

Sidic Talks by Ruth Cameron

ON EDUCATED NOSES.

Can you tell when it is going to clear off by the smell of the air?

I have a friend who claims he can, and whose claim does not seem to be wholly without foundation.

He comes from the country and is used to living in the open and he claims his nose is better educated in weather smells than a city dweller's.

Maybe "better educated" strikes you as a queer phrase as applied to noses, but I liked it.

We Are Far Inferior to the Dog.

It seems to me there is a wide range of difference in people's senses of smell. Some people are infinitely more sensitive than others to all kinds of odors.

Incidentally, it is interesting to realize that the man with the most educated nose is far below the dog in nasal education. The way a dog reads a record of the comings and goings of his friends, canine and humane by the delicately sniffing nose is wonderful to watch. Here is an excellent description of a dog's reaction to the atmosphere through his sense of smell, that I read the other day.

"Daniel is standing by me, his whole body eloquent of smells that allure, and of the possibilities latent in these horizons, his head turning gently to follow the wind as it shifts, his nostrils quivering."

As Good As a Novel.

And again: "Mocha (the dog) was much interested in her (a guest). She sniffed delicately all round the edges of the guest's spats; she then followed the line of her shoes, and then took a good long contemplative smell of her soles. From there she went to the edges of her skirt and then pushed an inquisitive nose determinedly into her work bag. All this was punctuated at intervals by raising her head and taking a general and comprehensive sniff at the whole aura of the guest. I suppose this is her what a good exciting novel is to us."

Speaking of smells, I have always wanted to write something about certain eatables the odor of which is more delicious than the taste. Pine-apple is one of these to me, the smell of which, when I am cutting it up, is always more alluring than the taste.

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The Kodak Store, Water Street.
PHONE 131.

The Revival of Cricket.

(From the London Advertiser.)

There is an effort being made to revive the game of cricket in St. Thomas. Some of the prominent residents of St. Thomas are old cricketers. We wish them complete success. It is the best of all games, and is of great educational value. Toronto is the best place in Canada for cricket, and several of the schools are doing much to encourage the game. One young Londoner, Ross Somerville, son of ex-Mayor Somerville, is the best all-round cricketer and athlete at Ridley College, St. Catharines. He is the best bat and bowler there. When the Western University is comfortably settled on its new site, there will be room for all good games, and cricket should not be overlooked, but London should not wait till then to revive cricket. There are some of the old cricketers still left, Jack Gilean, George B. Harris, Mr. Saunders, Hon. R. M. Meredith, Dr. Hadley Williams, Dr. McLaren, the cricketers at the asylum, Hon. C. S. Hyman and others. Mr. Hyman played against the English eleven when they played in London, and caught out W. G. Grace, the best bat in England in his day. London had then a good cricket club, but most of the players have either removed from the city or are dead. Two other young London cricketers of that day played against the English eleven, Charlie Shaw and G. M. McLean, but both have been dead for some years. We would like to see a revival of cricket in London and have, as was once the case, a boys' cricket club in every section of the city. We would like the game to be taken up by the Collegiate Institute and the Western University. The moral effect will be very great. Cricket is pure English. It is a game a man can play till he is old. It furnished many of the soldiers of England and Scotland in the great war. Objection has sometimes been made that it is an all-day game. That objection lessens, and as people are learning to take a reasonable amount of leisure time for sports and travel. Cricket is a game Canada needs and the whole world needs, because it teaches a better manliness and requires the greatest skill to play it.

He Didn't Want It.

(From an Exchange.)

A well-known judge, who had the reputation of being a "bon vivant," was one day trying a case in which there was a dispute about a water supply. Having just partaken of a hearty luncheon, he began to nod suspiciously during counsel's long-winded argument. Suddenly the barrister thundered out:

"What we want, my lord is water!"

"Very little in mine, please, very little in mine," cried his lordship, starting up anxiously.

Several people had the bad taste to chuckle loudly.

The publisher of the best Farmers' paper in the Maritime Provinces is writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

EXPIRED HATRED.

Our hatred of the Germans, a few brief months ago, inspired our songs and sermons, filled every tale of woe; but now we all are jumping to keep our rolls from slumping; we are so busy humping the hatred has to go. We used to hate the Kaiser, the author of all crime; but now, if we're not wiser, at least we have less time; we have to wield our axes while yet the summer waxes, to pay our income taxes, when comes the winter rime. I'm glad that angry passion forsakes the human breast, that we, in kindly fashion, can let old spectres rest, that we grow tired of hating, and keeping teeth a-grating; the rows of beans are waiting for hoos, and being's best. When Kaiserbill first started his well known sawing stunt, I viewed him granite-hearted, and hoped his saw was blunt; I hoped the wood was knotted, with rusty nails bespotted, and that the job dod-rotted would wilt his martial front. But now I see him sawing—which is the worst of jobs—and seem to hear him drawing his breath in gasping sobs; I pause in my home brewing to wish him easy hewing; for what's the use pursuing with hate that poor old nobe? I used to hate the Germans from eight o'clock till ten, and after Sabbath sermons I'd hate them o'er again; but old time hates are breaking, and gentler thoughts are waking while I am busy raking to earn some iron men.

