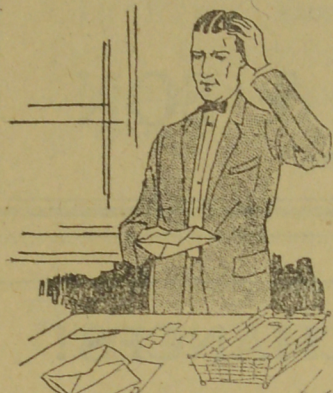


**ROYAL MAIL**  
"The Comfort Route"  
TO EUROPE

Regular sailings of the famous "O" steamers  
FROM  
**HALIFAX, N.S.**  
TO  
**CHERBOURG**  
AND  
**SOUTHAMPTON**  
S. S. "ORDUNA"  
March 8th.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY  
HALIFAX, N. S.

## BLUNDERS



## WHY IS THIS WRONG?

It is unwise to guess the weight of a letter to determine the amount of postage required. Such guessing often results in "Postage Due," which may cause delay in delivery and, in the case of business letters often results in a dissatisfied customer.

## SHANGHAI HAS TWO MILLION

Shanghai, Feb. 18—Forty-five foreign nationalities were disclosed in the last census of the French and International Settlements at Shanghai. Of these the Japanese led with a population of 13,804. England was second with 8,191, Russia third with 4,169 and the United States fourth with 3,093.

The total Chinese population within including territory belonging to it was estimated at more than two million.

The total Chinese population within the boundaries of the two foreign concessions was 1,107,351.

Meek Young Wife (sweetly)—John dear, to whom shall I return this lantern you came home with this morning?

# RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea"

Order your grocer's best and he'll usually send Red Rose.

## Where An American Hangs His Hat

Once a hat was not just a hat; it was also a badge of sectionalism. That was when the broad-brimmed Stetson and the nobby derby seldom met. When South, East, North, West lived differently, dressed differently, and thought differently. When a traveling American could feel like a stranger in his own land.

Before advertising—

But now Mrs. Green of Boston and Mrs. Brown of El Paso use the same vacuum cleaner, face powder, soap; Adams of Boston and Sims of Seattle are alike in the cut of their clothes. And where an American hangs his hat, within the borders of these United States, he feels at home. Advertising did that.

Advertising is still at work helping to make these states united. Here is a better bed, a handsomer shoe, a more delicious food. Let it be known from Maine to California, from Washington State to Florida! Here's a healthier way to live, another safeguard for your family, a new service of self-improvement. Spread the news everywhere!

Advertisements.

Read them. They are Couriers of Progress and Unity. Without them you'd lack half the comforts you now have. Ignore them and you'll miss many a good thing to come.

TO KEEP PACE WITH THE TIMES, READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS EVERY DAY

## ROAR OF VICTORIA WATER FALL IN AFRICA CAN BE HEARD FOR A DISTANCE OF TEN MILES

In all my dreams of Africa, I have had Vitoria Falls in the back of my mind, writes Mrs. Demarchus Brown from Victoria Falls, Africa, to the Indianapolis News. I remember that the first real description of it I ever had was in some stray volume of travels, and I have subconsciously been preparing ever since to see that stupendous gash in the face of the earth. So it seemed perfectly natural to be on a train going north, with Victoria Falls on my railway ticket.

The journey was uneventful, as the country is flat and not especially interesting, but as we approached the falls we saw a great valley of green trees, and then a broad and shining river, far off, studded with islands and a great white cloud of mist rising into the morning air. It was our destination. As we strolled to the hotel and stepped into the lobby, right in front of us, down beyond the hotel ground, we saw the great spider web of the suspension bridge across the gorge, against the most wonderful blue background of hills and haze.

We were at the Falls Hotel for six days and during that time we went to the actual falls several times. The hotel is a mile and a half from the falls, and as they stretch across the landscape for a mile and a quarter, you see it takes a great deal of walking to get to them and see them properly.

## One of Africa's Great Rivers.

The Zambezi is a wonderful river, one of the four great rivers of Africa, which really has been shabbily treated in the matter of rivers.

The hotel belongs to the Rhodesia railway system and they have the funniest little trolleys to the falls. These trolleys hold eight people, four on a side. They run on a tiny track and are propelled by two puffing and perspiring black boys. It is not a cheap method of locomotion, as it cost us 50 cents each every time we made the trip but as our legs were our first consideration we thought we would rather save legs than shillings. So down toward the "rain forest," or the bridge, we would start, rattling gayly along in our two-boy power machine,

and when we had gone as far as we could go, we would leave the boys, who were exceedingly anxious and conscientious about getting our tickets and being there when we returned, so as to get on back to the hotel for breakfast.

