



Folks Back Home By Robert Quillen

Sketches by J. H. Striebel

Uncle Gus.

A furtive little man, whose bearing reminded one of a dog with its tail between its legs, scurried by the store without a sidelong glance, and Uncle Gus removed his corn-cob pipe to express his disgust.

"Dirty little liar," said he. "But I feel kind o' sorry for him. I do know but I feel sorry for most all liars. Some of 'em, o' course, is plum' low down an' lies just to hurt folks they envies, an' them kind I ain't got no pity for. But most liars gets that way on account of havin' a yellow streak. They would tell the truth if they wasn't scared to. I've knowed lots o' children, an' grown folks, too, that lied reg'lar an' frequent just because they was afraid o' the boss. It's right pitiful to see folks that scart.

"If I had a boy, I'd teach him to take pride in tellin' the truth an' feel like a kind o' hero when he knowed tellin' the truth would git him in trouble. There's a kind o' pleasure in takin' a beatin' when you know you're provin' yourself a reg'lar man by takin' it."

Standards.

Virtue is a state of mind, not a standard of conduct. To say that honesty is the best policy is to confess rascality. To be honest for policy's sake is to pose, and to pose is to be dishonest.

The thief may be more honest than the man who is careful to take no more than his own; for the thief may be an honest man overcome by temptation, while the other may be

Willie Willis

Little Willie is selling subscriptions to The Idiotoman Magazine to win a Shetland pony. The prize is given for 250 subscriptions, and although he has worked for only five days he already has two.

The butcher boy and the girl across the street were not long estranged. They occupied seats in the fourth row to enjoy the last number of the lyceum course Wednesday night. This was the boy's first appearance in public with a lady companion, but he bore the ordeal well, sitting very erect and staring hard at the stage with a fine indifference for the whispered gibes of more experienced swains. And if his face was red beyond its wont, the more charitable of his neighbors attributed the phenomenon to the pressure of a collar of unbelievable height that chafed his tonsils and confined his Adam's apple.

The girl was resplendent in a daring frock that exposed her arms almost to the shoulder, and all uncon-



scious of the disapproving glances of staid and deep-bosomed matrons who sat about her—or perhaps because of them—she giggled much and squirmed in her chair and thought of many confidences that needs must be whispered into the ear of her grave and suffering knight.

How old we grow! And with what drab colors age paints the world! Here was romance in full flower, and those of us who are bald and fat and possessed of creaking joints scowled upon it with intent cry it down in order that we might listen to the drivel of mediocre play-actors on a stage.

Not all the world loves a lover, but only that part of it yet capable of experiencing some of the glorious idiosyncy of youth.

Creation.

One who finds it difficult to believe that God created man in His own image has not yet learned that all creative work is done in the image of the creator.

Not all of autobiography is so labeled. Every good novel is in some measure a chronicle of the author's experiences and a confession of his standards. The essayist transfers to paper the opinions that are the warp and woof of his character; the historian illumines dull facts with a dash of his own prejudices.

Any work a man may do will mirror his character and his habits of thought. "This is a sorry bit of work," confesses the craftsman, "but no matter. It won't show when the job is completed." Here, then, is a rogue full fledged. He has no personal sense of honor to serve as ballast; he is restrained from knavery only by fear of being caught.

Man creates in his own image. If his standards are wholesome and his mental processes orderly, the work he does—whether it be the setting of bones, the building of bridges, or the sawing of boards—will proclaim his merit and do him honor. His work is a mirror in which his image is to be seen.

If he is by habit and preference disposed to render the minimum of service that will keep him on the pay roll—if he has no sense of obligation and is bound to society by no tie other than a desire to get what he can—the work he does will proclaim him one of the unfit and confess his want of all the qualities that combine to make a proper man.

Aunt Het

"Pickin' a hen always reminds me o' spottin' a reputation. It takes the hen a long time to grow feathers; but once she gets in hot water they come out quick an' easy."

twelve years of life. During this formative period, standards of virtue may be woven into the warp and woof of character, there to remain as standards, however ignored and flouted, while life endures.

But standards accepted in later years are for the most part accepted for the sake of expediency; and while they give the appearance of virtue, they indicate no more than discretion; for virtue is a state of mind, not a standard of conduct.

