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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST?

"Which do you like best of them all?" I asked the Authorman after a group of friends who had been visiting us had gone. "Oh, I don't know," he said, "I would have to think that over and then I probably couldn't tell. And what's the use anyway?"

A typically masculine answer, I suspect. For I think most men hate that kind of weighing and measuring, and are less analytical than women.

But when I came to think the matter over myself, I found that I couldn't say anything more definite than the Authorman had.

One likes different kinds in different ways, and for different things, and at different times.

Each Friend Fits a Different Mood.

Of course down deep, one always loves all one's true friends, but there are certainly times and moods when one enjoys one more than the other.

Take your Letter Friends, for instance—are there not days when you feel like writing to some particular friend? You can sit down and pour out your heart to him or her, whereas you might find it hard to write to some other friend, even though you like him or her just as much, so far as this imponderable quality can be measured.

Different friends answer to different moods in one's nature. There is the friend with whom one can talk of books and literary interests and abstract ideas; there is the friend with whom one can go off on a trip and chat of simple things and be foolish and gay for a day; there is the friend who has the same business interests as oneself. One likes them all. But when it comes to saying which one likes best, that is almost impossible to do.

Not Justifiable.

It is perfectly right and natural that we should feel this way. But there is an extension of this feeling which is natural enough perhaps, but unbeautiful. And that is the way some people have of turning from one friend to another whenever the first friend fails to act as a mirror, showing them to themselves in exactly the light in which they wish to appear. Let a friend disapprove of anything they do, let him fail to minister to their vanity in any way, and straightway they rush off to the next friend, justifying themselves and complaining of the other. By and by they wear out the second friend and go back to the first or on to a third. But that is no way to treat friendship.

In the words of Emerson, "If I have shrunk unequal from one contest instantly the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself if I then made my other friends my asylum."

Why Unlucky to Go Back.

How many people would be willing to acknowledge that they believe it is bad luck to return, after leaving the house, for something they have forgotten? Some popular superstitions can be explained psychologically—and this is one of them. The psychologists agree as to the bad luck part of it, but say that the bad luck consists not so much in the going back for the article as in the forgetting of it in the first place. This shows that you do not keep your mind sufficiently upon the details of what you are about. Having to go back for that letter or package you were to take with you is a symptom of lack of concentration of the mind on immediate matters. Lack of concentration on "the instant need of things" is "unlucky." Things will appear to go wrong all day, and you will attribute it to the fact that you went back after your umbrella; whereas the truth is that your mind is not functioning properly.

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Harbor Grace Notes.

Mr. R. W. Strong arrived in town by Saturday night's train on a short visit, returning again yesterday to the city.

Schooner Winnifred, Captain E. T. Hobbs, went on dock on the 15th inst. and came off again yesterday, after having some painting done. The tug Hugh D. arrived in port at dinner hour the same day and towed the schooner to St. John's. Capt. George Rumsey of St. John's was here superintending repairs.

Mr. Allan Parsons, who was undergoing treatment at the General Hospital, St. John's, came to town by Saturday night's train and spent Sunday at his home. He returned again to the city by yesterday afternoon's train, as his treatment is not completed. We are all pleased to know he has benefited considerably since his stay in the Institution.

The motor boat Zelda B. arrived from Bell Island on Friday night, bringing several in to spend the week-end here. She returned again Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. John Gordon and Wm. Tapp were passengers by Friday afternoon's train, having arrived by S.S. Rosalind from Halifax to St. John's the day previous. They will spend a few weeks visiting their homes. All are pleased to see them in the old town again and trust their stay will be very enjoyable.

Schooner Lucid arrived in port yesterday and went on dock this morning to undergo repairs.

Mr. H. Ford of Heart's Content, spent a holiday here with his uncle, Mr. T. G. Ford, (H.M.C.), and friends.

