

## LITTLE TALES GATHERED IN A GREAT CITY

(N. Y. Sun)

The Woman was comfortably settled beneath one of the large umbrellas that cover the tables of a popular little uptown summer garden. Luncheon was in order and she was very busy with a delicious salad, but not so preoccupied that she didn't hear the conversation at the next table.

Two girls were talking shop to each other, quite disregarding their escorts. They had evidently been brought along merely to pay the check. "Well, dearie," said the one in white, "I nearly lost my job today." "Why, Mayme, how?" "Well, it was this way. The boss was late and when he came in he came over and pinched me on the arm, just like that see," and she illustrated. "I looks up at him and says, 'Well, kinda offended. And he says, 'I just wanted to see how you feel.' And I says, 'Well, you might have touched me gentle to find out without pinching me.' And I said it so sassy I was most sure he'd fire me, but he didn't." The Woman was more than grateful for the umbrella that hid her smiles.

### Her Real Reason

She was a very tired social worker doing slum visiting on a muggy August afternoon, and the sight of a bunch of roses in a milk bottle on the table of a dirty, dark flat refreshed her soul. After all, she reflected, these people do love beauty. And she cast aside her weariness of body and spirit.

Her admiration brought ready and generous response from the woman at the wash tub. "Take them. I give them to you."

Rob that dingy room of its one beauty. No indeed! And she voiced her protest. But the woman at the wash tub spoke again. "Oh, I want to get rid of them. We was in the park yesterday and I picked them where it said, 'No trespassing.' I've had bad luck ever since. If you take them perhaps the bad luck will go too."

### The Voice of the South

"Ah reckon this is jus' what ah want. Could I take it to mah room?" The Woman looked up and saw a man standing beside the librarian in the Hotel Pennsylvania library. Oh, these Southerners, she mused. One couldn't mistake their drawl anywhere.

She rose returned the book she had borrowed, and went directly down into the subway. She was lucky enough to get a seat, and just as she took it she heard the girl beside her saying "Daddy, we get out at the next station. Yo' shuah do look tired. I reckon you did too much walking over yonder."

More Southerners! Then quite suddenly she realized that for days and days in the public places of the city she had heard that slow drawl, those typical expressions. New York was full of Southerners, whose easy, lazy speech contrasted sharply with the jerky accents of the Northerners.

The Woman left the subway at an uptown station opposite which stands a music store. As she passed a soprano voice issued from a busy pho-

## NEW LIBERAL LEADER'S TRIBUTE TO THE LATE SIR WILFRID LAURIER

(Renfrew Mercury.)

Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King came first (of the speakers at the great Liberal Convention at Ottawa) speaking to the labor resolution. Mr. King was greeted with a regular torrent of applause, and it was some time before he could proceed. When he did proceed he spoke quietly and evenly on the resolution, only occasionally attempting any rhetoric.

Pausing for a moment, evidently in response to a word from the chairman as to the time he was occupying, Mr. King half turned to the portrait of Sir Wilfrid as he said:

"It has been my desire at the right time and in the right place to pay some small tribute to the memory of our great and truly revered leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. This, I think, is the time, and this, I think, is the place."

And then, "like a thousand lightning brands unstrung in the night sudden," period after period of eloquence flashed forth, and for half an hour he held his audience spellbound as he reached down to the very fundamentals of Liberalism and brought them forth one after the other, that in this age of social and industrial unrest Liberals should not forget what Liberalism is, what it stands for and who laid its great and mighty foundations. As the brilliant young grandson of the rebel who in 1837, Dantonlike, refused to be silenced, and who fought so hard and so long for responsible government in Canada, marched the great reformers of other days—Pym, Hampden, Bright, Cobden, Gladstone—in fancy across the stage and drove home with dynamic force the great principles of Liberalism for which these men had fought and died, the whole audience became charged with his magnetic personality and from that moment there was little doubt that the mantle of the great Laurier would fall upon the shoulders of his brilliant young minister of labor, who concluded a thrilling peroration with the following poetic tribute to the Old Chief, taken from Tennyson's ode to the Duke of Wellington:

His voice is silent in your council hall,  
Forever, and whatever tempests lower  
Forever silent; even if he broke  
In thunder, silent; yet remember all  
He spoke among you, and the man who spoke;  
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;  
Who let the turbid stream of rumor flow  
Through either babbling world of high or low;  
Who never spoke against a foe.  
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;  
Whatever record leap to light, he never shall be shamed.

## THE WESTERN CROP OUTLOOK

Winnipeg, Aug. 26.—In its annual estimate of the crop of the three prairie provinces, the Manitoba Free Press yesterday morning published the following figures:

Wheat, 166,226,000 bushels; oats, 268,885,000 bushels; barley, 40,961,095 bushels, and rye, 8,470,000 bushels.

## 50 DOLLARS FOR BEATTY'S JACKET

London, Aug. 25.—An old uniform jacket of Admiral Beatty sold at auction in aid of the Women's Legion, brought \$50.

What's the good of quarrelling over who won the war. We know who lost it, don't we?

nograph, singing a continuation of her own thoughts versed in popular form "Everything is Nice that Comes from Dixie."

## NEW HOUSES IN FRANCE

Students of architecture in France in years to come will find a type of buildings among the houses there which will be quite different from the romantic-looking, but not altogether comfortable to live in houses of the before-the-war period. Those interested in the rebuilding of the devastated regions say that the new style is to be neither French nor American—even though America is to figure quite largely in the rebuilding of the country—but is to be typical of the new France. Various American necessities such as bath tubs, for example, formerly considered rather as luxuries, plumbing systems and other household conveniences are to be installed. Also former farm buildings are to be improved upon, and proper provision made for farm animals, which were formerly, in many cases, as much at home inside the house as elsewhere. But these modern dwellings are to be French homes, there is to be no attempt made by helpers from mother nations to take away their individuality, but rather to help to express in the modern architecture the feelings of that new France which has emerged from the struggle for a better world to live in.

