

The Automobile

GIVING A "LIFT" OFTEN LEADS TO RISK BY AUTOIST.

With a tremendous effort being made to cut down the number of accidents which can be laid up against the automobile there is one growing practice which ought to be considered carefully. This is the matter of riding anyone, usually children, to ride anywhere but on the seats inside the car which are provided for the express purpose of occupying when riding.

This habit takes on all forms of indulgence. There are those who climb on the spare tire or other parts of the rear of the car. There are those who hang on the end while roller-skating. Others do this sort of thing while riding on bicycles. Still others climb on the running board and thus place their lives in jeopardy. And not all of these reckless individuals are thoughtless boys. Some are girls and many are grown-up lads who ought to know better.

It should go without saying that all such persons should not be encouraged in this sort of thing. In fact, they should be very definitely discouraged and forbidden to ride thus. What may happen to those on the outside is bad enough, but the responsibility of the owner of the car is considerable if he allows boys to climb on his machine and then they are hurt.

"HITCHING" CONDEMNED.

Not only should this outside riding be discouraged with unmitigated firmness but also the practice of a motorist taking a stranger in his car for a lift should be frowned upon. This practice is called hitching or catching a ride. This business has reached the proportions of a fad in some parts of the country—one of the less desirable mediums of transportation taken up by some too lazy to walk short distances, by others who are merely looking for adventure.

Every motorist will understand what is meant by hitching, for it is becoming a menace both to motorists and those who hail automobiles for free rides. It ought to be considered as a

nuisance that has elements in it both physical and moral dangers. So popular has this catching a ride business become in the country, however, that the motorist traveling along any highway is constantly annoyed by people who stand by the road or in it seeking a ride that will help them on toward their destination.

Not a few of them have become so bold that they stand in the middle of the road exposing themselves to all kinds of danger of being run into as they practically demand a lift. If a motorist passes them by they do not hesitate to curse him with choice bits of profanity. Many a driver, being kind-hearted by nature, finds it difficult not to give these lifts.

DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

While most of these self-appointed travelers are young men out for innocent fun, some of them on the contrary are not as innocent as they look. Women drivers of cars, perhaps being more tender-hearted than men, are probably most apt to take these parasitic wanderers aboard. But both men and women drivers will usually be using good discretion if they resist the temptation. Here is one time it is wise to pass by on the other side.

No doubt the small boy is the most persistent solicitor of free auto rides. Even if he is only going a quarter of a mile to school, he often prefers to stand in the road awaiting for a ride rather than walk the short distance. He should be advised against this practice by his parents, who are supposed to love him. Such advice from parents, if it could become general, would mean a considerable reduction of automobile disasters. There is no doubt about it, and the motorist should discourage such a habit, if not for his own convenience, for the sake of the lad's welfare.

Then when one considers the dangers of this catching of rides when young women and girls take up this sort of thing, it is not difficult to point out disastrous possibilities.

When I was a little lad
With felly on my lips,
Fain was I for journeying
All the seas in ships.
But how across the southern swell,
Every day I hear
The little streams of Duna
Running clear.

When I was a young man,
Before my beard was gray,
I'd to ships and sailormen
I gave my heart away.
But I'm weary of the sea-wind,
I'm weary of the foam,
And the little stars of Duna
Call me home.

—Marjorie L. C. Pickett.

Indefinitely Postponed.

This conversation printed as a joke is pleasurable enough to be accepted as genuine.

"Johnny, did you enjoy the book I sent you?" inquired his aunt.

"I haven't looked at it yet," replied the boy.

"Why? Don't you like it?"

"I don't know. Ma said I'd have to wash my hands when I read it."

Apple Year for Nova Scotia.

The forecast of Nova Scotia's apple crop for 1925 indicates that prospects never looked any brighter than at present for a successful crop this year. The crop should reach, if not exceed, previous records.

Answer to last week's puzzle.