On Sunday night last about 8.30 o'clock four young lads belonging to Bear's Cove, who while seated upon, or leaning against, what is commonly known as "The Bridge," met with an accident, which almost ended the life of one of them. (This bridge, no doubt, is quite familiar to all who have had the pleasure of visiting our town, especially lovers, who very likely hold pleasant memories of same.) It seems they had been resting there for some time, and noticing that the rails did not appear to be very strong—rather quite shaky—one of the boys remarked, "We'll be on this till in breaks," or words to that effect. However, scarcely had the words been uttered when the rails gave way, falling into the ditch beneath—which is usually filled with water, excepting in the dry season. The bottom is covered with rocks and small boulders. Three of the boys managed to hang on to the lower part of the Bridge and saved themselves from injury, but the other one named, William Peddle, son of Mr. Cecil Peddle, was in such a position that he could not prevent himself from falling, and when the rails crashed, after turning a somersault, he was dashed to the chasm beneath, inflicting thereby a severe wound in the head and rendering him unconscious. He was picked up and taken into a neighbour's house, who did all possible to alleviate his sufferings, while Dr. Cron was being rushed for, who arrived in a short time and dressed the lad's wounds, having to put several stitches in his head. He was then conveyed by the Doctor's car to his home, and yesterday was reported to be doing fairly well. We trust he has not sustained any internal injury and that his recovery will be speedy. This accident occurred just after the different congregations were coming from church, consequently quite a number gathered around the scene and several also were present and witnessed it.

During the last few weeks the Road Board has certainly done a great deal to the building up of the rails along the waterfront, and we hope they will "not grow weary in well doing," and not forget that the East End of the town needs their attention also, as this incident easily shows.

CORRESPONDENT.

Hr. Grace, July 19, 1921.

OUT OF DATE.

As I pursue my useful courses I often am submerged in tears, for all my friends have had divorces—I've had one wife for thirty years. It makes one feel so out of fashion, back-numberish, behind the date; divorces seem the ruling passion with nearly every modern skate. My wife and I have walked together adown the slope of life's long hill, encountered every kind of weather, and every brand of good and ill. And as we thus pursued our journey the marriage lines were never lost, and neither ever hired attorney to see juct what divorce would cost. We've thought a marriage contract binding, in every chapter, every verse and even if results were grinding, it was for better or for worse. The vow we made beneath the steeple is ancient now, but still it serves, for we are old time, simple people, and are not wise to modern curves. I sometimes feel outside the running when friends come up and blithely tell how for divorces they went gunning, and shook off Jane or Kate or Nell. But then I light another stogie, and to Jemima thus I speak, "I'd rather be a mossback fogy than have a new wife every week." And she replies, "You're oft annoying, you try my patience much, my dear, but I would find it rather cloying to be a bride nine times a year."

"Laugh and grow fat" is an old axiom. We advise the use of a good tonic, named "Brick's Tasteless". Price $1.00; postage 20c. extra.—apr26,tf

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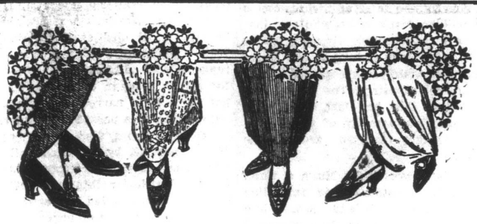

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The Shoe Men

"Devil's Corkscrew."

Of the many fossils which have come out of the mountains and plains of the West, few have excited wider interest than the "devil's corkscrew," found in rock of the Miocene period, in northwestern Nebraska. They are usually white, and stand out clearly against the bluff background of the rock which incloses them, often attaining a length of fifteen feet, with many twists and turns, ending at times in a large bulb, with occasional side passages. When first discovered it was thought that these gigantic "corkscrews" were huge petrified vines or roots of some strange plant. Study of the "cockscrews," however, failed to reveal any trace of plant structure. Later the skeleton of an animal like the badger was found in a large bulb near the end of the "corkscrew," and bones of a small camel and small deer were found in others. After that is was discovered that many of them contained bones of a small burrowing animal about the size of the western prairie dog. Excavation of actual recent prairie dog burrows, after filling them with thin plaster of paris, showed an interesting fact; the burrows of the prairie dog and the prehistoric "corkscrews" were cloosely similar. The mystery is considerd solved.

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