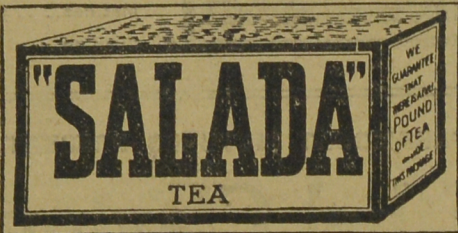


The "Quality" Character of this brand has an International Reputation.



A Trial Packet will bring speedy conviction

FLOORWALKERS GET PLENTY OF THRILLS IN A DAY

A floorwalker's life is full of excitement. He never knows what will happen next; there are so many things going on all the time that the poor fellow is at his wits end. Perhaps this gives you the impression that the average floorwalker is a distraught person, flying hither and yon, unduly excited, nay—distraught he may be, but never unduly excited. Calm cool, collected—as Robert H. Chambers might put it—he goes his way, soothing excited women, smoothing excited men.

To the tale of the floorwalker in a Toledo department store give your ear:

"The life of a floorwalker is like the dog's—one darn thing after another. Mind you, I'm not kicking—I rather enjoy the fussing and hustling and noise and tears and smiles and—oh, I enjoy it all, really.

"Something is happening all the time. A woman come to shop and forgets that when she left home she had with her her youngest child—then, while she is trying to decide whether it is pink or blue suspenders she is going to buy for her husband, it dawns on her that the youngster is missing. Lawdy, what a commotion! After she has sent the whole store into an uproar she comes to me. There are oceans of tears in her eyes and on her cheeks and she beseeches me to find

FASHION'S FANCIES.

The long and narrow train is still in favor.

Moonlight blue is a lovely tone for evening wear.

The newest capes have introduced the waistcoat.

Filetex is a new material, charming for blouses.

the child. I try to accommodate her. I always succeed. If I don't find her child, I find the lost child of some other customer. Eventually things quiet down.

"Then comes the young bride, blushing and shy, who wants to buy her husband a pair of socks. I am appealed to, because I—imagine it—am a man, and so kind looking. Yes, I get the socks and the bride goes away with them tucked under her arm like a piece of china.

"Some women ask me to hold their babies while they shop. But, sir, I am human. I must draw the line—no one else will, you see. So I find someone whose prejudices are not so great. Usually a kind looking girl from the country is around. Country girls are very fond of babies—ever notice that? They are really.

"I'm happy. I wouldn't change jobs with anybody. Too much excitement here."

He smiled and shuffled down the aisle—or don't floorwalkers shuffle? Anyway, he disappeared in the crowd.

GO TO EUROPE AND YOU'LL GET STUNG ON FOOD

(Toledo Blade)

High as are food prices in America, they are still well below the level of those exacted in the capitals of Europe.

This will have to be borne in mind by corporations sending representatives to Europe, as well as by tourists and sightseers who will make a rush for the other side as soon as the regulations which now restrict travel are removed.

It is interesting to talk to some of the returned travelers. Before going away these men "cussed out" the "profiteers." To them the hotel proprietors seemed to be going as far as the law allowed in exacting the last possible penny from their customers. Returning, they look at the situation from an entirely new perspective. They remain calm when some indignant American complains bitterly about having been "robbed."

They refuse to be moved by the impassioned views of some diner who has just paid \$1.75 for a piece of fish the size of a wrist watch (charges for rolls and service not included), and they merely grin amiably when told that no man working for a salary can afford to eat in one of these expensive hotels.

The other day the president of a corporation just back from a business trip to London, Paris, Brussels and cities in Scotland and Holland met one of these indignant individuals. The latter, a stout man who likes to eat well but not too expensively, had lunch at one of the big uptown hotels. His green tie, which he usually wore jauntily, was awry and he was breathing heavily like a spent runner.

