

STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

Clemenceau Poses for Camera Man.
"I've led an agitated, strenuous life. I have retired here in search of peace and quietness. You come here and spoil it—off with you!"

Thus roared former Premier Clemenceau in his best "Tiger" mood from the garden of his little one-story shanty, fifty feet from the tidewaters of the Atlantic near Sables d'Orléans, when confronted recently by a motion picture operator who had come "to make a record for posterity of the last few years of the life of the savior of France," as the camera man ill-advisedly expressed it.

"The last few years of my life!" exclaimed Clemenceau. "To hear you talk one would think I had both feet in the grave. Come back in ten years."

Then the "Tiger," catching sight of the photographer's crestfallen appearance, relented. "Come in, anyway; don't stand there in the cold wind," he said.

Clemenceau himself served the camera man a cup of hot coffee. Then suddenly he commanded, in a voice which he vainly tried to make gruff: "All right; let's get busy. But, mind you, be quick and don't waste any time."

Begbie's Latest.

A Harlod Begbie story. Or, more correctly speaking, a story told to him and passed on by him, of an Irish doctor whom he met on his tour in Ireland.

The doctor was roused late one evening by a peasant who lived in a village fifteen miles off. The doctor had no car, and it was a cold, inclement night, so he asked the peasant for a few particulars. The peasant said he wanted the doctor to come and see his mother.

"Patrick," said the doctor, "your mother is a very old woman."
"I know that, doctor," he admitted.
"She's over eighty, Patrick."
"She's all that, doctor."
"And nothing that I could do would be of the slightest use to her."
"Ah, sure, doctor," replied the man, "I know very well it's the truth you're telling me. But me poor mother, do you see, would have me come and fetch you, because she does not want to die a natural death."

Wives for Sale.

Whatever grievances wives suffer nowadays, they have advanced considerably since the days of Babylon. The other day, Lord Chancellor, wife of the former Lord Chancellor, quoted a pathetically humorous account of the manner in which the Babylonian girls were put up to auction. Once a year all the marriageable girls—both beautiful and ugly—were gathered together before their prospective male purchasers.

"Then," said Lady Buckmaster, "a crier would stand up and offer them for sale one by one, first the fairest of all, and then, when she had fetched a great price, he put up the next comeliest, selling all the maidens as lawful wives."

"When the crier had sold all the comeliest, he would put up the one who was least beautiful, or crippled, and would offer her to whomsoever would take her to wife for the least sum, till she fell to him who promised to accept least. The money came from the sale of the comely damsels, and so they paid the dowry of the ill-favored and the crippled."

Though the ladies were classified into two groups, the men evidently considered themselves all of a kind—and that the best. Truly, women never had any monopoly in vanity.

Wasted Labor.

The humble man-in-the-street imagines that all famous folk have easy times, but he is wrong. The great have to face continual problems, as do the small, and often they are the same problems.

Mrs. Joseph Conrad, widow of the world-famous novelist who died recently, describes an amusing incident which occurred one time when she and her husband were striving to get a house. Hearing from an agent of a likely residence, they made their plans to rush off and see it as soon as possible, and did not even notify the family in occupation that they were coming. They reached the house soon after breakfast, and, as Mr. Conrad was being shown into the sitting room, he remarked pleasantly:

"We should like to see the bedrooms first."

This remark astonished both the maid and her mistress, but a young man, descending the stairs, provided the solution.

"Oh—I see what's happened," he exclaimed, half-apologetically. "I suppose, sir, you—were under the impression that this house was to let? We only moved in yesterday."

A Wee Bit Tightness.

"Here, Annie, here's something for your birthday," announced an old Scotchman, handing his servant a cheque for five dollars, but with the signature line blank. "Keep it, an' on your next birthday I'll sign it."

Preachers Unpopular at Sea.
Preachers are never popular aboard ship. According to seafaring superstition they bring bad luck.

