

WRIGLEY'S



aids to
good looks, sound teeth,
eager appetite and
digestion

are



SEALED
TIGHT—
KEPT
RIGHT

The
Flavour
LASTS

After every meal

ANOTHER CUT IN SUGAR PRICE

New York, Sept. 7.—A reduction of 1 cent a pound in sugar was announced yesterday by the Federal Sugar Refining Company. The statement said that this reduction makes its price for fine granulated sugar "11 cents a pound, less 2 per cent."

No change in the list price of Arbuckle Bros. sugar offerings were noted, but on Thursday limited amounts of fine granulated sugar were being offered at 15 cents a pound.

The announcement by the Federal Sugar Refining Company had the effect of bringing prices for refined sugar nearly to the rate at which "second-hand" or speculators' stock have been selling.

EXACTLY LIKE A MAN

A propos of the University of Pennsylvania's Assyrian tablets, exonerating Eve from all complicity in the sad business of the apple, Mrs. William Yerbert, president of the Working Girls' Vacation Society, said in New York. "So Eve didn't tempt Adam,

WOOL PRICES IMPROVING

Boston, Sept. 6.—The Commercial Bulletin will say tomorrow:

"The outlook for the wool market is considered by many in the trade to be a little brighter as a result of the announced resumption by the American Woolen Company, September 13, and the continued strength at the London Colonial wool auctions. Rather more interest has been shown here, also but at low prices. The foreign primary markets are offering some low priced wools and a little wool is moving from the West on sale, as well as consignment.

Stubbornness is that quality that makes a fat girl wear ruffled skirts and a girl with thick ankles wear low shoes.

after all? So Adam fell of his own accord? Well, I'm not surprised. It reminds me of Mr. Downe. 'Does Mr. Downe bear his misfortunes like a man?' a lady asked. 'Exactly like a man,' answered another lady. 'He blames all on his wife.'

THE GREATEST GRAIN FARM UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG

The Remarkable Story of the Wizard of Nobleford, Alberta—
His Farm Comprises a Complete Township of Thirty-six
Sections—Will Market Three Hundred and Seventy-five
Bushels of Grain.

(Toronto Globe.)

Few fairy tales—products of man's imagination—carry the element of wonder in greater degree than the happenings—products of man's accomplishment—chronicled by Mr. H. B. McKinnon, staff correspondent of The Globe, in his despatch from Nobleford, Alberta, published in yesterday's issue. The unreal is discounted by the real. A Western wand of vision, of enterprise, of organization, of intense activity, has waved over isolated, semi-arid areas of virgin prairie and turned them into gold—into vast fields rich with abundance of wheat and oats and rye and flax. "The wilderness yieldeth food."

The story of the wizard of Nobleford is vividly told. His great Cameron farm, comprising a complete township of thirty-six sections, was acquired only three years ago. Then it was dry, untitled land. Today Mr. McKinnon describes it as "the greatest grain farm under the British flag." The railway runs five to six miles away, but the 30,000 acre farm lies beyond the Old Man River, which is not yet bridged. But this man—this super-farmer—was not dismayed. He matched initiative and enterprise against existing conditions. He studied the wind and the weather. He spanned the river by an ingenious carrier system. He tilled and cultivated the soil. He organized his great farm as the master minds of commerce have organized modern industry. For purposes of management and administration he sub-divided it into five farms, each under a foreman and each equipped with a complete camp for men and animals. Power was developed by steam engine, barns were built, up-to-date machinery installed, plans for the haulage of crops to the railway completed, and an elevator secured for storage. Following harvesting operations Mr. C. S. Noble expects to market a crop of some 375,000 bushels of grain from his one, Cameron farm.

The master farmer has earned his rich return. The marvel of his industry his initiative, his enterprise and his organization warrants its reward. The country may well be proud of his achievement, yet Canada would lose in the long run if many men of such energy and ability set out to emulate his course. The national need of the great fertile prairies is for something even better. The call of the land is not for exploitation. It is for settlement. The West can do without a few great landlords, but it must have a host of home-builders. The township farm, owned and organized by one man and operated by employees under his direction, may be a splendid sample of successful individual accomplishment, but from the public standpoint it cannot compare with a township of half-section farms, each owned and operated by those to whom it is home.

The lesson of a sorely-distraught world has to be learned. A citizenry with home anchorage on the soil is the

greatest asset of the nation. In the eventful days of the immediate morrow, when Canada is resuming the peace task of building up population by carefully chosen immigration, every encouragement and inducement ought to be offered to settlers ready and willing to go upon the land. The cities already begin to be overcrowded. The shortage in houses is developing dwellers in rooms and flats to too great an extent. If this Dominion is to escape the ugly ominous malady which in its worst forms causes its victims to see red, and is to build up a contented, happy, prosperous, home-dwelling people, it must look toward its broad, untenanted acres where men may build homes and produce.

