

**SOMETHING DIFFERENT--DON'T MISS IT**  
**HONEST WEIGHT DEMONSTRATION**  
**and PURE FOOD SHOW**  
**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19th**  
**ANDERSON BROS' BIG STORE**

You are cordially invited to attend an **HONEST WEIGHT DEMONSTRATION and PURE FOOD SHOW** to be held in our store on **WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19th**. This is the First Demonstration of its kind that has been held in this vicinity. We are making great preparations so that you will enjoy yourself and receive beneficial information as to how you can reduce the cost of eating. There will be good Music and also Souvenirs for the Ladies.

**VALUABLE PRIZES FREE**

In order to repay you partly for your time, and to make you remember this event, we are going to distribute 300 PRIZES during the day. You will receive a Coupon, which you can fill out with your name and address. Tear off and keep the stub, and deposit the Coupon in the box in our store, which will be provided for that purpose. Drawings will be held during the day and handsome prizes awarded the winners.



Do you realize that 43 cents out of every dollar earned by the average family is spent in food. Think how important it is that you get full 16 ounces to the pound. We want our customers to get the best possible protection and have, therefore, just recently installed a complete system of **TOLEDO NO SPRINGS, HONEST WEIGHT SCALES**. **TOLEDO SCALES** are famous as being both the highest priced and most accurate Scales in the world. They guarantee a square deal, and this is what we want you to have. We also want you to get pure and wholesome food.

Special attendants will be at our store on April 19th, to demonstrate to you the many advantages of buying your goods where you are assured of honest weight and good food, and how this affects the cost of eating.

**Don't Forget the Date--Wednesday, April 19th**

**BRING YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS AND ENJOY YOURSELF**  
 Store opens Seven O'clock a.m. and Remains Open Until Ten O'clock in the Evening



**ANDERSON BROS, Limited**

PHONES 458-459.  
 WHOLESALE 1767.



**Folks Back Home** Sketches by **J. H. Striebel** By **Robert Quillen**

**UNCLE GUS.**  
 "I'm a little puny this mornin'." confessed Uncle Gus, as I pulled off my gloves and drew a goods' box nearer the stove. "I reckon maybe you might call me a casual; leastwise I been gassed, an' I ain't fit fo' duty."

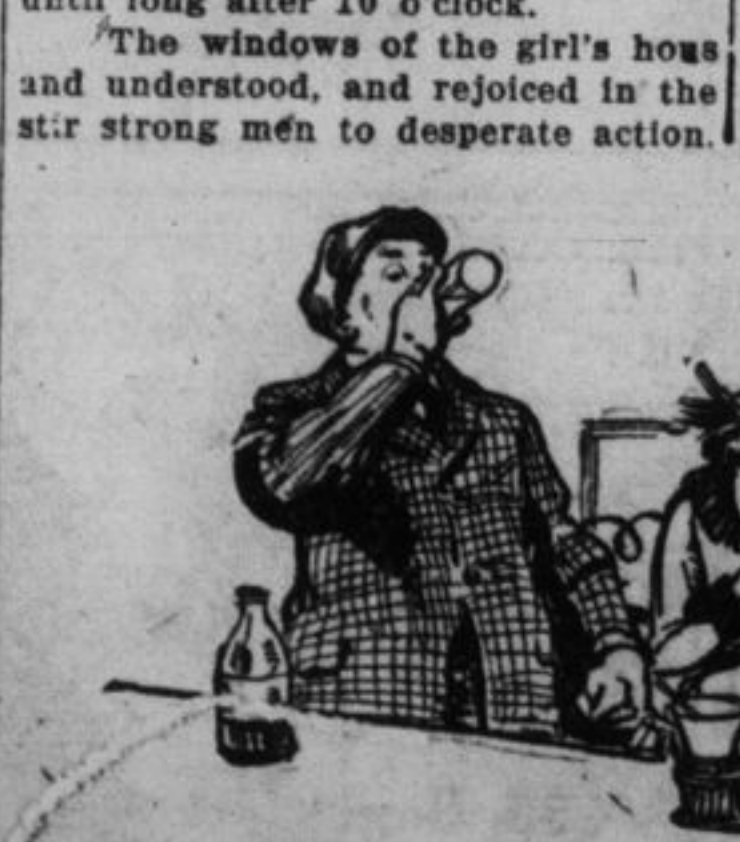


"Me an' Paul Knight an' se dawgs went a-huntin' fo' 'possum las' night an' didn't seem to have no luck until 'long about day, when the dawgs treed somethin' in a hole an' begin to dig 'im out. Me an' Paul was up wind, an' I didn't suspect nothin' till we was right on top o' the hole. 'Bout that time, the varmint come out o' the hole an' seed us an' begin to lay down what the boys in France called barrage. Son, the' ain't no way to beat Natur'. Them Germans had some mighty annoyin' gases, like as not, but nary one of 'em could o' been mo' heart-ferdin' than a skunk's offerin'. I don't mind confessin' that I retreated. I left that skunk to consolidate his position, an' fell back in search o' fresh air. When I found it I sure was relieved a heap, I'll tell you."

