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PARLIAMENT PROROGUED AFTER A LENGTHY SESSION

Has Been a Strange Mixture of Patriotism --Party Leaders Pay Tribute to the Late Sergeant-at-Arms--An Election Looked For Early in December--The People are Tired and Sick of Toryism and It's Attendant Evils.

Ottawa, Sept. 20. — On the eve of the sixth anniversary of the last Canadian general election one of Canada's longest and most historical parliaments finally prorogued a few minutes after 6 o'clock this evening. The closing sitting of the house of commons was a comparatively brief one. It was marked by eloquent tributes to the late Colonel Henry R. Smith, for nearly half a century sergeant-at-arms of the commons, by the premier and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Both leaders also paid glowing tribute to the services of the retiring clerk, Dr. T. B. Flint.

A final vigorous protest by the Nova Scotia Liberals against the loaded dice partisan character of the final senate amendments to the new fran-

chise act was cut short a few minutes before 6 o'clock when the three knocks heralding the approach of the gentleman usher of the black rod sounded on the door of the chamber and the commons were summoned to the senate to hear His Excellency the Governor General formally prorogue parliament.

By 6:30 tonight the corridors were in a turmoil of "packing up" and members laden with baggage and bundles were bidding one another good-by and extending wishes for each other's success in the general election.

Patriotism and Politics.

The seventh and last session of the twelfth parliament of Canada just closed has been a strange mixture of patriotism and politics. During the long six months of the session both sides have laid claims to purely patriotic war-winning motives both in legislation and criticism. An unprejudiced observer of the whole debates of the session despite possibly an outside view to the contrary, will testify to the fact throughout the session that parliament has as a whole been dominated for the most part by a sincere patriotism. But as the session wore on and the inevitable election day came in sight politics began to largely dominate patriotism. The session concludes with the election campaign uppermost in the minds of the average members.

Prorogation practically marks the beginning of a bitter political strife throughout the country culminating in an election day probably early in December. After that a new parliament with a fresh mandate from the people and a four or five year term of office can probably be relied upon to keep patriotism the first consideration and politics to a large extent at least in the background. With both leaders pledged to national or union government in the next house and with the political jockeying inevitable on the eve of election then unnecessary, and also with a really representative house elected on the basis of the redistribution bill of 1912, the parliament which will assemble next winter should be a much better deliberative assembly than the moribund parliament on which the curtain has been rung down for the last time.

War Legislation.

The legislative grist can be summed up in a few lines. The political moral to be drawn from the session demands a much larger treatment. The war vote of half a million dollars was put through with comparatively little discussion and with a minimum of debate or criticism from the opposition. The military service act with the momentous influence on war effort and on national politics did not, after all, take up so very much time of the house. The actual debating upon it occupied a fortnight or so. The soldier settlement bill providing for government assistance and encouragement to the settlement of returned soldiers upon Dominion lands was a comparatively non-contentious bill and slipped through both houses easily.

Other concrete legislative results of the session include the bank act with amendments enabling the bankers to make loans on security of livestock, the franchise act, the Canadian Northern legislation, the income tax and the soldiers' votes bill.

135 Sitting Days.

With the exception of the seven weeks' adjournment during Sir Robert Borden's visit to England, parliament has been in session since January 18th. There have been 135 sitting days. The total volume of legislation passed is perhaps below the normal but in its far-reaching effects both to the present and the future is incalculable.

The members are leaving to plunge at once into campaign preparations. Both sides declare confidence in the result. On the Liberal side that confidence is based on a belief that the

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Wilson Mizner's gripping story, a truthful reflection of domestic life.

SPECIAL SATURDAY MATINEE

Mon.-Tues. - - - - "THAT GIRL GLORY"

A Triangle Feature, Starring MISS ENID BENNET.

Labor Day Prizes

The committee in charge of the Labor Day Fete hereby give notice that the Gate Prize, one ton of coal, ticket No. 14; the 2nd prize on the grand drawing, one barrel flour, ticket No. 2698, and the prize on punch board No. 2, a palm, ticket No. 99, have not been called for. If these prizes are not claimed on or before the 29th of September, they will be disposed of.