WOMAN'S HEALTH WHEN FORTY-FIVE

A Critical Period When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are a Real Blessing.

At special periods a woman needs a medicine to regulate her blood supply, or her life will be a round of pain and suffering. It is at such times that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold, for they make the new rich blood that banishes the symptoms of distress that only women know. The better blood that comes with the use of these pills strengthens every vital organ and brings womanly health and happiness. This is fully proved by the case of Mrs. G. Wilthub, Arcola, Sask., who says:—"I am one of the many for whom Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done wonders. About three years ago I was so weak that I could not do my housework, or even go about without feeling utterly worn out. The doctor suggested that an operation was the only thing that would help me, but this I refused to undergo, and I returned home almost in despair. My trouble was all due to the lingering change of life. At this stage I read an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. By the time I had used six boxes there was no doubt they were just what I needed, and under their continued use for some time my health was fully restored, and since that time I have been in the best of health. I am writing this letter in the hope that it may induce some other suffering woman to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and regain her health."

These pills are sold by medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50c a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Back Talk.

Some persons think that a military school for boys means an enormous mischief to their minds, as if it encouraged them to think only of trench mortars, bombs, poison gas and other devices for killing and maiming humanity.

Opponents of the Royal Military College and similar training camps forget the main thing in such discipline, which is that it teaches a youth to react immediately, without debate, to a command. Elbert Hubbard in his little magazine laded out a deal of mush, but he did hammer home a good idea when he wrote that famous creed called "A Message to Garcia." That word was carried by a soldier who knew that the message was much more important than the messenger. So it is always. An institution is bigger than any man that serves it. The minute the man thinks himself larger than his employment his usefulness is impaired or extinguished.

Back talk is the bane of business. No one wants a lot of glib extenuations and excuses. What makes the tired business man tired? Having to listen to the bucks passed and the alibis offered by men who blundered or sidestepped and who refused to accept squarely the blame for what they did.

What most exasperates the over-driven teacher in a school? The flip impertinence of the boy or girl whose saucy tongue is nimbler than the brain.

"He being willing to justify himself." It is one of the complaining of human fallings to stand explaining ourselves and declaiming against the great injustice done us when we ought to be moving on to set mind and hand to the next task. It is the work that matters, not the talk. The ultra-sensitive person is the bane of any enterprise—household or public—that has to get done no matter whose feelings are hurt.

All the talk that eddies about a deed is transient; the product of men's toll outlives the frantic voices of how they felt about it. Great commanders in the constructive works of peace are best served—not for themselves but for the end in view—by those who keep to themselves trivial objections they might raise and put through the undertaking in silence and obedience.

Origin of Bankrupt.

In the old days the money exchangers in Italy counted their money on a table known as a "banco." If one of these men were unable to pay up his table was smashed and he was spoken of as "banco rotto," from which our word "bankrupt" comes.

Loved Mutton Too Well.

It is said that the great Napoleon met with his first defeat through his love of mutton, losing the battle of Lepsic through a fit of indigestion caused by a surfeit of a succulent joint of lamb.

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"Old soldiers never die," says the 81-year-old veteran, Francis E. Wood, who walked from Bath to Croydon Aerodrome in order to fly to Paris. He is to visit the battlefields and again return to England by air.

Be Kind to Your Flowers.

There's a lot of "human nature" in plant life. You cannot hold a sensitive flower that withers at your slightest touch without thinking that plants feel pain. The ingenious devices adopted by flowers and plants to enable them to survive suggest an intelligence of some kind.

Plants and trees themselves form heat. A cabbage covers its leaves with a fine coating of whitish wax to prevent its moisture being drawn up by the sun. Some trees also spread their stems with wax to save the water they contain.

The Virginia creeper could not live in the tangle of vegetation where it first springs up and starts growing, so it climbs up to get a full supply of light and air vital to its life. And it climbs almost like a man. It pulls itself up supporting itself by tendrils which serve as so many fingers.