"I ain't never heard of a skunk a-killin' nobody, but he can make you wish you was dead. An' the' ain't nothin' but a week o' prayer an' lye soap a-join' to make me feel fit to associate with white folks ag'in."

**AUNT HET.**  
 "Sometimes I think Lot's wife was kind o' lucky, after all. Every time we have to pull up and pack up and move, I wish I could turn into somethin' that would stay put from now on."

**THE GIRL ACROSS THE STREET**  
 Desperate men do desperate deeds when thwarted, and when one crossed in love he will find means to his pride. Yesterday afternoon one came by in a stripped-down Ford o' across the street for a ride. She cam hair, and the shrillness of her giggle due to the exhilaration of speed. O one should, no doubt, who philander. By nightfall the matter came to things come to the ears of everybody means to express his opinion of unf his stern pride ins masculinity. He thus fortified, sat on the back of his his ancient and asthmatic 'jitney and until long after 10 o'clock. The windows of the girl's house were dark, but doubtless she heard and understood, and rejoiced in the stir strong men to desperate action.



**OUR ANARCHIC WORLD.**  
 The nations of the world are anarchists. From the earliest dawn of civilization, they have been anarchic in spirit and in fact. Only now, driven by desperation, are they beginning to grope in the direction of a saner order.

Anarchy is no more than belief in the absolute liberty of the individual. Individual nations have claimed and stoutly maintained the right to go a way of their own choosing--unhindered save by their own weakness and the fighting strength of their neighbors. "Give us liberty!" the nations cried; and in the name of liberty established and maintained a condition of absolute anarchy. In America, land of freedom, there is only comparative freedom. The members of a family are subject to the head of the household; the head of the household is subject to the ordinance of the municipality; the city is subject to the laws of the State; and the State is subject to the laws of the nation. This arrangement,

based on the consent of the people, places sane restrictions upon each political division and keeps all in harmony. Each division bows to a superior power. Only the nation may run amuck without fear of chastisement. Only nations are anarchists. Being anarchists, they resort to arms to settle a point of law and come frequently to disaster. They run amuck for want of a boss. By their follies and crimes they afford convincing proof that virtue will not long endure without benefit of a threatened club. Call it a League, or an Association, or a Federation--no matter; a supreme authority and power there must be if nations are to be weaned from anarchy and taught to live in peace as states and cities and individuals live in peace.

eds when thwarted, and when one vent his wrath and ease the hurt to of those rattle-brained Kelly boys f brilliant hue and took the girl a back with scarlet cheeks and flying a confessed an excitement not wholly obviously she felt a little wicked, as rs with strange gods. o the ears of the butcher boy, as all y in a small town, and he found atful women and give evidence of drank an entire bottle of Bevo, and, neck behind the steering wheel of roared up and down our quiet street.

honesty contrive to appear much more respectable than we are. This desire to appear to be something we are not proves our undoing. The knave, we say with reason, is one who steals a purse, or cheats at cards, or gets a profit by means of trickery. Why, then, are we at pains to appear more worthy or more wealthy or more wise than we are in fact? Obviously, in the hope of getting a profit. And if we thus by trickery pursue a profit, how shall we deny kinship with the knave?

