

NO PLACE FOR IT.

"Some families," said Uncle Eben, "would be a whole lot happier if dey didn't keep tryin' to put too much jazz in 'Home Sweet Home.'"

A GREAT PEACE MOVEMENT.

A Chicago reformer proposes the abolition of all church choirs. The movement for world peace continues to make rapid progress.

A woman's hat may be off her head and still be on her mind.

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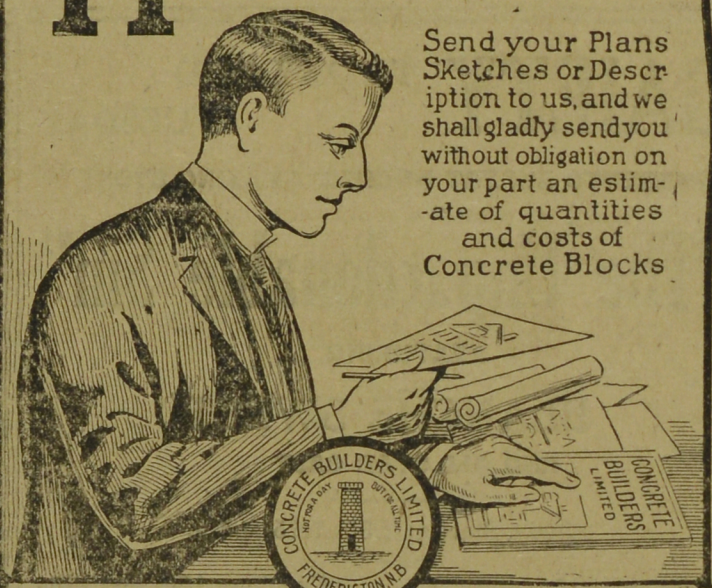
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THE PRINCE OF WALES WELCOMED TO TORONTO

His Royal Highness Appeared in the Uniform of a Captain of the Grenadier Guards—Guns Manned by Veterans of the Great War Boomed a Salute—Addresses of Welcome by the Province of Ontario and City of Toronto.

Toronto, Aug. 25.—His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, has become a soldier again. He reached this city today in the uniform of a Captain of the Grenadier Guards. It was the first occasion since landing on this side of the Atlantic, that the future King had appeared in the military uniform in which he was best known as a real defender of the Empire; it was the khaki garb in which he served side by side with the Canadians on the fields of Flanders. The people of this inland capital city of the great province of Ontario accepted this change

from the naval uniform, which the Prince wore in the eastern Canadian cities, as a graceful tribute to the services of Ontario in defending the Empire on land, and the reception accorded him was therefore all the more spontaneous and enthusiastic.

Informal Greetings

Shortly after ten o'clock the guns of a battery manned by veterans of the Great War boomed their welcoming salute down the Don valley. Within a minute or two after the royal train came to a standstill, at the temporary station in Rosedale, near Government House, the Prince was on the platform accepting the introductions to the fifth set of Lieutenant governors, Provincial Premiers, and Staffs he has encountered since he arrived in the Dominion less than two weeks ago. The monotony of it might tell on some men, but H. R. H. met them all with the same graciousness, and smiling good humor, which has characterized him since his arrival on the shores of North America. After informal greetings from Sir John Hendrie, Lieut. Gov. Sir Wm. Hearst, Prime Minister of Ontario, and Mr. Thomas Church, Mayor of Toronto and other authorities, His Royal Highness, and party proceeded to government house, where Lady Hendrie and Miss Enid Hendrie were presented.

Address of Welcome

The route of the Prince's progress from Government House to the Parliament Buildings, where the addresses of welcome were presented by the Province of Ontario and the city of Toronto, gave an opportunity for the indication of the real welcome by the people of the city and province and also the route from the parliament buildings to the exhibition grounds, where he opened the Canadian National Exhibition.

All the buildings were flag bedecked, and festooned, of course, and the streets one great avenue of color, but the actual welcome, and the one that doubtless appealed most to the heart of the Prince, was the continuous roar of loyal and hearty cheering that preceded and followed him from one end of the route to the other.

It was cheering right from the hearts of all classes of citizens of the queen city to a royal prince who has succeeded in captivating the hearts of all the King's subjects, wherever he has so far visited.

SUGGESTS A THRASHING FOR VIXENISH WIVES

London, August 21.—A woman, a dog and a walnut tree. The more you beat 'em the better they be.

So runs an old rhyme, which may be perfectly correct, so far as it relates to the walnut tree, although the truth of the remainder of the couplet is open to doubt.

Wife-beating as a corrective measure has gone out of fashion, and in the best circles it is not performed nowadays, but Judge Grainger, who presides over the Southwark County Court, is apparently of the opinion that there are occasions when it might be employed with advantage.

