

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

BLESSED BE RESTRAINT.

Blessed be restraint, but always lacking in restraint of all kinds.

Nothing brings home the value of any good quality so strongly as a vivid exhibition of the lack of it. I have always held that a good example of restraint in teaching manners as a thoroughly bad example.

There has lately moved into our neighborhood a woman who is amusing and clever and efficient.

And Then She Is Bewildered.

She tells everything she knows. She talks well but doesn't know when to stop talking. She is generous and sympathetic, but she doesn't realize that there are times when even generosity and sympathy may be intrusive. She has a great warmth of feeling, and she is all over anyone she likes. I don't mean in a physical sense but with her generosity, her invitations, her intimacy.

I think she is hurt and bewildered that the neighborhood does not re-

spond more quickly to her. She knows that her intentions are of the kindest, and that she herself is an attractive personality. What she doesn't know is how much that lack of restraint handicaps her.

In every art, one must first have something to express, secondly be capable of expressing it, and thirdly to know what to leave unexpressed.

True of The Artist of Social Relations.

No actor is ever great without that quality of restraint.

The writer who slopes over, and does not know what to leave out, where to stop, will never be top-hat. The painter who hasn't restraint and selective power may be a very clever draughtsman, but he will never be an artist.

And it is equally true with the art of social relations. If you want to be a true artist in this respect, don't find all your personality at your

friends. Hold something back. Know how great is the force of silence, of a single word where many might be spoken, of an understatement when an overstatement would be weak.

When Nerves Need Soothing. Sometimes emptiness manages to give the impression that it is restrained fullness. But that is soon found out.

Blessed be restraint.

Sweet are its usages and soothing to the nerves. Especially when they follow after some harassing experience of the lack of restraint.

One is reminded by such a contrast of Dr. Holmes' pregnant line in his poem on the organ grinder:

"Silence like a poultice came to heal the blows of sound."

Defying the Motor

Which British town possesses the largest number of cyclists in proportion to its population?

It would seem from recent statistics that Southampton enjoys this distinction, for no fewer than 40,000 cycles are used in this busy town of 160,000 people.

The employees of the big shipbuilding firms own a large proportion of this vast bicycle fleet, and as Messrs. Hatfield and Wolff's works there is a special two-storey building where over 400 machines are stored during the day.

At the famous works of Messrs. Thornycroft there are 500 workers who use bicycles, and fourteen or fifteen cyclists can often be seen entering the dock gates abreast every few minutes during the morning rush period.

At the university colleges 150 students use cycles, whilst several Aldermen and the rural dean are also enthusiastic cyclists.

After this who will dare say that the day of the push-bicycle is over? Statistics tend to prove that throughout the country the number of cyclists is on the increase.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A GUEST

THE MONEY WORSHIPERS. He had money, but men sneered. At the way his wealth had grown; Talked behind his back and jeered. Said his heart was cold as stone. Told their stories of his greed. Whispered of his doubtful deals. He had money, yes indeed. But no friend behind his heels.

He had money—loads of it. Gathered in a miser's way. All squeezed dry of mirth and wit. And the friendships of the day. Laughed at by the men he knew. Made a thing of common jest. He was rich, but this was true. Gold was all that he possessed.

Workmen talked behind his back. Of the petty tricks of mirth and wit. Said he pinched the eagle black. When his clutch on it was laid. No one ever spoke his praise. No one ever called him friend. And he rounded out his days. Rich, but lonely to the end.

Not for all the gold on earth. Not for all that it can do. Would I squeeze my life of mirth. And the joy of friendship true. I would rather never save. Never see my purse grow fat. Than to money be a slave. And to live my life like that!

The Exception

It is a mistake, says Mr. Pett Ridge, to alter the color of the heroine's hair in the course of a novel.

You may plait it or bob it or wave it. Or abridge, in tales of to-day. But the color its Maker first gave it. Must never be bartered away—Not even for grey.