These "fingers" insert themselves into tiny cracks or they twine round twigs; and as soon as their hold is assured the fingers swell out, wedging themselves into the cracks or stiffening themselves round the twigs until they have secured a support for the long runner.

Almost incredible is the claim of a famous scientist who holds that flowers are affected by gentleness and harshness. He placed two plants in pots side by side and watered both with equal care. He abused and bullied one plant, and praised and petted the other. The abused plant quickly withered and died, but the petted plant bloomed wonderfully.

It has been generally thought that flowers die gradually. This has been disproved, however, by means of a delicate instrument, the monograph, which, when attached to a dying plant, records and magnifies all its movements.

This instrument proved that plants die much as we do—some peacefully, others in violent death throes. The passion-flower resists death fiercely, and at the end its tendrils curl spasmodically. The marigold makes a sudden up and down movement. The daisy folds up its petals peacefully.

Flowers, like human beings, have pronounced likes and dislikes. Put a rose and a piece of mignonette together in a vase. Within half an hour each will make a perfume "gas attack" upon the other. In the battle of odors both flowers will lose their freshness and scent. Separate them, however, and each will revive at once.

There is one remarkable case on record of a tree that determinedly killed another tree. A clergyman had a pine tree and an orange tree in his garden. One spring he noticed that the orange tree was drooping, and on digging down he saw that the roots of the pine, which stood at some distance, had twisted round the roots of the orange tree and were strangling it to death. The offending roots were untwisted and cut away, and the drooping plant revived. But eventually the orange tree died. Then on digging down at a greater depth, it was found that the pine had attacked the orange root lower down and accomplished its murderous purpose.

Seaplanes May Use Sails.

All-metal seaplanes with masts and sails to fly are possibilities of the near future, according to Dr. Wilhelm Rohrbach, who lectured recently before the Royal Society of Arts in London. He emphasized the safety and utility of seaplanes carrying sails, and said this fact might open a new era for naval seaplanes, as it meant they could sail to sea without using gasoline.

Uncle Sam's Concrete Roads.

There are 26,000 miles of concrete road in the United States. California has 3,228 miles, the largest mileage of any state in the union.

For First Aid—Minard's Liniment.

Treatment of Children.

One of the distressing features of child protection work is the occasional ill-treatment of a boy or girl in a foster home, when all the reports seemed to indicate a pleasant and satisfactory condition. Sometimes these stories, when reported in the newspapers are greatly exaggerated and injure the work of home-finding. The boy anxious to get away from the tedium of the farm, or in justification of his wrong conduct, tells a highly colored tale of his hardships, and although the story often proves to be overdrawn the harm done by the publicity can never be overtaken.

Occasionally the story is true and one can only lament the greed and hardness of heart that would take advantage of a child in his helplessness and weakness.

Home-finding calls for faithful and efficient service. It is a work that requires constant watchfulness and frequent personal visiting, but the occasional failures should not blind us to the fact that so many excellent homes are offered these children, and so many young people receive kind treatment and a fair opportunity to grow up happily and worthily. Foster parents deserve at least this word of appreciation.

Let us not forget that there is far more goodness in the world than gets into print. Not a day goes by that the Society does not receive many proofs of this.—J. J. Kelso.

A DANGEROUS SEASON FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Winter—with its extreme changes of temperature—one day warm and bright, the next cold and stormy, is decidedly dangerous to the health of little ones. The mother is afraid to take the children out for the fresh air and exercise they need so much. The children are cooped up in over-heated, badly ventilated rooms and in consequence many of them are seized with colds or gripe. What is needed to keep the little ones well is Baby's Own Tablets. They are a sure regulator of the stomach and bowels and in this way drive out constipation and indigestion and break up colds or gripe. By their use baby will be aided over the winter season with perfect safety. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Southern Cross.

