BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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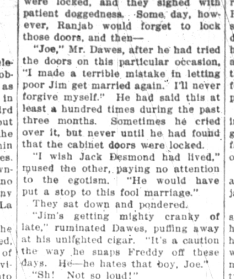

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"You'll lose your gizzard some day, doing that," said Dawes, grimly. "It gives me the shivers."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WOOL GROWING IN CANADA A SUCCESS

This By-Product of the Farm Will Make Many Western Canada Farmers Rich.

Alberta wool growers are looking for 23 cent wool this year. That is the assertion made by a prominent sheepman of the Grassy Lake district. "It is quite within the pale of possibility that we will receive that figure for our wool this summer," said he, "and I would not be surprised to see some get more than that.

"The war has caused a great demand to be built up for woolen mills, and they have got to have the raw material."

The present season has been most propitious for the growing of wool, and the growers expect to reap a big harvest of a splendid quality. The winter has been very even, and the sheep are doing well on the ranges.

No special breed of sheep is kept on Western Canada farms, and all seem to do well. The advice of those interested in the welfare of the farmers of Western Canada advise all who can at all do so to go into the raising of sheep. They have proved most profitable to those who go into that industry in a scale commensurate with their means, and their farm area.

The climate is perfectly adapted to the raising of sheep, they are easily kept, and as pointed out, there is good money to be made out of them.—Advertisement.

"INTERVIEW" WITH THE HERO

Happening When Man From the Front Explains Things to His Fair Charmer.

"Oh, Mr. Hero, I'm so glad to see you safely back from the war. Sit right down and tell me all about it. I'm awfully interested. Wasn't it simply terrible over there? And did you really live in the trenches for weeks at a time with shot and shell shrieking all around you? I don't see how you escaped at all. Were you ever hit by one of those forty-two centimeter guns? I mean by the bullet, of course, not by the gun. But, then, of course, you weren't, or you'd have your arm in a sling or something. Who do you think is going to win? I suppose I shouldn't ask you that, though. You soldiers are not allowed to tell military secrets, are you? Did you ever really kill a man yourself, or don't you know? My uncle, who was in the Spanish war, says you never can tell whether it's your bullet or somebody else's that hits the enemy. I should think that would be awfully annoying. Not that you want to know that you'd killed a man, but still you'd like to know whether you've wasting your ammunition or not. Oh, must you go so soon? I wish you could stay longer. I've been so interested in hearing your adventures. Call again soon, won't you. Good-by."

CLINCHED IN HIS MEMORY

Small Chance of Charles Abner Forgetting the Day That Meant Everything to Him.

Some time since Charles Abner married and married the beautiful Ellen Estelle. One evening several months later they were seated in their cozy little den, Ellen Estelle reading a popular novel and Charles Abner looking over the sporting page.

"Charley, dear," finally remarked the little wife, "do you recall the time you proposed to me?"

"Why, yes," rather indifferently answered Charles Abner, "I think I remember it."

"Of course, you do," returned Ellen Estelle. "I'll wager a automobile. I shall never forget the lovely words you spoke, and the noble sacrifices you promised to make. It must have cost you something to say those things."

"It did, Ellen Estelle," responded Charles Abner, with a reflective sigh. "It cost me about two weeks' salary to hire the automobile."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

INSOMNIA

Leads to Madness, if Not Remedied.

"Experiments satisfied me, some 5 years ago," writes a Topeka woman, "that coffee was the direct cause of the insomnia from which I suffered terribly, as well as extreme nervousness and acute dyspepsia.

"I had been a coffee drinker since childhood, and did not like to think that the beverage was doing me all this harm. But it was, and the time came when I had to face the fact, and protect myself, so I determined gave up coffee abruptly and absolutely, and adopted Postum for my hot drink at meals.

"I began to note improvement in my condition very soon after I took on Postum. The change proceeded gradually, but surely, and it was a matter of only a few weeks before I found myself entirely relieved—the nervousness passed away, my digestive apparatus was restored to normal efficiency, and I began to sleep restfully and peacefully.

"These happy conditions have continued during all of the 5 years, and I am safe in saying that I owe them entirely to Postum, for when I began to drink it I ceased to use medicines."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

"By the Way, This Window Looks Almost Directly Down Into Our Courtyard."

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QUAINT ERRORS OF SPEECH

About as Easy to Be Found Today as When Sheridan Wrote His Immortal Play.

The misguided old lady who would persist in misapplying words with ludicrous results is as much among us today as she was when Sheridan wrote of her in his play, "The Rivals." One dear old lady recently inquired of a well-known professor whether soda water should be written as two separate words, or should there be a siphon between.

A well-known bishop tells the story of a maid servant who had been instructed to address the prelate as "Your Eminence." Imagine his horror, however, when the girl dropped a curtsy to him one morning with the words, "Yes, Your Immense."

A New York policeman became famous for his slips of the tongue. He used always to explain to recruits that "That avenue ran parelyzed to Lexington," and on one occasion he proudly stated that he never paid any attention to "unanimous" letters. A zealous temperance worker used to have a habit of sending to her friends that certain persons were "adapted" to drink; whilst another gentleman, in a mixed moment, once asked a friend to open "the window and "putrefy" the air.

Ancient Irish History.

The Preceltic Population of Ireland" formed the subject of an address given recently in Dublin by Professor Mahaffy. In the course of the address he said that the Celts were not the first race to inhabit Ireland, for there were the Firbolgs, traces of whose civilization were to be found in the stone monuments and raths in parts of the country. Even the Firbolgs do not appear to have been the only people who inhabited Ireland before the Celts. Professor Mahaffy believes there were many different peoples. But what of their language? Why is there no trace of the langnages of these races? Professor Mahaffy maintains they had a language and he blames Celtic scholars for not having found it out. He is probably right in saying that place names, names of rivers and mountains, must have been borrowed from the older inhabitants, for when the English came to Dublin they did not alter the names of places, such as Drumcondra, Terenure, etc.

So live that what your friends will say of you after you are dead will be at least half true.

In a Russian Church.

The interior of a Russian church is outspokenly oriental, for it consists merely of a gorgeous hall and a sanctuary, without any seats, as that is the custom in other temples. There is neither an organ nor a pulpit in the Russian church and the temple ceremony is one mostly of music, chanting and spectacular gesticulations, which remind one of ancient Egyptians dancing in their temples. For music there is a choir of boys and men in all the Russian services.