

WILL CUPID EVER CHANGE? ✕ By Will Nies



WINIFRED BLACK Says Cupid Will Always Be—Cupid

MONSIEUR JULES BOIS says that America is going to produce the super-woman.

"The woman I believe America will foster," says Monsieur Bois, "will love a man as a mother, a friend, a fiancée and a wife—wisdom, understanding and courage she will give her sons."

"Will she, indeed, Monsieur Bois? I wonder why you think so? Most women who love a man at all do love him as a fiancée, as a wife and as a mother. But when you begin to talk about loving him as a friend, that is quite another story. As a mother—she can't help that—no woman ever could. Every woman in the world likes to see pictures of the man she loves when he was a little boy, and she always wishes that she had known him before he could talk, so she could have run her fingers through his hair and made it curl more becomingly when he had his pictures taken."

"A woman is always sorry for the man she loves. She always thinks of him as helpless and dependent. I've seen a little bit of a frail creature that a puff of wind could blow away, so sorry for a great hulk of a 'helpless man' that she'd stay up all night to pack his trunk for him so that he could lie back in his easy chair and read the papers. She had to do it, he was so helpless."

A woman came to see me the other day to ask me to be good to her poor, darling husband. She couldn't live with him a day longer herself—no woman in her senses could—but she was so sorry for him she had to go around and ask the neighbors to be good to him after she'd gone.

When she left she thought she was going to file a suit for divorce, but we all knew better.

It was three days ago that she asked us to be good to her poor darling. I don't suppose she has slept a wink since then, worrying about what he had for breakfast and who would tell him when to wear his rubbers. I expect to look out of the window any minute and see her on the back porch shaking his winter overcoat before she puts it away in tobacco to keep out the moths.

She's afraid of him, she doesn't even like him any more, and she's perfectly miserable every minute she's with him. But, oh, he's so helpless, she hasn't the heart to let him struggle alone!

Love the Magician.

Oh, she'll love him as a mother all right, Monsieur Bois. Don't be afraid of that. She's loved him as a mother ever since Eve called Adam in out of the dew for fear he'd get his feet wet, and she'll go on loving him as a mother till there isn't a woman left under the sun.

A fiancée—well, that depends, Monsieur—there are so many different kinds of fiancées. I suppose you mean she'll be proud of him and amazed at his courage and studded with his wisdom and overcome by his greatness, and actually awed at the thought that such a magnificent being can really care for poor little her. Well, perhaps she will. Anyhow, she'll probably pretend to, just as she pretends and has pretended from the beginning of time.

As a wife—just exactly what do you mean by that, Monsieur Bois? How does a wife's love differ from the love of a fiancée? Is there more of it—or less?

Then there is the friend—no, no, I'll never agree with you there—a woman who really loves a man can never be really his friend. There is no friendship in love and never will be.

Love is selfish, jealous, exacting. Your friend wants you to be happy whether she is with you or not. The woman who loves you hopes you're miserable the minute she's out of your sight. Your friend likes to have you a great success in your work, so does your mother, so does, perhaps, your wife. The woman who loves you wishes you were so much in love with her that you couldn't remember that there was such a thing as success in the world.

We hear such a lot about love—in the books—but somehow the kind we know in real life seems to be cut from entirely a different yard of cloth. Love is a magician, they say, but he works black magic sometimes as well as white.

Fools may sometimes be turned into wise men by what we call love, but every one of us knows a dozen wise men who have been turned into fools by it.

ODD and INTERESTING FACTS

The German department of labor statistics recently reported that at the end of June last 340 industrial enterprises were employing 32,541 work people, compared with 27,222 in June last year, a decrease of 55,553, or 14.22 per cent.

At the outbreak of war the world's mercantile marine amounted to 48,000,000 tons gross, of which Germany claimed 12,000,000 tons.

