CHIVALRY AND LOVE

By WALTER N. WILLIAMS.

When Ned Graham, son of the old banker, got word by the butler that his father wanted to see him in the library, he'd have wagered five to one that he was in for a wigging, though he couldn't recall that he had done anything to deserve one.

"Sit down, sir!"

The son sat down.

"You are through with college."

"Yes, sir."

"Or, rather, college is through with you!"

"Same thing, sir!"

"H'm! H'm! You came near being expelled on two occasions."

"Not my fault, sir. On both occasions I punched a fellow's head for insulting a woman."

"And you hadn't been home a week when you had a row at a theater."

"Yes, sir. The manager wouldn't pay the salary due the soubrette."

"And you butted in."

"She needed the dough, sir. Her landlady was going to bounce her unless she squared up."

"H'm! H'm! I learned that you were under arrest a time the other day in Central park."

"Yes, sir."

"Some more of your chivalry, I suppose?"

"I knocked a fellow's block off for pestering a nurse girl."

"Stop, sir—stop!" commanded the father. "What sort of talk is this? You punch a head! An acress needs the dough! You knock a man's block off! Have you heard me use such expressions?"

"No, sir, but you see you never went to college."

"H'm! H'm! I'm ashamed of you, sir! The next thing I may expect to hear is that you are in love with a chorus girl."

"Hardly, sir. They are going out of fashion."

"H'm! H'm!"

"And it's department store girls that are coming in."

"Young man, I didn't send for you to talk flippancy! Haven't you got the sense to realize that the age of chivalry has passed?"

"If I married a saleslady it would be for love, sir."

"Bosh! Nonsense. In a city like New York there is no such thing as love!"

"That's a new one on me."

"More of your slang! Listen to me. Are you going to take up business?"

"As soon as my vacation is over."

"That is what I shall expect. Meanwhile, drop chivalry, drop love. If you get into any more scrapes I'll wash my hands of you. Any family scandal hurts the banking business."

"But if occasion—"

"You let the occasions severely alone!"

It wasn't that the young man was looking for trouble. It was that trouble was hunting for him. The next day after the ultimatum of his father he took a walk down to the shopping district in search of a pair of gloves of the latest shade.

The girl at the glove counter was a nice girl. She didn't have too many bangs or frizzes or rats. She wasn't snippy. She broke right off a confidential conversation with her chum to wait on Mr. Graham. She referred to the weather and the tariff and the last Newport fooldance. She had nice eyes. She had a dimple in her chin!

Mr. Graham had had five pairs of gloves shown him when he decided he could punch a man's head for even looking cross-eyed at such a fine girl as that. At ten pairs he had almost decided that he was in love. Then came the interruption. The floorwalker came forward in a most important way and said to the girl: "Miss Stevens, are you employed here to sell gloves?"

"Y-yes, sir!" she gasped.

"Then sell them!"

That floor walker didn't look good to young Mr. Graham. He saw fear in the girl's eyes. The remarks might be discipline, but they were also insulting. He looked the official over and then said: "Sir, you must apologize to the young lady!"

"What! What!"

"You apologize or put up your hands!"

"Miss Stevens, is this loafer your brother?" was asked.

"N-no, sir!" she cowered.

"Then I'll have him kicked out of the store!"

"Oh, hurry out before he comes back with the porter!" entreated the girl.

"Don't get nervous," the young man replied.

The floor walker and a husky porter came up and the former said: "Don't throw him all the way across the street, Mike!"

The clerks and customers of a department store are seldom treated to a first-class scrap, but this was one of the rare occasions. The floor walker and Mike and three others were beautifully laid out before a policeman came, and the reward of Ned Graham was the whisper from Miss Stevens:

"I shall lose my place, but I thank you for defending me!"

The peace and dignity of a department store had been outraged. That is almost as bad as a loafer to come along and kick in the doors of a church. The banker's son was shoved into a cell at the police station. He did not send for his father. Some one else notified the old gentleman, and he came hustling along.

"Young man, I gave you fair warning!" he shouted.

"Yes, sir."

"And you went right off and started a row!"

"No, sir. A floor walker started it."

"It was about a woman, I hear."

"My chivalry was appealed to in the case of a damsel in distress."

"Then let your chivalry get you out of this! I hope the court will give you three months on the island!"

