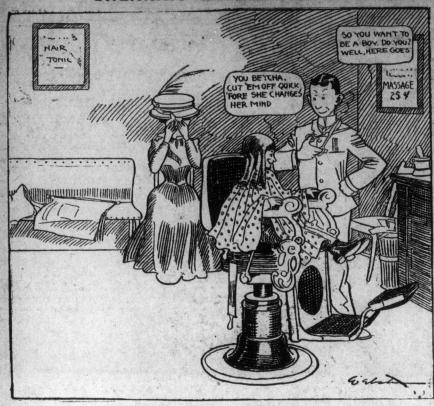
SHEARING MAMA'S LAMB



A TRACEDY FOR EVERY MOTHER'S LIFE.

MR. GNAGG AT THE SEASIDE.

He Gives Mrs. Gnagg a Lesson in Swimming.

It Is Not Easy Because His Wife Is Timid In the Water.

Gnagg, having taken Mrs. Gnagg for a dip in the sea, instructs her in the art of swimming in the following persuasive and encouraging

beated for you? A little salt water a couple of degrees below blood heat Fahrenheit isn't going to kill you, anyhow.

That's it, come on out here and I'll try and see what I can do toward giving you a little tip or two about the swimming thing. Huh? Want me to come in and take a hold of you so's you won't be swept off your feet, eh? Ha, ha! Behave that fooling, won't you? You don't call these little wimpling wavelets sure enough surf, do you? You're got as much chance of being swept off your feet as you have of being cast away on a chicken coop in the Indian Ocean from the gun deck of a Canarsie Bay catamaran.

Here, what are you digging your finger-mails into me that way for? Stop hat. What alls you, anyhow? Have you discovered that you're standing on top of a Galapagos turtle, or what?

Oh, you're afraid again, eh? Well, you needn't let that afraid stuff causer you to peel all of my pelt off with your ingrer-mails. I've got a hold of you and you're not going to drop into Davy Tones' locker while I'm on the job; and the locker is situated more than six

inches beneath the surface of brackish water, anyhow.

You want to learn how to swim, don't you? That's what you've been dishing out all this long time, isn't it?—that you just loved to see a woman swim, and that it must be perfectly grand for a woman to know how to conduct herself in the water, and all that fluff? Eh?

Well, then, just keep still for half a second, and take that half nelson away from my neck and stop clutching at my ribs with your finger nails, and quit glaring around that way as if somebody was trying to climb up me—I'm not a flagroup to the control of the poly on know—and I'll try to start you along, anyhow, on this swimming thing.

The first idea you've got to drill into your head, you know—and I'll try to start you along, anyhow, on this swimming thing.

The first idea you've got to drill into your head, you know, if you ever expect to learn to keep still in the water, much less to swim, is confidence. Co-n-f-i-d-e-n-c-e, confidence.

You're not lacking in that when you're at home. That goes as a matter of course. But this isn't at home. This is

her in the art of swimming in the following persuasive and encouraging terms:

Well, you're coming into the water, aren't you? How's that? Do you call that water that you're standing in Do 1? No, I don't. From where I stand it looks as if you re about up to your ankles in a mixture of foam, seaweed and canataloupe rind.

Y' don't expect to learn how to swim standing on the beach and looking the game over, do you? If that was your idea what did you drag me down here for on this hot day? Why didn't you hit up terms with one of these correspondence schools and learn how to swim by mail?

Come on out here. You don't have to be afraid to get your fee a little damp. They're not going to melt. And you're not worrying about moistening that funny valentine bathing that the following the funny valentine bathing that the funny valentine bathing

at all, just for the purpose of staking me to a slap like that, why I'm going to have something to say in rebuttal, you know. I'm not going to stand around light a stoughton bottle in ankle deep water and permit you to get away with

it.

The owner of the pond, R. Banni, er, and others threw a leaded cork topped net across the pond on one side. The weighted net stuck several times in the mud at the bottom of the pond. The waders released it, but at last it got so firmly embedded and its weight so increased by the fish it enclosed that it was impossible to move it, and like the Biblical fishers of old the net, or rather the pulling rope, broke.

beach, you understand, to be made a spectacle of. Everybody on the beach is kidding us already; can't you see that? There's a gang of snapshottists back of you getting ready to blaze away, and I don't blame 'em at that. That bathing suit you've got on would be a knockout on one of those seaside picture postals.

Now, look a-here, d'ye want me to trudge in there and get you? Is that your idea? How's that? You're afraid? Afraid of what? Huh? Oh, you want time to think it over, eh? That's it, is it? What d'ye expect me to do—squat down here and write a few letters and crochet a couple more tabs to a tidy while you're making up your mind whether you want to get the loes of your stockings wet or not?

