



Joker's Corner

A HAWAIIAN HABIT

Servants in the Sandwich islands have a curious habit, says a writer in the People's Friend, of calling their employers by their first names. First, she adds, was always saying, "Yes, John," to her husband, and "Very well, Mary," to her.

When we got a new cook I told my husband to avoid calling me "Mary" so that the cook, not knowing my name, would have to say "Mrs. Mary" to me. So John always called me "Sweetheart" or "deary" never Mary.

One day we had some officers to dinner, and I told them of the rule I had adopted, and added, "By this servant, at least, you won't hear me called Mary."

Just then the new cook entered the room. He bowed, and said to me, "Sweetheart, the dinner is served."

"What?" I stammered, against at his familiarity.

"Dinner is served, deary," answered the cook.

HIS RECITATION.

A lady gave a children's party, to which a very small boy was invited. The next day he was giving some account of the fun, and said that every little visitor had contributed either song or recitation, dance or music, for the pleasure of the rest.

"Oh, dear Jack," said his mother, "how very unfortunate you could do nothing."

Jack (with pride): "Yes, I could, I couldn't do anything else, so I stood up and said my prayers."

WANTED MORE MONEY

Frank McIntyre, after a recent per-story-telling mood and recalled the formance of "Snobs" by vaccination of the six-year-old son of one of his friends. The boy was given fifty cents for undergoing the ordeal. The following day he said to his father: "Daddy, isn't there anything else you can have done to me? I need the money."

WHY IT WAS SO.

A friend of the family was in the habit of teasing the little six-year-old girl, and one day he finished his attack by saying, "I don't love you."

"Oh, but you've got to love me!" said the child.

"Why," asked the man.

"Because the Bible says that you must love them that hate you, and I hate you an awful lot."

READING UP.

"My wife is much interested in the comet."

"The comet? The comet was here a year ago."

"I know. She's putting old newspapers under the carpets throughout the house and catching up with the news as she puts them down."

PLAYING SAFE.

"You seem to be rather fond of Swiss cheese," remarked the dyspeptic. "I always thought cheese with tea in it was indigestible."

"The holes are," rejoined the man who had just finished his fourth sandwich, "but I never eat the holes."

FOR YOUR HAIR

Here Are Facts We Want You to Prove at Our Risk.

When the roots of the hair are entirely dead and the pores of the scalp are glazed over, we do not believe that anything can restore hair growth.

But, when the hair roots retain any life, we believe there is nothing that will so surely promote hair growth as will "Rexall '93" Hair Tonic. To prove that statement, we promise to promptly return all the money you pay us for Rexall '93" Hair Tonic, should it not please you.

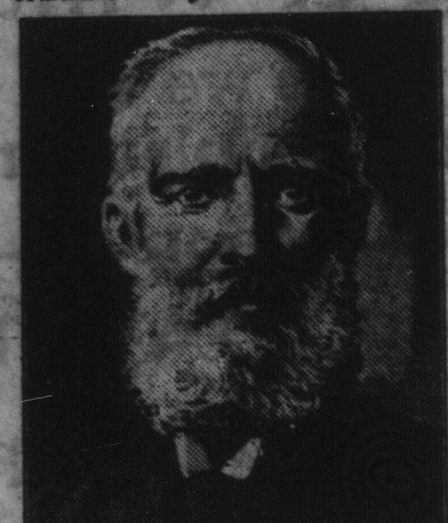
Rexall '93" Hair Tonic destroys the germs which are usually responsible for baldness. It penetrates to the roots of the hair, stimulating and, by promoting circulation, nourishing them.

Rexall '93" Hair Tonic helps to relieve scalp irritation, to remove dandruff, to prevent the hair from falling out, and to promote an increased growth of hair. It comes in two sizes, prices 50 cents and \$1.00. Remember, you can obtain it only at our store—The Rexall Store, W. A. Warren.

TORTURED FOR THIRTY FIVE YEARS

I really could not live without "Fruit-a-tives"

FRANKHURST, Ont., Jan. 29th. 1910. "For thirty-five years (and I am now a man over seventy) I have been a terrible sufferer from Constipation. No matter what remedy or physicians I employed, the result was always the same—impossible to get a cure. About two years ago, I read about 'Fruit-a-tives' and I decided to try them. I have used 'Fruit-a-tives' ever since. They are the first and only medicine that suited my case. If it were not for 'Fruit-a-tives' I am satisfied that I could not live!" JAMES PROUDFOOT.