A	L	E	X	H	A	L	E	S	H	U	C	K
P	E	L	L	I	A	R	E	G				
P	E	W	S	A	L	V	O	E	R	A		
L	A	I	N	P	I	L	E	B	R	E	D	
E	S	T	O	P	E	S	T	E	R	G	E	
S	E	A	S	T	R	E	V	E	A	L	S	
B	E	A	S	T	A	G	R	E	T	A	L	E
L	I	N	E	S	L	E	E	P	E	R		
L	I	N	E	S	A	D	L	E	E	D		
L	I	N	E	S	L	E	E	G	R	E	E	
L	I	N	E	S	L	E	E	G	R	E	E	

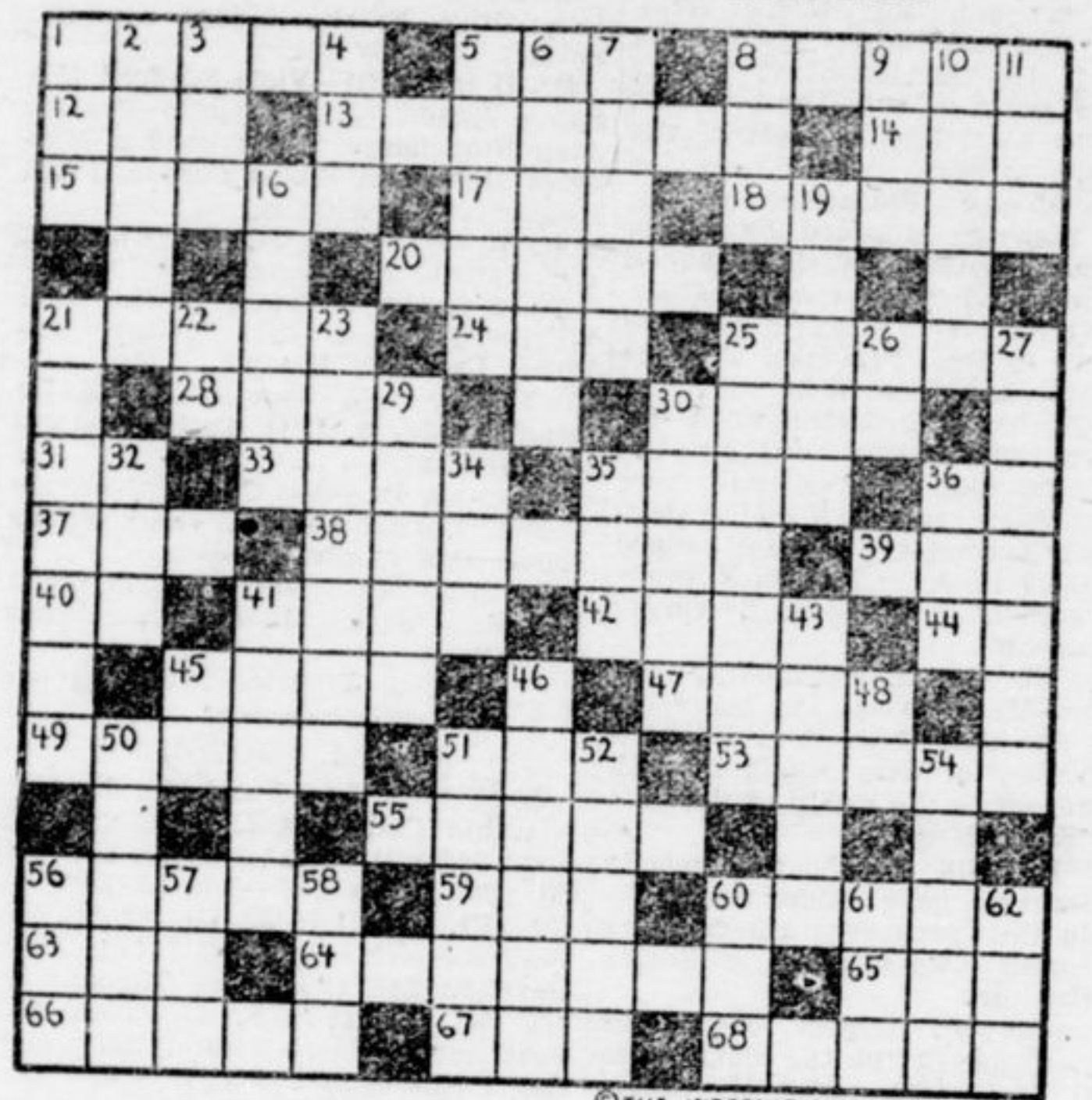
By Glass.

