

## Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

WHEN JOHN HENRY WAS NOT TO BLAME.

Sometimes ago I wrote in criticism of the woman who could afford to have beautiful jewels and fine clothes but could not afford to have the old folks come and visit her.

Whereupon a Letter P. 1 and suggested that it might not be the husband's fault at all but the fault of a woman who was willing to give her money for clothes and jewels but not for that purpose.

Now a third aspect of the case of the neighbor versus the woman who does not do enough for her family has come to me, and I herewith present it.

According to the neighbors.

"Probably I feel more stirred up about it because I am one of the daughters who neglected their mothers" (according to the neighbors).

"When mother was no longer able to take care of herself the neighbors wondered why I didn't take her to my home but they said 'Probably John Henry isn't willing.'

"Now the actual truth was that John Henry was willing, but mother wouldn't budge. I had a family, a husband and home duties. There was no reason except sentiment why she couldn't leave her home and come to me but she wouldn't come. 'It didn't matter what the neighbors said,' she said. Of course not—to her.

Just One Warning.

No one can be loved and honored without being lovable and honorable, even with white hair to help.

Just one warning. When one is young one has so much to look forward to that one ought to be able to be extra tolerant and tender to those who cannot have many more earthly pleasures to enjoy. The old may have to conform to the young, for it is the law of life that the younger generation has the right of way, but in accepting this conformation where we have to, let's be as generous and forbearing as we can. And let's not forget that a matter of sentiment may be quite as vital as a matter of sentiment may be quite as vital as a matter of bread and butter.

Getting Back.

We're getting back to normalcy, a little at a time, the hoodlums fade, the Joneses flee, the grouch becomes a crime. This morning when I took my boat to have a bolt replaced, the workman sang a cheerful note, as to the task he chased. He crawled beneath my panting car and gave the bolt a slap, and smiled through all the crease and tar that clustered on his map. I handed him two iron men and when that sum was paid, he blithely said, "Please come again—I'm keen to get your trade." Some weeks ago I sought his aid—my horn refused to toot—and for my story of despair he didn't care a hoot. "I am not fixing things to-day," he said.

Proverbs for Cobblers.

"I am going to take up cobbling," writes a disabled soldier, "and would like you to tell me all the proverbs bringing in the word 'cobbler' you know, as I think it might be useful to have them by me."

The first one that occurs to me is, "Cobblers and tinkers are the best advertisers," but I should not use that for advertising purposes! Anyway, the proverb was composed before the war, and since the Government interested itself in our aid, the cobblers and tinkers may have changed their mind.

Why that cobbler and cleft shall have work when others go without," is another old saying; while a couplet runs:

"The higher the plum-tree, the riper the plum;  
The richer the cobbler, the blacker his thumb."

If these are not sufficient, the only other proverb I know is, "Without an awl the cobbler's nobody." Which is undoubtedly true.

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with haughty scorn, "and you may take your bus away and soak the doggone horn." I see a change of attitude in artisan and clerk, and with the old time pep imbued, the boys get down to work. And work's the cure for all the ills that jar the human tribe; it's better than the choicest pills the statesman can prescribe. Let's all forget the ancient sores, the ancient grief and pain; when all are busy at their chores, Old Normaley will reign.

**The Motorist**

Would go nowhere without a spare tire, but you would be surprised at the number of people who have but one pair of eye glasses. Avoid headaches and eye strain due to waiting even a short time for repairs. Let us fit you with a "spare." H. B. Thomson, Optometrist and Optician, 235 Duckworth Street, near Beck's Cove. apr28,31.eod

**Proverbs for Cobblers.**

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## MY COLUMN

(By the CUB-EDITOR.)

**JEM GUMCHEW.**

Our Magnificent Serial of the Wild and Woolly West—A Thrill in Every Letter.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters—Jem Gumchew, the Pride of Deadshot Gulch, whilst in quest of Sairy Snubba, who has been captured by Bad Bill Blood, the desperate desperado, falls over a cliff hanging on to the front axle of a Tin Lizzy, and is lassoed by the legs from above.