The judge didn't. He had a floor walker for a neighbor, and the man kept a dozen chickens. Beginning with the rooster and ending with the youngest hen, they took turns crowing all night, and therefore his honor made the sentence only ten days Young Graham served it out without a whine. When the prison doors were opened to him he saw his father waiting.

"Is it a cure?" grimly asked the banker.

"Do you want me to say with you that chivalry and love are dead in New York?" asked Ned.

"I want you to stop making a fool of yourself! If you don't make that promise you needn't come home! I am not running an idiot asylum!"

"So long, dad!"

Two days later the father read in the papers that Ned had visited the department store and procured Miss Stevens' address. It had not been sent with the bouquet that came to him while serving his sentence.

He read that he had called at the young lady's house.

In about three days there was more interesting reading. Banker Graham read that his son had got a job on a street car line as a conductor. That he was helping old ladies and children on and off. That he was punching the head of every pickpocket who tried to take his car. That scores and scores of salesgirls were going out of their way to patronize that line.

"H'm! H'm!" coughed the old gentleman as he read.

There was another brief interval, and then he read that the chivalrous young Mr. Graham was looking for a furnished flat; that he was in receipt of 200 complimentary letters a day; that the romantic spirit of a great city was being aroused; that the dashing Ned would marry Miss Stevens within a month; that an old bachelor-philanthropist would give the loving couple a marriage present of $10,000; that the record of marriages was unprecedented.

There were other "H'ms!" and then the banker sought out his son to say:

"Ned, what are you going to do?"

"Keep on earning two dollars a day till I get a raise."

"You are a fool, sir!"

"And marry Miss Stevens."

"You ought to have Jerome after you as a lunatic!"

"And convince you that there is more romance, chivalry and love to the square foot in New York city than anywhere else in the United States of America!"

"H'm! H'm Fred, come home!"

"Why, father?"

"Because I guess you are right!"

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Rowing Down the Mississippi.

Andrew Koehn, who finished eleven years of service in the United States navy last April with the grade of quartermaster, first class, started June 15 to row the entire length of the Mississippi river, entirely unaccompanied, for the purpose of establishing a record for the distance. The start was made at the head of Lake Itasca, Minnesota, where the great river rises, and the little boat used by the former navy oarsman is named Itasca.

The boat is of galvanized steel, with a wood cockpit cover, ten feet long and forty-two inches beam. A wooden floor in the bottom serves as a bunk, and is provided with a regulation navy mattress and two blankets. Stanchions are placed so that they can be used either to carry an awning or to support a small tent which buttons over the cockpit coaming, making the interior rainproof.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

On Getting On.

Louis J. Horowitz, builder of many New York skyscrapers, is noted for his epigrams.

Mr. Horowitz the other day drew a lesson from his own extraordinary success.

"A young man, to succeed," he said, "must seize every opportunity as it flits past."

He smiled his rather tired smile and added:

"The heel of progress always wears the spur of the moment."

GOOD CULTIVATION OF THE BUSH FRUITS



Crate of Royal Purple Raspberries photographed in August. This is two weeks later than Columbian or any other raspberry. This is a good raspberry to plant for late berries.

(By M. M. EASTMAN.)

When the harvest is completed, cultivation of bush fruits should cease.

The sowing of some cover crop with the last cultivation is a most excellent practice.

Oats and peas, either separate or in combination, answer this purpose admirably. The benefits derived from a cover crop are manifold.

The greatest of these benefits, perhaps, comes in the protection afforded by the growth to the surface of the ground.

It is well known among those who have made a study of soil physics that when left unprotected by a growth of some kind there is a loss both in plant food and in the humus content of such soil.

Hence in so far as is practicable the wise husbandman will keep his land covered with a growth of some sort.

It is not practical to keep a cover crop growing among small fruits through spring and early summer, for the best interests of such fruits requires intensive cultivation through this period of their growth, but with the fruiting season over such necessity ceases.

Unless drought conditions are unusually severe there will be a sufficient amount of moisture in the soil of a bush fruit plantation that has received intensive cultivation throughout the spring and summer to start a vigorous growth of oats or peas, and under ordinary conditions of fall precipitation such grains will attain considerable growth.

The protection afforded by such a growth prevents leaching of intrates, that are continually being evolved through dentrification processes constantly in operation among soil agencies.

Such growth also prevents washing of soil by fall, winter and early spring rains, which, in cases of even slightly rolling land, may be the source of considerable loss.