"Honest, if it weren't so infernally disreputable I'd turn Bolshevik," he exclaimed. "The fish was so small you

THE AGONIES OF HADES

Aren't supposed to be worse than a bad corn. For years the standard remedy has been Putnam's Corn Extractor. It painlessly removes the worst corn in 24 hours; try Putnam's Extractor, 25c, at all dealers.

SECLUSION NOT GOOD FOR MAN OR COUNTRY

(Philadelphia edger.)

The hermit and the hermitage, for a man or for a nation, never were in a disfavor so profound as at this time.

Everybody is needed and everybody has something to do.

Emerson used to say that no man is useless while he has a friend.

You may be so weak that you can hardly stagger, yet there are those who are leaning upon the residuum of your strength or upon your moral support.

The great gift of sympathy is a priceless gift, which it is in the power of the poorest to bestow.

Some generous souls have sighed for riches, in the feeling that if they had wealth they would dispense it wisely.

"I know So-and-so" you will head someone with a big, kind heart saying. "I should like to build a good home for him and surround him with comfort. I should like to let him spend his declining days in easy leisure." And perhaps it would be doubtful mercy.

But if you cannot bestow the gorgeous gifts that a millionaire gives his daughter when she marries, or that princes are expected traditionally to confer on other princes, you have something still more valuable—something so precious that it is beyond appraisal in dollars and cents.

You have yourself—your own friendship is yours, to withhold or to vouchsafe.

It is for you to say whether you will draw within the shell of your own being and live the crusty, surly, repellent, self-defensive and self-centred life of the misanthrope or the life of one who loves his kind and wants to show it.

Sunny-tempered folk are wanted everywhere.

None can resist the power of a smile with sincerity behind it, of a hand with a true and hearty welcome in the tingling warmth of it.

It keeps one normal to "be with folks." No man was ever intended to shut himself up, to shelve himself behind glass as if he were a dry and dusty specimen in a museum.

He needs the light and the air; he needs to keep out in the open, if he would be normal and human. "I could preach you all sorts of sermons on living in solitude," wrote a man who, by his own wilful election, got more loneliness than was good for him.

When a man shrinks from the usual social contacts with other men, there is something the matter with him. He has a grief or a guilt to hide and others could usefully help him to bear the first and to exorcise the second, and so exercise the devil that torments him.

And it is not good for any country to live and plan and act unto itself. It must live in constant free and generous communion with its neighbors.

The world begins to realize that greater than any yellow peril or red peril or any other real or fanciful menace to civilization is the danger of a selfish seclusion whereby a policy of immediate material gain spells ultimately the loss of a nation's soul.

Going to bed is one thing that requires no enthusiasm.

One can buy ten cents' worth of most anything now for thirty cents.

Austria has not squealed yet. Perhaps it has a punctured lung.

Lima Beane says it is being found out that makes sensational news.

Hawthorne's old classic on the town pump has stood the test of many years as a sound and interesting promulgation, but now that the "drys" have won the town pump as an institution has disappeared. It is the irony of fate at work again.

had to move the lemon to find it. I had a cup of tea. I like good cream with my tea, and what do you think I had to pay for that alone? A little ordinary cup of tea hardly bigger than one of those things you use for an eye wash. What do you think they charged "How much?"

"Seventy-five cents!" replied the stout man dramatically. The other, instead of being shocked, merely smiled.

"I've just come back from hotels which charged me 85 cents for a cup of coffee," said the corporation president. "I like good cream, too, but it was not to be had. Nor was there any butter for the one lonesome little roll I got with the meat. Neither was there any ice for the water."

OUR SERVICE

AMONG other things, this Bank is prepared to make loans to responsible parties.

Accept money on deposit and pay interest at current rates.

Transfer money to any part of the globe.

Issue Drafts, Money Orders, or Bills of Exchange payable in any part of the civilized world.

Make collection of drafts, farmers' sales notes, etc.

Give practical advice on all business transactions and lend assistance to promote worthy enterprises.