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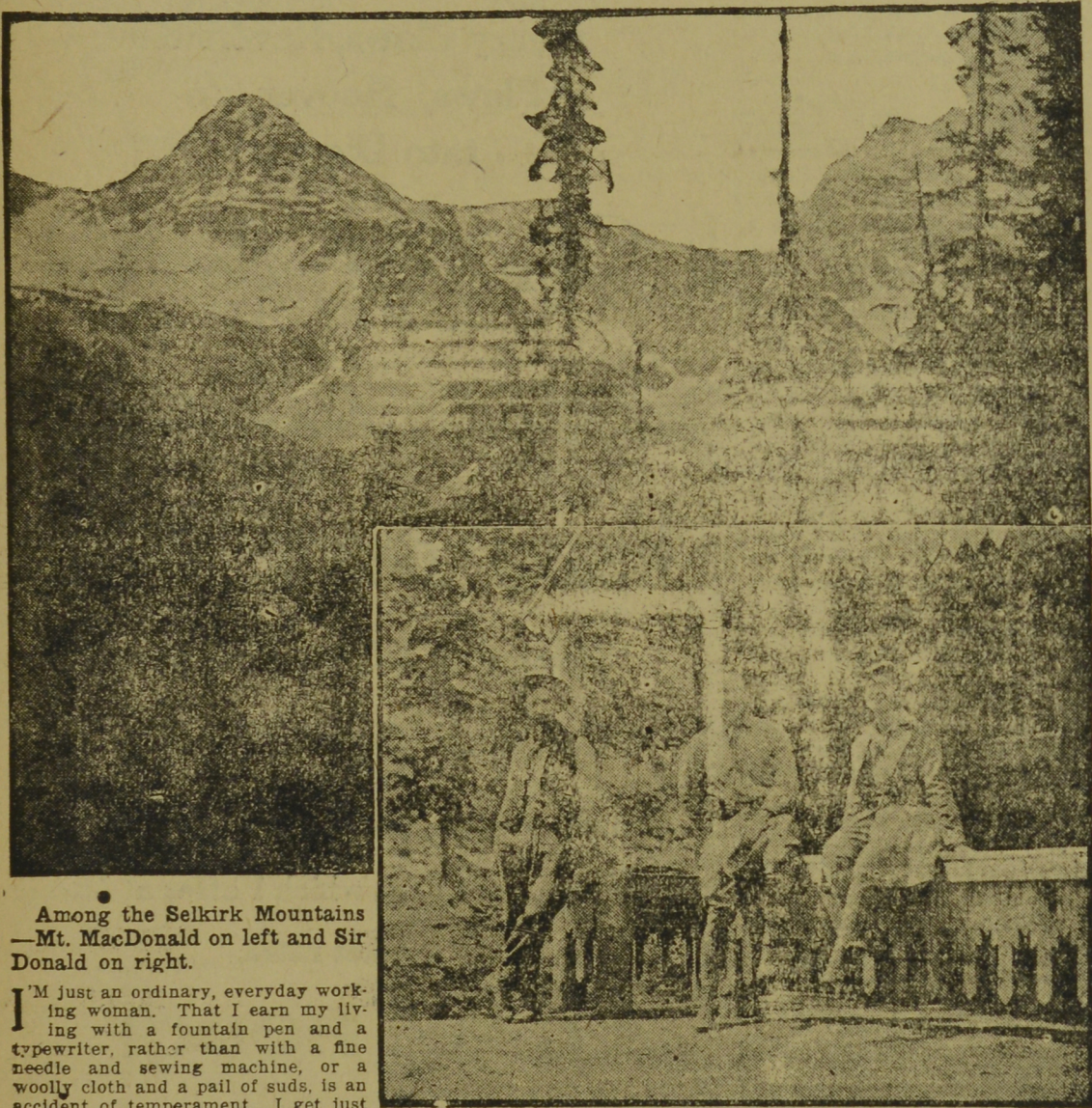
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Making Progress.

