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Love Breaks Prison Bars

Anxious to see his sweetheart before being taken to Kingston Penitentiary to serve a term of two years for theft, John Deline escaped from the jail at Owen Sound, and was later arrested in the home of his lady friend. Deline was sentenced last week, and he learned he was going to be taken by the Sheriff to the penitentiary. He then broke jail and went directly to his finance's home.

"ALWAYS IN THE LEAD"—Newfoundland-made products!
may17,5i

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

BEING SUSPICIOUS.

When you mislay a thing do you immediately begin to wonder if someone has stolen it? It seems to me there are a great many people who have this trick. This is the sort of thing I mean:

At a little Inn where I recently spent a few days, I was sitting in the office one morning when a woman came in in some excitement and told the manager that someone had taken her expensive new sweater from one of the porch chairs where she had laid it a few minutes previous.

She Was Perfectly Sure.

"Are you sure you left it there, Madam?" he asked.

"Perfectly," she said, "I thought you had a better class of guests than that." (The veranda was accessible only to guests.)

He ased her to show him the exact chair on which she had left it. She indicated one near the railing of the veranda. "Are you sure you didn't hang it on the rail instead?" he asked.

She was, perfectly, even after he had stepped to the rail and spied the sweater where it lay on the lawn below, evidently conveyed thither from the rail either by the wind or gravity.

She Didn't Explain.

I would have thought the lady might have been embarrassed, but she departed with her rescued sweater, still murmuring darkly about dishonest people, though she did not condescend to explain why the thief left his booty there.

The man who ran the Inn told me that he had that sort of thing to contend with constantly. Guest after guest will come to him assuring him that someone has stolen some article of jewelry or some piece of clothing. He will persuade them to make thorough search and 99 times out of 100 the article will be found.

And some of them will do it over and over again.

"I should think they would learn in time to suspect themselves first," he said, "but some of them never do."

It is funny, isn't it, how instinctively and quickly, honest people predicate dishonesty in others?

I have had my own experiences, you see, and been heartily ashamed of them afterwards.

You and I are honest and, as the world is largely made up of "You and I's," the chances are that the fellow is honest, too.

We Are Honest—Why Not Others.

True, you and I may not be honest enough to return a nickel when the telephone company donates it to us from a pay telephone, or to refrain from using the company's stamps now and then for private business, or to insist on paying a fare when the conductor seems willing to let us ride free, but we are honest enough not to take deliberately what doesn't belong to us, and if we work on the supposition that 99 per cent of the world is as honest as we are and resort to every other method to find the missing articles before we think of thievery, I think we shall not go far wrong.

MY COLUMN

JEM GUMCHEW.

The Last Instalment of my Wonderful Serial.

[Synopsis of preceding Chapters: Jem Gumchew and Sairy Snubbs escape from the clutches of Bad Bill Blood, the desperate desperado and run up the mountain side in an old Ford car, hotly pursued by the outlaw band. Suddenly engine trouble develops and the machine shoots down towards the level ground and brings up against a rock with a tremendous crash.]

CHAPTER V. (Continued).

Jem and Sairy were thrown violently into one another's arms through the force of the collision, whilst Bad Bill turned a complete somer-sault and landed head first into a small muddy pond. Those of the outlaws who had survived the precipitous rush of the car now gathered round our hero and his sweetheart with guns wagging, knives glistening and moustaches bristling. Sairy quivering with fear, snuggled closer in Jem's arms. Jem, holding her firmly with one arm, rose to meet the onslaught of the robber band, a monkey wrench gripped tightly in his free hand. An outlaw rushed on him with knife upraised. The glittering blade quivered in mid-air and fell swiftly in the direction of our hero's heart Jem cooly awaited his opportunity, and as the blow fell, he deftly stepped aside and the wrench fell with a sickening thud on the head of the outlaw who fell backwards on his face and lay motionless and still. The rest of the outlaws prepared to rush when suddenly a volley of shots echoed out on the still mountain air, and all fell either dead, killed or mortally wounded, all that is, except Jem and Sairy. Within the space of a few seconds a group of horsemen drew up before the loving pair and dismounted. They proved to be the Sheriff and his posse. One of the men pushed his way to the front and Sairy, with a low howl of "popper," fell into his arms. By this time Bad Bill Blood had reached dry ground and was instantly seized by the posse. A look of fear spread over his repulsive features. "Forgive me, Jem," he shrieked, "Forgive me and all my coin is yours. It be hid in the owl's nest at Deadshot Gulch. Save me and it is yours. "Naw," replied Jem; "Yew must hang; yew villun." Five minutes later Bad Bill was doing the shimmy suspended from the bough of a tree. Sairy turning from the dread sight, sought consolation in Jem's arms.

EPILOGUE.

Six weeks have passed. Great preparations are going on in a palatial residence in Deadshot Gulch. Let us peep inside. A room crowded with men and women all arrayed in their Sunday best. All eyes are turned in one direction. The last words of the marriage service are being said, and Jem Gumchew, for it is he, kisses lingeringly the lips of the fair Sairy,—and let us leave them thus.

[THE END.]

(Thank Heaven.—Editor.)

RIMES OF THE TIMES.

(26)

The Modern Bandits.

(Five men held up and robbed a neighbor of two five-gallon kegs of rum and five cases of brandy on the Salmonier road.)

It is not now the proper thing
For a burglar, thief or bandit
To blow up safes or steal a ring
And I'm sure his nerves won't stand it.
To do these things is not now etiquette.
They've bigger and far better spoils to get.

For who would look for silverware
When rum and brandy is about?
Not many here or anywhere.
So why blame thieves who now go out
Upon the Salmonier road and take from
Their fellow-men five gallons of good rum.

