THE DAILY GLEANER, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1923.

ICE-COLD HATCHERY FOR HARD-BOILED EGGS

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Danish Prince Erik, Now Learning Farming in Canada, Gave Interest Returning a Practical Joke.

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touched. The premier is a psychologist. But be is not a common or garden variety of psychologist.

Pramier Drury could deliver an extensive and interesting lecture on the subject of "Hats as an Index of Character," in spite of all the manu-facturers' attempts to produce standardized

Hon. Mr. Drury insists that hats remain in

dividualistic, and that they may reveal the hidden secrets and characteristics of their

"Take my hat, for instance," says the pre-mier. "It always looks like me. Suppose I bought six new hats, all of different kinds. Within a short time, there would be a certain similarity between the whole six."

We can well imagine a gentleman calling at

AVERAGE U.S. CITIZEN

Knows Nothing

OF OUR PUBLIC MEN

"I don't know everything." powever, will not "I don't know everything." permit the Danish prince to escape the practical jokes played on newcomers in prairie districts. To the credit of the royal dairyman, be it said, he always takes these in good part, and occasionally succeeds in turning the tables.

The proof of the second second

"What about the other six?" asked the joker. "I've got another place for these," said the

Leading the way to the ice house, he removed the straw from a block of ice, and placed the half-dozen eggs on the cold surface. Then, turn-ing to his companion, he said, gravely: "I don't know everything yet, of course, but I found out long ago that an ice-house is the only place where there is the slightest chance of hatching.out hard-boiled eggs!"

REWARDING THE CHAMP. COW

SIR HARRY LAUDER has just said that only half the people in the world know how to enjoy life. Sir Harry himself adds to life's en-joyment by his ceaseless flow of funny stories. A Scottish cowkeeper sent his boy to feed the cows with cabbages, and told him to give the biggest cabbage to the cow that produced the most milk. When the boy returned he asked: "Did ye do as I told ye? Did ye gie the big-est cabbage to the one that gies the maist

gest cabbage to the one that gies the maist

'Oh, ay, maister!" replied the youth. "I hung the biggest on the pump!"

A Magic Table

"JUST the thing for picnics," said Jones, when he saw this advertisement: "A able that may be folded into so small a space as to be he saw this advertisement: "A able that may be folded into so small a epace as to be carried in a man's pocket, sent, carriage paid, for five shillings." He sent the money, and got by return—a er already describing his decision as idijachtic. He is the genuine home grown article.

He sent the money, and got by return-a copy of a railway time table.-Tit-Bits, -London Opinion.



"BY THEIR HATS YE SHALL KNOW THEM," SAYS PREMIER DRURY I F Premier Drury, of Ontario, should ever de-cide to give up both farming and politics he would still be able to make a name and fame for himself in a field which is as yet un-

Extra Accomplishment For Political Leaders and Ordinary People Which Would Add Greatly to

Their Efficiency.

Canada Is Doomed, Says Sir Andrew MacPhail, Because It Loathes Real Work With

the Hands-Civilization Is Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come.

the office of Ontario's chief executive and pro-pounding a scheme for freeing Ontario a.a the universe as a whole from large numbers of "Take Sir Henry Thornton, for example," Mr. Drury might say. He's the first sentleman on the left. "His is a stiff hat. It's the right A nonvances and evils. A few glances and the kind philanthropist is hurried along his way. Why? The premier has carefully read his hat, and has seen that he has served a term for bigamy, been connected with six unwholesome financial once as and has been destroying the children's faith in gents (lease

on the left. "His is a stiff hat. It's the right covering for a head that's got to tackle stiff problems." There's E. W. Beatty, the president of the C. P. R., next to Sir Henry. It's an amphibian hat. It's haif land and haif sea. It is almost Admiral Beatty's to a tee. The admiral, of course, has told the secret of his rakish hat. He has a bump on his head. And the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King. One could hardly blame Mr. Drury for saying. "That is the kind of hat I'd like to wear some day. It's the premier hat, federal style, peace and

It's the premier hat, federal style, peace and

Loves to Spank the Wicked Dominion

"No. 4. Is it Sir Adam Beck? That's the hat that positively electrifies me. 1 must turn my eyes to escape its magnetic influence." "No. 5. Looks like a trapper's hunting for hides. It's Mr. Howard Ferguson's, all right; but one scarcely knows it that way, tilted back. It's usually down, and under it are ' pair of eyes always looking at me like—like a lady looking at me over her tea cup.

curve. It's a semi-royal hat. It's a Byng bang-up hat." The last of the fedoras is noticcable for its

"But after all, wise men take their hats off. Then they can't talk through them."

Then they can't talk through them." At any rate, we will all rise and pass an unanimous vote that it would be a very fine thing for all political leagers and for ordinary people if they cultivated a few little extra ac-complishments, such as the above, thereby add-ing greatly to their own efficiency and effec-tiveness as heads of the great dominion or one or more sections of it.

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CARTER'S PREMONITION LED TO TOMB DISCOVERY

T was an unexplainable premonition that led Mr. Howard Carter to the tomb of Tuankh-amen, according to a prominent English news-paper correspondent. The superstitutes Egyp-tians heliese that it may the superstitutes the ians believe that it was the spirit of the ancient

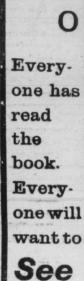
king.