Messrs. Scott and Forbes, contractors for the buildings to be used in connection with the Soldiers' Convalescent Home here, are making good progress with the work. They expect to have the excavating finished for foundations this week.

THE SPRIG of MAGIC HEATHER



Among the Selkirk Mountains —Mt. MacDonald on left and Sir Donald on right.

I'm just an ordinary, everyday working woman. That I earn my living with a fountain pen and a typewriter, rather than with a fine needle and sewing machine, or a woolly cloth and a pair of studs, is an accident of temperament. I get just as tired sometimes scraping up thoughts and putting them into sentences as the other woman does who finds a new way to make her customer's evening coat.

But this summer I had a holiday. I've had them before, but they've taken me to towns that were bigger and dirtier and more bedeviledly sophisticated than my own. I've come back so many dollars poorer, not a pound heavier, and, if I brought mementos home with me, they were body-wearables, not soul-delightables.

But this year I had a holiday that was so different that I'd rather spell it the old way and call it a Holy Day.

I spent a whole month in the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

Do you know what I'm looking at now? It's a sprig of red heather and I wouldn't give it up for a wardrobe trunkful of dutiables.

I hold it in my hand, the tough little brown stalk of it, and grey green leaves, the purple-pink flame that it flowers into. And the walls of my den go back, melt out—

The sun is high in the cloudless heavens—the blue heavens that seem to hang like a soft curtain dropped to rest on the snow-tops of the great mountains. All morning I've followed the trail through the great trees of the Asulkan Valley, by the side of the ice-cold roaring glacial river, until the path led me back to the sources of everything.

The mountain slopes lay before me in a vast fan. Great gullies into which you could drop a city block

Deutchman's cabin at Nakimu Cave, Glacier, B.C.

looked like wrinkles in the brown velvet flanks. The river had its four-fold beginning on these slopes. To follow anyone of the streamlets up to its parent glacier-tongue would have been a day's joy, but the trail had elected to keep to the left according to the traffic laws of British Columbia.

At home I'm reckoned a fairly good walker. I can do a couple of miles without being tired. But in the sharp clear air of these intoxicating days I could go ten miles and get home with the lit of pure joy in my very last step. And to pit myself against the sudden steepness of a trail full of surprises made me laugh out loud.

At the edge of a snowbank, where it crept to the border of the trail to peep over at the brooklet far below, my little bit of heather grew—

The vast silence of the heights was such that I wouldn't have been surprised if the brave pink bells had turned toward me and tinkled! I put my hand out slowly. And drew it back again.

I'm half Scotch according to the family tree that grows so green in my grandmother's memory. But I'd never seen heather before, except one wee pressed bit of it that compassionate friends had sent out to us.

And here it was—brave, wonderful, undaunted! I didn't need to wait to ask anybody. It was heather, heather to the staunch soul of it, and it was growing right there—it had

always grown right there—for me.

I picked it and carried it, like a purple torch, right up to where the last green grass lifted itself out of the sheeted whiteness that ran straight up, steep as the pitch of a cathedral roof, to meet the far blue haze of the sky. And when I looked at it now, the wee flame on its crest lights up the way back to all the silent wonder of that day.

I have a yellow lily too that can work magic. It grew right up through the snow in an Alpine meadow where I talked to a great grey marmot who sat on a rock listening. I have a white "here's a tail"—silky little ball that swung in the wind that blew down from the Victoria Glacier at Lake Louise.

I have a bunch of dried sweet grass that came from Benji on a day we drove to Moraine Lake under its solemn Ten Peaks.

I have a little trilobite fossil that has never seen a glass case, though its worthy of one. It means a meaning of enchantment on the prehistoric unland beds of Mt. Stephen at Field.

Best of all perhaps I have something that nobody can name. "You look different," said my next door neighbor. "I don't know what it is. You weren't sick when you went away. But now you look like a house plant that's been in the garden all summer."

E. M. J.

SATURDAY IS BLUE CROSS DAY-- DON'T FORGET TO DO YOUR DUTY