

## SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron

## WE ALL THINK WE'RE BUSY.

"When you write about a woman who has only two children and who keeps busy all day," complains one of my Letter Friends, "you make me laugh. I've got some neighbors like that."

With one or two children who talk about being busy! If that keeps them busy I wonder what they'd do if they had my family of six under ten, and I do my own washing and ironing, too. If I had only two I'd think I had nothing to do."

I wonder if she would. Perhaps she would if after taking care of the six she should only have two (which God forbid) in her family. But I wonder if in the days when she only had two, she thought then she had a perfect snap. I have very grave doubts.

Twenty-five May Seem Fast Or Slow. You know when you're driving an auto, sense of speed depends on whether you are accelerating or decelerating. If you speed up from ten miles to 25, 25 seems very fast; if you drop from 35 to 25, 25 seems very slow. Two children may seem to mean a lot of work when you approach them from having had none, and on the other hand two may look like a snap when you regard them from your adjustment to the wants of six.

It seems to me it just boils down to

this. Most of us do what we have to do and use up most of the time at our command doing it.

I know women with no children at all and a small house equipped with labor saving devices who consider themselves busy.

On the other hand I know women with four or five children who don't seem any busier.

## Somehow We Find A Way.

We do what we have to do. Somehow we find a way. I suppose these women who have such big demands to meet learn ways to cut corners, are forced by their position to sort out the essentials from the non essentials, or else they would not survive the pressure. Of course some of them don't survive. In the old days when the pressure was far heavier than it is to-day, that was much more common. Then the large families and the big houses and the innumerable tasks that are now done outside the home frequently wore out two or three wives. But to-day the statistics show more widows than widowers.

We do what we have to do. And though I said that I thought the woman who has such a big family might find herself rich in leisure if the family were reduced, I am not so sure that I was right. She might for a short while, but I suspect that before long she would readjust to that lessened pressure and do what she had to do and keep busy doing it. That is the way of human nature.



As dear Uncle Lucky, the old gentleman rabbit, sat at the breakfast table, sipping his carrot coffee and reading the Bunburybridge Bugle, all of a sudden the postman's whistle sounded loud and clear; and the next minute tinkle, tinkle went the front door bell.

"A letter," laughed Little Miss Mousie, jumping down from the chair opposite nice Uncle Lucky.

"More likely a bill," sighed the old gentleman rabbit. "Not that I object to paying for what I use, but figures don't tell pretty bedtime stories. No, indeed."

"A bill from the Dwarf Shoemaker," exclaimed Little Miss Mousie, handing the envelope to Uncle Lucky.

"Well, I'm only too glad to pay it," laughed the nice old gentleman bunny. "It's for the Daddy Longlegs' shoes."

You remember how he saved Little Jack Rabbit and me from Danny Fox. He was mighty generous with them, and funny Uncle Lucky laughed as he remembered how the old gentleman insect had thrown them at the old fox.

By and by, after signing a check for the Dwarf Shoemaker and addressing the envelope, the old gentleman rabbit hopped out to the barn to see the Old Red Rooster, who was busy oiling the lawn mower. Up aloft the pigeons were cooing on the front porch that jutted out beneath the round holes in the barn. Yes, they had a very comfortable home in the loft of the old building, and as the dear old gentleman rabbit stood talking to the Old Red Rooster, one of the pigeons fluttered down and lighted on the brim of Uncle Lucky's old wedding-grocery-pipe hat. Leaning over to peep into the old gentleman bunny's kind eyes, she twittered:

"There are four little pigeons up in my nest. But which of the four I really love best, I'm sure I don't know, for I love them all so."

"That's a good little mother," said dear Uncle Lucky. "Love your children all the same."

"Cock-a-doodle-do. The sky's a lovely blue. And Mr. Merry Sun on high is winking with his golden eye."

sang the Old Red Rooster. Goodness me, he is quite a poet, isn't he, Little Reader? Come to think of it, almost everyone in Rabbitland drops into poetry now and then, and sometimes oftener. They do in Mother Goose-



land, too. Perhaps when the heart is happy, lips just can't help but sing in rhyme.