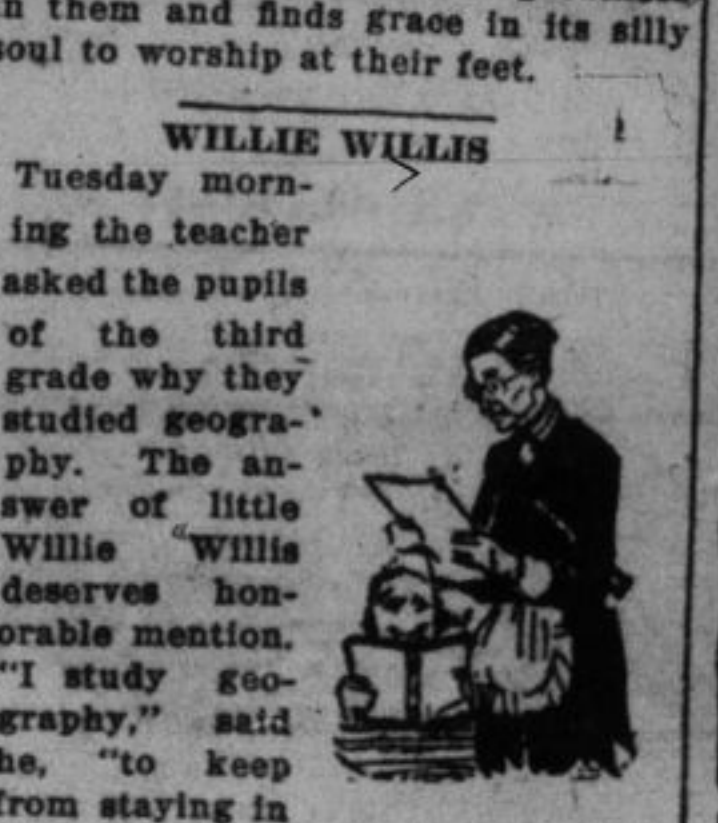
**WILLIE WILLIS**  
 Tuesday morning the teacher asked the pupils of the third grade why they studied geography. The answer of little Willie Willis deserves honorable mention. "I study geography," said he, "to keep from staying in after school."

**THE PRETENDERS**  
 "Honesty," we say with the immortal Printer of Philadelphia, "is the best policy." But in our hearts we place restrictions upon the definition of honesty, and so by means of dis-

honesty contrive to appear much more respectable than we are. This desire to appear to be something we are not proves our undoing. The knave, we say with reason, is one who steals a purse, or cheats at cards, or gets a profit by means of trickery. Why, then, are we at pains to appear more worthy or more wealthy or more wise than we are in fact? Obviously, in the hope of getting a profit. And if we thus by trickery pursue a profit, how shall we deny kinship with the knave?

Why does this person fear an imitation stone? To give the impression that he can afford to wear genuine stones. His purpose is to deceive; his intention is dishonest. The motive that prompted purchase of the imitation confessed alike an unmanly shame in poverty and an unmanly willingness to be content with praises not earned. To pretend is to invite contempt, and to earn it. To imitate is to confess inferiority. Only the little souls surround themselves with trinkets made to imitate the treasures of the rich; only the shallow gush over books and plays and pictures that have no other merit than the dignity of antiquity or the approval of the critics; only the weak, and the simple pretend to be other than they are.

The great souls dare to be themselves. In poverty they eat from a clean pipe board, nor give a thought to the world's opinion; in affluence they have few treasures, but these of rare beauty. And since they will not ape the world, nor give heed to its opinions, it recognizes greatness in them and finds grace in its silly soul to worship at their feet.



**WONDERFUL NOSES**  
 Those of Scals Are Very Ingenious Contrivances.  
 Most of us when we go in for diving have the very unpleasant experience of getting out nostrils full of water. Nature did not design man to be a diving animal, otherwise she would have been as clever with his nose as she has been with his seal's. The seal is, without doubt, the cleverest diver in the animal world, and his nose is a very ingenious contrivance indeed. Each nostril is provided with muscles which close it hermetically at the owner's will. And the shape of the nose is such

that when the nostrils are closed not a drop of water can enter, says Tit-Bits.  
 With seals the closing of the nostrils at the moment of diving has become an automatic process. This is wonderful enough, but we can see a still more remarkable application of the same principle in an animal as far removed from the seal as chalk is from cheese. The seal is a water animal. The other owner of trap-door nostrils is the camel, an inhabitant of the driest parts of the world, the waterless, sandy deserts. Now why should the camel require such an apparatus? He is not troubled with water, but

he is troubled with dust; not the dust that we see in this country, but the fierce blinding dust storms of the desert.  
 These are so violent that tiny particles are driven into the works of even the most finely made watch, which becomes at once clogged and useless. If the camel had not nostrils which were perfectly dust-tight, he could never endure the dreadful sand and dust storms.  
 Herman Pouwels, organist and choirmaster of Trinity church, Brockville, for the last two years, has accepted a similar position with Knox Presbyterian church, Guelph.

**REX**  
**King of Cigarettes**  
 10 CIGARETTES  
 10 for 15c