To a man who attended the court to plead for his wife, against whom an ejectment order was sought, he said: "Probably you have been too good to your wife. If you had given her a good thrashing, it might have affected an improvement."

The woman was described as "a terror to the neighborhood," and her husband declared that she was awful when drunk, but that when she was sober she was a thoroughly good woman.

A press representative visited a police official who has had wide experience of "domestic cases" and put the question: "Should husbands beat their wives?" The answer was, "No; it doesn't do them any good."

Going more deeply into the subject our informant declared that his experience led him to the opinion that wife-beating was bad from every point of view.

"Habitual drunkenness in either husband or wife," he said, "is a terrible business. It kills home life and all domestic joy. It is rarer in a woman

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibron

LETTY'S MANNER IS SURPRISING.

I smiled at Theo's comments on Letty's looks, for it was a very different appearing woman who ascended from the motor, gowned as she was, in correct white sport clothes, from the Villet Montmorency he had probably seen many times cavorting in burlesque.

I was very glad he didn't remember her, for I knew it would take her a long time to live down the memory of her former appearance in the minds of many of his men friends who were crowding the veranda at the moment.

I knew that Letty was quite aware of the fact that she was the subject of discussion among Theo's men friends just then, but in no way did she show it.

One thing at least her stage training had done for her; it had taught her to appear unconscious of her audience. Her manner was one of perfect poise and serenity itself.

She waited calmly until Dad slowly stepped from the motor and then gave him the prop of her youthful strength up the steps. Not until she reached the top did she seem to recognize anyone; even up, although I had a feeling that she knew every face on that veranda before she left the machine. Four or five of the men, including Theo, rushed to my father's side, and soon both he and Letty were seated beside me.

"We didn't expect to find you out here, little Margaret Anne," said Dad, who always insisted upon calling me by my full name, "but Letty seemed to think I needed a change from our home diet. I suspect, however, she wanted me to get out among people again."

"Are you sure, Mother," asked Theo, who delights in calling Letty "Mother" in order to see her blush, I guess, "that you were not thinking a little about yourself when you brought the Commissioner out here? That is a very stunning and becoming outfit, you know."

"Yes," said Dad complacently, "the two prettiest women here belong to me."

Letty looked at my father with gratitude. She has never gotten quite used to Theo's teasing, and Dad's whole-souled espousal of her cause seems ever a surprise and delight to her.

It made me very happy to see with what affection almost everyone greeted my father. When one or two of the older men spoke to him about Tim, he put his hand in his pocket and proudly drew forth Tim's War Cross to show them. The symbol of bravery bestowed upon his boy is a great comfort to him.

"What do you hear from your son's wife; is she getting better?" asked one inquisitive woman.

"I have heard nothing from her," said my father with such decided finality that I knew the whole place would be agog with gossip when we left for the dining room, which we did immediately.

Theo looked at me rather strangely, and I could see that he was puzzled over the fact that my father also showed animosity towards Tim's wife, and I presumed that, as usual, he would blame me for it. However, with his easy way of dismissing disagreeable things from his mind, he turned his attention to Letty. As we entered the dining room we saw Robert eating alone in one corner, and Theo called:

"Hey, Budge, bring your chow over her to our table."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Letty under her breath.

I turned in surprise, but could learn little from the expression on Letty's face.

"Thanks, Theo, but I've almost finished, and besides, I have a knotty problem on my hands."

"Who's very ill since you pulled me through?" asked Dad.

"I have a number of patients on my list right now," answered Robert.

I heard Letty give a sigh of relief and I again turned to her, this time to find a troubled look in her eyes.

(Tomorrow—"Mrs. Charlton is Coming.")

EX-KAISER WILL LEAD A RETIRED LIFE IN A QUIET DUTCH VILLAGE

Amerongen, Holland, Aug. 24.—Stories that the Kaiser is broken down and decrepit are belied by his appearance. I had an extremely close view of him recently walking with the Empress and his secretary in the grounds of Amerongen Castle. He was laughing gaily, swinging his cane, and talking animatedly in his pre-war manner as I crossed the bridge over the moat within a few yards of the practically unpoliced roadway. He was dressed in brown tweeds, his figure being strikingly erect, though rather stout. There were no signs that he was bowed down by the weight of woe.

The Kaiser the other night watched from the castle windows an elaborate fireworks display in honor of the fortieth anniversary of Count Bentinck's occupation of Amerongen. It must have been reminiscent of the war to him.

