorces when the primal planner dies. Love is full of deadly dangers, and said dangers must prevail, when a pair of giddy strangers gambol to the altar rail. For a man should know the fallings of the sweetest maid on earth, and a girl should dodge white veils till she knows a lover's worth. But the words of wise old gaffers never can persuade the young, they are scorned, they are laughers, at the game that leaves my tongue. And they go the silly course, looking not at all ahead, and we read of more divorces, with the scareheads done in red."

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