

IN ALL PROBA- BILITY

ANYBODY who ventured an opinion as to what the old lady in the picture is going to do next would be eligible to join the Secret Service. She knows. Obviously, she has had dinner. The frying-pan on the back of the stove has not yet been dish-washed. The teapot on the rack still has the "grounds" in it and may come handy for a mid-afternoon cup without brewing a fresh lot, teaspoonful of tealeaves to a cup. The fire is not out. You can tell by the shovel in the pan under the dumper that she has just cleaned out the ashes and put on some fresh coal at \$10.00 a ton. The seven apples on the table were not put there for photographic effect. They may re-emerge in a pie to-morrow. Will she bake the pie to-day or to-morrow? That's as may be. It will be a precious pie, because apples in her part of the world are scarce this year. This is neither the Annapolis nor the Okanagan. One thing sure—she will be ironing before the day is over. The irons are on. And the kettle is boiling. We know it's boiling because steam is coming out of the spout. That's another proof that she has a good ironing fire. The kettle is on top of the stove at the back. Good housewives always keep hot water handy; and when you don't burn gas that costs \$5 a month no matter how economical you are, it costs nothing to keep the kettle hot. That's quite enough about the old lady, except to remark that she has had her picture taken more than once in that kitchen, and has sat for artists to sketch her besides.



THE gray wild geese hung on the pole over the motor-car might have been living yet if the man with the gun had not gone after them with a motor and a dog. It's a mean advantage to take of the geese to hunt them with gasoline, which some people do in Manitoba. But when you think of a simple everyday chicken in Ontario costing 40 cents a pound, it's easy to reflect that this string of twenty wild geese is worth considerable money as an item in the cost of living. That's one advantage of living near a wild-geese preserve.



THIS airship did not run into the elm tree by accident. The man sitting in it is not trying to get it down. The scaffolding in front was put there to hold it up. The man in the case is a student of wireless telegraphy and the body of an airship was put up there so that he could get high enough above the trees to get the vibrations. The tree is on the campus of the University of Toronto; one of those great trees along the edge that have the long Latin names tagged on them.

SOME Austrian will get hit with the hand grenade which the Italian soldier is just about to throw. He can't see the mark he is aiming at, but he knows it will land somewhere among the late Franz Josef's subjects.