Women for the Land. Women for the land, is now the slogan in the English farming districts. A scheme for the training of women in agriculture has been set on foot by the Bedfordshire Education

committee. The pupils must undertake to remain on an approved farm at least eight weeks, the first four of which will be considered a period of instruction, when the pupils will receive a maintenance grant of 10s.

wife and his mother and his fiancée? Well, then, what's the man going to do to keep up with her? Is he going to be a friend to his wife, and a father and a fiancée and a husband, all at the same time?

I never saw a man in my life who was a friend to the woman he really loved. Did you, honestly now, Monsieur Bois? And, tell me, why do you think human nature is going to be so different here in America some day from what it is everywhere else on earth today? Do you really want it to be? I don't.

What a dull, stupid, monotonous world this would be without any dear, foolish people in it. What a nuisance it would be to live when everybody expected to be perfectly sensible all the time! What's the use of failing in love if you can't make a fool of your self and be excused for it?

Cupid Is Changeless.

Cupid isn't a great, wise, sane, beneficent god, Monsieur Bois, or even a godling of that sort. He's a mischievous, teasing, freakish, unaccountable little rascal, without clothes enough to keep him warm or modesty enough to wish that he had them. The ancients knew what they were doing when they painted his picture.

What are you going to do with poor Cupid, Monsieur Bois? Dress him in a durable suit of tweeds and a straw hat and put a pair of scales in his hand instead of a bow and arrow?

Dear me, we should recognize him at all, and I don't believe he'd even recognize himself.

Superman—super-woman—I'd run if I saw one of them coming. Honestly I would, Monsieur Bois, and so, I believe, would most of the rest of us.

What Is Really "Junk?"

HOUSEHOLD HELPS By ISOBEL BRANDS

It is a difficult matter sometimes to make a quick decision as to what is "junk" and what is worth saving.

There is one over-economical housewife in a city that who has made it a policy never to "throw out" anything. To throw away the oldest, little dress or bit of furniture or useless gimcrack is, to her, sinful waste, and she counts it a virtue to save everything. As a consequence, part of the huge rental of her modern apartment goes for storage space to accommodate old articles which she intends to donate to some worthy person some day, but most of which will never be used by any one.

On the other hand, it is a characteristic of the younger housekeepers to throw away everything immediately the particular article is partly out of fashion, or "out of fashion," or "slightly worn" so that it almost seems shabby. Before deciding the fate of any object that has passed its first era of usefulness, apply these three tests:

Can I use this for anything else? Can any one else find a practical use for it?

Will it cost anything to save it for possible later use? Sometimes there seems no immediate use for some object, and we are torn between the conflicting temptation to get it out of the way quickly and the desire to "save it" because some day we may need it. The point to consider then is, will it cost anything to save it? If you have space in some storage closet or cellar where the articles will not be spoiled, you run no risk by saving it for possible use. On the other hand, if you are in an apartment where space is at a premium, you are likely to pay part of a substantial rent in order to accommodate a few articles which are not paying anything for their keep in the way of immediate service.

But if you have decided that the article is past its day of usefulness, that nobody else can use it and that it is unnecessary to keep it, don't just throw it away so that it will be burned up and utterly wasted. So much that we consider "junk" to be burned up has some possible use of which we don't know. For example, a bundle of old clothes that are in rags should never be burned up or thrown away carelessly, these have many possible good uses. Rags make some necessary cheap car-



OFFICER—I'm to be transferred, will you miss me when I am gone?
NURSE—Oh, I don't know. I never miss you when you're here.

The business profits war tax is to be administered under the supervision of R. W. Breadner, Commissioner of Taxation, and Jas. A. Russell, his assistant.

OLD WORLD NOTES

Precautions issued by Sir John Lindsay, town clerk of Glasgow, and Chief Constable Stevenson set forth the arrangements which will be observed immediately on notice being received from the military authorities of an expected air raid. No signals of ringing of bells or other sounds will be given. The total extinction of street lights and the stoppage of tramcars and other vehicles will afford general warning of the danger. The public are requested to note that the majority of the persons killed or seriously injured during air raids were on the streets at the time, and they are therefore advised, in the event of an alarm being given, to go to their homes or other places of shelter. The safest place is the ground floor. No blinds should be raised or windows opened. Persons who happen to be in a place of entertainment should remain in their seats.

