

THE ORIENT SUFFERING FROM A BOTTLE FAMINE

A Moroccan Trader Has Swamped the New York Market With an Order for Silver Perfumery Containers — The Account was Turned Over to English Houses — An Unusual and Unexpected Opportunity.

(New York Sun)
Gentlemen of parts are by no means a rarity on Forty-second street, but a stranger attired in a silk burnoose and a celluloid collar carries his own applause even in that neighborhood. When he wears a tightly-buttoned frock coat for an encore, people are likely to ask whence he comes and whither he goes.

When such a snugly attired gentleman actually appeared right out in public a few days ago various gentlemen who are spending the summer reclining against the facades of the tall buildings thereabouts, pried themselves loose from their shoulder supports and made haste to ascertain his mission. He replied through a jungle of black beard that he came from Morocco and his name was one that no man would dare to breathe into a telephone to a temperamental operator.

So he was promptly forgotten by the curious hosts.

But the strange part of the turbaned one's adventures do not end here. After circling the square several times the visitor threw his headpiece into the ring on the seventeenth floor of the Bush Terminal Building and announced he had come to America to do business—then he sat down on the floor. Many representatives of jewelry manufacturers are established in the upper regions of the premises mentioned.

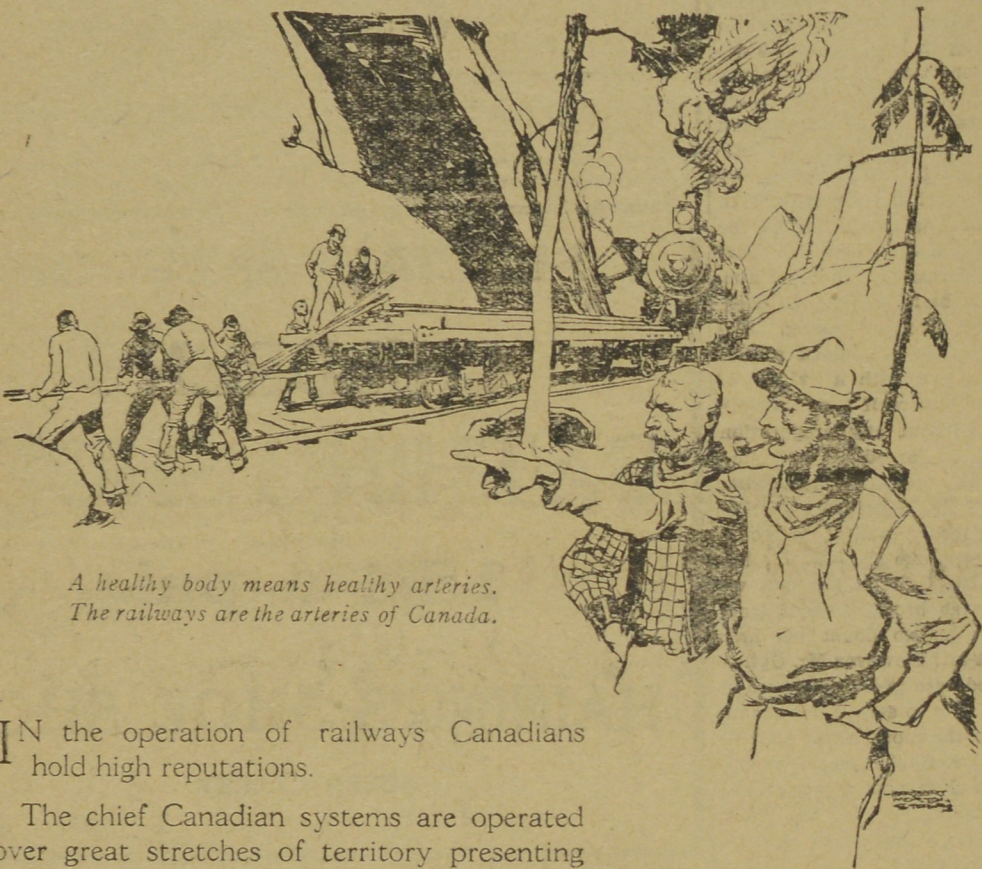
Men who receive buyers in New York greet them as a rule with outstretched hand, but here was a man who wanted some one to sit on the floor with him and talk business. There was a rush for leather chair pads and soon a conference was in full swing. The sad part of the story comes with the announcement that

this man of affairs from across the sea had big business up the sleeve of his frock coat; so big that no silver factory cared to take the order and guarantee deliveries. The business was finally placed in England and the gentleman finally got started for the old town back in Algiers. His business was placed by representatives here who guaranteed the account to the English houses.

Among the orders placed was one for several thousand silver perfume bottles. The merchant explained in excellent English that there were times when the Oriental odors clamored for recognition and always attracted immediate attention. Every merchant carried on his counter a silver bottle of perfume, which was sprinkled around the store when the natives engaged in a bargain rush and thereby opened their pores.