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Her sister accompanied her home. Mrs. McNeely is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Korah Lee. Miss Blanche Wilson and her friend, Miss Marshall, Kingston, spent Easter at Mr. Myles Wilson's. Mr. and Mrs. Archie Black and son, Tamworth, and Mr. and Mrs. George O'Brien and son, Trenton, spent Easter at Clinton Richardson's. Kenneth Smith, Belleville college, is spending his holidays with his parents. Mrs. Bowen is spending Easter week at Enterprise. John Warton spent Easter in Toronto. Tracey Smith has secured a position in the cheese factory. Archie Carle has opened his garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Richardson and Mr. and Mrs. Archie Black and George Richardson spent Wednesday in Kingston. Miss Marion Freeman has secured a position in the Vanderport store as clerk. All are glad to hear Mrs. Graham, Colebrook, is improving. Marvin Irish is able to be around again after his recent illness.

EASTER VISITORS AT YARKER.

Budget of News Notes From This Busy Village.

Yarker, April 20.—Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Timmerman, Kingston, are visiting friends and relatives. Mrs. Greer and Miss Stella Storms, Toronto, spent the Easter holidays at their respective homes. Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Korah Lee, a daughter, on April 14th. Fred Laurence has moved into half of the Commercial house. Mrs. Vandervoort and son, Claude, spent Easter in Belleville. Miss Jessie Bell, Belleville, is visiting at R. S. Burgess.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lord spent Easter at Trenton. Mrs. Montgomery has returned from Sydneyham, where she was nursing her sister.

SORES SPREAD ALL OVER FACES AND BODIES

Mrs. Howard Houlette, Waskatana, Sask., writes:—"I wish to tell you of the benefit we have received by using your valuable medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters."

My children started to break out on their faces in small white pimples which kept getting larger each day. Pus would form under the scabs and they would come off, and each time the sores would be larger; some were as large as a twenty-five cent piece, and would spread all over their bodies. I was nearly in despair and sent to the village for a bottle of good blood medicine. The druggist sent me a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, which I commenced giving them at once.

In about ten days I saw an improvement and they grew steadily better each day, and in one month the sores had all disappeared.

All blood and skin diseases are caused by bad blood, and to get it pure and keep it pure you must remove every trace of the impure and morbid matter from the system by a blood-cleansing medicine such as BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, a remedy that has been on the market for the past forty-five years, and one without an equal for all diseases and disorders of the blood.

