

THE LANDLADY TELLS OF BASE STRATAGEMS

Some Book Agents are Just Bothersome Pests, Others, Again, Know How to Talk Business.

(Chicago News.)

"I feel quite discouraged," complained Mrs. Cumback. "My husband has invested all his savings in an oil well, and a know that well never will produce enough oil to lubricate a sewing machine. Nothing that he invests in ever pays. He's had so much experience buying stock in one thing and another, and always losing out, that he ought to know better."

"I can sympathize with Mr. Cumback," said Mrs. Curfew. "It is so easy to fall into the snare of the fowler, in spite of experience and good resolutions, that the victim should have pity instead of denunciation."

"You see that large red book on the center table? It is called 'Nine Thousand Ways to Get Rich,' and I expect that any one of the ways would land a lady in the poorhouse if she followed it. I paid \$4 for that book, Mrs. Cumback, and I had saved up the money, a nickel at a time, to buy myself a new pair of shoes for Sundays and special occasions."

"No woman in this world has been pestered by agents as much as I. For years they have been coming to this

house trying to sell me jimcracks of every kind. Long months ago I vowed I'd never buy another thing of an agent, and I stuck to this stern resolve like a Spartan, whatever a Spartan is. If anybody had told me last Thursday morning that before the sun had sunk in majestic grandeur behind the western hills I would have purchased that large hectic volume with money I had saved for new shoes I'd have laughed him to scorn."

"But on Thursday afternoon, just when I was drying the dinner dishes, there came a stranger to the door. I met him with a rolling pin in my hand and a lot of language at my tongue's end, for I had a premonition that the visitor would be an agent, and sure enough he was, so well dressed and so imposing in appearance that I had ushered him into this room before I regained my presence of mind to some extent and began explaining that if he had anything to sell he was just wasting his time, for I didn't buy anything of agents."

"But he was looking around in a sort of enraptured way and when I gave him an opportunity to speak, he said: 'What a restful, comfortable room, my dear Mrs. Curfew!' I never before allowed a stranger to call me his dear, but there was something so lordly about this man, Mrs. Cumback, that I really felt bashful."

"And he went on talking: 'What exquisite taste you have shown in all the appointments! Ah, Mrs. Curfew, I am a lonesome bachelor, dragging out a gray and barren existence in a loathsome boarding house, presided over by a vampire named Jiggers, and when I go to my couch at night it is to dream of such a home as this!'"

"Then he looked at the portraits of my two daughters, done in crayon, in handsome gilt frames, and said he had never seen faces so intellectual and refined. Women with such faces, he said, were capable of rising to any height. Then he viewed Mr. Curfew's

picture and said it reminded him of some of the great classic heads portrayed by the old masters. Just then Mr. Curfew stepped into the room with a shotgun, suspecting the presence of an agent, but when he heard that remark he put the gun into the hall and put on the sweetest smile I have seen since he asked me to be his bride and I said I would, health and weather permitting."

"Well, it didn't take that stranger more than half a minute to sell us his silly book when he began to talk business."

IRRITATED & SORE?

There is something in Zam-Buk that makes this famous balm victorious over obstinate skin diseases. Mr. John L. Frenette, of Nigadoo, N.B., writes: "A rash appeared on my head and quickly spread until my head was entirely covered with sores. I was a shocking sight, and was suffering a great deal with the burning and irritation. I consulted a doctor, who told me I had eczema, and although he prescribed several medicines which I used, I did not seem to get any better."

"Then I tried Zam-Buk, which I had heard highly recommended, and was soon delighted with the improvement in the sores. The burning and irritation got less by degrees, and then disappeared. The inflammation was drawn out, and before long the sores were entirely healed."

Zam-Buk is the world's great her- bal skin cure, and is unequalled for ulcers, old sores, bad legs, boils, blood-poisoning, ringworm, and piles, as well as cuts, burns, scalds, and all skin injuries. All druggists or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto; 50c. box, 8 for \$1.25.

ZAM-BUK

FULL RIGHTS FOR ALL WOMEN IS SLOGAN

Borden Government's Franchise Bill is Condemned by the Equal Suffrage League.

Montreal, Sept. 11. — A deputation composed of Mrs. Stewart Taylor, Miss Kerr and Mrs. Rose Henderson of the Equal Suffrage League, waited upon the executive council of the People's Power League in the league's rooms, Union avenue, to ask their co-operation in a campaign to bring about if possible, the defeat of the Franchise Bill brought in by the Dominion Government. It was unanimously resolved to prosecute a vigorous effort to represent to the House of Commons the serious injustice that will be perpetrated if the bill in question becomes law. The Equal Suffrage League submitted a series of resolutions. The People's Power League heartily supported all that had been said in speeches to the resolutions, and moved further that the measure was so manifestly for party political ambitions, without taking cognizance of the democratic demand for adult suffrage as to be absolutely unworthy of the support of any self-respecting, self-governing people.