In early times beach sand was molded to make glass.



The food cache on Ellesmere Island, nine degrees south of the North Pole, established during the northern trip of the Canadian government vessel Arctic. It may prove a boon to Polar expeditions.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



THE INTERNATIONAL SYNDICATE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSS-WORD PUZZLES

Start out by filling in the words which you feel reasonably sure. These will give you a clue to other words crossing them, and they in turn to still others. A letter belongs in each white space, words starting at the numbered squares and running either horizontally or vertically or both.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | VERTICAL |
| 1—Compensation | 1—Achieved |
| 6—Indistinct | 2—To be ready for |
| 8—Of the city | 3—To procure |
| 12—To be indebted | 4—Investigator |
| 13—Allows | 5—Arrange in folds |
| 14—Southern State of U. S. (abbr.) | 6—Make known |
| 15—Smart | 7—High priest's headdress |
| 17—Appropriate | 8—Employ |
| 18—in good time | 9—To shut out |
| 20—To emit fire | 10—To appropriate |
| 21—To bend | 11—Refusal |
| 22—Colors | 12—Body of soldiers |
| 23—Corner | 13—Pertaining to birds |
| 30—Dull | 14—Atmospheric electricity (pl.) |
| 31—Preposition | 22—Preposition |
| 32—To separate | 23—Marauder |
| 35—Spare | 25—Trade |
| 36—To exist | 26—Province of Canada (abbr.) |
| 37—To pull | 27—Unfruitful |
| 38—Wicked wretch | 29—African village |
| 39—A fish | 30—To postpone |
| 40—Preparation | 32—A weight |
| 41—To crack and roughen | 33—Point |
| 42—Skillful | 35—Cover |
| 44—Prefix. Two | 36—Evil |
| 45—Part of a shoe | 41—To end |
| 47—Outbreak | 43—Fixed compensation (pl.) |
| 49—Weapon | 45—Pronoun |
| 51—Lair | 46—To feast |
| 52—To deck with gems | 48—Preposition |
| 55—Smoothed | 50—Ostentation |
| 56—Nominal value | 51—Station |
| 60—Property | 52—Cord-like structure of body |
| 63—Poem | 54—To brush up |
| 64—Devels | 58—Watch-pocket |
| 65—Over (poet.) | 57—Conducted |
| 66—To sprinkle with moisture | 58—Condensed vapor |
| 67—Joke term | 60—A tree |
| 68—Golfers | 61—To dip in a liquid |
| | 62—To endeavor |

Wise Enough.

Friend—"Why do you have such miscellaneous and ungrammatical signs in your front windows?"

Shrimp Merchant—"People think I'm a dunce and come in to swindle me. Trade's just booming."

While speaking your mind, it is always best to mind your speaking.

Wise Enough.

Mrs. O'Brien—"Have you any ancestors, Mrs. Kelly?"

Mrs. Kelly—"And phwat's ancestors, Mrs. O'Brien?"

"Why, people you've sprung from."

"Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien. I come from the stock of Donoghues that sprung from nobody—they spring at them."

The Honey Bringer in \$195,000.

1,000 beekeepers in the Province of Manitoba, with 22,113 colonies, produced 1,305,000 pounds of honey, valued at \$195,000, in 1924, according to the official returns made by the provincial apiculturist.

WHAT IS WILL POWER?

Most things in life—the joys as well as the griefs—are mixed up with other people. But will-power is exercised alone.

