

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Without help from the outside, gun-makers will never abolish war.

Men may come and men may go, but some of them won't go without a hint that looks like a No. 11 boot.

You never suspect that some men are gentlemen until they tell you, and then frequently you do not suspect it very hard.

A millionaire may safely wear a ten dollar suit, but no one short of a bill-board dare wear celluloid cuffs.



When trouble comes along, promptly hand out what you owe it and tell it good day.

Don't tell your troubles to the man in love. He doesn't believe that there are any such things.

You seldom hear of a country that complains of not having enough weather in March.

You hear about giving the devil his due, but don't ever get the idea that you owe the gentleman anything.

Outfit man with wings and he will be kicking because he hasn't fins also.

Too many cooks spoil not only the broth, but everything else they touch.

On the Spot.

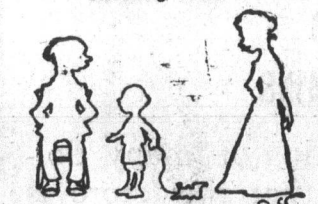
He may be rough and rugged
And all those things express,
But man, the hero, always dies
To beauty in distress.
For he is ever willing
To come without delay
And help to turn her music
When she sits down to play.

When she is gaily strolling
Along the coast sand,
And idly looking at the sea,
You'll find him close at hand
To do the heavy lifting
It seems in to be done,
Like holding her umbrella
To shield her from the sun.

And if the doctor tells her
That she must take the air
He'll gladly do the driving
And have an arm to spare.
To make the ride seem pleasant
And show his good intent
He'll give her lots of taffy
That doesn't cost a cent.

When she is having trouble
He's always on the spot
To thwart the heavy villain
And complicate the plot.
To be the lover hero
Nor is it all a bluff,
For he will even marry her
If she has cash enough.

Recalling Them.



"Papa, tell me a fairy story."
"Can't; I don't know any."
"Why, John," chimed in the maternal parent, "you know you used to tell them to me by the yard before we were married."

Modernized.
"He has offered me a deadly insult," cried the excited man—"a deadly insult, and I will have revenge!"
"Revenge is it?" replied his even tempered friend. "What are you going to do? Send him a picture postal card?"

"No; I will make him eat his words." "But his words? There is nothing original about that. Why don't you bring your revenge up to date and make him swallow his false teeth?"

Misjudged.
"Isn't that a glorious sunset?" exclaimed the gushing young visitor from the city.
"Say, now," replied her companion, with some spirit, "I hope you don't take me for one of them artist fellows just because I have my store clothes on."

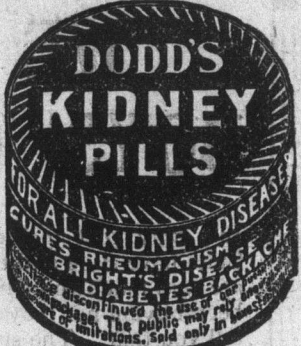
Not a Courtship.
"You cannot see the doctor now. He is engaged."

"I don't care if he is engaged!" thundered the matter of fact woman. "I don't want to marry him. I simply came to consult him on professional business."

Who Can It Be?
The seeds from congressmen are free. We're told, and so they seem to be. But it's a bet 'twixt you and me That some one pays the bill.

Well Matched.
"How did his lawsuit turn out?" "The jury disagreed."
"It was mighty hard to determine which side had the smartest lawyer in that case."

What Other Object.
"When she is away from home she writes to her husband every day."
"Does she need money as often as that?" asked the cynical old bachelor.



Model Teachers Left Out.

Toronto, April 4.—Hon. Dr. Pyne told a deputation yesterday that the model school teachers displaced by the new arrangements would be promoted to normal school positions where possible. A pension scheme might be considered in the future. The deputation which spoke for the training section of the Educational Association, was introduced by Vice-Principal Dearness, London. It was pointed out that many teachers would be left idle by the abolition of the model schools. Those with ten years' experience and holding arts certificates, and those under ten who were bachelors of pedagogy, it was suggested, should receive inspectors' certificates. Those over 55 should receive a money compensation.

A CASE IN WEST ARICATH.