Among the many curious and interesting objects exhibited at the British Empire Exposition last summer was a remarkable cluster of pearls in the shape of a perfect cross. The cluster contains nine pearls; except for polishing and setting they are just as they were taken from a single oyster in Western Australia in 1874. The cluster, which is appropriately called the Southern Cross, is one and a half inches long, and the owner values it at fifty thousand dollars.

The safe way to send money by mail is by Dominion Express Money Order.

Vigornians and Others.

The people of certain cities in England have curious names to describe themselves. Sometimes the name would not in the least suggest to a stranger the city to which it refers. For example a native of Worcester is a Vigornian, and a native of Barnstaple is a Barnumite. The people of Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow are described respectively as Man-cunians, Liverpudlians and Glaswegianians. The natives of Plymouth hesitate between Plymouthians and Ply-mouthians.

For Every Ill—Minard's Liniment.



She—"They say I have eyes like pop."
He—"Ha! Pop-eyed."

Searchlights Save Forests.

Searchlights are being used in Germany and South Poland to save the forests from swarms of caterpillars, the larvae of a species of moth. The lights were set up at night in the woods, millions of the insects, attracted by the powerful rays, were cremated when they flew into the incandescent carbons of the arc lamps, which were not sheltered by globes.

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And most grocers recommend it.

When Typists Must Diet.

Most of us know something of the methods in use to get our bodies fit for hard exercise, and we read of the ways in which famous boxers, runners and footballers diet and train. But training, like everything else, is becoming specialized, and while the general rules for getting fit remain the same, we find that diet varies according to the sort of exercise or occupation in which the individual hopes to excel.

For instance, one of the English girls who form the famous Oakworth team of typists says that if you would be a super-typist you must live principally on fish and eggs, and take plenty of outdoor exercise. You must also type the alphabet backwards and forwards 500,000 times.

Colonel H. Deane, famous for his club-swinging exploits, eats hard-boiled eggs and buns and drinks milk. He once swung clubs for twenty-four hours, making 150,000 revolutions in all. Garner, the man who plays the piano for many hours, keeps himself going on eggs, the white meat of chicken, kola and occasionally a glass of champagne. Banca, his Italian rival, takes only liquid food during his long periods of playing.

Dorando, the famous Marathon runner, drinks red wine and eats macaroni, a diet which would stagger any Canadian athlete. What troubled him most during his training in England was that the macaroni was not the true Italian brand.

Arthur Lancaster, who, among other startling feats, has buffeted a punching ball for twenty-eight hours, believes in beefsteak, sardines and eggs; while Holbein, the great swimmer, eats less vegetables and more meat when in training, and neither drinks nor smokes.

Our Opinion.

There are always two opinions on any subject—our own and the wrong one.

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Cuticura Soap daily, with Cuticura Ointment occasionally, prevents pimples or other eruptions. They are pleasing to use, as is also Cuticura Talcum, an excellent deodorant.

Sample Book Free by Mail. Address Canadian Branch, Cuticura, P. O. Box 1616, Montreal. Price: Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and Jar, Talcum 50c. Try our new Slaving Stick.

NERVOUS BREAK-DOWN

Pains in Back and Legs Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ford, Ontario.—"I had a nervous break-down, as it is called, with severe pains in my back and legs, and with fainting spells which left me very weak. I was nervous and could not sleep nor eat as I should and spent much time in bed. I was in this state, more or less, for over two years before Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me by my neighbor. Before I had taken five doses I was sitting up in bed, and when the first bottle was taken I was out of bed and able to walk around the house. During my sickness I had been obliged to get some one to look after my home for me, but thanks to the Vegetable Compound I am now able to look after it myself. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine in turn with the Vegetable Compound, and I certainly recommend these medicines to any one who is not enjoying good health. I am quite willing for you to use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. J. SHEPHERD, 139 Jee. Janisse Avenue, Ford, Ontario.

Nervousness, irritability, painful times, run-down feelings and weakness are symptoms to be noted. Women suffering from these troubles, which they so often have, should give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial. All druggists sell this medicine.

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