Though at night you may curl it in papers. And bedeck it in bandeaux by day. It must cut no chameleon capers. If auburn, 'tis auburn always. It never grows grey.

Yet exceptions are sometimes admitted. When scared by a ghost in the night. Though your heroine's much to be pitied. You may give her the requisite fright. For turning it white.

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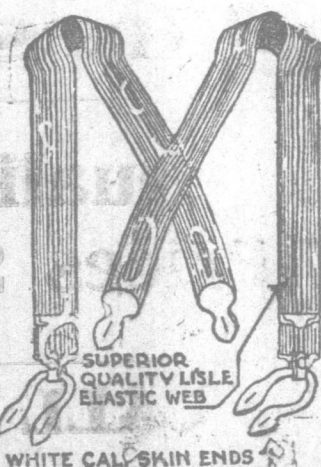
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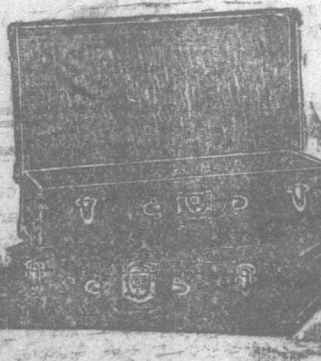


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the touch, the most familiar of which is probably the stinging nettle. Some greenhouse favorites of the primrose genus, too, have to be handled with care. If you have a sensitive skin you should not touch the hairy leaves, for they may produce a painful rash.

The Savage's Poisoned Arrow.

Cattle and other live stock are often made ill by eating poisonous plants which grow wild in their pastures. The magnificent cow parsley, which grows six feet high or more, with its hairy leaves, does little or no harm; but the hemlock, which looks very like cow parsley, but has smooth leaves and hairless stem, is very poisonous. From this plant the poison was distilled with which the great Greek philosopher, Socrates, was put to death.

Widely distributed throughout the United States, a species of poison ivy is found, which climbs up the tall trunks of trees and in and out among the bushes along the road, luxuriating in fence corners, and even thriving in wastes of sand where little other vegetation can exist.

Poisoned arrows, used by savage tribes in almost every part of the world, were usually dipped in the poisonous juices of some plant, though snake venom and other deadly poisons were also used.

"No League can fulfil the purpose of the League of Nations while the United States, Germany, and Russia are all of them voluntarily or by decree of the League excluded from it."—Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR HEADACHE.

Pin Pricks That Poison

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT HAVE POWER TO MAR HOME HAPPINESS.

"I really don't know whether to marry Jack or not!" burst out Angela. "I am very fond of him, and he of me; and we have heaps of tastes in common—about almost all the big things we think alike."

"What is the trouble, then?" I said. "Well," she explained, "on lots of apparently small matters Jack and I are in complete disagreement. And we shall never change because these things are absolutely rooted in our natures, and I am afraid that in time



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they may make our life together wretched.

At first I thought her rather absurd, but when she explained further I saw that there was a good deal of sense in her point of view.

Don't Leave It to Love.

To begin with, Angela is an exceedingly punctual girl. She hates getting up late, and she likes to start very early to catch trains. Jack, on the other hand, has simply no sense of time, and however much he were to try to cultivate one he would not really succeed. Soon Angela's punctuality would annoy him, just as much as his lack of it would worry her.

They also have different ideas about money. Angela is not mean but she likes to map out her money, allowing definite amounts for clothes, housekeeping, etc. Jack, though not reckless, thinks a really good time occasionally worth much pinching and stinting afterwards. Angela would not understand this trait.

Again, Angela's idea of a joke is not Jack's. After a while Jack's "fun" would probably drive Angela to desperation, and he would not like his wit to be unappreciated. And poor Angela, being amusing in her own vein, would irritate Jack to a degree.

Perhaps great love may overcome some difficulties; but I am inclined to think Angela is wise.

No Conclusion.

Dinner—"Shew me, watter, thish last bottle of port was very strong."

Water—"That, sir, was Worcester sauce!"—Passing Show.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR ACES