To ask anybody to help you to strengthen your will is foolish and useless. It is entirely a private affair, and he who is engaged on this difficult and life-long task should never speak about it to anyone. Our friends and acquaintances will soon find out that we are exercising will-power. It shows itself, mysteriously, like good thoughts. Some may be annoyed; some may scoff, but they will not be able to withhold their respect.

What is will-power? It is simply making the inclinations play second fiddle to the will; it is, when wisdom has decreed a certain course, forcing ourselves to follow that course.

Let me take a simple case. Suppose I decide overnight that I will get up on the following morning at a certain minute when the clock strikes. And suppose, when the clock strikes, I lie in bed for another ten minutes, and then get up in a hurry. That in itself does not seem a very grave fault. But it is. Because every failure of the will makes it more difficult to conquer the next time.

A well-known man of science once said in my hearing, "If I say that I will get up one morning at seven, and do not get up till half-past seven, that minor negligence may be the cause of my committing a great crime twenty years hence."

By this he meant that this early little failure of the will led to other and other failures, until in the course of time he would have become so weak that he was not able to resist the temptation to commit the great crime.

Will-power is formed by an accumulation of victories in little things. At the time they may seem trifling, but it is victory in these trifles that enables us to meet the great moment when it comes. For all, the lowly as well as the mighty, must at some time or another, be called upon to face their great moment when the will has to direct destiny.

What is the advantage of strengthening the will by this constant and difficult watchfulness? Apart from the inward joy that comes from these silent victories, the strengthening of the will gets one on in the world and opens the way to happiness. For happiness never comes by searching for it; it is a by-product as it were; it comes sideways from doing something else as well as we can, such as day in and day out cultivating the will-power.

Now let me sound a note of warning. Will-power is not obstinacy. If you find that what you thought was will-power is becoming obstinacy, and hurting those you love, wipe the slate clean and begin again.

Finally, remember that if you want to fashion your will into something fine and strong, begin at once, and begin with the little things.

Better-Grade Mowers Keep Lawns Velvety.

Much of the success in establishing a level, velvety stretch of lawn depends upon the mowing. The main need is a good lawn mower. There are scores of lawn mowers on the market, but it will be economy in the long run to get a good mower. The main factor in selecting a mower is the quality of steel in the blades. Will they stand sharpening? Many of the cheap grades of mowers won't. When the first edge is worn off they never perform up to the mark again, despite earnest sharpening.

The result is a ragged-looking lawn after the mower goes over it, and the thicker and more luxuriant the growth the worse the job. A first-class high-grade mower is rather expensive, but it is better to club with a neighbor and get a good mower than to waste money on a bargain counter machine that won't hold up over summer. Find out what sort of steel is in the blades and get the dealer's word for it before taking it away from the store.

Mowers with good steel blades which will take sharpening, run twice as easily as the poorer grades, and there is great saving in time, labor and nerves. A cheap mower is poor economy.

A last sharpening of nitrate will do a lot for the grass at this stage, to keep up the spring rush. Sprinkle it sparingly, but as evenly as possible, and be sure that all lumps are broken fine.

The lawn will need no more nitrate until the dry weather hits it and it begins to turn bare. Then give it light dressings before wetting it down with the sprinkler.

Natural Resources Bulletin.

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Dept. of the Interior at Ottawa says:

Are Canadians loyal to their own vegetable and fruit growers?

A glance at the reports of foreign vegetables and fruits imported into this country gives reason for serious thought as to whether we are giving our own produce the support it deserves, or whether we are not cultivating an extravagant taste for out-of-season and imported vegetables and fruits.

For instance, in the month of January of this year, we bought from the United States 2,086,665 pounds of ordinary potatoes, valued at \$25,872, in a year when there were ample supplies of Canadian potatoes available, while in January of 1924 we bought but 95,865 pounds, valued at \$2,341. We bought \$2,842 worth of cabbage in January this year, against \$1,780 last January. In the past fiscal year we bought outside of Canada 1,084,596 bushels of ordinary potatoes, valued at \$880,497, and cabbage valued at \$253,279 or more than a million dollars spent outside of this country for these two vegetables, while we had plenty of them at home.