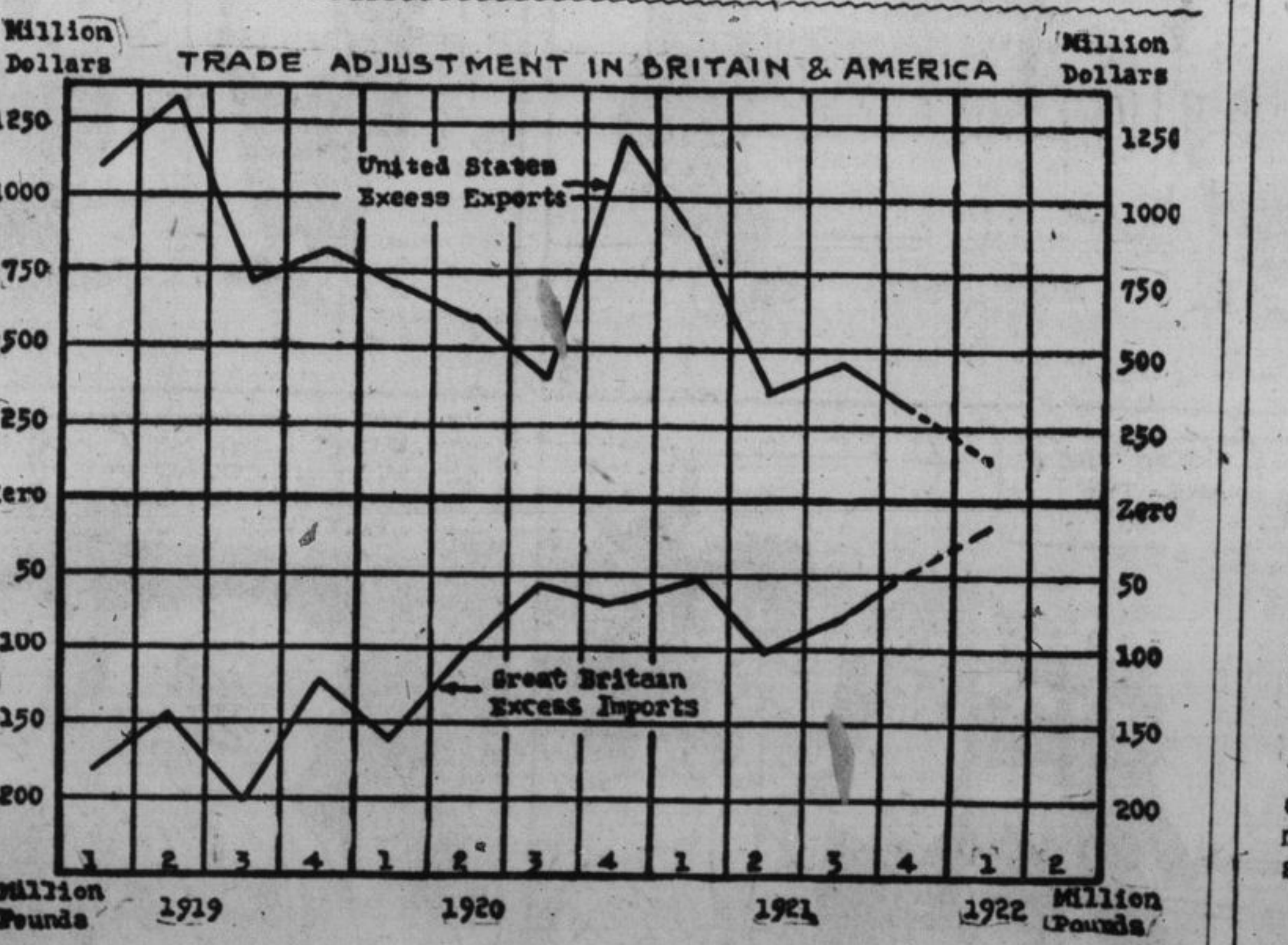
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GRANDMA NEVER LET HER HAIR GET GRAY

She kept Her Locks Dark and Glossy, With Sage Tea and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. At little cost you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound and look years younger.



In the above chart, especially prepared for the Whig, it is intended to depict, from the end of the war to date, the favorable and unfavorable trade balances of the United States and Great Britain respectively. The scale above the zero line applies to the quarterly excess of commodity exports of the United States, while that below the zero line refers to Great Britain's unfavorable balance in Pounds Sterling.

An examination of the latter brings out the fact that Great Britain has made substantial progress in reducing her unfavorable balance to normal, which undoubtedly is one of the primary causes of the continued improvement in the value of Sterling Exchange in New York. Furthermore, in studying the above chart it should not be forgotten that Britain is still an important exporter of capital, and derives considerable so-called invisible income from foreign investments, shipping insurance and other services. At the present time her financial position is relatively strong, and during the last year there has been a healthy deflation in commodity prices and the cost of living, due chiefly to appreciation of the sovereign.

While Britain has always shown an adverse balance in the exchange of merchandise in normal years, the United States on the other hand usually has a surplus to her credit, which is of course offset by her absorption of foreign capital.

The following table will afford an interesting comparison of the average value of total foreign trade per capita, figures being approximate:

Year	Canada	United States	Great Britain
1919	\$237.00	\$107.00	\$400.00
1920	256.00	122.00	507.00
1921	270.00	84.00	260.00

—WILLIAM MILLER.

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for BURNS

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RECOGNIZE THE SEASON

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS" and harmonize with Nature at this glad season of the year when all the world is brightening up after the long winter.

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Love me lightly, love me long. A tale never loses in the telling.

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745-347 ADELAIDE ST. WEST
TORONTO, ONT.
December 20, 1921.

Canadian Daily Newspapers Association, 902 Excelsior Life Building, TORONTO, Ont.

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Having been consistent users of daily newspaper space in our advertising for many years, it affords us pleasure to say that we have found the results very gratifying.

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A. E. London
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AEL/OIC

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Issued by The Canadian Daily Newspapers Association, Head Office, Toronto.