

LOOKING AFTER SOLDIERS FAMILIES



(1) Reading left to right (standing)—Miss Hains, Mrs. McDonald, Miss Talley, Miss Bender. (Sitting)—Miss Hunter, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Reid, Mrs. O. Smith, Mrs. Ross.
(2) Filing room. (3) Office staff.
(4) Miss Helen Reid, the presiding spirit of the Relief Committee, Montreal. (5) Reception room.



MONTREAL was the birthplace of the Patriotic Fund. Montreal made the record of over \$1,613,000 collected in the six days whirlwind campaign, September, 1914, and the organization under which the Montreal Branch distributes relief is considered a model of effective and economical administration.

Montreal and the Island of Montreal have been divided into twenty-seven districts, the interests of which are looked after by fifty-six ladies acting as Ward Heads, under the supervision of Miss Helen Reid. These are assisted by about six hundred lady visitors who undertake to make periodical visits to the families of soldiers at the front, investigate and report on cases where relief is requested, and generally act as friends to those who might otherwise be friendless. Although there are certain Government allowances, these are often found to be insufficient for large families, and at times, especially in the case of illness, immediate relief has to be given. The mothers are given expert advice on hygiene and the care of infants, and encouraged to keep their children regularly at church and school (twenty prizes are given for the best school reports), are taught principles of thrift and given free legal advice. The slogan under which the lady visitors work are such as "Provide Opportunity not Charity—and be a friend," "Guard the Fund—do not patronize—do not

promise" and "Your service is personal, patriotic and civic. Let it be kindly, loyal and efficient."

The French speaking families are cared for by French speaking ladies, each ward having a French-Canadian, as well as an English-Canadian head. During the summer months lectures have been given in the both languages on hygiene and domestic economy, and the Parish Priests, the Ward Aldermen, Ministers and Teachers are encouraged to take an interest in cases in their district or parish. There is a Patriotic Burial Fund and Cemetery Lots, a storage for furniture, and baby outfits and clothing for special cases. Over 300 doctors give their services without charge.

A wonderful system of card indexing and filing enables the Relief Committee to handle all cases with promptness and efficiency. There are between forty to seventy-five advices each day of changes in address, desertion, births and deaths, illnesses or discharges. In one single month 1,500 removals have

been notified. The average daily attendance is about 300 mothers. Great care has to be taken that the Fund is economically spent and that no duplicate or unnecessary payments should be made, and this is only possible when the office organization is businesslike. The filing room alone occupies the time of three ladies. So efficient, however, has been the Montreal administration, that the Boston Charity Organization Society has asked for a report and it is likely that the Montreal methods will be adopted in this and other cities of the United States.

tried to see him through her eyes, and couldn't, in either detail. She is of the sweet, single-hearted type of womanhood, that parts with loyalty more reluctantly than with life itself, and I guessed as I remembered her voice, what the struggle had meant for her.

Dr. Waite lifted his eyes for almost the first time in the afternoon, when the District Attorney mentioned "a young woman who came into his life, Mrs. Margaret Horton."

He laughed outright when a juror declared emphatically that he believed in capital punishment "in cases like this." And I saw the hand on the back of his chair tremble when Dr. Moore mentioned how anxious the prisoner had been to keep his arrest from his wife.



FREDERICTON FIRE ALARM.

- 6 Corner York and Argyle
- 12 Corner Westmorland and Aberdeen
- 13 Corner Northumberland and Saunders
- 14 Corner Brunswick and Smythe
- 15 Corner Charlotte and Smythe
- 16 Corner George and Northumberland
- 17 Corner King and Northumberland
- 21 City Hall
- 23 Corner York and George
- 24 Corner Queen and Westmorland
- 25 Corner Brunswick and Westmorland
- 26 Corner Charlotte and Westmorland
- 27 Corner King and York
- 28 Corner Saunders and York
- 31 Corner Queen and Regent
- 32 Corner Needham and Regent
- 34 Corner Queen and Carleton
- 35 Corner Brunswick and Carleton
- 36 Corner Charlotte and Carleton
- 37 Corner George and Regent
- 38 Corner King and Regent
- 44 Corner Queen and St. John
- 45 Corner Brunswick and St. John
- 46 Corner Charlotte and St. John
- 51 Corner King and Church
- 52 Corner George and Church
- 53 Corner Union and Church
- 54 Gas House
- 55 Intercolonial Railway Station
- 156 Lansdowne and Waterloo Row.

Seemed Mild, Not Cruel.

"He was the perfect lover and husband, but the cruellest man who ever lived, to break my heart as he has," Mrs. Waite, his young wife, said.

It always makes a man peevish when people compliment him on his success and then add that they can't understand it.

The Printing and Publicity Specialist Talks To His Son

"Say, John, I feel quite sick today," said Mr. Blank. "Please visit the different doctors in town, and find out who will cure me for the least money. Get your quotations tabulated and then let me see them. Of course we will engage the doctor who charges the least."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," said John. "The idea of getting quotations from a doctor; it's the asylum for you."

"Well now, why not? I am a specialist in printing and publicity. I study my business just as carefully as any doctor can do. If I do say it that shouldn't, I have just as much brains as the average doctor. I strive to give my customers the benefit of my knowledge, my artistic skill and judgement and my ideas on publicity. I give service as the term is understood in the Twentieth Century."

"When some people around here have a little printing to be done, they visit all the printing offices, get quotations from each one, and then give the work to the man who gives the lowest figures."

"The ordinary user of printing knows his own business, but he is no more a judge of the work of printing than he is a judge of what sort of medicine a doctor should give him for the cure of his ailment. If people ask me for quotations and pass me by if my price happens to be a little more than the other fellow, why shouldn't I apply the same method to the doctor, lawyer, dentist and painter? Why not? It's a mighty poor rule that won't work more than one way."