The greatest remedy in the world for all forms of Indigestion and Dyspepsia, is "Fruit-a-tives". Doctors as well as hundreds of people proclaim it. "Fruit-a-tives" cures all stomach troubles because it makes the liver active, strengthens the kidneys, purifies the blood and keeps the stomach sweet and clean. "Fruit-a-tives" is the only remedy made of fruit juices. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

(By Jennette Lee)

John Walsh had red hair. If his hair had been brown his story would probably never have been written. He had, besides the hair, a pair of blue eyes and a quick temper. An Irish ancestor who had come to Canada had brought with him a spade and a brogue, a keen wit and the red hair, and the quick temper. The spade and the brogue had disappeared, but the temper and the hair survived. Sometimes they skipped a generation and flashed out in the next one keener than before.

John Walsh had them. He was teacher in the Burleighville High School. There were three rooms in the school building. The room in which John Walsh taught was called the high school room. The highest class in it was fitting for college, and the lowest—in which there were Annie Day and Dennis Quinn and Edgar Button—was studying decimals. They were in the upper room only because the lower toms had overflowed and floated them to the front seats in the high school room. They sat there very much swayed by their fate, and thankful when the flash of John Walsh's blue eyes overleaped them and landed on the big boys in the back seats.

The master's temper was no secret. "As quick as John Walsh's temper" was a town proverb. It had been the same in the boy as in the man. As a pupil, he had made his way through the school fighting and fighting and excelling. There had never been such a scholar in Burleighville. The town was secretly proud of him; and when on his return from college, he had applied for the position of teacher in the high school to help him carry on his law studies, they had welcomed him back. The life of the school had quickened and broadened. He imparted enthusiasm and knowledge in the same breath. Every pupil in the room became alert. They loved the fiery, impetuous master, and the fact that they stood a little in awe of him did not diminish zeal.

It was the last week of the spring term. John Walsh had been teaching in Burleighville two years. He was planning to go at the end of the term to study with the well-known firm of Marsh & Blackwell of Toronto. His old mother was comfortably provided for, and there was money ahead to carry him through. The last weeks of the term promised to be balmy—in doors and out.

Three weeks before the end of the term a change had come. Word had been received from Marsh & Blackwell that there was doubt of their being able to receive a law student this year. They would write again in two weeks. Meanwhile they "remained regretfully, etc."

The sky clouded in the Burleighville High School. Signs of a storm were on the horizon. The school took in sail and steered very close to the wind, with cautious glances at the blue eyes flashing and darting above them. The front seats quaked and worked on decimals.

"There he goes!" "Hurry up, Annie!" "We'll be late!"

"Let's go 'cross the island."

The group broke into a swift jogging run. Books and slates and dinner pails bumped in swinging hands, and panting breaths escaped. Hurrying feet rattled the loose boards of the bridge and thudded on the soft grass as they crossed the island.

Tommy Day was last in the race. He had a round face and fat legs, and his little brown trousers were too wide. He lumbered along, holding fast to his sister's hand, and wailing now and then at the flying group. They gave no heed till the other bridge was reached. There they paused, glancing at it doubtfully and nudging each other to go on.

Two signs were across it: "Danger—Not a Public Way."

It was a swinging bridge—two parallel cables with boards across and a stout rope for hand-rail. It had been thrown across for the operatives of the mill on the island.

But the island was a handy cut when one was late and the last bell ringing.

"Go on, Will!" Sammy Talcott gave the boy in front a little push.

"G'on yerself!"

"Hurry up. We'll be late!"

The boy hesitated. Then, with a little run, his feet touched the bridge and sped swiftly across. He swayed lightly to the motion, and barely touched the hand-rope swinging beside him.

With a whoop and a chase, they followed, big and little, speeding across, one at a time, and landing with a flying leap.

"Come on, Annie!"

"Oh, leave him there!"

"He's a baby! Come on!"

Tommy plumped himself on the ground, his legs extended, and raised a round wall to heaven.

The group across the river regarded him with eager disgust. "Come along!" "He'll come if you leave him alone—Hurry up!"

She placed one foot on the bridge and looked down at Tommy. Then she looked at the bridge.

The group waited. "Coward yourself, Annie Day!" called Mary Bell, tauntingly.

"Fraid cat! Fraid cat!"

She looked over to them appealingly. "He's too little," she called back. Her voice was high and squeaking, and her small face was full of anxious care.

"Oh, leave 'em alone!" "Come on!"

"There's the bell!" They turned with a wild scramble. Their voices floated back as they ran, and grew faint and fainter. The air was very still. The boom of the mill on the other side of the island hummed softly in it. A sparrow, hopping in a rush by the water, looked up at the pair and gave a little thrill, and topped away. She bent over him sternly. "Get up Tommy! I'm going back 'round the island with you. Now don't you cry any more."