## CATS AND DOGS AS CADDIES

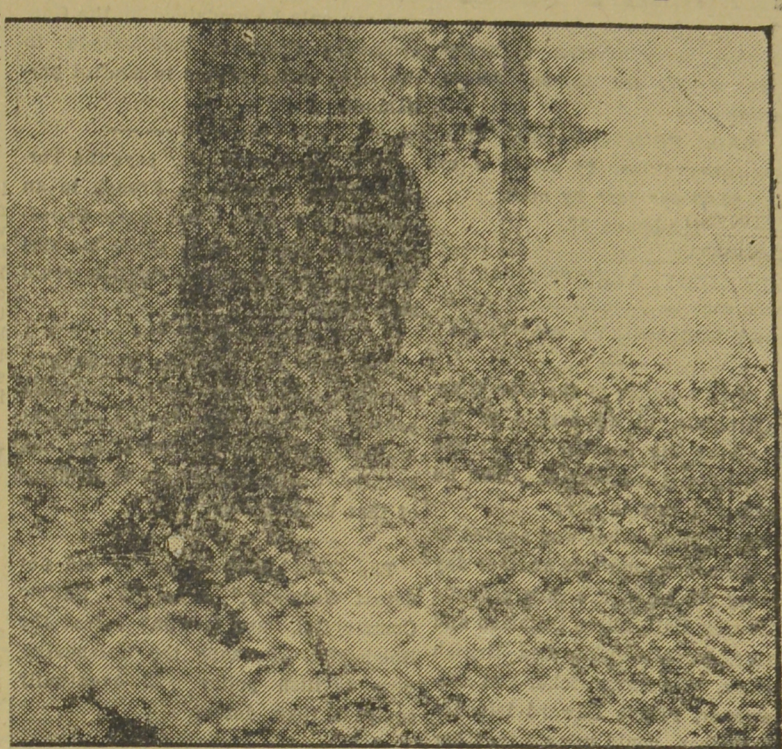
Commenting upon the story of a golfer in Rockland, Maine, who has a cat which chases the ball and sits by it until the player arrives, the Chicago Tribune considers this interesting chiefly as being the solitary reason for a cat's existence.

It would have a deeper interest for many another golfer. The cat as a golf ball retriever—or pointer, perhaps, would be better—will never wholly prove its right to existence, notwithstanding this testimony from Rockland. The creature would go on strike in rainy weather, which some contend is the ideal golfing condition. Even a light dew on the grass will keep the pussyfoot off it. But a dog! Ah! there's the great idea! Why hasn't someone thought of training Fido to follow the elusive pill into the rough? An application of bone-dust or some such fragrant preparation would give the necessary scent to guide a smart dog. This would save to the country thousands of dollars hitherto represented by lost golf-balls and the improvement in the public temper would be incalculable.

They say that co-education transforms colleges into match factories.

## Baby Bear is Afraid of People

The smooth, hard, dustless road wound about through the sylvan depths of giant ferns and mighty timbers in a district round Spirit Lake, Vancouver Island. Far away a smoke smudge on the blue above the heaving ocean showed where a Canadian Pacific passenger liner was ploughing the heaving Pacific, bound for the Orient. On the right Spirit Lake gleamed in the bright sun. There was a gentle rustling in the darkness of the undergrowth, the ferns swayed gently. Then there came a sound of scratching and clawing, and finally the head of a three-months' cub rose alongside a great Douglas fir bole. As he cleared the ferns he paused and glanced eagerly about. He sought sight of his mother, who was so wrapped up in some luscious salmon berries that she had forgotten him. Higher and higher he climbed, widening his scope of view. Then came a terrible sound that paralyzed him where he clung to the ragged bark. It was the raucous challenge of a motor horn. Hugging the tree tightly he hoped to be overlooked. On the smooth road a few yards away there rolled into sight a terrible engine carrying ladies and gentlemen. He held his breath and hoped more strongly. But sharp eyes were peering every way from under the auto, canopy and a scream of pleased excitement showed that feminine eyes had spied him. He hunched himself closer and bent his head on his shoulder to watch the awful creatures in the big iron animal that always had such a bad breath. A man crashed through the ferns and pointed a black box at him. The cub darted high in the branches of the towering fir



Baby Bear Watches an Automobile and Its Occupants From His Perch On a Fir Tree.

tree. The bad-breathing iron animal then grunted several times and crawled swiftly away, and down from him all over in solitude while he the dizzy heights the baby bear hastened his painful backward climb. Arriving at the base he found an anxious mother who had remembered her forgotten maternal

—L. V. K.

### THE TICK OF TIME.

"Time is money," quoted the Wise Guy.

"I dare say that is the reason so many people buy on tick," suggested the Simple Mug.

### ARE HARD TIMES COMING?

Yes, for the man that wears tight boots, but his corns are relieved quickly by Putnam's Corn Extractor. No pain, and certain cure. That's Putnam's. Use no other, 25c. at all dealers.

### PAST VS. PRESENT.

Wigg—In spite of a rather shady past, Mrs. Dashaway receives a great many gifts from the men.

Wagg—Oh, even a woman with a past isn't averse to a present.

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## LABOR DAY SUPPER

In the Drill Hall of the Armory, Barracks Square, Labor Day, a Big Supper will be served by the Fredericton Labor Council, in connection with their celebration of the Day.

Men of experience in the preparing and serving of food will have charge and the kitchen and tables will be well manned to ensure quick service.

A reasonable price will be charged.