

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE WHATNOTS OF YESTERYEAR.



Where are the whatnots of yesteryear? They are certainly vanished from hundreds of thousands of parlors and they have not yet made their re-appearance as antiques. What has become of them? Are they up in the attic or down in the cellar? But so many people have no attic or cellar nowadays. What was done with the whatnot when the family moved into the apartment? Was it broken up for kindling wood or sold to the second hand man? Surely he would have no chance to resell it. Will it some day come back as an antique and where shall we look for it if it does?

From the standpoint of aesthetics I hope that every whatnot in the land

has been safely broken up for kindling wood.

Treasure Trove.

But from another standpoint I could weep a tear over such a funeral pyre. And that is the standpoint of the child to whom the collection of articles on grandmother's or great Aunt Mary's whatnot was always a treasure trove.

I wonder how many of my Reader Friends remember such a treasure trove, either in their own parlors, generally kept sacred for Sunday afternoon consumption, or as the spot in some grandmother's or great aunt's home to which they gravitated on being taken there to call, quite as surely as to the cookie jar.

I have never seen your Great Aunt's whatnot, of course, but I'm going to make some guesses as to what was on it. Perhaps someone will tell me how far I am right.

RED PIMPLES ALL OVER FACE

Itched and Burned. Face a Slight. Cuticura Heals.

"My face came out all over in red pimples and then it would itch. I would rub and scratch it and little eruptions would come. They itched and burned and so night would bother me. My face was a sight. I tried different remedies without success and then began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment which completely healed me in two weeks." (Signed) Mrs. Eva M. Toohaker, Canby Harbor, Maine, March 13, 1922.

Use Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes. Bathe with Soap, Scrub with Ointment, dust with Talcum. Send this card to: Cuticura Soap & Ointment Co., P.O. Box 1024, St. John, N.B. Cuticura Soap & Ointment Co., P.O. Box 1024, St. John, N.B.

In the first place a conch shell, to which you were told to put your ear and listen for the sound of the sea. And you did hear it, truly! And if the boy next door who had no great aunt, no whatnot and no conch shell said you couldn't, you were willing to fight him to prove it.

Father And His Tee.

Nextly there was an old photograph album with pictures of a lady with her hair done over a water fall whom you were assured was your mother, and of a baldheaded baby trying to put his toe into his mouth. How it strained your credulity when you were asked to believe him your father!

Then there was a pile of pictures each printed double which you looked at through a magnifying arrangement called the stereoscope and which made the picture (generally Niagara Falls or similar scenes of natural beauty) appear not flat but in three dimensions. If you never looked through one of these things this means nothing to you. But if you ever did, it brings the flavor of long Sunday afternoons when you were permitted this genteel amusement.

And The Snow Fell.

Probably there was a pile of daguerrotypes even more faded and ancient than the photographs—pictures of great uncles and great grandmothers and of the little fourth cousin Sophie whose tiny tombstone in the family lot had always made her a figure of romance to you.

Very likely there were china shepherdesses, and perhaps a box of silver and ivory and sandalwood and ebony that some sea-faring uncle brought back from India, and perhaps a pot-pourri of rose leaves in a blue china jar that you were allowed to sniff at.

And best of all, maybe there was a little glass ball with a tiny village inside it. So long as the ball stood quiet it was fair weather, but when you picked it up and shook it, behold, snow descended upon the little village. They tell me that to-day those little paper weights are worth from \$50 to \$100. I scarcely know a grown-up who does not remember, if asked, seeing one in his own home or grandmother's or Aunt Somebody's house. Yet no one knows where that paper weight is to-day. Where have they gone? One cannot fancy anyone deliberately destroying them. Where are they then?

Knife-Hafts 30,000 Years Old.

A wonderful place on the London Docks is the ivory warehouse, where elephants tusks to the value of half a million pounds are usually in stock. About 500 tons of ivory are used every year for making knife handles and for decorative work. The value of the material is about \$5,000 per ton.

Not all of it comes from the tusks of the elephant. Ivory is obtained also from the walrus, and from the mastodon, a long-extinct species of elephant with enormous curved tusks whose fossilized remains are found in Northern Asia. The handles of your table knives may easily be 30,000 years old!