## Livingstone's Discovery.

I know you have heard often the description of the falls, which, I believe are unique among the waterfalls of the earth. Livingstone discovered them in 1855, at a time of low water, as he tells in his journals. Otherwise he would not have been able to get across the rapids to the island (now called Livingstone island, from which he first saw the falls). It is a wonderful story of how his boys were so afraid to go near the natives called is the "Smoke That Thunders," "Mosi-oa-tunya," and were terribly afraid of it, but Livingstone records: "Though we had reached the island and were within a few yards of the spot, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth."

"At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the Zambezi, and saw that a stream a thousand yards broad leaped down hundreds of feet and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The falls are simply a crack made in the hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambezi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills." Well, I had read this many times, but it is so wonderful to see it!

Here comes the great Zambezi, sauntering along and smiling through the country, loitering along around islands, and having a delicious time in general. Suddenly it becomes a raging demon, foaming over rapids and tearing everything to pieces, and hurls itself terrifically into space. There is a terrific crack in the earth. 420 feet high. It suddenly opens under the river. This crack is said to be from 160 to 250 feet wide at the bottom. The river drops into this fearful chasm, with a terrific roar that can be heard in the rainy season ten miles away. The waterfalls in the dry season are very numerous and we could see this great black basalt wall with hundreds of streams flowing over it. In the rainy season it is a solid wall of foaming white water.

## Water's Terrific Force.

The water strikes the bottom of the chasm with terrific force and hits the black wall opposite with such power that the water is shivered into spray. The entire chasm is sometimes so obscured by spray that you can not see the bottom or sides at all. This column of spray rises to a height of 200 or 300 feet; they told us that in flood season you can see it seventy miles away. Then the whole mass of the Zambezi gathers itself into a tiny river only a few feet wide (apparently) and flows out through a narrow gorge with high walls for forty miles, when the river suddenly widens out again and flows on as calmly and lazily as if nothing had happened to it at all.

Over the great gorge where the river begins again at the foot of the falls, is the railway bridge, built in 1904 and a wonderful piece of engineering. They told us that nobody had as yet been able to sound the depth of the river in the gorge. They have lowered great rails by steel cables from the top of the bridge, but the rails are twisted and broken as soon as they reach the water so great is its power and rapidity. You can imagine that the river must be deep in the gorge, if a great stream one mile and one-quarter wide is suddenly compressed into a stream not more than ninety feet wide. They told us that in April, when the water is highest, the river in the gorge is fifty feet higher than it is at present.

Of course, all these figures do not mean much to you quite at the other end of the bridge. We crossed the bridge, climbed a flight of steps and walked about three-quarters of a mile, past a beautiful war memorial to the Rhodesians who fell in the World War, to the "eastern cataract."

A tramp was bitten by a dog while going a house in the suburbs. Seeing the young son of the house in the yard, he said:

"I'm here, kid, yer dorg bit me leg."

"Well," replied the youngster differently, "you didn't expect a little dog like that to bite your ear, did you?"

## THE OLD TIMER PREFERS THE HORSE AND BUGGY FOR HIS COURTING PURPOSES

By TOM WILLIAMS in Toledo Blade

When the door opened nothing stirred but the papers in the kindling box in reaction to the wind from the half-opened door.

There was that empty feeling about the place that one senses in an atmosphere of abandonment—that hollow presence which is intensified by unexpected inaction in a situation calling for animation.

The Old Timer sat moodily on the shanty bench with his face in his hands. The fire was low. Tim the shanty cat, slept under the stove.

"Tim and me are in mourning. That durn dog had no business going and getting killed. If No. 24 hadn't been nine minutes late it wouldn't have happened. Old Tim certainly will be lonesome now. How he did like to sharpen his claws on that dog's anatomy, didn't you, Tim?"

And the cat stretched and yawned as if in understanding.

## "What's Done is Done"

The old crossing watchman arose shook the stove grate and threw in a large lump of coal after opening the lower draft and turning the chimney damper.

"What's done is done. Nothing that's ever been done was ever undone—that is, the act itself. The results of any act may be modified or remedied but no power can undo the act. We may forget it and forgive it but the deed can not be wiped out from the record of life, no how."

"Valuable dog?" Was it yours?"

"No to both questions. If he'd been mine he'd a-knowed better. If he had been valuable in a money way he wouldn't a-been around here. Nobody ever has any feeling of comradeship for a valuable dog except the owner and that's a matter of pride. As a community companion a valuable dog is about as useless as sandals in a snow storm. He's all right in his place but his place is private."

## Like "Strays."

"Why, I'd be lonesome a lot of times if it weren't for strays comin' round looking for words of sympathy and a bite to eat. Can you imagine how dull life would be without alley cats and cur dogs pesterin' round? That dog wouldn't have brought over a dime in the open market even durin' a dog famine. But durn him, he was so ugly you couldn't look at him without laughin' and wonderin' how he ever happened."