For canned vegetables, such as beans, peas, corn and tomatoes, we spent \$691,675 in the twelve months outside of Canada. In fruits, we bought in the United States in the twelve months 172,101 barrels of apples, for which we paid \$867,826, and we also bought 1,021,064 pounds of dried apples, worth \$32,906, or \$900, of imported apples, while Canada holds the world's record for quality, and has ample supplies. Other fruits which we bought in large quantities were, plums, \$865,212; strawberries, \$764,593; grapes, \$562,298. For bananas we paid \$1,194,017, for oranges \$8,499,805, and for lemons \$1,068,669.

This large quantity of vegetables and fruit was purchased by Canadians in large part while the fruit growers of Canada were searching for markets in which to sell their products.

Canada is so geographically situated that she is, for a portion of the year, dependent for variety in fresh fruits on more southerly countries, but there appears to be a tendency to unduly cultivate the taste for imported fruit. Undoubtedly a great portion of these products could be spent with our own vegetable and fruit growers, to the benefit of the original growers, and of the country as a whole. It would be worth while for dealers to give this matter serious thought and try to intensify the demand for Canadian produce.

Writing poetry for a living is an effective way of starving to death.

OWL-LAFFS



Another kind of four-flusher is the fellow who strolls through a hotel lobby to get to the dairy lunch.

He—"You're thirty minutes late again."

She—"Yes, I couldn't find my invisible hairnet."

Hearts do not break any more; they merely dry up from lack of exercise or wear out from over exercise.

A little girl usually will pick the worst looking doll in the pile and that may account for the kind of husbands some women pick.

I fell asleep and dreamt that everything was velvet—but it was only a pipe dream!

Ain't it Simple, Mabel?

Reduced to simplest terms, the reason given for the maintenance of high prices is that the prices must remain high because they cannot become lower, and they cannot become lower because they must remain high.

Every girl likes to wash dishes until she gets to be five or six years old.

Correct this sentence: "I'll have that tooth attended to," declared he, "just as soon as I can get time."

The Humorist's Lament.

It's hard to write a brand new thing. To write some stuff worth learning, something new, with a real kick in it, something right up to the minute, something really worth the while; Gosh, it's hard to make you smile!

You've heard 'em before, they're old, they read them though, but they leave you cold;

The jokes that are new are frightfully few.

What can a would-be humorist do? To us every joke, old or new, is a bore; To tell the truth, there ain't no new ones any more!

Made Eve What?

The Sunday day a youngster informed his other day School teacher that the Lord pulled a bone when he made Eve.

"Times aren't what they used to be. Once the new almanacs were a nice warm plank and now they're blue."

We would like to know what a woman means by "pin money."

The stingiest man we ever heard of bought his bride a nickel's worth of peppermint lozenges and took her on a trolley ride home. When they got off the car he said, "Honey, suppose we save the rest of this candy for the children."

"England expects every man to pay his duty," said the customs officer, as he rummaged through a trunk.

1st Smarty—"D o you know Amos?"

2nd Smarty—"Amos Who?"

1st Smarty—"A mosquito."

The young maiden was indignant, accusing the grocer of charging her too much.

"You're a very small potato, I think," she snapped.

"Perhaps," the grocer remarked, "but I never let myself be skinned."

Whose Are the Footprints?

In Ceylon is a mountain known as Adam's Peak. On the top of this mountain is a huge stone on which are marks looking somewhat like huge footprints. Buddhists declare without reservation that these are the footprints of Buddha. The Hindus prove to their own satisfaction that the footprints were made by their god Siva. The Mohammedans defy any one to prove that Adam made the marks and the Christians firmly believe they are the tracks of the Apostles Thomas. Quite naturally the footprints get an overdose of worship.

They Tell These on One Another.

Jean entered a butcher's shop in a little town in Scotland, and demanded to see a sheep's head.

"Is it English?" she asked, when one was shown her.

"No, lass, it's Scotch," replied the butcher.