Tommy's mouth, which had opened to emit a fresh sound, closed suddenly. He snuffed and looked at her resentfully and hopefully.

She wiped his eyes on her apron and held out her hand. "Come along," she said swiftly.

They disappeared through the bushes. Tommy's fat legs wiggled fast. The grey stockings and flying shoe-strings, seen from behind, had an air of renewed courage.

The door opened timidly. It was Annie Day—fifteen minutes late. She squeaked respectfully and hurriedly to her seat.

The first class in arithmetic was reciting. The master looked up with a frown.

"Wait!" he said sharply to the boy who was reciting.

The boy paused.

A hush was on the room.

Annie squeaked miserably through it, the freckles on her small face lost in the rush of color, and her little, turned-up nose, with its anxious, deprecating look, glancing hastily now and then at the master's face.

The blue eye was fixed on her sternly. When she had subsided into the front seat and had bent her face to the desk to look for her book and slate, the eye turned again to the class.

"Go on," he said, shortly.

The silence clicked, and the boy went on reciting.

The class in arithmetic was dismissed and the second reading class had been called. They sat erect in their seats, their books clasped, motionless, in front of him, waiting the signal.

Into the silence fell a muffled clatter and a crash—Dennis Quinn had tipped over his dinner-pail. He did it once a week on an average. His feet were large. His scared face disappeared under the desk.

The master glared. "Come here, Quinn," he said, sharply.

There was no response. Dennis, under cover of the desk, was grappling with a rolling tea-cup, cold hulled cabbage, and doughnuts and pie; and he was dead to the world above him.

A big, swift hand reached down and seized him by the collar, throwing him half across the open space in front of the school.

He stood quivering, the broken cup in one hand and the sugared doughnut in the other.

The master's face was white with rage. "I'll teach you to come when I call," he said between his teeth. He reached out and seized the collar again. The boy's teeth chattered and the tea-cup and doughnut flew in two directions as he shook, like a rat, in the strong hands. The master threw him from him, with a force that sent the boy sprawling under the table. Then he stood staring down at a white freckled face at his elbow.

Little Annie Day, shaking with fright and anger, had him by the coat. Her hands shook and her white face worked helplessly. "Don't you touch him again, you mean old thing, you," she piped shrilly.

A deep hush was on the room. Breathless necks craned at the scene. Dennis, from beneath the table, lifted a trembling hand and straightened his collar and groped for his doughnut.

A flood of color surged into the master's white face and out again, leaving it whiter than before.

Annie had ceased pulling. She stood with her head meekly bent, waiting for the storm to descend.

The master looked at her for a long minute. He brushed a quick hand before his eyes and looked again. The rage had gone from his face. No one in the school had ever seen it look like this.

The silence deepened.

"Take your seats," he said, quietly. He stepped to the little table and touched the little bell, Dennis, from beneath, sped swiftly to his seat.

At a second tap of the bell the class in reading rose from their seats and filed silently to their places before him.

The class had assembled with white aprons and clean collars and smiling faces. It was the last day. Tomorrow would be vacation. Today they would speak pieces and have prizes. A row of complacent mothers and scattering of fathers lined the walls and gave glory to the day.

The pieces had been spoken and the last prize distributed, when the master rose to speak. His blue eyes swept the room. In his hand he held a small object that shone in the light.

"I have another prize to give," he said, slowly. "It was not offered, but it has been earned."

The school looked on, breathless.

"There is in England," went on the master's voice, "a reward that is given only for bravery. It is known as the Victoria Cross. No one can wear it who has not been very brave. It is a great honor to have it. I have here"—he glanced at the bright object in his hand—"a cross that I should like to give in the same way."

He paused. A flutter ran through the school.

"Tomorrow," said the master, "I shall leave you. I may never live here again. But I should like to think that you do not forget me."

Some of the girls blinched very fast. The boys looked out of the window.

"I should like to send every year a cross like this"—he held it up—"to be given to some one who has shown special courage."

They gazed at it respectfully. Envious glances stole toward Willie Flint, in the back row. He sat very straight, his eyes fixed on the master's face, a serene look on his own.

There was no doubt as to who would have it. Willie Flint's name had been in all the local papers. He had become a hero since the day he rushed out and stopped old Mose Beckman's runaway horse. It had all been done in a minute—old Mose swaying drunkenly on the seat—a swift plunge at the horse, a turn to ward a fence, a blocking of the wheel against the post, before the horse could plunge away—any boy would have done it. Willie had been very modest about it. But one or two of the other boys longed to pummel him as he gazed serenely at the master—after the droop of an eyelid toward the lapel of his coat.