Do not hesitate to consult us on all matters pertaining to Banking.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

FREDERICTON BRANCH W. T. GERALD, Manager
DEVON BRANCH W. A. RYAN, Acting Manager
STANLEY BRANCH C. J. LOUGHLIN, Acting Manager

WORLD'S INVENTIVE GENIUS

(Continued from page three.)

there wastes muscular energy in every letter she writes. Power should drive that typewriter. The electrical typewriter has engaged the attention of inventors; but it is not yet commercially practical; but that is not the end; a voice-driven machine is a possibility; but in our English language with its confusing spelling, such as 'tough' and 'stuff', it is a difficult one to overcome. Phonetic symbols must be resorted to.

"And also there is the need of power and more power. Coal is already a problem. The supply of anthracite will not last more than a hundred years; in five hundred years there will probably be no coal in America. It is possible that the atmosphere is a great pool of electricity; we must tap it. The sun pours down on each acre 5,000 horse power. That power is now a waste. It must be utilized; we must capture and husband it. Sun-driven ships are not too fanciful to be thought of. The Sahara desert might become the power plant of southern Europe, whose coal is scarce and sunshine plentiful.

"Power must be transported in a less wasteful manner. Tesla has already experimented. He has succeeded in lighting lamps without wires—by wireless transmitted energy. How far can that be developed? There is no

limit. "Inkless printing presses are to come. There is no need of there being any ink on the rollers of the press; it is mussy, it is expensive. Paper will be impregnated with a chemical solution. As the type touches the paper chemical reactions will take place. The characters will appear without ink. Something like that is done now. It is transmitting photographs by wire. The pen traces the picture on the sensitized paper; a directed current produces the desired chemical changes.

"There is no limit to invention; but to procure all of the wonderful benefits of the future, the government should do the work. A man should be able to present his problem to the government and have the government solve it for him. Spend two or three millions of dollars on a single problem wonderful results will come.

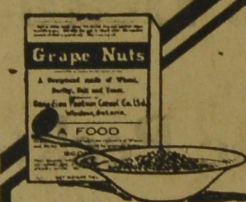
"The one God-given idea that made the genius of yesterday is gone; it is the practical test man, the man of the laboratory and shops who spends his life at it, who makes the discoveries that better the living condition of the world."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Ditcher*

After you have expressed your sympathy in a sick room, get out. The doctors and nurses will do the rest.



Excellent For Growing Children

Childhood craves sweets. The pleasant sweetness of

Grape-Nuts

comes from grain sugar, pure and wholesome, developed by the long baking of wheat and malted barley.

Never disturbs digestion

Children love Grape-Nuts

WATCH FOR IT IN THE DAILY MAIL

Confessions of an Everyday Wife

(By Ida McGlone Gibson)

A Great Serial to begin in the Mail Next Week

It is a story of present day domestic life, which for sheer heart appeal has never been equalled in a daily newspaper serial—even by that master craftswoman, the author herself. Its theme, wholesome and absorbingly interesting, is packed with dramatic action, incident and episode. Back from the battlefields of France; back from months spent wholly in a man's world, back to a matriarchy—to a woman's world—comes Lieutenant Theo Symone. After the blissful days of the home-coming Theo feels the call—the irresistible longing—for the man's world. He craves the society of men and neglects his wife. Then comes the age-long struggle of the sexes.

Born of conflicting temperaments and tastes, Lieut. Symone and his beautiful young wife, Margot, experience moments of tension tempered with love and happiness heightened by affection. The world-old struggle of the woman to hold her male is told with exquisite artistry and charm. The infinite resource, the blandishments and feminine wiles of a brilliant and beautiful young woman are brought to bear with the softly compelling force which is the gift of the gods to the gentler sex.

In the end Margot wins her battle—or does she? Our readers must decide.

BE SURE AND GET THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THIS GREAT STORY!