The biggest elephant tusks come from Africa. A full-grown elephant may have tusks weighing from 50 to 150 pounds, and worth \$100 to \$400 apiece.

The Truth Will Out

GOVERNMENT NEWSPAPER READERS ARE WONDERING WHY THE CHANGE.

The Advocate and Daily Mail the organs of the Coaker-Squires wing of the present Government are no longer silent about the Reids. Sir P. T. McGrath and others whom they strongly denounced in 1919 and the years immediately preceding the last general election. Where are the big headlines we were wont to read in these newspapers in the years referred to. Where are the same Reids and McGrath to-day? When Mr. Coaker and the Advocate were unceasingly denouncing Sir P. T. McGrath and the editors of the Daily Star (now the Daily Mail), they were printing large headlines over articles in applauding and praising Bennett, Crobie and Cashin. Mr. Coaker at this period could not find words strong enough to discredit and discredit Sir P. T. McGrath, the Reid Brothers, and the railway solicitors.

Have trips to Canada, America and Europe with the same Reids, their solicitors and Sir P. T. McGrath, and the latter is enjoying a handsome remuneration of thousands of dollars yearly on the now famous Labrador Boundary Question, whilst the Reids have received over five millions of dollars to run the railway, and are at the present time seeking concessions that scared the Government from opening the House this spring. When Mr. Coaker in his secret circulars said that "Squires acted as a traitor to him he underlined a paragraph which ran as follows:—

"If I should die to-morrow never allow Squires to represent a district where you have any choice. Squires has been intriguing for the leadership. All that the devil could suggest was done by Reid, Squires and the anti-Union clique to down and out me."

What do you, fishermen and F.P.U. men, think of men with such rapid and changeable declarations? While the same Coaker and Squires are on their extended trips abroad with the Reids and McGrath, the country is being fleeced to pay abnoxious and unnecessary taxes, to give them, one and all, thousands upon thousands of dollars in salaries, expenses, deals, etc.

The horsehair hat is in high favor, and if draped with a charming colored lace, it is absolutely the vogue.

WANTS TO HELP OTHER WOMEN

Grateful for Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

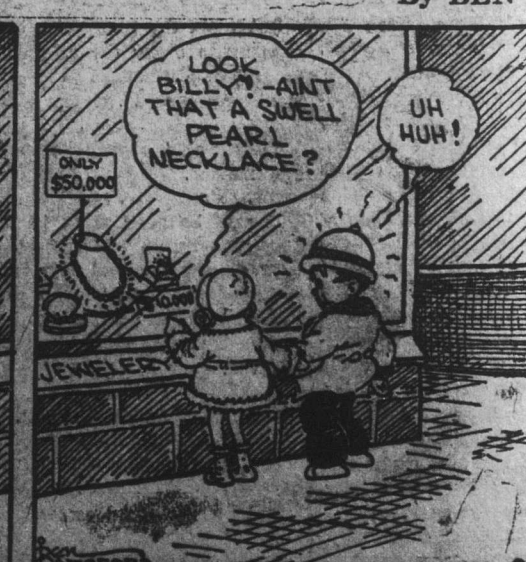
Toronto, Ont.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for backache and for weak and dreary feelings caused by my condition. Sometimes I felt so bad that I couldn't do my housework. My neighbor told me of your medicine and I read about it in the 'Toronto Telegram' and thought I would take it. I got very good results. It built me up and I have told several friends what it has done for me. You may use this testimonial as it may be of help to some one who has suffered as I have."—Mrs. J. Lee, 28 Harvie Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Lee is willing to write to any girl or woman suffering from such troubles, and answer any questions they may like to ask.

Women suffering from female troubles causing backache, irregularities, pains, bearing-down feelings and weakness should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Not only is the worth of this splendid medicine shown by such cases as this, but for nearly fifty years letters like this have been received from thousands of women.

You might be interested in reading Mrs. Pinkham's Private Letter Book upon the "Allments of Women." You can get a copy free by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario.