**CHAPTER III (Continued).**

They had been lassoed from above and there he hung, head downwards, holding on to the old car and his false teeth, like grim death. Slowly but surely he felt himself being drawn upwards, and after a seemingly interminable period, he found himself on terra firma. Before he had time to see who his rescuer was, however, he fell into dead faint and lost consciousness.

**CHAPTER IV.**

The Outlaws of Deadshot Gulch.

When Jem awoke from his faint he found himself in a most darksome, darksome, darksome place, indeed, that he could not see his own face before him. (Editor—"Possibly a good thing for his nervous system.") Author, "Oh, how could you! Anyway he's a hero, what does his face matter?" Suddenly a door opened and a heavily bearded, long nosed man entered, holding a candle in one hand and a pea-shooter in the other. "Bad Bill Blood!" ejaculated our hero. "Yes," sneered the other, "Bad Bill Blood at your service." Jem attempted to spring at the villainous countenance before him but only to find that he had been firmly secured to an upright post with a steel cable. Bad Bill Blood came nearer and taking deliberate aim with his pea-shooter, hit Jem on the tip of his proboscis with a very hard pea. "I has yew at last, Jem Gumchew," snarled the desperate desperado, "and furtymore and howsomever I has got Sairy Snubba also and me and she be Sairy 'ter be spliced." "Yew lies, yew vil-lub," shrieked Jem, and he attempted to spring at Bad Bill. The bandit put his hands on his hips and roared with laughter. (Editor—"But what did he do with the candle and pea-shooter?") Author—"Oh, he stuck the candle in his hat and the pea-shooter behind his ear. Don't interrupt!" "Har, har, har, har, har, and who will stop me, hey?" he roared.

By a superhuman effort Jem burst his bonds and sprang on the outlaw! (To be continued next week.)

**RIMES OF THE TIMES**  
(24)

**MEA CULPA.**

A city chap got very drunk  
Upon St. George's Day,  
And thought he'd try to do a bunk  
As far east as Turkey.  
But getting rather tired, he  
Decided to turn back,  
And near Mount Cashel gates did see  
An old man on a hack.

He tried to tear the old 'un's coat  
And drag him off his cart;  
He only got the old man's coat  
Before they broke apart.  
And that is why we found him here  
In court the other day;  
Defending him was Mister Ayre  
Who said that he should pay  
The fine, if any were imposed  
For his was all the blame;  
For was it not he who proposed  
That holiday which came  
On Good St. George's Natal Day  
The fault, therefore, was his;  
The accused on another day  
Would not his hip up with—  
—THE CUB-EDITOR.

**THEY MIGHT WITH TRUTH.**

A little girl was asked, upon her return home, how she liked the singing of the congregation in the church.

"I liked it very much, indeed," she said, "although all the people said it was bad."

"All the people said it was bad, what do you mean, my dear?"

"Oh, it was so bad that I heard the people praying, 'Lord have mercy upon us, miserable singers.'"

**JOKELETS.**

"Walter, I'll take my hat," said a gentleman at a party, who was about going home. "What kind of a hat did you wear?" "A bran new hat that I bought this morning." "Well, sir," said the waiter, "all the good hats have been gone more than two hours."

"Did Mrs. Graboona vote?"

"No, she failed to get the social recognition at the polls she considered her due."

"How was that?"

"Her cook was in line just ahead of her and refused to yield precedence."

Jackson—Is this a fire insurance office?

Agent—Yes, sir; do you want to take out a policy?

Yes. You see my employer threatens to fire me next Saturday and I'd like protection.

Wood—Before we married my wife and I agreed that I should make the ruling in all the major things, and she in all the minor.

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THE mercury 'way below, and the wind howling out its hatred—that's when you're grateful for four good walls and a PIPELESS FURNACE.