Last year Mr. Howard Carter was very un-well, and was unable to continue his work. He retu. early in the season, and began work in mid-Octaber. For years he had been searching unavailingly for the tomb, but this time he knew he was going to find it. After four days he discovered the top steps leading to the tomb. "He told me this," same the correspondent of "He told me this," says the correspondent of the Morning Post, "in the hearing of some prom-inent local Egyptians, who gravely assured him that the spirit of the king was hovering near the tomb and led him to it.

"This is worthy of m betrays the manner in which Egyptians in oret

epTgram. Three generations ago a certain member of the ancient family of the MacPhails of Inver-ness was cast away upon the coast of Prince Edward Island. From the wreck he saved a spinning wheel and a volume of Horace. His-tory deponeth not what Mrs. MacPhail thought about the implied division of labor, but, to-day. Sir Andrew is urging us to do very much what his grandfather lid. From the wreck, which he is convinced awaits the Dominion, he wishes us to save the means of labor with our hands. us to save the means of labor with our hands, and after that (a long way after apparently) a certain measure of culture.

His chief grievance against us is that our brows don't sweat enough. We wish to eat our bread without the necessary and biblical condiment. In all complex civilization of mechanical



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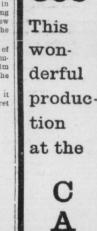
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general" of Canada! acting for its own Hon. Geo. P. Graham good.

Consequently, when he assures us that the

H CON, GEORGE P. GRAHAM, minister of de-tion with his recent trip through New York state. Thinking that the average cltizen of the United States was more or less ignorant of Canada, its policy. the Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. the Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Js Doomed-But, Cheer Up! the Worst Is Yet to Come. The Hands-Civilization Is Solve Is the All the Solve Is the All the Hands-Civilization Is the All the Hands-Civilization Is the All the Solve Is the All the Hands-Civilization Is the All the Hands-Civilization Is the All the Hands-Civilization I

annoyances and evils.

But perhaps that is going a bit too far. Take real people. Take the gentleme. in the picture; all of them Canadians of sol.e im-

portance in their various walks of life, wear-

Gloomy Knight of the City of Montreal

ing the hats they actually do wear.



Remarkable resemblance between a living judge and a famous actor to the great Emancipator of the Slaves.

IF FACE ALONE MADE AN ABRAHAM LINCOLN, HERE ARE TWO

ON the left is Lincoln himself, the one hundred and ...teenth smillersary of whose birth was celebrated a few days ago throughout the United States. Judge Charles E. Bull, of the Justice Court of Newsda, in the centre, looks more like Lincoln than any other living person. He is exactly Lincoln's height and weight—six feet four and 190 pounds—and was also born in a little backwoods cable. Frank McGlynn's likeness, while remarkable, is not natural like that of Judge Bull. On the left, however, is shown this famous actor as he plays the part of Lincoln in John Drinkwater's play, now known all over the continent. Little wonder that Frank McGlynn should reverence the name of the great in grant in anything and was "buried in debta." Then came the big chance—McGlynn says, in answer to prayet. "We, in my family, believe in askin, God's help. Every one of us—my wife, my children, and I myself—had been graying pretty cancelly that I might get the part. I have tried to make him human, living, real. That so many seem to feel that I have succeeded is better compensation than any other possible achievement."

invention tariff-supported industry, educati institutions, in all our encouragement of immi-gration he sees but one gigantic half-conscious attempt to escape work, work with our hands.

We are, he says, like ostriches, with pea-cock's tails. Hiding our heads in the sands, and spreading abroad our plumes. Flaunting a vain adornment while we refuse to use either our heads or our heels to escape disaster. "This year Mr enture our needs or our heels to escape disaster. "This year Mr. Howard Carter, being lonely We tend more and more to become mere "boasters." That is, while boasting of our chief-est asset, our natural resources, we do little to develop them. Nay, worse than this, we dis-courage and exploit the very classes who are attempting such development, the workers in the fields and woods. But it is useless appar-ently, for us mere marssites of the efficie to try

the fields and woods But it is useless apparently, for us, mere parasites of the cities, to try freform. We cannot, he playfully remarks, transplant a worker's sweat-glands to our brows. Having made the men quite comfortable, he mext turns to the women, Here the burden of his song appears to be "Cheer up! The worst is the mouth of a similar serpent. The reptile was killed, but the canary was dead. "The natives quickly interpreted the incident downfall of civilization, and civilization merely an attempt to shield us from it." Beauty, religion, art must flee before it."

Immigration has failed, mechanical invention has failed, education has failed. Remains the essential facts of national life, the soil and the immediate products of the soil, supporting wil-lingly only these who toil with their hands.

This is what Sir Andrew appears to say. How seriously he means it, Sir Andrew alone knows. He possesses the suprem. gift of the satirist, the art of saying serious things with such a biting humor that exaggeration drives home the lesson instead of counteracting it. His part is perhaps to act as a wholesome, if bitter, tonic to the .ocial system



superstition to suit themselves, and because there is a sister story interpreted in precisely

"This year Mr. Howard Carter, being lonely

to to very you Is she flifts with you. If she appears indifferent to you. If she apprars indifferent to you. If she says she doesn't. If she says she does. If she says and does. If she says nothing at all.

F. B. EDGECOMBE CO., LTD.

Mon., Tues., Wed. A Woman Loves Him March 5, 6,

The Newest Production in Spring Suits for the Particular Boy. PRINCE CLOTHES FOR BOYS-Made in Golf Models with leather buttons, Norfolk or plain double breasted styles; doubly reinforced where the wear comes.