Mrs. A. P. Ferguson, a well known Cape Bretoner, has cured asthma by Catarrhazone. Her statement is convincing: "Although I was troubled for years it was only recently I tried Catarrhazone. When an attack started I got out my inhaler and invariably got relief. Feeling satisfied Catarrhazone would cure, I continued the treatment until one bottle was finished. I didn't use more because I was cured and the asthma has never returned." Catarrhazone is sure death to asthma and bronchitis. Try it and be convinced. Two sizes, 25c. and \$1. at all dealers.

Ottawa Ministers Protest.

Ottawa, April 6.—The Ottawa Ministerial Association yesterday mailed a communication to Hon. J. P. Whitney protesting against the proposed legislation restricting the number who can oppose the holding of horse races.

The Lord's Day Alliance of Ottawa has notified the Attorney-General that there are complaints here of men working seven days a week at shunting, despatching and other work connected with railways contrary to the Lord's Day Act.

WHEN THAT COLD COMES.

How is it to be cured? This method is simplicity itself. Rub the chest and throat well with Neroline, use it as a gargle and take some in hot water before retiring along with one of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Next morning finds you refreshed, free from cold and as bright as a dollar. These household remedies are wonderfully successful, and certainly won't fail in your case. For sale at all dealers.

Blizzard in Saskatchewan.

Regina, Sask., April 6.—Saskatchewan yesterday was in the grip of what probably is the last blizzard of the longest winter on record. Traffic again is at a standstill.

Farmers are clamoring for their seeders and harrows. Most of this northern implement business is handled from Regina, where all the big houses have warehouses. Unless a spell of fine weather comes before the spring floods there is every prospect that northern traffic will be interrupted in the Qu'Appelle Valley until after seeding operations.

They scowled and looked sour from morn till night.
They never would agree;
Now they are healthy, happy and bright.
They both take Rocky Mountain Tea at night.
A. F. McCall & Co.

Gaynor-Green Re-Trial Asked.

New Orleans, April 6.—A new trial was asked for Green and Gaynor yesterday by P. W. Meldrum, who made the closing argument for the defendants in their appeal to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

A lazy liver may be only a tired liver, or a moved liver. A stick is all right for the back of a lazy man. But it would be a savage as well as a stupid thing to beat a weary man or a starving man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging liver it is a great mistake to lash it with drastic drugs. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a torpid or sluggish liver is but a symptom of an ill-nourished body, whose organs are weary with over-work. Let your liver alone. Start with the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in proper working order, and see how quickly your liver will become active and energetic. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs. Formula printed on wrapper.

It's generally the other fellow always gets licked.

It is much pleasanter to skip a board bill than to walk the plank.

Wainwright's Experiment.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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It was noon. The July sun blazed down over the hayfields and flickered across the group of men who lolled beneath the trees enjoying their first rest after a morning of toil. Wainwright sat a little apart from the others and mopped his forehead. The muscles of his arms and shoulders ached from unaccustomed labor. Yet as he looked at the close cut field his feeling was one of pleasure.

Two months before as assistant professor of political economy in an eastern college he had longed to put certain problems to the test, to learn from actual experience those things which other men were content to take from the text books. So while his brother professors spent their vacations in Europe or at the seashore Wainwright tramped the highways of New England, knapsack on back and notebook in hand. Routine and conventionality were forgotten. And so much is man a part of his mode of living that after his first two weeks on the road not one of Wainwright's old comrades would have recognized him. His clothes had lost their hall marks of good tailoring and become frayed and dusty. His



"PLEASE DON'T STOP!" SHE CRIED. shoes were out at heel, his hat almost rimless and his face tanned to a deep bronze.

But Wainwright was young and vigorous and had a keen relish for adventure. He liked the freedom of the highway, the quest of picking up odd jobs, the deep sleep of the travel weary in dim, sweet scented haylofts or, oftener still, in the open, with the stars shimmering through the branches of the trees.

It was the harvest season. There was work in plenty, and in time Wainwright quitted his hand to mouth vagabondage for the sobering occupation of harvester on the Rolfe farm, where he was to receive a dollar a day and bed and board. The first morning's labor had proved more exhausting than he had anticipated, but Wainwright kept on doggedly, though each hour added fresh blisters to his hands and made the scythe seem heavier to wield. The midday rest brought an ecstasy of relief.