The resolution submitted by the Equal Suffrage League deprecated the idea of differentiating between one form of national service and other forms of service equally indispensable to a successful prosecution of the war, and that for the first time in this country a bill has been introduced which ignores workers for the Red Cross, Red Cross nurses, Patriotic Fund committees, Belgian and similar relief funds; also the tens of thousands of women engaged in munition factories, etc., who are denied the vote. It was also pointed out that many undesirable analogies will develop, and that it does not take advantage of the present psychological moment to confer upon women equal rights with men, and that the British House of Commons and the United States have made no such distinctions in their recent franchise legislation.

It was therefore resolved: "That this meeting implores the advisers of the Crown to withdraw their Franchise bill and draft immediately a measure that will invest women with the same political rights and privileges as are shared by men, with power to fill any office at the constitutional disposal of the Crown."

CRIMEAN VET DIES IN BANGOR

(Bangor News.)

Edwin Boulthée died at 1 o'clock this morning at the Home for Aged Men, in his 92nd year.

Mr. Boulthée was for nearly 40 years a tailor in Bangor and until within a year or so his striking figure was familiar on the streets of Bangor. He was a veteran of two wars and remembered distinctly the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

He saw that brilliant and disastrous exploit of the British cavalry, and when the remnant of the gallant troop came back he welcomed, among the 30 survivors his dearest chum Ira Williamson of Derby, England.

Mr. Boulthée was born in Derby on Dec. 14, 1825, and at an early age came to this country, first settling in New York, where he learned the tailor's trade, at which he worked until 1854, when the Crimean war broke out. Volunteer regiments were being formed in England, and Boulthée, with his two brothers, George and Charles, caught the war fever and, returning to their old home, joined the Derbyshire Regiment which, after a period of drilling, was sent to the Crimea.

Within a few days of arrival the regiment took part in the battle of Alma, and one of Mr. Boulthée's most prized possessions was a picture of a Scottish regiment, the 42nd, in a charge on the Russian position.

When the Crimean war was over, Boulthée came back to the United States and again worked at his trade in New York and Boston. He was in Boston when the Civil war began and at once enlisted in the First Massachusetts Regiment, serving until illness took him out of the ranks.

Farewell to the ease of the erstwhile, Goodbye to the gloom of the gone; Hold fast, sweet 'membrance of the yester, Forever and aye will it on; I'll never a glimpse of the coming, But glimpse I the gloom of the gone; So linger, sweet nowings of the going Ere Kind Keeper hurries me on.

An orchestra of disabled soldiers, some of them with only a stump of a leg, a conductor who has to wave his baton with his left hand, is the pride of one of the great military hospitals near London.

"SALADA"

All Pure Tea — Free from Dust

Sealed Packets Only.....Never Sold in Bulk

— Black or Natural Green —

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WOULD MEAN THE END OF DEMOCRACY

Petrograd, Sept. 12. — The committee of the Twelfth Russian army before the fall of Riga, issued an appeal printed in German and addressed to the German soldiers pointing out that the latter were making war on the side of autocracy and against revolution of liberty and justice. The appeal was: "Victory of Kaiser Wilhelm would mean the end of democracy and liberty. We are leaving Riga but we know the revolutionary spirit will prove stronger than your cannon; we know that in the end your conscience will see that more clearly and that you will march on to victory and liberty side by side with the revolutionary army. Your strength is greater than ours, but your superiority is merely of physical and material force. Moral force is on our side. History will relate that the German proletariat went against their Russian brothers forgetting the dictates of international solidarity."

Slants of Humor

KHAKI

In Boston, the place they eat ice cream and pie.
The boys, they insist, are all dressed in kah-kie.
We motored on up to Lake Winnepe-saukee,
And there we were met by some brave lads in kau-kee.
The men at the shipyards sure did look quite tacky.
Compared to their guards, wearing fresh, new, bright kacky.

DEFINITE INFORMATION.

The recruit was sulky. At last the sergeant turned to him and sternly said:
"Look here, young fellow, you've got to give a straight answer to questions put to yer. Now, then, where were you born?"
Then came the answer slowly, as if the information imparted were grudging:
"London — right hand side, going in."

GREAT SCHEME.

Jones—My wife has a poor memory; she can never remember anything; it's awful!
Brown—My wife was just as bad, till I found out a capital recipe.
"What is it?"
"Why, whenever there's anything particular I want the missus to remember I write it on a slip of paper and gum it on the looking glass."
Jones is now a contented man.

BIG LEAK.

Little Basil was eating with his knife at a children's party. His mother cried reprovingly:
"Basil, where's your fork? You ought to use your fork!"
"I know, mamma," said Basil, "but this one leaks awfully!"
Schoolmaster—What is your favorite poem?
New Pupil—Excelsior. I recite it every time we have company.
"Does your father ask you to do it?"
"Yes, sir; he says he thinks it keeps us from having much company."

POSSIBLE MOVIE STAR?