The first spring cultivation will work this vegetative growth now dead and partially decayed into the soil.

Through the processes of decomposition the supply of soil humus is thus replenished, and soil agencies liberate the plant food used in making this growth, when it is at once taken up by the roots of the fruit plants and used in the growth and development of the various parts of such plants which at this season are in an exceedingly high state of activity.

The growth of grain presents a very pleasing picture to the eye throughout the fall season, during which time there is usually not much verdure in evidence.

To the one possessing an aesthetic nature this alone will be ample recompensation for the expense involved.

As soon as the fruiting season is over, it is usually advisable to remove the canes just fruited and burn them.

Where there are fungous diseases to contend with the need of this becomes imperative. After this growth has been removed the young canes should be thoroughly sprayed with the Bordeaux mixture. A month later another application should be made.

When the canes have so far ripened that the leaves begin to drop, the growth of young canes may be reduced by cutting away about one-third of the growth made.

Fall pruning has no advantage over spring pruning, perhaps, except that with most growers work is not so pressing at that season as in the spring.

Then, too, where there is loss caused by breaking of canes from high winds and deep snows fall pruning may lessen injury from this source.

QUEEN BEE AND HOW TO FIND HER

It Is Her Sole Duty to Lay Eggs, Her Nourishment Being Supplied by Workers.

(By F. G. HERMAN.)

In every colony of bees, whether it be located in skep, the hollow of a tree, or in a modern hive, there will be found at some time of the year three kinds of bees—queen, drones and workers. The queen is the most important bee in the hive. She is the egg-layer, and as such is the mother of the bees in the hive, whether they are workers, drones or queens. Only one queen is, under ordinary circumstances, found in a hive, but occasionally two—mother and daughter—are for a time living together. The queen's sole duty being to lay eggs she has no other cares to claim her attention, in fact she does not even attend to her own food supply. The nourishment needed to keep up the extraordinary egg-laying power she possesses, is supplied by the worker-bees which are for the first fortnight of their existence what may be termed nurse-bees. If a comb be taken out of a movable hive quietly and without disturbing the bees, the queen may be seen surrounded by a cluster of workers.

The queen is a fair and stately bee, differing from the workers both in shape and color, she is longer than a honey bee by one-third, and somewhat longer than a drone, but not quite so big around. The queen is treated with the greatest respect and affection by the bees. A circle of her offspring often surround her, testifying in various ways their dutiful regard, offering her food from time to time, and all politely backing out of her way, to give her a clear path when she moves over the combs. So strong is the feeling of the worker for the queen, that if for any reason she is removed, the whole colony is filled with consternation and dismay. Her death, when it is too late in the season to raise another queen, means the final extinction of the colony. A good queen will sometimes lay from two to three thousand eggs a day, or nearly the weight of her own body and continue doing so for weeks in succession. At the beginning of the season the queen lays eggs in the workers' cells. She walks over the combs, puts her head into each open cell as she comes to it as though to discover whether it is occupied or is in fit condition to receive an egg. I have looked into an observatory hive for hours and watched how faithfully she goes about her work. The queen only stings other queens, and seeks only to kill her rivals. She may be handled to any extent without fear of being stung. She has also great tenacity of life as well as longevity. She will often continue alive in conditions that have proved fatal to the workers confined with her.

Well-bred queens are good for two full years' work, and the great majority for the third year. A queen hatch in the early part of the season, so that the year of her hatching she does much breeding, is aged and very uncertain her third year. Hatched in mid or late summer she will complete that year, all the next, and make a good colony for the next honey season after that, when she ought to be superseded. Do not expect a queen to do more than two hard summers' service. Many will be good for longer, but not enough to make it profitable to risk keeping longer.

There are no sure rules for finding a queen. It is somewhat a matter of patience and practice. And yet attention to some things will help very much. Go at it as quietly as possible, using very little smoke, as smoke and rough handling will alarm the bees and set them to running, and then you might as well give up the job until another time.

If the bees are Italians, queens can usually be found at least on the third or fourth frame taken out of the hive. A practical beekeeper will first pull out the center frame, and look for freshly layed eggs. Failing to find these he will take out another frame from another portion of the brood-nest. If he finds the eggs, then he has reasonable assurance that the queen is somewhere in this part of the hive. He looks the frames over carefully, and, failing to find her, he takes out the next one, each time following in the wake of the eggs. While it no sure rule that the presence of freshly layed eggs in any portion of the brood-nest is evidence that the queen is in that part of the hive, yet, generally speaking, she will be found near them.