BILLY'S UNCLE



By BEN BATSFORD

The best value for the least money—

"Anchor your pipe to a good smoke"

Imperial Tobacco Co.

mar.21, tu.s

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

CHANGEABLE LIFE.

Laughter and song and dance, Sorrow and grief and tears, These are the things we chance Day by day through the years. Glad for a little while, Stunted for a time by woe, And ever the tear and smile Come in their turns, and go.

Yesterday's skies were gray, Now they are shining clear; Troubled and rough the way, Dark with the gloom of fear, Danger, and doubt and dread, Men of the world must know, But you shall find ahead Live is not ever so.

Mourn not your present state, Dwell not too long with grief, Boast not your pleasures great—Sorrow and joy are brief. Yesterday was, but here Life must be lived to-day, And when the night draws near This shall be swept away.

Bear it a little while, Cruel though seems the pain, Again you shall some day smile, Then you shall weep again. Laughter nor grief can stay, Soon must they both be spent, Only the soul in the clay Lives and is permanent.

\$100 or two Months' For Watered Milk.

The maximum sentence for violating the bylaw prohibiting the selling of diluted milk was given in the Recorder's Court recently, when Arthur Armand received a sentence of two months in jail or a fine of \$100 and costs. Armand was found guilty on two similar charges and the same sentence was rendered in each.

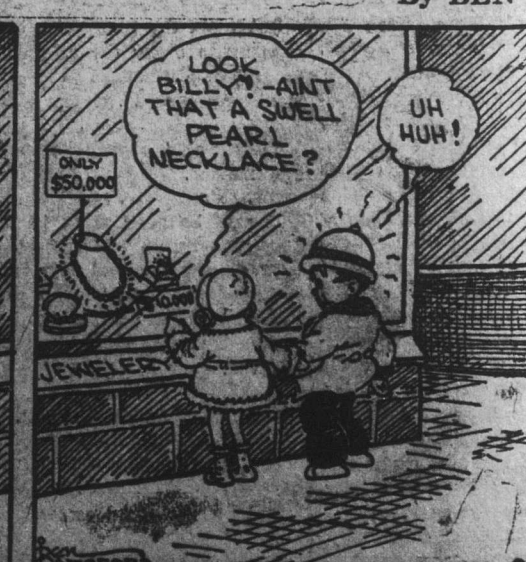
"A man who cheats the public with impure or diluted milk is worse than a common thief," said Recorder Semple. "He is robbing the poor and harming those who most need help—the children and the sick who buy the milk. There is no judgment too harsh for him."

Inspector Legault testified that Armand had been bringing in milk from his farm in St. Hubert and selling it in Montreal. Samples were taken on several occasions and the "milk" was found to be from thirty to forty per cent water.

Armand claimed that he did not handle his milk either at his farm or here, but admitted that he received the money when it was sold. Recorder Semple told him he was responsible and assessed the fine.—Montreal Daily Star.

A beach cape of hand-dyed bathed taffeta in black, grey, vivid blue and white is lined with pale orange tulle.

No Such Luck—



By BEN BATSFORD

LOWER DUTIES!

Now LOWER PRICES!

At BLAIR'S.

Black Scotch Fingering Wool

Superior Quality

ONLY 10c. SKEIN.

FLOOR CANVAS

PAINTED BACK.

2 Yards Wide, Good Patterns,

ONLY \$1.39 YARD

LADIES' CORSETS

A Right-up-to-the-Minute Style, at Prices right down to the LOWEST POSSIBLE.

ONLY \$1.25 PAIR

Remember, also we are offering Silk Georgette Crepes

— AT —

ONLY \$1.50 YARD

Get your share of this WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

HENRY BLAIR

feb21, ad

There's Nothing Like



DR. C.

GENERAL

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(From the Trade

fish.—There is a week in respect to the market. The record has gone up from previous week to 1914. The news comes from the fact that an organization is being organized to pledge to the market only the catch of the cold storage. The plan is to have a report from Newfoundland. The plan is to have a report from Newfoundland. The plan is to have a report from Newfoundland.

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Some items

Pint Packages

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