Huh? O-o-oh, the water's co-o-o-old, is it? It's nothing of the sort cold. On the contrary, it's positively tepid. It's too warm for comfort. Maybe you'd like me to order em to have it had a spectacle of. Everybody on the beak of the sort cold. On the contrary, it's positively tepid. It's too warm for comfort. Maybe you'd like me to order em to have it had be a spectacle of. Everybody on the beak of the sort cold. On the contrary, it's positively tepid. It's too warm for comfort. Maybe you'd like me to order em to have it had the plobes and of making paper flowers?

Well, if you're not going to let go of you, who it's managed. How's that \$1 koat. You're ake, and I'll have you floating in the other you're alked. You

MOODS OF MY LADY GASOLENE.

SHE IS A FICKLE BUT FASCINAT ING MISTRESS.

scended From an Invaluable Remedy for Chapped Noses—Her Aliases, Her Many Uses and Her Vary-

ance to My Lady Nicotine. The latter s faithful; the former is fickle.

is faithful; the former is fickle.

My Lady Nicotine is always the same;
My Lady Gasolene is frequently different. Which is the more entitled to be personified as My Lady depends upon the point of view. He who thus personifies his gasolene is certainly frank almost to the point of being ungallant. Yet there are those who boldly say that gasolene is unmistakably feminine.

Half a century ago the up to date family medicine closet contained a small flat phial in which was a substance highly recommended as a substitute for goose oil in relieving that feeling of tightness that comes with a bronchial cold and also as an infallible remedy for chapped noses and lips. Its common name was rock oil, but pharmacists had Latinized it as petroleum.

mon name was rock oil, but pharmacists had Latinized it as petroleum. In those days the usual illuminant, had Latinized it as petroleum.

In those days the usual illuminant, except in the larger eities, was the homemade tallow dip or the more symmetrical moulded candle, with here and there a lamp that burned whale oil or some other similarly heavy substance. In a few reckless households fluid lamps were used. They burned a more volatile substance and to have one in the house was regarded as little short of suicidal.

After a while petroleum began to come into use as an illuminating oil. It was at first thought to be very dangerous stuff to use, but experience showed that it didn't blow up very often if the lamp was carefully managed.

A refiner of petroleum put his product on the market under the name of kerosene oil, which designation somebody had contrived for him by modifying a Greek word so that it was supposed to mean waxlike or derived from wax. Later this proprietary designation ran out and kerosene oil became the common name for the product.

In the early days of oil refinery the

water and permit you to get away with a water and permit you to get away with a well, then, if you had no such idea, and really want to learn how to swim, what in the dickens is your idea in persistently refusing to let me—her? Tush! Stuff and balderdash! There's no carrent here at all. It's like some little creek. Now all you've got to do is to relax. Just relax every muscle and trust to me and lie flat on your back on top of the water and I'll have hold of you eyer minute of the time, see? I just want to show you that—Huh? Getting out further all the time? Nothing of the sort? I can't support you in a floating position if there's not water enough to—At this point a comber slapped Mr. Gnagg in the back and turned him over a couple of times. Mrs. Gnagg having seen the water coming was able to disentangle herself from Mr. Gnagg and to hold her feet and then to wade out to the sand picking himself up and joining Mrs. Gnagg on the beach, Mr. Gnagg regarding the surface may be a with a baleful elare con.

in the auth yerkining how's that? Shoulders, a current here at all. It's building the server here at all. It's building the server here at all. It's building the server provides do not yet be water and I'll have hold of government of the time, were I'll have hold of government of the time, were I'll have hold of government of the time water coming tax sale to dissipate the servernment of the time as a comptent of the servernment of the time as a comptent of the servernment of the time as a comptent of the servernment of the time as a comptent of the servernment of the time of the servernment of the time of the servernment of the ser

It was the first good motor using a product of rock oil for producing power. It obtained power in much the same way that power is generated in a steam engine—by the expansion of liquid by heat. In the naphtha motor naphtha was expanded instead of water. panded instead of water.

panded instead of water.

It was a trustworthy motor and fairly safe if properly handled. It is a good motor yet, so far as it goes, but it has been almost superseded by a naphtha engine of an entirely different principle. Explosion takes the place of expansion

motor yet, so that he hoen ampitha engine of an entirely different principle. Explosion takes the place of expansion by heat.

Explosion makes the place of expansion by heat.

Explosion motors using gasolene were first known as electric vapor engines, because the gasolene vapor was fired by an electric spark. The same principle is employed in all the gasolene motors of to-day, but there have been great improvements in utilizing it. To speak of them would require a volume on the various methods of mixing, compression, ignition and so forth.

