



Folks Back Home

Sketches by J. H. Striebel

By Robert Quillen

Uncle Gus.

As I entered the store I brushed elbows with the president of the Farmers' Bank. His strut was even more pompous than usual, and indignant astonishment was writ large on his florid face. Over his shoulder I



caught a glimpse of Uncle Gus, bent double with mirth. I demand an explanation.

"I done him like he done me," chuckled Uncle Gus. "He come in demandin' a can o' peaches, an' I looked solemn an' said I didn't know about it. I said peaches was kind o' light just now, an' I wasn't lettin' none go except in special cases, but I might maybe do him a favor an' let 'im have a can. He got plum riled. 'That's the way he does folks. He makes his livin' a-landin' other folks' money at eight per cent, an' he'd starve to death if none of us wouldn't borrow; but when I need a little cash, he acts like he was a-doin' me a big favor, an' I ought to kiss his hand fo' the privilege of helpin' him git rich. Funny how biggit it makes a feller to handle other folks' money, ain't it?"

Willie Willis.

Little Willie Willis was unaccountably absent from school on examination day. Next day he carried his teacher this excuse in handwriting suspiciously like his own: "Please excuse Willie. He had an attack of nervous prostration."



The Girl Across the Street.

The girl across the street and the butcher boy have had their first serious quarrel.

Tuesday night the Mason's spread their annual banquet, and after the feast the tables were removed and the chairs pushed against the wall to clear the floor for dancing. The Woods boys, of Cedar Creek, were there with banjo and fiddle, and Uncle Billy West did the calling. The girl dances well, and is constitutionally incapable of holding her feet still when fiddles whine; but the boy's general scheme of architecture dooms him to sit glumly among the staid, gossiping matrons.

She smiled upon him occasionally over her shoulder of graceful strip-

ling or ancient and rheumatic cup-up; but the smiles did not lessen his bitterness, and at 10 o'clock he took her home.

The girl came over to give us the details of the quarrel next morning. Hiram, it appears, had rebuked her roughly, and voiced the opinion that dancing is but an art for hugging and consequently wicked; and he intimated, further, that he had his opinion of both girls and men who thus shamelessly cavort in public.

Here, then, is a moralist in the demn the pleasures they cannot enjoy, and to interpret as righteousness their own inability to have a good



Nerve.

Very few men are wholly craven. As a rule, the man who is slow to fight is one bred in an atmosphere that required little fighting.

The normal boy is a pagan and an adventurer. He is proud of his wonderful body and eager to give proof of his prowess. He is ballgame and venturesome for the same reason that a puppy growls over an old shoe. In later years he will become a civilized creature, but for the moment he is merely an excellent animal. Pride in being a male of his species leads him to risk his neck in countless ways that horrify his parents, but he learns contempt for danger

and lays the foundation of courage. For the quality men call nerve is commonly no more than the contempt born of familiarity, as cowardice is but fear of the unknown.

The structural worker balancing in air on a beam of steel is no braver than the prosaic creatures who walk the street far below him. He earns his height because it is his daily companion. To call one man brave and another cowardly is to flatter the one and libel the other. There are degrees of bravery, to be sure; but each man feels secure in an accustomed environment and loses some measure of confidence amid strange surroundings.

Aunt Het.

"When I take a basket of victuals to the poor an' afflicted, I always put in some meat an' bread scraps so they won't feel obliged to divide my good cookin' with their mangy dogs."



THE MAN ON WATCH

Another summer church union is reported this week, between Cooke's

Presbyterians and the Queen street Methodists. Why not get together in cold as well as hot weather?

When the police made an arrest sometime ago, a man big in his sphere told them they had done a

boastful thing. When they put funeral autos right, they also get a dressing down.

When the police do their duty they are criticized and when people think that they omit to do it they are reproached.

And when they break up Chinese fan tan games and catch Chinks dealing in opium, some of us say they should let the Celestials alone.

It used to be that one told his troubles to a policeman. Now the peeters have their own troubles because they are trying to make the people obey the laws.

Those who are accustomed to give from twelve to fourteen ounces to the pound will be glad to read that the Weights and Measures inspectors are after those who sell short measure in cartons. They see that there are others, more foxy, in their class.

Talking about scales, the Lampman is informed by a government inspector that after all the truest scales are the old-fashioned ones. Some Kingston stores still retain them and they yield full weight.

So please do not laugh at those old-fashioned merchants who still sell you sugar and tea off the old-fashioned scales. Remember you get what is coming to you.

The Stork has been so busy in Chalmers congregation the past two years that the people up there are forced to increase their Sunday school hall.

Queen's university, having used up nearly all the colors of the rainbow, had to call a meeting to decide on the color for its commerce degree hood, and Ireland supplied the hue. Paddy green was chosen. But there must have been a woman present at the meeting, for who could imagine those professor fellows knowing anything about Paddy green.

Some Queen's girl students were sorry to leave Kingston, as they did so enjoy themselves on the new Orphans' Home swings in the moonlight.

Can anyone tell us if the auto car which brought Premier Drury and "Bill" Nickle, senior, from Toronto to Kingston on Wednesday last broke Raney's speed law? Wouldn't it have been great if some rural cop had caught these two legislators and summoned them?