The MAIL PRINTING CO.

PHONE 67. FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

WAITE, MILD AND GENTLE FACED SEEMS GOOD DANCER, NOT SLAYER

Embarrassed Jurors Appear Far More Criminal Than Prisoner, Who Grins Boyishly at Trial---His Hand Trembles When His Wife is Mentioned.

New York, May 23.—He wasn't a bit what I expected, writes Blanche Brace after an interview with Dr. Arthur W. Waite, the confessed slayer of his father-in-law.

That was my first impression as I sat looking at Dr. Arthur Warren Waite yesterday, that gay young society "surgeon" accused of incredible crimes, the husband who never forgot to send his wife roses, no matter how busy he might be with germs, the champion who won a tennis match on the day his father-in-law died, the son wrote his mother every week, the cavalier who smiled his way into the hearts of everyone and dipped his hands into the mint of life, without even bothering with an I. O. U.

I don't know how you have pictured him, you other women, but I thought he would be a sort of Nero and Lothario rolled into one, and I expected to shudder with horror and thrill with pity in the same moment.

But in place of my hero-villain I saw just a tall young man with a mild and gentle face, who did not look clever enough to have fathered the "man from Egypt" nor romantic enough to have turned any woman aside from the path of happiness, nor wicked in the least.

Most of the jurors seemed in their momentary embarrassment considerably more of the criminal than he did.

Dr. Waite a Surprise.

Through the tedious opening day hours of the trial I sat trying to see Dr. Waite as if I had never heard of him before, trying to see him, too, with the eyes of the three women who had described him to me—his mother, his young wife and Mrs. Margaret Hor-

ton, the young woman of mystery, who shared a studio with him at the Plaza.

If I had never seen Dr. Waite until yesterday, I think I should have had just two distinct impressions about him—that he would be a good dancer, and that he would be sure to talk a great deal about himself if you sat one out with him.

He had that curious air of feeling that he was being looked at which you will see often upon the face of a pretty woman, but hardly ever in the case of a man.

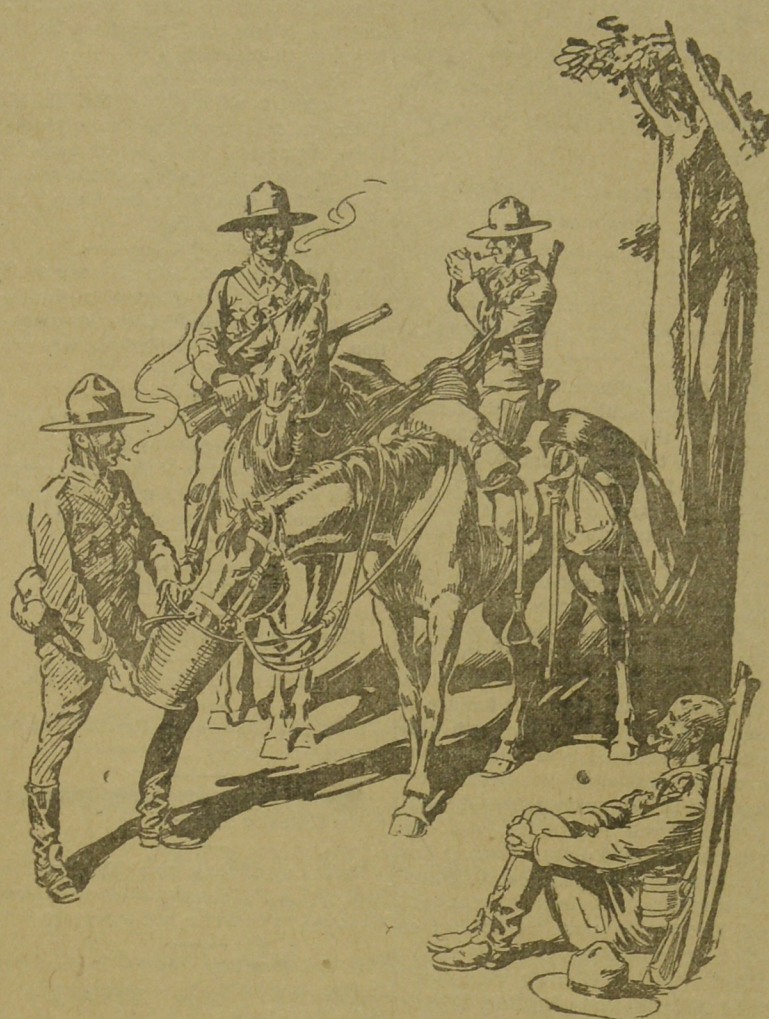
A clever woman who sat next to me, a writer of books and a student of psychology, called my attention to the curious, receding shape of the back of his head.

Then I thought of the picture of him his mother had drawn for me, a frail, sweet-faced little woman in a black dress, who had put her apron over her eyes and sobbed out that he was the best son a mother ever had. He looked like a good son, too, I thought, a kind, remembering sort of a man. The messages that touch him most, his brother, Frank Waite, told me, are those that come daily from Grand Rapids, giving him "mother's love and best wishes" from the one woman who has always stood by him and will stand by him always.

"He had a wonderful smile. He was so kind hearted that he was easily touched. He saw the funny side of everything," Mrs. Horton had told me, among other things. I remembered these special points when I saw the flash of pain that crossed Dr. Waite's face, once, late in the afternoon, when he turned around in his chair and met the eyes of his gray-haired father, and once when he grinned broadly, meeting the malignant eyes of a challenged juror. For the greater part of the day he looked a bit amused.

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TOMMY NEEDS THE SMOKES.

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