He—You are exquisite. Your eyes are lustrous, your complexion divine. Do you think you could be content as a poor man's wife?
She—No; I'm pretty enough for the movies if I'm as pretty as that.

RECRIMINATION.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!
Rev. George C. Abbit took down the receiver and placed it to his ear.
"Is that the Dickel Liquor Company?" a woman asked.
Recognizing the voice as that of one of his parishioners he replied in stern reproof:
"No, it is your rector."
Was there a dull thud?
No.
"Indeed," said the lady, quick as a flash, "and pray what are you doing there?"

LIBERALS CRITICIZE GOV'T MEASURES

Asbestos, Sept. 11 — Conscription, the nationalization of the Canadian Northern Railway and the Franchise Bill were attacked by the Hon. Walter Mitchell, E. W. Tobin, M. P.; Alphonse Verville, M. P.; L. J. Gauthier, M. P.; Dr. Amyot, of Asbestos; M. Lemay of Sherbrooke, and U. Bruneau of Asbestos, in a meeting held here yesterday in the Liberal interests. Through these three measures, said Hon. Walter Mitchell, Sir Robert Borden and the Conservative Government had brought about discord in the country when, in the words of Lloyd George, "Anyone who promotes nation disunion at this time is helping the enemy."

Those in favor of conscription were divided by Hon. Walter Mitchell into Conservatives who believed more in saving the party machine than in saving democracy, profiteers who have a financial interest in returning the present government, and those who sincerely believed in the principle of conscription but yet did not know the difficult internal and economic position of Canada.

The Military Service measure, he contended, should be dealt with only by a government fresh from the mandate of the people.

The Government would have rendered greater service by concentrating the country's money on winning of the war than on buying the C.N.R., said Hon. Mr. Mitchell. It looked to him as if the Dominion's last man and last dollar were going to Mackenzie and Amn rather than to winning the war.

Mr. Verville's Charges.

Attacking the Franchise Act, Alphonse Verville, M.P., said that the Government was trying through this measure to steal the next election. He believed the C.N.R. bill was for the purpose of creating a huge campaign fund. These problems and those coming after the war needed the statesmanship of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, contended Mr. Verville.

L. J. Gauthier, M.P., thought that any one of the new bills, Military Service, C.N.R., and the Franchise, was sufficient to defeat the Conservative Government. He said the Government was rushing to its doom. E. W. Tobin attacked the Government for not appealing to the people before enacting conscription, and reviewed wartime scandals. Another assault on the C.N.R. Bill concluded the meeting.

THE H. C. R. TO RETIRE SOON

Toronto, Sept. 12. — The early retirement of Supreme Chief Ranger Stevenson, of the Independent Order of Foresters, has been officially announced at the initial meeting here of the Supreme Court of the Order.

WISE MAN.

A gentleman prepared to take His annual vacation;
But stayed at home, for he could not Select a destination—Some of his friends told him to go to one place and some to another and so he decided to sit on the back porch near the ice box and read the telephone directory.

NEW YORK'S EARLY CLOSING.

Mrs. Gotham—I see you get home earlier nights.
Mr. Gotham—Oh, yes.
"How do you account for it, dear?"
"Oh, well, you see, all the friends I used to sit up with after 1 o'clock are better."

A Health Tip




POSTUM
Instead of tea or coffee

WRIGLEY'S

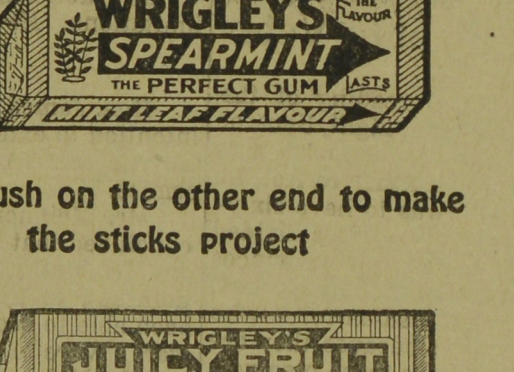
THE FLAVOUR LASTS

"An Opening"

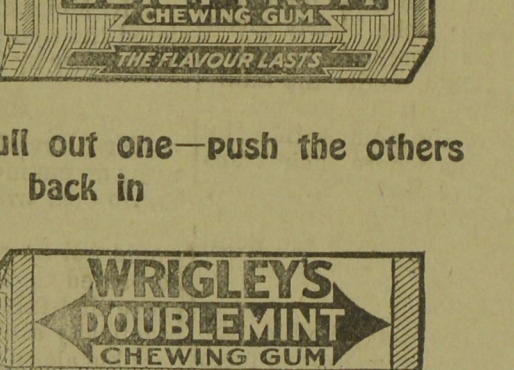
Open the sealed end with your finger nail



Push on the other end to make the sticks project



Pull out one—push the others back in



Unwrap the double cover and see how surpassingly full-flavoured and delicious it is!

THREE KINDS

Made in Canada

The Flavour Lasts—

Chew it after every meal!