"This," thought Wainwright as he stretched himself in the shade—"this is worth a dozen hotel verandas!" The rustle of leaves, the talk of the men near by and the drone of insects through the warm air all blended into a confused murmur. An unconquerable drowsiness stole over him.

"Won't you have some dinner?" said a voice beside him, and Wainwright, opening his eyes, looked up at a girl who might have been Priscilla, so demure was her blue dress and white kerchief. She wore a frilled sunbonnet, and Wainwright wished that he might see the face it hid, but his desire remained ungratified, for after serving him the girl turned her attention to the next man and from that went impartially down the line. The men fell to at once. Wainwright alone stared after the sunbonneted figure that tripped across the field and took the orchard path leading to the Rolfe farm.

That night as he took his seat among the harvesters that clattered around the Rolfe's supper table he saw with quickening interest that the girl of the noon hour was flitting about the kitchen, passing huge platters of bread and stone jugs of foaming milk. Wainwright had leisure to observe that she had brown eyes and wavy brown hair coiled low upon her neck.

When supper was over the other farm hands strolled off toward the barn. Wainwright lingered.

"Your daughter must be a great help to you," he ventured.

"My daughter?" laughed Farmer Rolfe. "Why, she ain't my daughter! She's the hired girl, though I will say, 'that if ever I'd had a daughter I'd have liked one like Mary Carter. She's as quick and handy as she can be, and my wife thinks a heap o' her. Took her from the first when the girl come from over by Coopersville way lookin' for work. She's so slim and slight you wouldn't think she could do much. But, land, she's a hustler!" Indeed, so absorbed was Mary in her work that Wainwright only saw her at mealtimes. Even then she merely stopped for a pleasant word or nod.

But one Sunday night when Wainwright sat alone on the back porch strumming at a guitar a white dress glimmered in the doorway, and presently Mary came out and sat down.

"Please don't stop!" she cried as Wainwright smothered the last chord of a college glee. "I'm very fond of music!"

"What else are you fond of, I wonder?" thought Wainwright, and he deftly led her on to speak of herself. She was fond of reading, she confessed, and knew many of the poets by heart. Her taste in literature was as simple as it was fine, and the more she spoke the more Wainwright wondered, for she seemed utterly content with her present occupation.

"Any work that is done well is beautiful," she declared earnestly, and though her allusions to herself were delicately reticent, Wainwright found it easy to picture her primitive life, primitive and yet not humdrum. Her love of nature and beauty forbade that.

"What a wonderful country it is," mused Wainwright, "where even the rustics have ideas of their own and a vivid way of expressing them." Mary's personality was the most challenging and illuminating one that he had discovered so far, and descriptions of her covered several pages of his notebook.

In the days that followed he found that if he helped Mary with the supper dishes the longer they would have to sit on the porch in the cool of the evening. So while she splashed the suds he polished plates and cups and quoted his favorite authors. Afterward they would stroll together down the orchard path, watching the first stars and listening to the eerie notes of the whippoorwill, a pleasant state of affairs destined to end abruptly, for Wainwright returned from the fields one evening to find Mrs. Rolfe alone in the kitchen. Mary was gone.

"Had a letter from one of her folks," said the farmer, "and she went right off. Wouldn't take a cent of her pay 'cause she left so sudden."

Wainwright looked blank. "Didn't she leave any address?" he queried.

"Said she'd write," answered Rolfe laconically.

"But wasn't there any message?" persisted Wainwright.

"Not a word," said Farmer Rolfe cheerfully.

Mrs. Rolfe had some of her famous biscuits for supper, but Wainwright had lost his appetite. He stood on the back porch in the afterglow, and everything seemed strangely deserted. Mary had gone, and something of the joy of living had gone with her. Existence seemed suddenly very tame and dull to the young professor. He was conscious of emotions not classified in his notebook.

"I must have overworked," he said listlessly to himself as he sat on the Leffingwells' veranda a week later. It was sundown. A breeze swept up from the Hudson, and a tall glass of lemonade tinkled pleasantly in Wainwright's hand.

Mrs. Leffingwell, of whose house party he was a guest, sat near him in a wicker chair and chatted irrespressibly.

