

Some people consider 'tis but waste of time to read advertisements.

This is an advertisement for DEL MONTE SLICED PINEAPPLE, and DEL MONTE SLICED PINEAPPLE is considered to be best for table use.

We ask you to try a can of DEL MONTE SLICED PINEAPPLE on Easter Sunday, and as we are certain you will prefer it to any other brand of Pineapple,

You will necessarily admit that in reading this advertisement you did not waste your time.

Del Monte Fruits are sold by all the FIRST CLASS stores; see their windows.

COLIN CAMPBELL, LIMITED, - - - - - Distributors.

## Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

### A THOUSAND YEAR SLIP.

When I was writing the date on a letter the other day my typewriter slipped (it is a very careless typewriter) and wrote the date 2921. After I had finished the letter I looked back and saw that I had dated my correspondence a thousand years ahead. Of course I reached for my eraser and then, as I started to erase the offending "29" I stopped a minute, looked at it, and began to day dream.

Of course you know what I dreamed as well as I do, but let's dream it together.

Presumably Someone Will Be Writing That Date.

2921! It seems inconceivable, doesn't it, and yet in all likelihood Someone will be writing that date a thousand years from now.

Will that Someone write the date on a typewriter?

Or will he have some mechanism as much an improvement on the typewriter as the typewriter is on the pen of 1921?

Perhaps the inquiring spirit of man

will have managed by that time to solve all the mysteries connected with thought waves and psychic vibrations and all such matters. I know there are many who believe we are on the eve of such discoveries now. During the last hundred years, they say, man has devoted himself to the study of machinery. In the next hundred he devoted himself to the study of machinery. If in the next hundred he devotes himself as assiduously to the study of man, who knows what powers he may not evolve out of himself? And so it may be that the man of 2921 will not be writing with any mechanism at all, but will in some marvelous way be projecting that date directly out of his mind onto the paper (and yet, why on paper, when you come to think of it, why not directly into the mind of the person who would receive the letter?)

### What Will He Be Writing About?

And what will he be writing about? If a Someone could come back to us out of that yet unborn century (rather complicated that, but you know what I mean) and tell us the contents of his letter it, doubtless, would contain innumerable words that we should not understand. It would probably take this imaginary messenger days to explain the full significance of all that was written therein.

I never could believe the people who try to make us think that we are due for a return to barbarism such as came after the Roman Empire. It may be that I am troubled by what Carl Parker calls the "optimistic squint of the American people," but if the civilization of the world can pass through what it has passed through in the last five or six years and not disintegrate I don't believe it will.

### "A Thousand Years in Thy Sight."

Of course talking about a thousand years from now sounds like talking of imaginary and unlikely possibilities. A hundred years from now is quite a stretch of the imagination, but a thousand! And yet in a history the other day I read that there are signs by which the historians can deduce that there was human life on this planet of ours two hundred thousand years ago and animal life at least forty million years. In comparison a thousand years does not seem like an impossible time, but more like "a watch in the night or yesterday when it is past."

What good does it do to talk or

think of such things since they can never mean anything to us as individuals? In one way no good. In another way the same good that it does to look at the stars, and the planets, to remember that there may be millions of people upon the planets, and that the stars represent a universe so vast that it takes three years for the light to come from some of them to us (travelling about 180,000 miles a second).

In other words it makes us realize a little our own relative insignificance.

## Cuticura Soap SHAVES Without Mug

A cupful of broken walnut meats makes a delicious addition to potato salad.

Chopped white cabbage may be used instead of celery in tuna fish salad.

**Vapo-Cresolene**  
A Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat. It is simple to use, you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and places it near the head. The soothing anesthetic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, eases the hoarseness and congested and inflamed condition. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Asthma, Hay Fever, Eczema, Itch, and all skin troubles. The benefits are unexcelled. Send for descriptive booklet, and a sample of Vapo-Cresolene, to J. W. B. Co., 1000-1002, Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**FLAT TIRES.**  
I rode with Johnson in the rain, in his new \$4 - horsepower wain. The rain was pouring down, gadzooks! The road was crossed by running brooks. But we were snug and dry inside, and carried smiles three cubits wide. And then, kerplunk, a tire went flat; and Johnson merely sighed therat. And then he left his cozy seat, and sloshed around on squinting feet. "You stay," he said, "just where you are; I'll do the fussing with the car." And out there in the tempest wild he toiled around, and still he smiled. He seemed to think his labors fun, and whistled "Johnnie Get Your Gun." And when he'd changed the rubber tire, he climbed in from the rain and mire, and grasped the costly steering wheel, as cheerful as a loosed cat.