It is stated at Amerongen that there is so little belief in the extradition proceedings developing that negotiations are in progress to secure another mansion in the neighborhood, it being the Kaiser's intention to settle in Holland until time brings a measure of forgetfulness. It is likely that he will remain at Amerongen for some time, owing to the difficulty of securing another suitable place.

Meanwhile he is free to come and go at his will, the Dutch regarding him as a free agent who is simply amenable to the laws which give the authorities the right to designate where foreigners may reside. It is explained that the gendarme patrolling inside and outside the castle are purely for protection and not restraint.

than in a man, but when a woman takes to drink she is generally the worse of the two. Sooner or later it leads to blows and repeated blows.

"I am not prepared to say," he continued, "whether a man is justified or not in thrashing a drunken wife who makes his home a life-long misery. But in my view, a formidable argument against it is that it is rarely an effective cure for drunkenness, and that it does not remove the root of the trouble."

"A woman may, and generally does forgive as is shown in hundreds of police-court cases in which she explains on oath how she came by injuries—really inflicted by her husband—through 'slipping on the stairs,' or 'knocking her head against the wall.' But although she forgives she does

not forget—and the remembrance does not conduce to domestic happiness or to reformed habits."

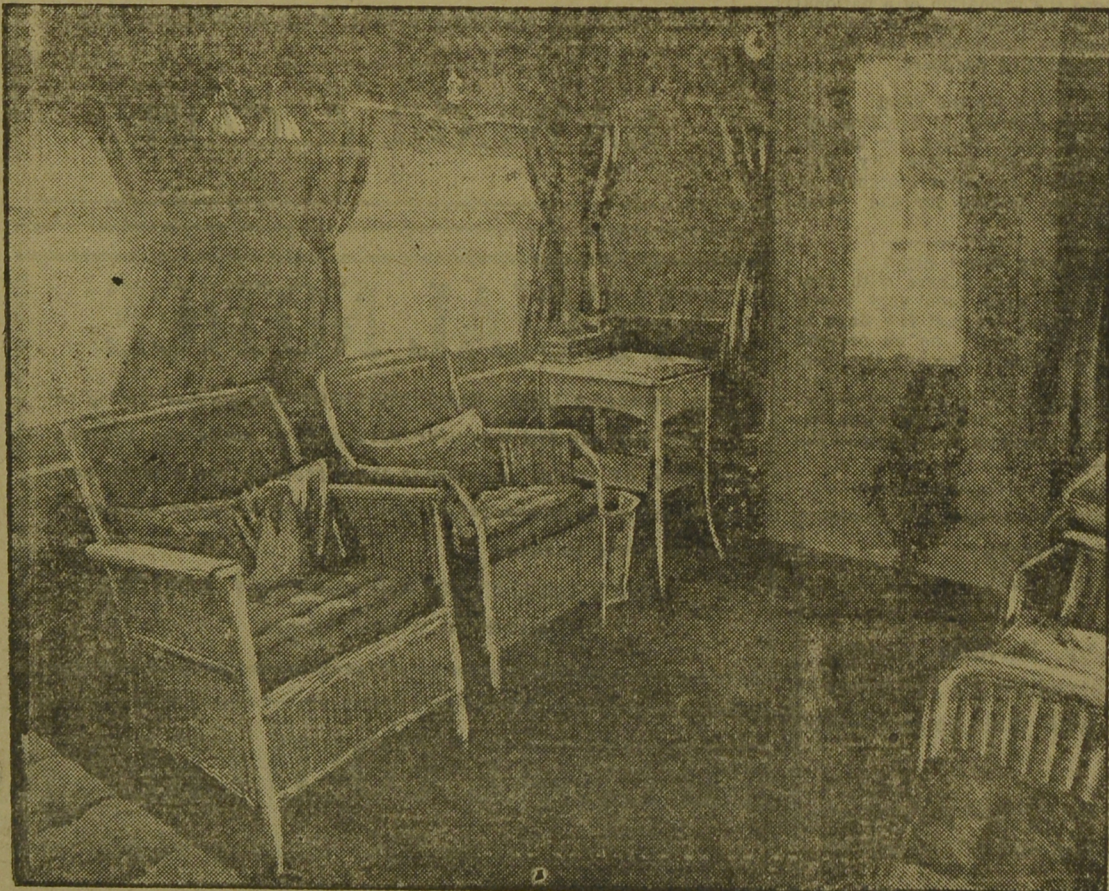
While the world is studying control of the air, some one should arrange for world control of hot air.

Speak twice before thinking and you will think a thousand times about it afterward.

There are men who will laugh at a woman for buying a nickel package of chewing gum, then proceed to blow a quarter for an "imported" cigar.

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Interior View of Observation Car Set Apart for H. R. H. the Prince of Wales on the "Killarney."