MILLVILLE.

Millville, Sept. 5.—The weather is real fine much to the delight of the farmers as all of them are busy getting in the harvest, which is good.

We are sorry to know that Mr. W. N. Jardine is about to leave Millville he has sold his large stock of dry goods and groceries to the United Farmers and is offering his beautiful dwelling house and store at a bargain for anyone that wants to run a store or keep a hotel as this is the best stand for a hotel in the country, as there is no public house in the village for any further information inquire of Mr. Jardine or Mr. Dunlap.

We are sorry to hear that the Hay Brothers our large lumbermen are about to sell out their business, including the large saw mill much to the regret of the people of Millville and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatch of Boston, Mass. spent a very pleasant vacation in this place for a couple of weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Hatch were accompanied by Miss Jennie Dunn and Miss W. Dunlop who spent five days camping out on the bank of Fish Lake. They left for their home on Thursday.

Mr. Guy Dunlop of Skamegan, Maine is spending a few days with friends at Millville.

Mrs. Douglas of Boston who has been spending the summer here, will return to her home in a few days. She will be accompanied by Mrs. Holbin and Mrs. J. C. Jones of this place.

A CONTEST IN ST. JOHN

St. John, Sept. 7.—Dr. A. F. Emery was yesterday paced in nomination by the Liberas to oppose the election of R. W. Wigmore in St. John-Albert. The nomination proceedings passed off quietly and there was no speech-making. Dr. Emery was one of the Liberal standard bearers at the federal election of 1917. Although there is little time allowed him for organization purposes he is pretty certain to poll a good vote.

The St. Stephen Fair

The Biggest and the Best

YOU ALL KNOW IT AND YOU ALL

KNOW IT'S GOOD !

Better Than Ever This Year
That's Enough

THE LIVELIEST MIDWAY EVER

THE BIGGEST LIVE STOCK SHOW

THE BEST FREE ATTRACTIONS !

Every Department Filled to Overflowing

Four Days of Horse Races & Baseball

THE INTERNATIONAL SHOW !

Come and meet your friends.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B. RIGHT ON THE BORDER

SEPTEMBER 14-15-16-17 — 1920

WOODSTOCK PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

SEPT. 13-14-15-16-17. 1920

FIVE DAYS

BIG FAIR ATTRACTION AND
HORSE RACING

PREMIUM LISTS \$20,000

Open to Dominion of Canada and State of Maine.

DICKENS' CHARACTERS ON THE ROAD

(By Paul Bewsher in the London Daily Mail. By C. A. N. S.)

London, August 25.—By mail) Phantoms of the days of Dickens thronged a street off High Holborn, where two maroon-colored motor-coaches were loading up with passengers for Devon and Wales. Sam Weller, his bulkily-coated father, Pickwick, and Jingle, and the famous mottle-faced coachman

were there—unseen, but felt by a Dickens' lover who watched the scene.

With what delight must those spirits so long unhappy during the reign of the unromantic railway train, have watched the revival of the era of their own days—in an altered form certainly, but nevertheless with the same old traditions of the open road and the open air and the wayside inn.

The same bustle and excitement were there. Fussy passengers hurried up; anxious inquiries were made; luggage was stowed in the boot; there were discussions about seats; tentative friendships began to spring up.

The old characters were not lacking. There was the Dominant Wife and her apparently ferocious but really mild husband (what shades of Mr. and Mrs. Pott!). There was the Jolly Old man determined to laugh whatever happened; there was the matured traveller—almost the Englishman of Continental caricatures, with his tweed cap, his enormous pipe, his black moustache, and his tweed suit; there was the particular old Lady—one indeed with white hair and a black jet beaded bonnet, who occupied a front seat, could not have been less than 70; there were two youngish men who look as though they might develop the lively natures of Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen if they had the opportunity.

The most striking feature of the travellers was that save in a very few instances they were all middle-aged. Grey and white beards were frequent; spectacles too. There were many stout good-natured women in the forties with copious motor-bells blowing about their faces. Two young children were in the party, and from them the ages leapt upwards to the late thirties.

The last bag was stowed away; the "Hostler" in the person of an obliging official answered the last question, cleared away the last doubt. The doors were shut, the rider mounted to his seat, and with a slight cheer the coach rolled out into High Holborn on its long journey to Gloucester and Shrewsbury and Rhyl.

Women admire a brave man and love an audacious one.

Everybody Smokes

OLD CHUM

Canada's Favorite
Pipe Tobacco.