Your house, just as it is TODAY, is adapted to the new Pipeless Heating. In one day, WITHOUT disturbing a thing in the home, WITHOUT tearing out floors and walls you can install the LOWEST-COST and most satisfactory heating system that has ever been invented—a furnace that heats EVERY PART of your home WITHOUT A SINGLE PIPE; that burns any kind of fuel and takes less of it than any other heating appliance known.

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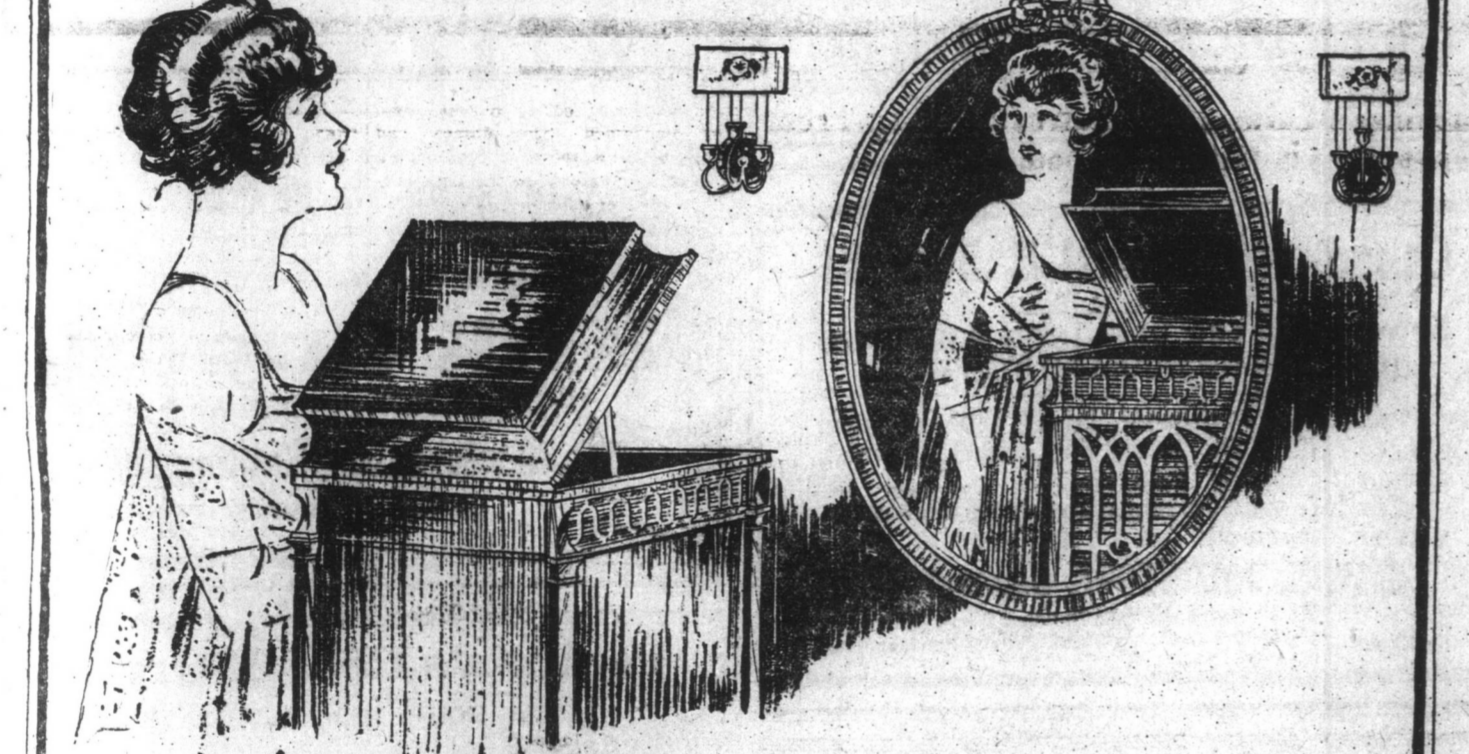
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**A Church—One of the Hardest Buildings to Heat.**  
The "Enterprise Pipeless Blazer Furnace" installed by Messrs. Young & Dunn, of Dartmouth, in the Victoria Road Baptist Church, is giving every satisfaction. All appreciate the same and speak in words of praise.  
Very truly yours,  
W. N. STAPLES, Pastor,  
Victoria Road Baptist Church,  
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"We are pleased to be able to advise you that the Enterprise Blazer Pipeless Furnace we just installed, are working lovely, and what we liked most about installing same, was the complete form in which instructions were sent for setting same up. We have no hesitation in recommending Enterprise Pipeless Furnaces.  
Yours truly,  
D. G. KIRK & SON, LTD.,  
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**First Class Results**  
"The Enterprise Blazer Pipeless Furnace I put in is a very satisfactory heater and giving first class results." R. W. BOWEN,  
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## Music's Perfect Mirror



