

BARBER PROVES THAT THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO A HAIRCUT

(New York Sun)

"You know," said the man in the barber chair, "often as I am just about to go to sleep the barber insists, or as good as insists, that I ought to try 'Whizzo' for my scalp. In the meantime he chuckles sympathetically as he watches my hair apparently falling out by the handful.

"It is always with a well-placed shrug or a regretful word that the barber surrenders to my wishes in the matter. But he has laid the seed of suggestion in fertile ground. No man likes to consider the possibility that he may soon be bald and when next I get a haircut and someone suggests 'Whizzo' or some other stuff, my foot is liable to slip before I know it.

"Then there is the barber who won't take 'no' for an answer. He suggests in turn a shave, a massage, a shampoo, a tonic, a singe, and then looks around for stray imperfections to burn off

with the electric needle.

"Now, I am a fair-minded sort of a person. Suppose you tell me some of the things about a customer that enrage a barber outside of the persistent refusal to accept his proffered services."

The barber stood poised for a moment with scissors slightly agape and keeping his mouth company. Then his heels clicked together, the scissors were lowered quickly to his side and he leaned over the customer.

"When the wind blows in the door the hair I'm cutting blows in my face, my eyes, my nose, my mouth and my ears. That is plain English, sir. When a customer gathers up his shoulders as if he were about to sneeze and then doesn't—it makes me very nervous, sir, as well as being a terrible waste of time. Every good barber, to avoid accidents, always waits while the customer makes up his mind whether or not he is going to sneeze.

"Then there are those who come in to have a hair cut with their hair plastered down with some of the perfumed mucilage they seel to keep the hair groomed."

"There's them as says they have to be out of the chair in five minutes for an important conference. They rush out without tipping you. There's the fellas that chew gum while you're shaving them; there's the one's that smoke cheap cigars while you work around through the smoke as best as you can; there's—"

The man in the chair shrugged impatiently. "That certainly is plenty. Thanks a lot for telling me. I always knew there were two sides to every haircut. Will you please rush this job through? I've just remembered that I've got an important conference.

Solomon must have foreseen the lipstick when he wrote, or is supposed to have written: "Deceive not with thy lips."

Speaking of endurance records, Zoro Abga, who has buried eleven wives, and Li Chung-Yan, who is said to have buried twenty-three, come in for honorable mention.

NO WONDER HER DAY WAS SO SPOILED

(New York Sun)

This is a story of how a stenographer can start the day wrong. She lives in Brooklyn, away down in the wilds of Bay Ridge, Fort Hamilton or one of those remote sections. Every morning she stops at a news stand on the southeast corner of Bay Ridge avenue and Fort Hamilton Parkway, hurriedly extracts two pennies from her handbag, deposits them in the ever outstretched hand of the newsdealer and grabs up a copy of her favorite tabloid. She then proceeds happy, into the subway, where she whiles away the time to her downtown Manhattan office with the continues "true" stories serial strip cartoons and a smattering of the news of the day.

A few mornings ago she followed this wonted procedure. With the paper tucked under her arm she was swept into the subway car and found a seat. She settled herself for the morning literary recreation, opened the tabloid and turned to what should have been chapter VIII in the current thriller. Then he discovered that the paper was dated January 8. She had purchased a paper more than eight months old—and the morning was ruined.

Drought—meteorological phenomena that won't surrender to a picnic.

MIDDLE HAYNESVILLE

Middle Haynesville, N. B. Aug. 30—The farmers in this locality are all done haying and some have their harvest nearly gathered.

Our school has reopened with Miss Florence Knox of Churchill as teacher.

Mr. Hedley Jones, who had the misfortune to fall and fracture his rib is improving nicely.

Mrs. Allen Brawnspeint is visiting a few days this week with her brothers at Tracy.

Quite a number attended the picnic at Central Haynesville on Thursday and report a good time.

Mrs. Whitefield White of Island Falls, Me., is spending a short time in this place renewing old friends and acquaintances. Mrs. White came to this place about forty years ago, a bride, being formerly Miss Annie Nicholson of Fredericton, and made many friends all of whom are pleased to have her again in our midst.

The W. M. A. S. met at Sterling Whitehead's on Thursday. A good attendance and enjoyable time was the word.

Mr. Cecil Wiggins of Wiggins Mill has purchased a new Pontiac car.

Mr. Sterling Whitehead has also purchased one from Mr. Bird.

Mr. George Whitehead of Island Falls Me. is spending a short time in this place visiting friends and relatives.

ATHLETES ARE LIKE CATS

Stockholm, Aug. 30—The bodies of athletes acrobats and other physically trained persons resemble most those of the cat family, particularly the tiger, says Bruno Liljefors, Sweden's greatest painter of wild animal life and grand old man of art. In recent years he surprised his admirers by making his debut as a sculptor. When he was a student at the University of Reppsala he used to follow for hours the street fakirs who did tumbling stunts, just to observe the play of their muscles and the lines of their bodies. They reminded him of cats, he says.

One of the many things we have not had explained, about the midget motor car, is whether it is wound up from the inside, or by a stem on the radiator cap.

The moon, astronomers now say, is brown, father probably having forgotten to water it while the family was on vacation.

Quite a number from here attended the Fredericton Market on Saturday.

Bad colds are the order of the day.