Premier Drury thought he converted "Bill" Nickle on that auto journey to Kingston the other day. But he has another guess coming. Saul became a changed man on the road to Damascus, but it would take more than the U.F.O. doctrine to convert the member for Kingston on the Biggs road to Kingston. Anyway, the modern "eye-opener" was missing during that "dry" ride down the old York road.

—THE TOWN WATCHMAN.
A woman's husband may fall her but words never will.

ENJOYED TOBACCO IN SCHOOL

In the Seventeenth Century It Was Common for the Children to Use the Weed.

The latest diatribe against women smokers—by "a doctor to a famous life insurance company," according to the London paper which publishes it—classes the tobacco habit among women as an evil of modern growth. But when tobacco first reached England it was enjoyed in common by both sexes. In the seventeenth century, according to John Ashton, "it was not only usual for the women to join the men in smoking, but in Worcesterhire the children were sent to school with pipes in their mouths, and the schoolmaster called a halt in their studies while they all smoked—he teaching the neophyte."

Scotch women used to enjoy a pipe the same way as they enjoyed a pinch of snuff. One of the compilers of the "Statistical Account of Scotland," published in 1791, records that "The chief luxuries in the rural districts are snuff, tobacco and whisky. Tea and sugar are little used, but the use of whisky has become very great. The use of tobacco may almost be said to be excessive, especially among the female sex. There is scarce a young woman by the time she has been taught to spin but has also learned to smoke. Smoking seems to have been introduced as an antidote to rheumatism and ague. The favorable alteration with respect to these diseases has only produced a greater avidity for tobacco."

TO REVIVE HOME INDUSTRY

Good Work Done by Knitters During the War Has Given Impetus to New Movement.

What was accomplished by the vast volunteer army of knitters during the war is one of the creditable facts in the history of the world upheaval through which civilization has been passing, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat. But for the millions of devoted women who kept the needles flying the horrors of the trenches would have been still more frightful and deadly. The achievements of the knitters have suggested the organization in New York of a society for the revival of home industry and domestic art. Its first move is to gather all the spinning wheels within reach and look up practical instructors in the use of a household implement that had become but an antique piece of furniture. Man-kind needs weavers as well as plowmen, and spinning at home is one of the oldest forms of industry. In the cabins of American pioneers the spinning wheel was a necessity, and kept busy in what, by a stretch of imagination, were called spare hours. Those were the days of homespun textiles because often no others were to be had.

Again (or still?) they are advocating common-sense clothes for women. A woman's idea of common-sense clothes is just clothes that are in the very latest style. If this truth-telling serum ever gets on the market and works—then the divorce courts will work twenty-four hours a day and in sections.

Blood-Cleansing, Appetite-Making Strength-Giving

Are the Effects You Naturally Want from Your Spring Medicine? And Hood's Sarsaparilla satisfies these needs as nothing else can. This marvelous restorative tonic and blood purifier has been recognized for nearly fifty years as the best spring medicine for restoring the blood and circulation to their natural richness and vitality. Hood's Sarsaparilla is more than

Hood's Sarsaparilla

PURIFIES, VITALIZES AND ENRICHES THE BLOOD.



"Mother's Day" —next Sunday

Telephone Mother Sunday? Of course you will!

At the tones of the voice she would know in a million, evoking memories of the past, do you know the picture she will see as she looks dreamily across the years?

It is of a young Mother, cradling close in her arms a little boy or girl whose eyes are fast closing, as she hums a low lullaby.

We honour ourselves when, like the Wise Men from the East, we reverence Motherhood—the world's supreme lesson in unselfishness.

The number of those who telephone special "Mother's Day" greetings increases amazingly every year.

Our debts to Mother are never paid.

M. GRAHAM, Manager

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

REX
King of Cigarettes
10 for 15¢

The BRITISH AMERICAN OIL Co., Ltd.
Of Toronto, Take Pleasure in

Announcing

the opening of a Branch in the City of Kingston, from which wholesale distribution will be made of Gasoline, Lubricating Oils, and other Petroleum products, manufactured at our Refinery in Toronto.

The British American Oil Co. Limited

COR. RIDEAU and CATARAQUI STREETS. TEL. 950

Burke Electric Co.
74 Princess Street. Phone 422.

We sometimes have thought if mothers knew as little about the bringing up of children as some of the "experts" who write books on how it should be done, most of the youngsters would die in infancy.

A poor, old father who has been compelled by his daughters to give up many of his comfortable habits about the errors of blue laws

When the Time Comes to Slow Up

How Much Money Will You Have Saved?

Only 4 Men out of every 100 are Independent at age 65.

The Double Maturity Endowment Policy furnishes a guaranteed income for this period in life—combining economically in one contract, both Protection and Saving.

It is the ideal contract for the young man, the professional and the business man!

Make certain of your Independence by securing details of this policy NOW.

Branch Office, 58 Brock St. Kingston Ont.
M. G. Johnston, Branch Manager.

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, CANADA.

Without obligation kindly forward me your booklet "Some Day You May be Old." I am _____ years of age, and would like to accumulate \$ _____ towards independence.

Name _____ Address _____