Gasolene will not explode, but it is far from reluctant as a combustible. If you owned a lake of gasolene somewhere off in a desert an easy and safe way to drain it would be to stroll down to the windward shore, scratch a match and apply it to the wavelets.

It would not be of any use to touch the lighted end of your cigar to it, for the only result would be to put out and spoil the cigar. A gasolene soaked but it is even less fragrant after it has been dried out than a five cent Coney Island Immaduro. If, however, the cigar has sometimes do, and if in puffing up the eigar to get a better light one of the loose folds of the wrapper should assumed somewhat the shape of a broom in the process of smoking it, as cigars sometimes do, and if in puffing up the eigar to get a better light one of the loose folds of the wrapper should answer the purpose of setting fire to the lake.

After it had been fired the lake would a thing about you as a point of invalence of the lake.

After it had been fired the lake would make a six volt spark that would answer the purpose of setting fire to the lake.

After it had been fired the lake would a make a six volt spark that would answer the purpose of setting fire to the lake.

After it had been fired the lake would a make a six volt spark that would answer are proposed to setting fire to the lake.

After it had been fired the lake would an setting the proportions must be about right. A apor produced within the cylinder of a gasolene motor cannot

serious.

The owner of a gasolene boat thought that the fluid in his tank had been nearly used up. So he anchored his craft and went ashore for more gasolene.

While he was away his companion in the launch took off the cap in the inlet of the gasolene tank and tried to look in and see how much of the fluid remained. It was dark down there and he scratched a match and attempted to look down by the light of it. On the way back to the launch the owner saw her blow up, and the headless body of his companion was found in the water a

companion was found in the water few days later.

Two men who were going away on short cruise filled their gasolene tan short cruise filled their gasolene tank and set an uncorked five-ballon can of the fluid in the cabin of the boat. They ran to a point in the upper bay off Bay Ridge, anchored the boat, locked the c.bin and went away to return late in the following evening and begin their

cabin and went away to return late in the following evening and begin their cruise.

The intervening day was warm and the sun shone hot on the cabin top. The men were seen to row-out to the boat at about 11 o'clock in the evening. Shortly after they had Boarded it there was a pop that was heard all over South Brooklyn, the boat was burned and the bodies of the two men were afterward found in the bay, badly mangled. It was supposed that the heat of the sun on the cabin top-during the day had evaporated just enough of the gasolene from the uncorked can into the cabin to produce an explosive mixture and that when one of the men opened the door and scratched a match to light the cabin lamp the mixture let go.

Gasoline can now be bought almost everywhere and at various prices. The statement was made not long ago that gasolene production was becoming the big end of the petroleum refning business because of the great demand for it for automobile motors, for marine motors, for stationary engines and, in prospect, for aerial motors.

The vial of invaluable remedy for chapped noses of half a century ago has made it possible for Count von Zeppelin's cruise for nearly a thousand miles over Europe in his mammoth airship and for Bleriot to fly from France to England with mechanical wings. There is no power but the gasolene motor and no perceptible promise of any other motor that could be used with hope of success in air navigation.

Gasolene can be bought at a drug store for \$4.80 a gallon, in small vials at 10 cents a vial. A barrel of it can be bought for less than that sum elsewhere.

At most gasolene stations alongshore in this nart of the country the stuff is the static procession of the country the stuff is the stuff is the country the stuff is the stuff is the stuff is the country the stuff is the st



An iron hoop bounced through the area railings of a suburban woman's house recently and played havoc with the kitchen window. The woman waited, anger in her eye, the appearance of the hoop's owner. Presently he came.

And, sure enough, he was followed by a stolid-looking workman, who at once started to work, while the small boy took his hoop and ran off.

took his hoop and ran off.
"That'll be a dollar, ma'am," announced the glazier when the window was whole once more.

was whole once more.

"A dollar," gasped the woman. "But your little boy broke it! The little fellow with the hoop, you know. You're his father, aren't you?"

The stolid man shook his head.
"Don't know him from Adam," he said. "He came around to my place and told me his mother wanted her winder fixed. You're his mother, aren't you?"

And the woman shook her head also.—Judge.



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Origin of Sailors' Gollars. of an after dinner chat recorded in Sir Algernon West's "Recol-lections," the late Admiral Sir Harry

ders to keep the grease off their jackets. The pigtails disapepared, but the col-lars remain to this day.—London Globe.

That Was Something.

He had never ben to sea before.

"Can you keep anything on your stomach?" the ship doctor asked.

"No, sir," he returned feebly, "nothing but my hand."—Success Magazine.