YOU CAN PREVENT FOREST FIRES

GUARD

Your priceless forest heritage

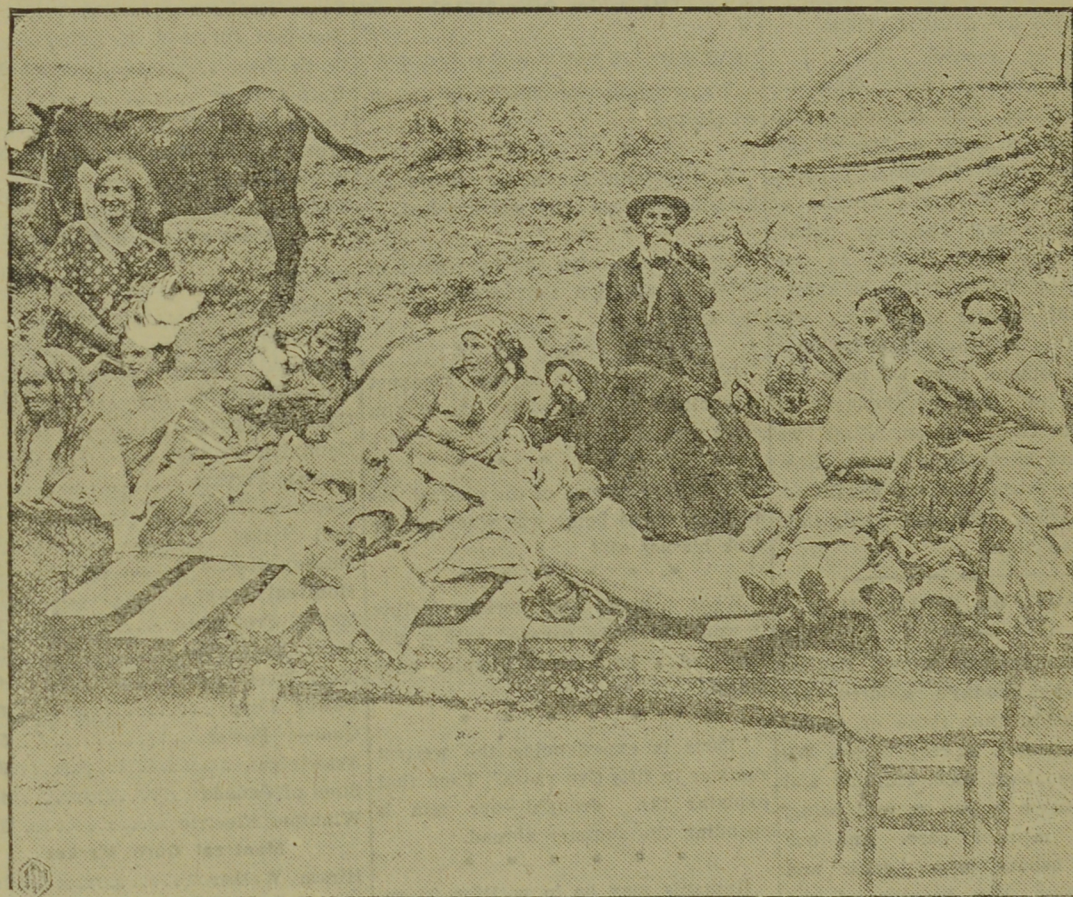
FORESTS provide the raw materials for Canada's second greatest industry, conserve water supplies for power projects, protect fish and game and provide the main attractions to tourists.

In his own interest, every Canadian should do his part in reducing losses from forest fires, over ninety per cent. of which are preventable.

SAVE THE FORESTS

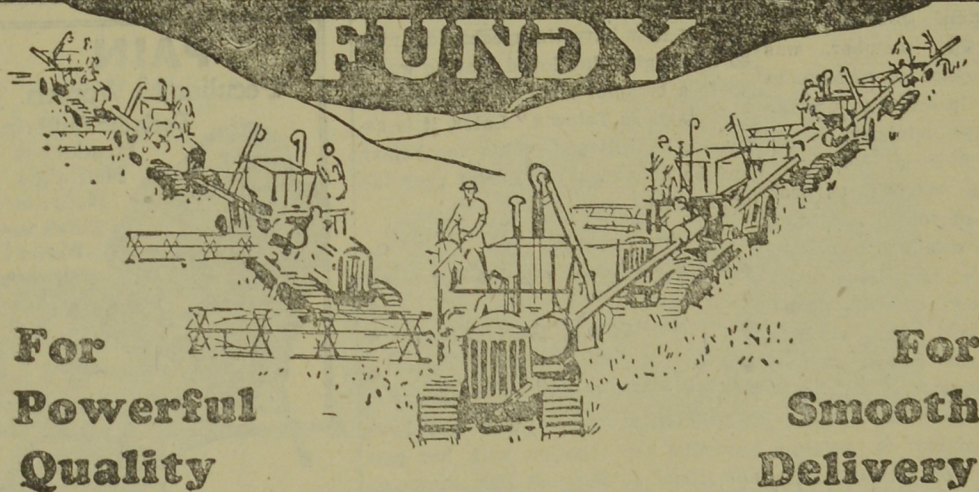
Millions depend on them!

FOREST SERVICE DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR



HUMAN TOYS OF EARTHQUAKE'S TRAGIC PRANK

With their worldly goods piled in disorder about them, these harried victims of Italy's earthquake disaster were still able to preserve traces of their sunny Italian smile. Throughout the stricken area, for days following the catastrophe, refugees wandered aimlessly, homeless and not knowing which way to turn.



Well known for powerful quality, quick action, smooth, silent delivery, is easily accredited first place in the thoughts of the driver who judges by performance. Blended in the Maritimes, for use in the Maritimes, by a Maritime firm.

Fill'er
up
with

Thoroughly approved by the driving public over a period of years, more and more satisfied buyers are realizing its sterling Standard of Quality. At practically all gas stations, either alone or combined with Ethyl. Every tank of FUNDY is carefully tested.

LOILOIL
LOYAL MOTOR OIL
"100% Pennsylvania Paraffin Oil"

FUNDY
The Better Gasoline

LOILOIL
LOYAL MOTOR OIL
"100% Pennsylvania Paraffin Oil"