"Ode's fish," I said, "a saint you are! Were I compelled to leave my car and tinker round in the wet, my language would be blue, you bet!" And Johnson heaved a smile at me; "I've lived the many years," said he; "and I have known my ups and downs, and wilted 'neath misfortune's frowns. I've found when things were going wrong, it braces one to shed a song; in times of sorrow and despair it doesn't help me out to swear."

If your bottled frosting has cooked too long, beat a lump of butter into it. A good substitute for the broken top of a persicator in a glass lemon squeezer.



IT WAS A COUGH THAT CARRIED HIM OFF. IT WAS A COUGH THEY CARRIED HIM OFF BY.

True to name—It's tasteless. That's one reason why people stick to Brick's.

Before Brick's Tasteless Extract of Cod Liver was perfected, people took cod liver oil under strong protest. Lemon juice, coffee, vinegar, wine—all were powerless to eliminate that nauseating oily taste. But now even the children do not know they are taking cod liver oil when they are given a dose of

### BRICK'S TASTELESS EXTRACT OF COD LIVER.

Right now, with the streets piled high with snow and deep slush under foot, people need Brick's Extract of Cod Liver to build up the system and strengthen the natural powers of resistance against attacks of Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Influenza, Pneumonia, etc.

Tell your friends and customers that, if they want to know the history of real, robust health this spring, they should take Brick's Extract of Cod Liver regularly.

Brick's Tasteless Extract of Cod Liver is sold by

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,  
Theatre Hill,  
GEO. KNOWLING,  
Water St. & Duckworth St.,  
JAS. WISEMAN,  
Top Carter's Hill.  
Price \$1.00, bot.; postage 30c. extra.

### An Irish Tradition.

In a certain part of Ireland, so it is reported, there is an interesting tradition concerning Easter. It is that every Easter morning the sun, as the mists of dawn clear away, and "his full-orbed splendor is about to break upon the world, turns round three times in his place, and scatters a shower of radiant beams over earth and sky, after which he shines steadily as on other days." So, early in the twilight, old men and little children, matrons and maids climb the nearest hill, and from its summit stand gazing "as did the wondering Apostles on Ascension day, into the blue of heaven." It is a beautiful tradition, for Eastern is both a solemn and a joyful day.—Exchange.

An excellent way in which to increase flesh is to take cream after meals.

**Windsor Table Salt**

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
RHEUMATISM  
GRAVEL  
DIABETES  
225 THE PHARMACY

**Just Folks**

24  
Dobson & Guest

**THE LAND COMPLETE.**  
Reckon this old land was made just 'bout right, all said an' done; Cities for the grand parade, Towns for folks who love the sun, Streams for fisher folk, an' fields Where the clover blooms are sweet, Orchards with their autumn yields, Sort a' make our land complete.

By an' large, an' far an' near, Man can find most anything. That he really wants round here, Be he commoner or king. What's your choice—the city strife, Pavements an' the granite wall, Or the cleaner outdoor life? Name it, coz we got it all!

Rich our country is, an' blest, Rich in all that men desire; Each can have what suits him best—Prairie nights beside a fire, Solitude an' spaces wide, Mountains high an' runnin' brooks, Or grey walls to sit inside. Readin' life from printed books.

Time for dreams, or city haste, Nights beneath a roof or sky, Books to read or brooks to fish, Cities grand or mountains tall, Here whatever you may wish, God's provided for us all.

**STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS**

Contain no Poison

Winard's Liniment for Burns, Etc.

### MUTT AND JEFF

### THE LITTLE FELLOW GAINS A DECISION OVER MUTT.

By Bud Fisher

**MUTT:** I'M WORRIED ABOUT MUTT! HE'S NOTHING BUT A LOAFER! HE STAYS OUT ALL NIGHT AND THEN HE SLEEPS ALL DAY.

**JEFF:** MUTT, I FEEL IT'S MY DUTY AS A FRIEND TO SPEAK TO YOU! AIN'T YOU ASHAMED TO BE IN BED SO LATE? WHY, IT'S ALMOST NOON!

**MUTT:** YES, BUT I'M SLEEPY! CALL ME IN TIME FOR SUPPER!

**JEFF:** GET TO BED EARLIER AND GET UP EARLIER OR YOU'LL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING. REMEMBER THAT THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM!

**MUTT:** HOW ABOUT THE WORM, JEFF, ISN'T HE RATHER FOOLISH TO GET UP SO EARLY? TEE HEE!

**JEFF:** THAT'S JUST IT, MUTT! THE WORM DOESN'T GO TO BED ALL NIGHT EITHER. IT'S WHEN HE'S ON HIS WAY HOME THAT THE BIRD CATCHES HIM!

Things

Things