The master looked at the cross thoughtfully, and then at the school. He opened his lips. "I give this cross," he said, slowly, "because of special bravery, to—Annie Day."

The room stirred swiftly and shifted its gaze to a small girl in the front seat.

She sat with dazed countenance, blinking at the glittering cross. Her anxious little nose was upturned to it.

Dennis Quinn bent over and gave her a labored punch. "It's your'n," he whispered loudly.

The master smiled. "Bring her here, Dennis," he said.

Dennis grinned. He reached out a hand, and, taking her by the elbow, shoved her gently to the front of the room.

The master bent and pinned the cross on the plain shoulder, and she tiptoed back amid breathless silence.

WANTED

AT THE
EVAPORATOR, BRIDGETOWN
A few more Women at
once. Also
BARRELLED APPLES

I have leased the Chute Carriage Factory and am now prepared to buy apples for barrelling and boxing. We need them just as they come from the trees, carefully hand-picked and delivered in open-headed barrels at the above building.

Prices will be paid according to quality. We do not need your barrels, as same will be emptied and returned to you when you bring the next load.

We shall buy apples tree run grade in this way during the entire apple season, paying cash according to quality of each load as delivered.

Windfalls and drops will be accepted only at the Evaporator, where they belong. We take Gravestones for evaporating when hard.

COOPERS WANTED

We need two coopers to begin making apple barrels about the fifteenth and will give steady employment.

HOOPS WANTED

We will pay \$8.00 for one thousand first-class hoops for apple barrels delivered at the apple warehouse.

R. J. GRAHAM & Co.

CONSIDER THIS FACT!

A Halifax firm, which advertised for a bookkeeper, received over one hundred replies, and there was not one from an unemployed student of the Maritime. Our classes are in session now. Students are admitted any time.

Maritime
Business College
Halifax, N. S.

E. Kaulbach, C. A.
PRINCIPAL

Then the school broke into cheers and clapping.

She looked up for a swift, doubtful moment and her head fell forward on her arms. She burst into tears. They ran down her face and fell on the cross, and took the starch out of her white apron.

Not until recess, when the older girls gathered about her in the yard, fingering the cross and admiring it, did she begin to understand what it was all about.

Tommy, surrounded by a group of cronies from the primary room, pointed a short, fat finger at the cross. "That's my sister!" he said proudly.

Years later, when John Walsh was a leader at the bar, and his patience and skill and swift wit and even temper with baffling witnesses and opposing counsel were the wonder and admiration of his fellow-lawyers, he was accustomed to say, with a shrewd glint of the blue eye, that a little girl in the upper room at Burleighville had taught him to keep his temper.

THINK THIS OVER

This Offer Should Gain the Confidence of the Most Skeptical.

We pay for all the medicine used during the trial, if our remedy fails to completely relieve you of constipation. We take all the risk. You are not obligated to us in any way whatever, if you accept our offer. That's a mighty broad statement, but we mean every word of it. Could anything be more fair for you?

A most scientific, common-sense treatment is Rexall Orderlies, which are eaten like candy. Their active principle is a recent scientific discovery that is odorless, colorless and tasteless; very pronounced, gentle, and pleasant in action, and particularly agreeable in every way. This ingredient does not cause diarrhoea, nausea, flatulence, griping, or other inconvenience. Rexall Orderlies are particularly good for children, aged and delicate persons.

If you suffer from chronic or habitual constipation, or the associate or dependent chronic ailments, we urge you to try Rexall Orderlies at our risk. Remember, you can get them in Bridgetown only at our store. 12 tablets, 10 cents; 36 tablets, 25 cents; 80 tablets, 50 cents. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Store, Royal Pharmacy, W. A. Warren.



ELECTRO BALM
FIRST AID TO THE INJURED
50 SURE IN ITS EFFECT ON ALL WOUNDS OF THE FLESH—NEVER YET EQUALLED AS A COMPLEXION BALM OR SKIN HEALER.

Electric Balm is very highly recommended by those who have proved it to cure Eczema, Itch, Burns, Sores, Piles and Chapped Hands, etc. See our booklet of remarkable true testimonials. Test this Balm at our risk, if it is not satisfactory we will cheerfully refund you the money paid for it.

Electric Balm can be had from the Royal Pharmacy, W. A. Warren, prop., or direct from us at 50c. a box. THE ELECTRIC BEAN CHEMICAL COMPANY LTD. Ottawa, Ont.

Butter Wrappers

Best German Parchment

An increasing number of customers among our farmer constituency are giving us their orders for printed butter wrappers. If you make good butter you will profit if the purchaser recognizes your package by the imprint on the wrapper.