The situation was drastic, the merchant explained, and it was cruel to think of Morocco sweltering under the tropical sun, alone with its odors. The matter took the proportions, in his estimation, of a perfume famine. When the front office conference was concluded several gentlemen arose stiffly and agreed to do what they could. The visitor also urged them to remember that these silver bottles were purchased a great deal by Oriental society women, who were heavy users of pronounced scents, and that social life generally in Morocco was being threatened by the shortage in bottles.

Buying cantaloupes is one form of gambling that it not prohibited by law.



A healthy body means healthy arteries.
The railways are the arteries of Canada.

IN the operation of railways Canadians hold high reputations.

The chief Canadian systems are operated over great stretches of territory presenting widely different problems.

Their traffic obligations fluctuate rapidly with the seasons.

Climatic conditions are sometimes difficult. Unusual foresight, skill and determination are called for.

Yet the only unfailing highways for the heavy traffic across the New World from China to France during the war—were Canadian railways.

Canada alone among the allied countries had no war-time transportation crisis. When foreign roads choked under their load, she relieved them of millions of tons. At a time when ships were the need of the hour no ship lost time in any Canadian port through failure of the railways to deliver cargoes at the docks.

To-day the Canadian producer still commands the fastest, the most dependable and the cheapest railway service in the world.

But the foresight that made this record possible could do nothing without MONEY! The skill that kept terminals uncongested had to be backed with MONEY! The determination that drove crippled engines ahead in the face of 40-below gales and mounting snow would in the long run have been useless without MONEY!

Thus to-day the alarming fall in the net revenues of the railways is a menace to railway efficiency. It injures railway credit. It dissolves the reserves needful to meet the expanding needs of a growing country. It imperils national prosperity.

Increased freight rates are imperative therefore, not merely on behalf of railways but in the interests of Canada itself!

This is the first of a series of advertisements published under the authority of
The Railway Association of Canada
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YOUR wife will welcome your smoking "OLD CHUM" about the house.

When supper is over, and you settle down to read or chat, fill up your favorite pipe with "OLD CHUM" and puff away.

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OLD CHUM

Canada's Favorite
Pipe Tobacco.



NEWSPAPER MEN WERE INTERVIEWED BY A CUB

(New York Sun)

He was the greenest of cub reporters. Fresh from the halls of an up-State university, he had joined the staff of a metropolitan newspaper, and had received his first assignment. He had been told to "cover" the return of the excursion boats, which followed the international yacht cup racers. It was not as "big" a story as he had hoped he would receive but he had a city editor to satisfy and as he was a conscientious youth—all cub reporters are—he was determined to get the whole story.

Fearful that he would be late he hastened down to Battery place where he had learned most of the boats would put in. Already the extras had been on the street for more than an hour telling of the victory of Shamrock IV in the first tilt of the series.

A cruising taxicab slowly passed him. He hailed it and with a hurried word jumped in. It drew up to Pier A just as he saw several men jumping ashore from a tugboat. A load from the excursion boats, to be sure. He ran down the pier.

His Timid Approach

His neatly folded brown felt hat. "doggy" they would call its style on the college campus, the soft white shirt, tweed suit and polished, low tan shoes distinguished him to the homecoming newspaper correspondents, who had been out on the press boat following the race. For the men he saw landing on the pier, unknown to him, were all newspaper men, many of them years old in the business, men who had served their years apprentice ship on the street.

He approached a leading group. Timid his manner might have been described, although under it one might have noticed the aggressiveness of despair that comes to every reporter out on his first story.

"Did you just come in from the race?" he asked, striking a pose unconsciously, which he thought appropriate to a full fledged reporter.

"Yeah," answered one grizzled reporter without realizing he was being interviewed by one of his own trade.

"I'm from the New York —," he continued. "Did you have a good trip? Were there any accidents?"

Too dazed with surprise to answer the first old timer looked at his young contemporary in fascination.

Another who had not caught the entire conversation and who thought the young man had been assigned to cover the race but had in some way failed to go out volunteered:

"Accidents? Say, don't you even know who won this race? Accidents. Do you mean to say you don't know what happened to the Resolute?"

"Oh yes, I know about her. But that is not what I am interested in," the young man answered easily. "What I wanted to know was whether you had any trouble any one blown overboard, or anything like that, you know? Oh, yes, I know about the Resolute."

"I guess you have made a mistake young feller," the first broke in again

EVER PRESENT THOUGHT

The breeze is hot upon the hill.
The sun is in the sky.
Yet I am thinking, thinking still.
About the winter's coal supply.

J. D. Winton of Woodstock is a guest at the Barker House.

while a group of reporters gathered about them. "You are interviewing a bunch of newspapermen. We're not the ones you want to see. Better go over and tackle that excursion boat that is just coming in."

A blush had spread quickly up to the hair of the conscientious interrogator. Without a word he fled.

"Well, I've been in the game for twenty-three years," the first reporter mused as the group broke up, but that's the first time I ever got interviewed. Now I know what it's like to be on the other end of a string of questions. Well that's another new one, which is about the chief thing about the newspaper game. Always banging up against a new one, even to being interviewed by a cub."

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