"The pumpkins are turning yellow," said dear Uncle Lucky, sniffing at the Old Red Rooster as he fed the little pigeon with some wheat kernels. "The grapes on the arbor are turning blue and purple. My, how time flies. Only a few months ago Mistress Spring was sowing the meadow with dandelions. Soon Jack Frost will be about, painting frosty pictures on the window pane." And in the next story you will hear what happened after that.

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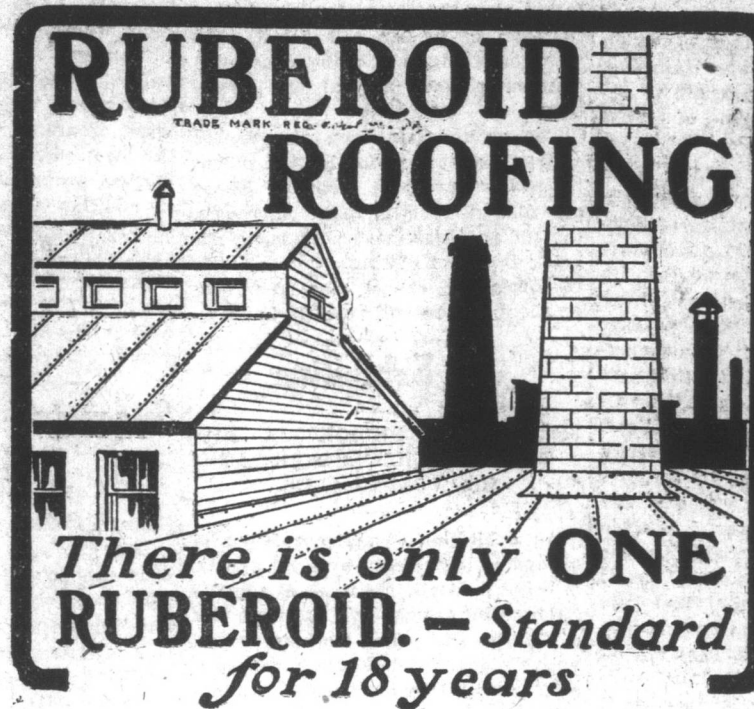
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## Blazing Plane Landed Safely

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DES MOINES, Iowa, Oct. 6.—Sweeping down from an altitude of 4,000 ft., the motor of their airplane shooting out tongues of flame, three army aviators miraculously escaped death when they brought their plane to a safe landing in a cornfield, near Fort Des Moines Army post.

Those aboard, when the motor burst into flames, were Lieut. A. E. Montgomery, Chief Machinist Chamberlain and Aviation Mate Kidder. In the S-B-W-I-1, they were following the air mail route across the continent from San Diego to New York, where they were to compete in the Pulitzer trophy races.

Although the accident occurred last night, Army men did not reveal the story of the fall until to-day. Hundreds of residents of Des Moines saw the plane burst into flames and begin sailing earthward like a comet.

To-day Lieut. Montgomery told the story. "It was a miracle," he said. "We were hitting it up at a pretty fast clip—I should say 100 miles an hour. That's not fast for the S-B-W-I-1, because she's a speed-craft, but it is pretty fast to have anything go wrong."

## Burst Into Flames.

"Suddenly the motor, which is behind the cockpit, gave a cough and burst into flames. We were sure it was

all over. I believe the carburettor caught fire. The wind tearing at the flames set up an awful roar. It occurred to me that we had about one chance in a thousand to get to earth safely. If we could maintain sufficient speed gliding down we could keep the flames shooting straight out behind and they might not have time to damage the plane before we landed.

"So that's what we did and here we are without a scratch."

Accompanying the S-B-W-I-1 was another plane of the same type, carrying Lieut. W. Copehart and B. Wyatt and Chief Machinist Bergstein. The second plane landed when it saw the S-B-W-I-1 in trouble, but continued its journey eastward to-day.

## Soviets Celebrate Return of King Alcohol

MOSCOW, Oct. 7.—For three days the Russian people have been celebrating with unabated rejoicing and conviviality the country's return to alcohol. After years of partial prohibition Russia let down the restriction against strong liquors on Sunday last. In Moscow to-day nearly 100,000 quarts of the new forty per cent. vodka was sold and a correspondingly heavy sale was reported throughout Russia. From early in the morning, lines of eager Russians four deep, extending for a whole city block, waited patiently outside the wineshop for their share of the popular beverage. Some of them carried gallon tins, basins, water pails, and even tea kettles.

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