RAISE ORCHIDS ON THE FARM

Many Species of This Beautiful Flower Will Bloom During the Entire Year.

Many think orchilds are only for the rich, or that they must have houses built especially for them. However, this is an error, for there are some exquisite orchids that can be bought as cheaply as a palm or fern, and may be grown in the home window garden.

Orchids are divided roughly into two groups—epiphytal and terrestial. The former grow on trees or rocks, and the latter on the ground. Florists will send the epiphytal orchid properly fastened to wood, and the proper potting material for the ground orchids.

These curious plants require light, but not sunlight, air, but not even a hint of frost. They want plenty of water and syringing but ample drainage during the growing season. After the plants have matured their growth, the supply of water, and only syringe enough to keep the bulbs from shriveling.

The following orchids are suited to amateur collections, and will bloom all year. The cattleyas are most beautiful and their flowers will last a long time if not injured by water. The tropical lady slippers include many colors and all are curiously beautiful. Skinners lycasta, the butterfly orchid, the Epiderdrum vitellinum majus from Mexico, the shining orchid from China, and codogne criscata from North India all are recommended for house culture.—M. L. Bennington.

Ridding Ferns of Scale Insects.

When ferns are troubled with scale insects remove the large scales by hand and then spray the plants with whale oil soap suds. The soap will kill the young, but will not destroy the old scales. Where a plant is badly infested it is best to cut off the fronds to the ground and burn them. See that there are no scales left upon the stems below where the fronds are cut, then cover the surface with finely cut tobacco stems or tobacco dust, so the new fronds that push up may not be infested. The same treatment applies to palms.

For the Asparagus Bed.

The land for an asparagus bed must be well drained, warm, rich soil and thoroughly worked. For a home patch deep spading may do, but care must be taken to get the manure well mixed with the soil if best results are desired. For larger beds the manure should be turned under with a plow.

Deep plowing is advantageous in most cases. The first plowing should be done late in the fall, the second early in the spring. Good, strong one-year-old roots are the best. A long bed, single row for the home garden, is better and more easily managed than a short bed of a number of rows. The plants should have plenty of space.—American Agriculturalist.

Salt for Cows.

When the cows are salted only once a week, they eat too much at a time, and it causes looseness of the bowels. They will eat a little salt nearly every day if it is kept where they can get at it, especially when the grass is fresh and abundant.

The Basement Philosopher

By KENNETT HARRIS

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman)

With a dragging footstep and a general air of lassitude, the janitor entered the boiler room and seated himself in the dilapidated rocker near the furnace, first ejecting his Scandinavian assistant who had been dozing in that particular seat. He did this by tilting the chair abruptly forward and sliding the stupefied underling on to the cement floor.

"Is that the way you watch the gauge, you tow-headed, milky-eyed mutt?" the janitor demanded. He rolled some cut plug tobacco between his horny palms and grimly surveyed the muttering northerner, who was slowly gathering his sprawled person into an upright position. "That's your idea of qualifying yourself for a first-class engineer's certificate, is it, you dumb, dopey square-head! Whose alcohol lamp have you been getting to now, I'd like to know? Can't turn my back for a pleasant evening's visit with my wife's wealthy relations without you curling your big, ugly carcass up in my chair and snoring like a drove of hogs, can I? Let me catch you at it again and I'll take that slice bar and make you see your native roring-boring Alice. Everything's all right, is it? Lucky for you it is, or I'd not let you sit in the wheelbarrow."

The janitor crammed his tobacco into the bowl of his pipe, lit it and emitted a smoky sigh. "I feel a little better now," he said, with an abatement of his truculent tone. "Forgive my harsh words, Nels, my friend; but I have been tried. I sure have. Five minutes ago I was wearing a clean collar and using stiff, starched and hand polished conversation to a leathery, elderly lady that ain't got no more use for me than a pig has for a pink parasol. She's got an idea that my wife might have done considerable better than what she did when she married me. I don't say the old lady ain't right either, but how was I a-going to help it? Once my old woman makes up her mind to do a thing, there ain't no use arguing with her about it. I seen that at the time. I didn't know her as well as I do now, but I was wise to that all right.