The famous whaler, Active, built at Peterhead, in 1852, is reported missing. She made over sixty voyages to the Arctic seas, besides being used for scientific research by eminent Arctic explorers. It was not till twenty years after her first voyage that steam power was added to her equipment. She was skippered by some of the oldest Greenland sailors in the whaling line. Twice beset with ice, once frozen in for two winters, she weathered many gales. When she first sailed up the Cumberland Gulf with Esquimaux thought she had taken fire, and it was not till after much persuasion and offers of barrels of biscuit that they could be persuaded to come on board.

Sec. Lieut. J. M. Caldwell, A. and S. H. (T.F.), youngest son of the late Bailie Caldwell, Paisley, has been awarded the Military Cross. The official notice states that after a mine was exploded by the enemy he worked his way forward to a party of his men who had been isolated, taking with him one man and a sack of grenades. The task was exceedingly difficult and dangerous, it being daylight, and the ground within fifty yards of the enemy. Lieut. Caldwell, who is twenty-four years of age, came home from Ceylon to enlist, and he received his commission, last spring, going abroad in November. He was a well-known member of Ferguslie Cricket and Hockey Clubs.

A detachment of the 150th Battalion at Prescott was unable to accompany the unit to Barrieffield camp on account of being under quarantine for measles.

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Movement.

The unprecedented demand for cars that is responsible for the automobile industry's work might be attributed to a number of factors during the past year. In turn the automobile industry has been a source of many good movements. The two are close.

"The awakening of public interest in the importance of good roads is a more toward facility for the sale of automobiles than any other one thing since the 'self-starter' says J. J. Ly, president of The Ford Motor Company.

"Show me any section of the country where the roads have been put in proper condition and I'll show you of automobile dealers. The average man has increased his business. The best salesman in the country cannot sell a car if the purchaser lives in a local area surrounded by impassable roads. All that he should purchase whether it be for recreation or business fall flat, if on first trip he has to wade through mud.

"The improvement of the roads of the world is a matter of the world's motor cars."

Probably no class of business or profession more toward furthering the movement than have the automobile dealers themselves. Good roads are as much a part of the car as the car itself. It is their business to travel twenty miles over a road in preference to driving over a poor one.

Is it any wonder then that the majority of automobile dealers are staunch supporters of all movements, whether the be of national character or nature?

In the case of the Ontario Road Board, "we are kind of work among us much as possible. With scattered throughout the province, the Ontario Road Board is in itself a help to keep alive and spirit that has been reaped much of the good roads plished during the past year."

Putting Wires Under

The recent great storm seriously hampered telephonic communication. The system was brought up in the Postmaster-General's report of securing telegraphic communication kept in view and an underground system, which cost \$1,000,000 was now in use. The total length of telegraph and telephone lines in the province is 1,000 miles. The total length of underground telegraph lines is 1,000 miles. The total length of underground telegraph lines is 1,000 miles. The total length of underground telegraph lines is 1,000 miles.

Lady Farm Workers

Lady farm workers to the 2,107, have been registered in the Essex War Agricultural Council. The council has been set up by the executive committee of women, and at present is undergoing a test in many branches. Some young women who are accustomed to having a good time had done milking, cleaning, and done other work which laborers' wives do. Several young lady workers in Chelmsford cattle market, white and blue overalls, leggings. One party drove a cow, and after a safely into the market the ceded to one of the hotel.

Use Spare Land

The cultivation of spare land in the interest of the war effort, in which connection the inauguration of the garden plots by the Council has been attended with remarkable success, and an evening scores of men, children can be seen tilling the soil in preparation for the seed. It is only a few the corporation allocated the pasture in Barshaw and seven acres of land in apart. Each plot measure yards, and some people two. half of London's famous