The prosecuting counsel waxed eloquent on the evil of gambling and read extracts from a judicial decision in which gamblers were denounced as idle and avaricious men. In poker, he urged, there was no skill in the actual card playing while to speak of bluffing, the art of frightening one's adversary with worthless hands, as skill, was a sheer perversion of words. The police inspector who engineered the raid was asked sharply by counsel for the defence, "Would you call these five players idle and avaricious men?" The counsel handed, amid much laughter in the court, two or three illuminated testimonials thanking the vaudeville club for the help it had rendered in getting up entertainments for police charity. A police sergeant followed to explain to the jury how entirely without skill poker was.

"Can't some players bluff better than others?" asked the counsel for the defence.

"Yes, inveterate gamblers," was the answer.

"Is it so that if a player hesitates or lets his eyelids tremble it may be very material?"

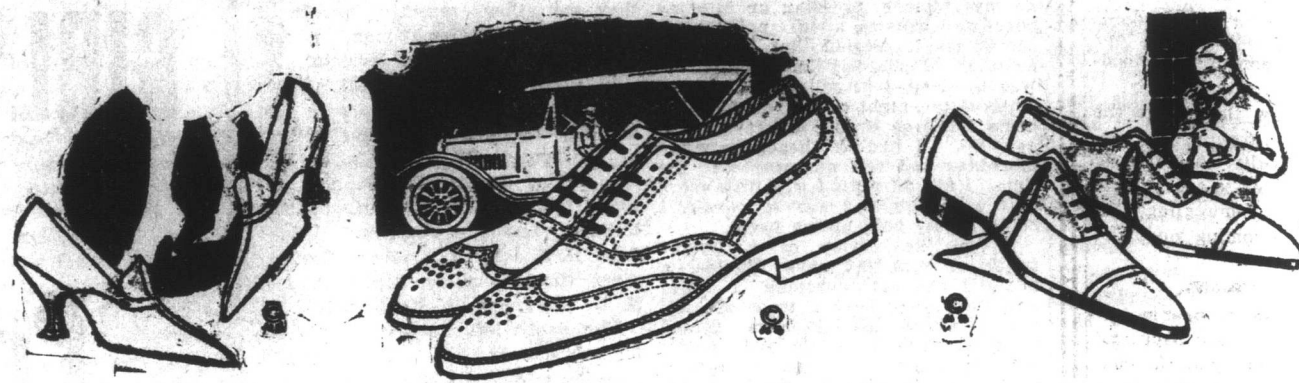
"Yes."

"Then if you say bluffing is 50 per cent. of the game, is it not then 50 per

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Poker is Game of Skill, Says Jury.

London, July 20.—Twelve good men and true declared to-day at the London sessions that poker was a game of skill. They met to try David Carter, manager of the Vaudeville Club, headquarters of the White Rats, for keeping a common gaming house because, when the police raided the club house on May 10, they had found five men playing poker with £9 5s. in chips on the table, and £2 5s. in the jackpot.

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"Is it so that if a player hesitates or lets his eyelids tremble it may be very material?"

"Yes."

"Then if you say bluffing is 50 per cent. of the game, is it not then 50 per

cent. of skill?" asked counsel triumphantly.

A little later the sergeant, examined as to his knowledge of card games, mentioned faro.

"But faro is definitely illegal," retorted counsel. "Doubtless you studied it in order to make professional observations."

The defence called experts to show there was skill in poker. One was asked: "If you had four aces and a king in your hand what would happen?"

"I would show and drop dead," he replied.

Carter will be acquitted.

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Trees That Grow Sweets

The basia tree, found in many parts of India, is a veritable honey-tree laden with sweet flowers. The petals of these flowers are rich in sugar, and they drop from the tree in the early morning. They are gathered and spread out on mats to dry in the sun.

The flowers taste rather like figs. The children like them as they are; but the grown-ups prefer them cooked with ice and shredded coco-nut.

Another kind of basia tree provides butter—or, rather, the seeds of the tree are full of oil, from which soap, candles and butter are made.

Stafford's Prescription "A" will cure that uncomfortable feeling caused by Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Price 35 and 70c. Postage 10 and 20c. extra.—a26,11

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Fads and Fashions.

Brilliant colors lend charm to the flapper's frocks.

Fastid shades of taffetas are used for dance frocks.

Tunic gowns of lace are trimmed in moire ribbons.

Bronze bead girdles will be worn with the fur wraps.

Many autumn coats have shawl collars of fur.

Browns will play an important part in fall millinery.

A favored Parisian combination is purple and cerise.

JEFF AND JEFF—

WHEN JEFF HAS A HUNCH HE ACTS ACCORDINGLY.

—By Bud Fisher



Teamship Rum

New York.—Blockading of Civil War with contraband disclosed as a result of house smuggling authorities in the last fresh from their capture of New Haven.

sworn fishing along expensive liquors from hands, customs officials energy to break nor smuggling convinced is responsible.

Atlantic seaports developments show customs authorities' articles in the difficult client ships and me the illicit booze each runners are becoming daring.

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