## The NEW EDISON "The Phonograph with a Soul"

The New Edison is like the perfect mirror that reflects form and feature, true to every line and subtlety of coloring. It gives you an exact RE-CREATION of the singing or playing of the living artist or artists.

Mr. Edison spent 7 years of his time and 3 millions of his dollars to develop the perfect realism of the New Edison. He has proved this perfect realism by comparing the New Edison with living artists 5,000 times before more than 5 million people. The New Edison is positively the only phonograph which can sustain this test.

We have, for you, a proof on offset paper of the famous Franklin Booth Etching of Mr. Edison, as he looks today. Size 12 x 19 inches. Bears no advertising matter; suitable for framing. Just fill out the ballot,—and bring or mail it to us.

**F. V. CHESMAN,**  
Edison Dealer, St. John's.

**BALLOT**  
(Bring or mail this ballot)

Mr. Edison has just made a list of his 25 favorite tunes. What other well-known person's favorite tunes would you like to know? Write his or her name here

Your name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

This ballot entitles you free to any or all of the items listed below. Check which you want:

Franklin Booth Portrait of Edison  
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**Prolene**  
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Prolene is at the first aid kit for the throat. It is simple to use and places it near the throat. The little lamp that releases the cough, eases the throat, and cures the cold. For Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Sore Throat, and Hoarseness. Prolene has been used for the past 40 years. The benefit is unparelleled. Send for descriptive booklet. Write to: PROLENE CO., Lester-Bills Bldg., Montreal.

**BYRNES**

## When the King Opens Parliament.

There are a pair of gates in London that are kept permanently shut to conveyances every day of the year except one. These gates lead out of Dean's Yard, Westminster, into a lane that runs straight down to the House of Lords. They are only opened on the day on which His Majesty the King opens Parliament in person.

On that day His Majesty proceeds from Buckingham Palace in a wonderful old coach, drawn by jet-black horses. Whilst the King is on his way, Yeomen of the Guard still search the vaults under the Houses of Parliament to ensure the safety of the monarch and his Ministers.

When the Sovereign reaches the House of Lords guns are fired in St. James' Park. The moment of arrival is signalled by hand. Flag-signallers stand on the towers of the House of Parliament, and send their messages to other signallers on Government offices overlooking the park. From thence it is conveyed to the troops below.

Ministers await the arrival of the King outside the House, and then take up their position in the procession to the Lords. Usually a large number of peeresses attend as well.

Everybody stands, and it "hats off" for the Black Rod, when he passes down the central corridor on his way to summons the Commons, who enter a few minutes later at a rapid march—their pace is always quick—to hear the King's Speech.

The King's Speech is prepared by the Cabinet and deals with the international situation, and reviews the legislation it is intended to introduce during the next Parliamentary year.



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Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 24 years and proved safe by millions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and pain generally. Made in Canada.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages.

Aspirin is the trade mark registered in Canada of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-acetyl-salicylic-acid of Salicylic-acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

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