(Atrocious.—Editor.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kitty—The next time you write me please don't fill the envelope with sachet powder, especially if it smells like that which was in the one I received this week. If you want dance halls open on Sunday, why not start an agitation. Ask Mr. George Ayre to write a letter about it.

—The Cub-Editor.

IT'S YOUR OWN LITTLE WORLD—Keep it moving, buy her Home-made products.
may17,5i

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At arising time—the coldest, chilliest part of the day—the whole house can be as balmy as a June day with IDEAL heating

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Why don't you enjoy this wonderful comfort, which is so economical? Spend part of your improvement money for IDEAL heating. It is the safest and most beneficial investment you can make. It means as much to you as a bumper crop at high prices. Cellar or water pressure not required. Thousands of farmers today enjoy the labor-saving, cleanly and economical IDEAL heating—why not you?

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Early Days of the British Navy.

On May 19, 1668, King Charles made a grand visit to his Fleet with much pomp and show, and found 54 ships, 8 frigates, and 24 fireships—not a very goodly number, and certainly not so well manned as the fleet had been in the days of Queen Elizabeth. When James II. came to the throne, he assumed command of the Navy, but upset the whole service by appointing many new officers who were Roman Catholics, whereas the feeling in the Navy was one of strong Protestantism. In his reign, however, the Fleet was very much to the fore, for events in Ireland kept part of it busy, whilst another part was engaged in endeavouring to restrain William of Orange from landing his troops in England. At this period the names if Sir Cloudesley Shonel, Admiral Rooke, and George Byng became famous throughout the length and breadth of the land in connection with naval matters. The great battle of Malaga was fought during this period, when the English and Dutch allied themselves against the forces of France and Spain. Our losses were heavy but the enemy losses were heavier still, and strangely enough, not a single ship was taken on either side, the contest ending in a drawn battle. England now held the commerce of the world, and looked to her fleet to protect it in every part. The Navy had its work cut out, and bravely stuck to it, but the days of its most brilliant performances were yet to be. Throughout the later history of its progress, its development, and its glorious traditions, the British Navy has distinguished itself as that of no other power has done. Its proud position, its wonderful prestige, its undying fame, have all been won by the sacrifice and devotion of its sons, who, proud of their calling, steeped to the brim in its traditions and glory, have not hesitated to give of their best—even unto death—to uphold the Fleet, which is and, it is hoped, ever will be the ruler of the seas. In these days when all the battles of the past seemed dwarfed in comparison with recent events, Britain looks—and not in vain—to her glorious Navy to protect her from her foes, and rests content, knowing that on the horizon there pass the "grey spectres"—

"No other bulwarks does she need
To guard her native shores."

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HELPING THINGS ALONG.

We can all contribute daily to Old Normalcy's return, if we do our labors gayly, at the anvil or the churn, if we quit ill-natured talking and put up a pepful spiel, if we cut out useless knocking and declare how good we feeel.

If you have a job be thankful, go about it with a grin, like a flivver with a tank full of the John D. brand of gin; put some vim in every motion, earn your pie in honest sweat, and discard the foolish notion that you earn more than you get. Once we said, "When Huns are beaten we'll begin to put up hay," but the locusts they have eaten golden months we've thrown away; we've been grumbling, talking, spieling, charging that our neighbors sinned, and the country hit the ceiling as a consequence of wind. Now we've had our costly shindy, handed out our bitter dope, let us work and be less windy, if we talk let's talk of hope. Statesmen all will do their stating in the ablest way they can, but the weary land is waiting for the busy working man. Normalcy will doubt and falter, she will loiter in her tracks, till we cease to fool and palter and get down to old brass tacks.

Names of Precious Stones.

The names of precious stones reach so far back in the depths of time that their original meaning can not be traced, says the Kansas City "Star." This is true of the word "emerald." So far as seems to be known it is a derivative or a variant of a Sanskrit word meaning precious stone, but no doubt the people who spoke Sanskrit gave it the name because of something which the stone meant to them. It may have been given this name because of its color or its hardness, or its rarity or because of something which it symbolized. It may be that the ancient and sacred language of India adopted the word from some older language and that in the long association between the stone and its name, the first significance of the name has been lost. The Greeks adopted the word "emerald" and it seems to have had no other significance to them than to us, being merely the name by which one might identify a particular stone.

The same condition is found in the case of the word "opal." It meant to the Greeks a particular and beautiful stone, just as it means to us—an opal. Distinguished students of language can only conjecture what the word "opal" meant in the beginning of its use. It may have been some ancient word signifying a multitude of colors, or a peculiar iridescent lustre, but that is mere guessing.

The word "diamond" is sought to be explained as meaning "something exceedingly hard which may be seen through," and it is said to have been formed of the Greek word "dia," which means "through," and "admant," which stands for extreme hardness. It is fairly plausiible, but it is probable that the word "diamond," or something like it, may be found in a language older than Greek.

"Pearl" is thought by some writers to come from the Latin, "pirula," meaning "a little pear," because so many fine pearls were pear-shaped. "Ruby" is thought to have been so-called from "ruber," the Latin for "red," but it may be that the word "ruber," meaning red, was derived from the name of the ruby.

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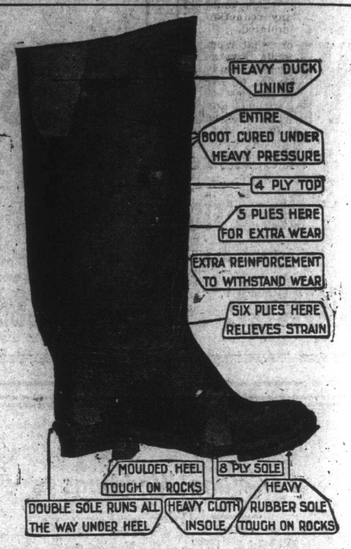

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