Send us a Trial Order

Printed Butter Wrappers,
500 sheets, 2 lb. size 2.50
1000 " 2 " 3.25

500 sheets, 1 lb. size 2.00
1000 " 1 " 2.50

Unprinted Parchment
250 sheets, 2 lb. size .50
600 " 2 " 1.00
1000 " 2 " 1.50

300 sheets, 1 lb. size .50
800 " 1 " 1.00
1000 " 1 " 1.25

Not until recess, when the older girls gathered about her in the yard, fingering the cross and admiring it, did she begin to understand what it was all about.

Tommy, surrounded by a group of cronies from the primary room, pointed a short, fat finger at the cross. "That's my sister!" he said proudly.

Years later, when John Walsh was a leader at the bar, and his patience and skill and swift wit and even temper with baffling witnesses and opposing counsel were the wonder and admiration of his fellow-lawyers, he was accustomed to say, with a shrewd glint of the blue eye, that a little girl in the upper room at Burleighville had taught him to keep his temper.

Not until recess, when the older girls gathered about her in the yard, fingering the cross and admiring it, did she begin to understand what it was all about.

Tommy, surrounded by a group of cronies from the primary room, pointed a short, fat finger at the cross. "That's my sister!" he said proudly.

Years later, when John Walsh was a leader at the bar, and his patience and skill and swift wit and even temper with baffling witnesses and opposing counsel were the wonder and admiration of his fellow-lawyers, he was accustomed to say, with a shrewd glint of the blue eye, that a little girl in the upper room at Burleighville had taught him to keep his temper.

Not until recess, when the older girls gathered about her in the yard, fingering the cross and admiring it, did she begin to understand what it was all about.

Tommy, surrounded by a group of cronies from the primary room, pointed a short, fat finger at the cross. "That's my sister!" he said proudly.

Years later, when John Walsh was a leader at the bar, and his patience and skill and swift wit and even temper with baffling witnesses and opposing counsel were the wonder and admiration of his fellow-lawyers, he was accustomed to say, with a shrewd glint of the blue eye, that a little girl in the upper room at Burleighville had taught him to keep his temper.

Not until recess, when the older girls gathered about her in the yard, fingering the cross and admiring it, did she begin to understand what it was all about.

Tommy, surrounded by a group of cronies from the primary room, pointed a short, fat finger at the cross. "That's my sister!" he said proudly.

Years later, when John Walsh was a leader at the bar, and his patience and skill and swift wit and even temper with baffling witnesses and opposing counsel were the wonder and admiration of his fellow-lawyers, he was accustomed to say, with a shrewd glint of the blue eye, that a little girl in the upper room at Burleighville had taught him to keep his temper.

Not until recess, when the older girls gathered about her in the yard, fingering the cross and admiring it, did she begin to understand what it was all about.

Tommy, surrounded by a group of cronies from the primary room, pointed a short, fat finger at the cross. "That's my sister!" he said proudly.

Years later, when John Walsh was a leader at the bar, and his patience and skill and swift wit and even temper with baffling witnesses and opposing counsel were the wonder and admiration of his fellow-lawyers, he was accustomed to say, with a shrewd glint of the blue eye, that a little girl in the upper room at Burleighville had taught him to keep his temper.

Not until recess, when the older girls gathered about her in the yard, fingering the cross and admiring it, did she begin to understand what it was all about.

Tommy, surrounded by a group of cronies from the primary room, pointed a short, fat finger at the cross. "That's my sister!" he said proudly.

Years later, when John Walsh was a leader at the bar, and his patience and skill and swift wit and even temper with baffling witnesses and opposing counsel were the wonder and admiration of his fellow-lawyers, he was accustomed to say, with a shrewd glint of the blue eye, that a little girl in the upper room at Burleighville had taught him to keep his temper.

Not until recess, when the older girls gathered about her in the yard, fingering the cross and admiring it, did she begin to understand what it was all about.

Tommy, surrounded by a group of cronies from the primary room, pointed a short, fat finger at the cross. "That's my sister!" he said proudly.

Years later, when John Walsh was a leader at the bar, and his patience and skill and swift wit and even temper with baffling witnesses and opposing counsel were the wonder and admiration of his fellow-lawyers, he was accustomed to say, with a shrewd glint of the blue eye, that a little girl in the upper room at Burleighville had taught him to keep his temper.

Not until recess, when the older girls gathered about her in the yard, fingering the cross and admiring it, did she begin to understand what it was all about.

Tommy, surrounded by a group of cronies from the primary room, pointed a short, fat finger at the cross. "That's my sister!" he said proudly.