"Then it'll no do," said Jean. "My mistress is English and she said I was to be sure and bring English meat."

"Here, Jock!" said the butcher, tossing the sheep's head over to his assistant, "take the brains out of that, will you?"

Mahogany should be washed with vinegar or cold tea.

THE WHITE PERIL OF THE OCEAN

Ocean travel is now as safe as man skill and ingenuity can make it. But there is one danger to which no device of the ship's can guard against, and which sometimes take even the most ship's officer unawares. This is the white peril of the ocean—the iceberg. Every year in spring and early summer the bergs come drifting from Greenland and the Arctic across the track of the shipping, and they follow in two thousand miles, and all across this belt need for the most constant vigilance, the most cautious and alert navigation; for during the fog, which frequent at this season of the year, it is possible to come very close to these floating death-traps, knowing it.

Saved by Seamanship.

The reality of this ocean peril was brought home very forcibly to passengers of the Canadian steamer recently. The liner was en route from Montreal to Liverpool, and into fog. In consequence the steamer was steaming dead slow, much to the disgust of the passengers, who grumbled about what seemed a waste of time.

Then off Cape Race, Newfoundland a huge iceberg loomed through the fog, right in the path of the ship. It was only a hundred or two hundred feet away from the bow, and a moment's thought a collision was inevitable. The vessel was stopped, but the situation would have been had the vessel been greater. But the situation saved by the splendid seamanship of Captain R. V. Peel, who was in command. The engines were stopped and the ship was manoeuvred so that the berg was cleared, and might have been a great disaster avoided.

Marooned on an Ice-Flo.

Even after collision with an expert seamanship can work miracles. One night, while the steamer was en route from Montreal to Liverpool, the ship ran into an iceberg. The impact was so great that the forepart of the ship was smashed from stern to foremast. The ship was entirely filled with blocks of ice. The deck, too, was covered with ice—four hundred feet.

Then began a grim race with the sea. The scene of the collision had a Grand Bank, one hundred and fifty miles from Cape Race, and the port was St. John's. For three days then, the Arizona made her way, sinking all the way. When, after hours later, she did reach the shore, more journey she was on the way going down. It was a terrible scene for the six hundred passengers aboard. But the coolness, seamanship and skill of the ship's officers saved them through to safety.

A still more terrible scene was the lot of fourteen men, who were on the ship Hansa, which was crushed by the ice. They managed to reach the vessel, but they were marooned on the ice-flo, which they had refuge for about seven days, during the period the fine drifting for a distance of 972 miles.

Ship That Clattered an Iceberg.

One of the most amazing scenes with an iceberg was that which the Intrepid during the search for John Franklin. A gale compelled the ship to make fast to a small ice floe attached to the land. Suddenly the ice began to move, and down it trepped broadside on to an iceberg, feet high. Nothing could avert collision, but instead of a crash, the trepid was forced by the force of the berg, until her bow was thirty feet of the water.

The situation was still dangerous, but after being stuck for a moment or two, the ship slipped gently down the berg, again, not a bit the worse for the experience. The men were all benefited as well as the ship. They are usually formed on the glaciers, and so when they slip into the sea, they have a large quantity of earth, gravel, and stones attached to them. When, off Newfoundland, they encounter the waters of the Gulf Stream, they melt, and the earth which they drop off and falls as the bottom is in this way that the bottom is eroding the greatest field in the world, have probably been eroded.

Wise Solomon.

Here is a story about a couple. The teacher requested her pupils to write on a Biblical text. Here is what one boy wrote: "God was a very wise man. One day women went to him quarrelling about a baby. One woman said: 'This is my child,' and the other woman said: 'It's mine.' But Solomon stepped up and said: 'Now, ladies, quarrel. Give me my sword and I will make twins of him, so you can have one.'

Alberta Rich in Coal.

Sixty-two billion tons of coal, of this amount recoverable, lie beneath the surface of Alberta soil, according to Professor J. A. Allen, provincial geologist and head of the Provincial University's department of geology in a statement made before the Alberta Coal Commission.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.



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