"Nels, my friend," continued the janitor, after a few reflective puffs at his pipe, "I'm going to give you some good advice. I take back what I've been saying about them frugal habits of yours. Go right on nourishing yourself with cold water and cabbage soup. Stick to that red vest and bottle green coat of your grand-daddy's and save money; then you go and take a trip back to the old country and give the girls there a chance at you. You've got to a marrying age now and some female or another is going to cop you out sure, so you might as well take the curse off as far as you can by going where your wife can leave her relations a matter of two or three thousand miles behind her. If my wife's aunt was in Scandahoovia or Shanghai, I'd be a happy, carefree man this minute, but having her as close as Indianapolis and knowing that any time a year, she may hop on the train and come to see us is quinine in my whiskey and hair in my pipe; it's a thought to chill hot victuals and make my feather pillow feel like a gunny sack full of half bricks; it puts an ache in my bones and a fever in my brain, makes the cold sweat stand out on my forehead and fills my mouth with dust and ashes. It's fierce!"

The janitor shook his head mournfully. "You wouldn't have thought it was dust and ashes in my mouth this evening, though," he went on. "You'd have supposed it was butter that was due to stay there until I swallowed it whole or spat it out. There she sits, looking like a Philippine curio in a missionary museum, with her old gimlet eye boring into my depraved and degraded soul, and me feeling as if I was the biggest mistake in a small size that ever happened. Me, with my forty-two inch chest and my noble and commanding presence! Me that's reduced the arrogantest tenant to humbleness! Me, Mike, limp as a lunch counter dishrag, picking and sorting out my words and smiling till my cheeks is stiff while she's asking my wife if I drink as much as ever.

"'I hate a fool,' says she.

"'They're sure poor company for an intelligent person, ma'am,' says I.

"'I'm glad to see you realize it,' she says, 'but I doubt if you'll ever improve much for all that.'

"Wouldn't that jar you? It's well I'm a reasonable man or I'd come out here and bust in that bone head of yours to get even. And two days more of it to enjoy! If it was just her talking—just her!

"Who is it? I wonder at you now, as little sense as I know you've got. Do you suppose any human hundred-and-ten-pound, vinegar-tongued harridan could hand me out a spiel like that and get away with it? Not on your picture postcard. It's money that's talking, Nels, my friend; money in the bank, drawing four per cent. interest, and when money talks, you've got to scoop your hand behind your ear and listen with respectful attention. No, Nels, it ain't just my wife's aunt that's insulting me. It's her savings account and a municipal bond and a farm mortgage and a house and lot, and I'll take a good deal of bawling out from them sort of things if I've a chance of getting my mitts on 'em in due course of time.

"But them two days is the limit," said the janitor, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "If she was the wealth of the Indies and the United States treasury vaults, I'd have her trunk in the wagon the day after tomorrow. She's got forty-six hours—twenty-seven hundred and sixty golden minutes to take me by the ears and rub my face in the mud, and then, the stuff's off. I'm a patient man when I've got to be, but there's a point when I rise up on my hind legs and show 'em what's what if I've got to smash every dish on the table and wake up the folks in the next block. Seven twenty-five Wednesday morning and the place is clear of her.

"Unless," added the janitor, after a moment's pause, "unless she concludes to stay a few days longer."



"IF MY WIFE'S AUNT WAS IN SCA NDAHOOVIA OR SHANGHAI, I'D BE A HAPPY MAN."

BRAIN WORK AND LONG LIFE

Two Would Seem to Go Together Provided That Element of Worry Can Be Eliminated.

English judges, according to Lord Alverstone, are often at their best between sixty-five and eighty. The scientific explanation of this is that judges use their brains constantly and with great concentration, and are at the same time relieved of worrying about their material welfare.

Worry hastens death, but hard mental work is a tonic and life-strengthener. If you want to live to a good old age, use your brain. Mental exercise keeps the brain well supplied with blood. With the source of vital energy well nourished, it acts as a tonic to the whole system. Those, on the other hand, who are deficient in mental exercise deprive their brains of a sufficient blood supply.

The same study which found judges doing their best work between sixty-five and eighty, cited the English agricultural laborer, who, after a life of hard, outdoor work, but practically without intellectual exercise, frequently goes to pieces between the ages of sixty and seventy. For most people a bit of serious meditation or concentrated thought would prove a more vigorous tonic than physical exercise.

Work your brain hard and keep young. Any man who devotes himself to serious thought without worry about the future will be more productive of a high order of work in his last years than at any earlier period. —Leslie's.