The Old Timer devoted nearly five minutes to methodically and scientifically re-charging his corn-cob. He put in a little tobacco and tamped it lightly, continuing the process until the bowl was loaded. Taking a long paper lighter he thrust it in the stove and proceeded to light up.

"You know," he began, "these here automatic electric traffic cops reminds me, in a way of the old days."

"What was like them in the old days?"

## Lights No Respector.

"Folks, mostly. Society you might say if you want to be highfalutin' like. The electric cop makes 'em all the same size. He's no respecter of persons nor size A tin buckboard with a gas can it gets the same consideration from automatic blinker as a big limousine. When the red glim is against you ye can't drive up with a jolly smile and holler, 'Hello Herman. How's the Old Top? Try one of my new cigars,' and slip by. Some day, they'll have 'em so they'll take your number if you bust th' rules."

"In the old days it didn't make any difference whether you had a rocky 40 on the hillside or 400 acres of black muck in the valley your social standing was the same if you was a man—and your 400 of bottom land didn't save you if you wasn't."

"I noticed the social rules changing when they put a tax on liquor and made it a store commodity and began stowing tobacco in fancy packages instead of the old Home Twist."

"You can mark the advance of civilization by checking on store shelves through the last 50 years. The more packages on those shelves and the prettier they are the further away folks are getting from the vitals of life."

"But what are you going to do about it? There are so many more people to feed; not so many cooks, and there's the stampede from the soil to the glow of th' movies. It can't be halted."

## "Won't Go Back"

"I don't figure folks will ever go back to diving out of barrels and bins and bags instead of lithographed cartons any more than the backlog will again become the home anchor of the family instead of the radio."

The Old Timer stretched his legs and clinched his hands at the base of his brain. He arose, picked the cat up by the tail and tossed it gently out-of-doors.

"Tim likes that exercise," he hastened to assure. "It stretches his spine, and that's just as good for a cat as for a human. Too many folks these days don't get to stretch their spine any. They think cause they wear a white collar they don't need to. A back woodshed and a bucksaw have a drug store or a sanitarium beaten as health resorts."

"Yes, I did promise to touch on courtin' in the old days when a woman was two-thirds clothes and one-third body. But there ain't nothin' new in the lovmaking way that I know of. It's the oldest thing in the world, I should say, and yet styles in the art don't seem to change much."

"Courtin' is courtin' whether it's in a Democrat wagon drawn by an old flea-bitten gray mare on a muddy road or in a top buggy or a seven-passenger gas-eater, except as to accommodations."

## More Time For Love.

There was one big advantage to the horse-drawn vehicle. With a trained critter you could wrap the lines around the whip and devote all your time to planning for the future. You can't manipulate a steering wheel with nothing on your mind but the girl. But the business on hand was none the less absorbent in th' days of jean pants and hickory shirts.

"Once I borrowed a horse to take a girl out riding. It was night. In about an hour the critter pulled up and stopped. It was in the barnyard of its owner. That's what I call horse sense although I didn't give the horse credit for it at the time."

"Supposing I'd had an automobile with such an engrossing business on my hands. The papers would o' had a big line, 'Auto Hits Barn.' Yes sree, I'm glad my courtin' days was over before gasoline and the divorce courts became such factors in the scheme of life."

## BYELECTIONS WILL BE HELD BEFORE LONG

Ottawa, Feb. 16—The Prime Minister having been elected in Prince Albert, Sask., interest in the capital turns to the impending by-elections. There will be three and possibly four candidates seek re-election as cabinet ministers.

It is now extremely likely that Hon. Charles Dunning, Premier of Saskatchewan will stand for election for the federal house in a constituency in his own province.

Other names which recur in corridor speculation as to the personnel of the re-organized cabinet are James Macleod (Liberal, North Bruce) and W. D. Euler (Liberal, North Waterloo.) The portfolios of trade and commerce, immigration, labor and secretary of state are to be assigned and these two members are undoubtedly "in the running."

Another name mentioned is that of P. F. Casgrain, who has been acting as chief Liberal whip.

The Government's intentions, it is understood are to hold the necessary by-elections one after the other.

## Son of Waterloo Veteran.

Mr. William Munro, an old and highly respected resident of Southampton, was in the city today and was heartily greeted by many old friends. Mr. Munro is the son of a Waterloo veteran and is probably the only man living in New Brunswick who has that distinction. His father, the late Hugh Munro, who was a piper in the famous 42nd Black Watch Highlanders and played "The Cock O' the North" at Waterloo. He came to New Brunswick at the close of the Peninsula war and settled at Southampton. The late Alex. Childer of this city was a cousin of Mr. Munro.