"We've had an inkling of your exploits," she said, "and will expect a full account of them. Tonight there's a girl coming to dine who's awfully fond of that sort of thing. She spent the summer working on a farm where she met the most extraordinary young harvester that—There she is now!"

Mary, in a white lace dress, was coming slowly across the lawn. "You didn't leave me any message," said Wainwright reproachfully the moment after their hostess had left them alone together, "but I have one for you. I wonder if you will care to hear it?"

"You might try and see," suggested Mary demurely.

When dinner was at its gayest, Mrs. Leffingwell turned to Wainwright.

"Do you think," she said, "that your experiment was a success?"

Wainwright's eyes met Mary's in a comprehending flash.

"The greatest I've ever had," he answered, smiling.

A Curious Bird Mistake.

Many birds frequenting flowers for honey or insects are thus liable to get their heads covered with pollen. And since the pollen of different flowers varies in color, a bird may become yellow headed, red headed, blue headed, etc., says the London Globe. This led to a curious mistake in the case of a New Zealand bird. This bird was a honey sucker and a haunter of flowers. Now, in the early summer it visited most frequently the flowers of the native flax and later in the year fed chiefly on the fuchsia. The pollen of the former is red and of the latter blue; hence in the early summer the bird appeared with a red head and was named the red headed honey sucker. But when later in the year it went to the fuchsia its head was stained blue, and it was called the blue headed honey sucker. Thus for a long time this bird was thought to be two distinct species, and only recently was it found that the red headed and the blue headed were one and the same and that the real color of the head was blackish brown.

The Queen of Spiders. The queen of spiders—the largest, handsomest and most capable workman of her tribe—is the orange-yellow and black creature known as orange argiope. Hers are the most beautiful cobwebs made, hung low to catch the innumerable insects required for a rather large appetite, and you find them among the bushes and vines and in the fields. Argiope captures and ties up her victims as ably as a cowboy might do with a lasso, and she excels the cowboy by manufacturing her own rope as she goes.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit—Swift.

Pure Salt—prepared by a process which separates every atom of foreign substance from the salt. WINDSOR TABLE SALT is pure, indeed!

There is nothing humbler than ambition when it is about to climb.



An Unintentional Joke.

An English writer tells the story of his first experience, which he earned by an unpremeditated joke. His father had been for twenty-seven years engaged in a suit in chancery and had just gained his cause. The expenses of the suit, however, had swallowed up the entire estate, the residue being merely 3s. 6d. The writer says:

"My father, said he, 'see what comes of going to law in Great Britain! Your mother has told you that I have won my suit in chancery!'"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, then, look! That is all I get of it," and he pointed grimly at the sixpences.

I opened wide my eyes. "All you get of the whole suit?" I echoed with a puzzled air, convinced that a suit in chancery was composed, as other suits are, of a coat, waistcoat and trousers.

"Why, papa, those are only the buttons!"

It was this deplorable joke that earned me my sixpence, for my father, laughing, tossed me one across the table, and I rushed off with it like a dog pelted with a bone.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

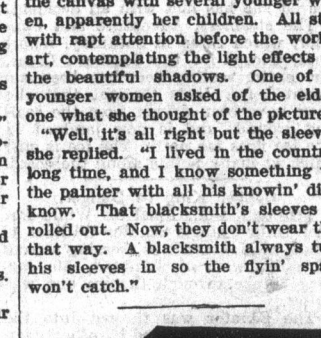
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

The Blacksmith's Sleeve.

An aged woman was standing before a beautiful picture of a blacksmith in a local department store. The picture was a remarkable painting and had evoked so much praise that hundreds of visitors thronged around it. The figure was that of a village blacksmith standing at his forge, which was blazing with a light that illuminated the whole room. The woman came to the canvas with several younger women, apparently her children. All stood with rapt attention before the work of art, contemplating the light effects and the beautiful shadows. One of the younger women asked of the elderly one what she thought of the picture.

"Well, it's all right but the sleeves," she replied. "I lived in the country a long time, and I know something that the painter with all his knowin' didn't know. That blacksmith's sleeves are rolled out. Now, they don't wear them that way. A blacksmith always turns his sleeves in so the flyin' sparks won't catch."



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Risky.
"Doctor, my wife says she is getting deaf."

"Tell her it's because she is getting old."

"Do you believe she is deaf enough for that to be safe?"

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