Dog a Bit Ahead.

A Maine man tells a story of a friend of his in the west who was induced by a stranger to buy what was claimed by the latter to be the best wolf dog in the country. A few days later the man took his new purchase and started out early in the morning to try him out. The dog soon picked up the scent and started off, the man following on horseback. The dog was soon out of sight, but the man could hear him bark occasionally and followed on. About noon he met another man coming from the opposite direction and inquired if he had seen a wolf and a dog anywhere, to which the man replied that he had.

"And how were they going?" queried the man. "Was the dog nearly onto him?"

"Well," answered the other, "if I remember correctly, the dog was just a trifle ahead."—Harper's Magazine.

Practice Versus Preaching.

Our young people have thought and written much on labor and reform, and for all that they have written, neither the world nor themselves have got on a step. Intellectual tasting of life will not supersede muscular activity. If a man should consider the nicety of the passage of a piece of bread down his throat, he would starve.—Emerson.

Thinks the Word Will Stick.

A magazine writer is credited with the invention of the word "Highbrow." It was coined to express a blend of "snob" and "academic." He first used it when, as a reporter, he had occasion to describe the proceedings of societies who talked about the betterment of the drama. He thinks that the word will be assimilated by the dictionaries.

European Wines.

The total production of wine in 1912 in the following countries: Spain, France, Italy, Luxemburg, Roumania Switzerland, Algeria, Tunis, is estimated at 2,781,985,000 gallons, against 2,498,322,000 gallons in 1911, an increase of 11.4 per cent.

Comment on the War.

"Just to think," said Mrs. Trickenbury, "that this great Balkan war should have been started by a little bit of a country like Monte Carlo."—Christian Register.

THREE WOMEN TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Streator, Ill.—"I shall always praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound wherever I go. It has done me so much good at Change of Life, and it has also helped my daughter. It is one of the grandest medicines for women that can be bought. I shall try to induce others to try it."—Mrs. J. H. CAMPBELL, 206 N. Second St., W. S., Streator, Illinois.



Philadelphia, Pa.—"It was at the 'Change or Life' that I turned to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, using it as a tonic to build up my system, with beneficial results."—Mrs. SARA HAYWARD, 1825 W. Venango St., (Tioga) Phila., Pa.

San Francisco, Cal.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for many years whenever I would feel bad. I have gone through the Change of Life without any troubles and thank the Compound for it. I recommend it to young girls and to women of all ages."—Mrs. C. BARRIE, 3052 25th St., San Francisco, Cal.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalelled.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

Pettit's FOR SORE Eye RED EYES Salve

It is not always the fool who worries about things that it is folly to worry about.

Stubborn Colds and irritated Bronchial Tubes are easily relieved by Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops—5c at Druggists.

By handling 9,617,559,000 pounds of fish last year the Scotch fishing industry established a new high record.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

An Endless Interest.

"Is baseball season over?"

"The baseball season is never over," replied the enthusiast. "The fact that they are not playing the game leaves more time for conversation about it."

Beneath His Dignity.

Mr. Job Lott—Why isn't the store opened? What are you waiting for?

His Most Recent and Junior Employe—For the boy I have engaged to take down the shutters.—Puck.

Should Have Laughed.

Newlywed—Did you spend as much money as this before I married you?

Mrs. Newlywed—Why, yes.

Newlywed—Then I can't understand why your father went on so when I took you away from him.

Hard Lines.

"My old barber has left the city."

"You seem to be very regretful."

"Yes; he had been trying to sell me a bottle of hair tonic for the past 15 years, and so far I had succeeded in standing him off: Now I shall have to start the battle all over with a new man."

According to Orders.

A woman, coming down the garden walk, was horrified at seeing her son standing on his head against the garden wall.

"Johnnie, you wretch," she cried, "what are you doing now?"

"Standing on my head," replied Johnnie. "Didn't yer tell me to play at summat that wouldn't wear my boots out?"

What are

Post Toasties?

Thin wafery bits of choice Indian Corn—perfectly cooked; delicately flavoured; then toasted to an appetizing golden brown, and packed in tightly sealed packages without being touched by hand.

"Toasties" are for breakfast or any other meal—served direct from package with cream or milk, and a sprinkling of sugar.

Post Toasties are convenient, save a lot of time and please the palate immensely!

But after all, a trial is the best answer.

Grocers everywhere sell

Post Toasties

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