

Opera House

Two Days, Commencing

FRIDAY, SEPT. 17

Matinee Saturday.



Company of Fifty—12 Big Scenes and a Bevy of British Beauties.

PRICES—Evening, \$1.50, \$2.00. Sat Matinee, 50c., \$1.00.

Seats on Sale TUESDAY.

LEFT STOCKINGS OVER IN PARIS

New York, Sept. 9.—As the French line steamship Savois docked yesterday afternoon, fellow passengers registered amazement in various ways. Some women smiled, others appeared shocked, while more of them simply stared. None of the men seemed shocked—they all smiled and stared.

The cause was Claras, a young modiste of 2770 Broadway, returning from a trip to Paris, where she studied the latest styles.

Wearing no stockings or even socks her daring was accentuated by very little skirt. Her face, arms and legs were "covered" with henna powder, which is vogue in Paris.

"I didn't mean to shock anybody," explained Claras. "I was trying to give people an impression of the way women of the Parisian boulevards, the Riviera and other fashionable places dress."

Consider the power of example. Most of our great men came from the farm, and now all the farmers are doing it.

FIVE CLOCKS RUINED A FAIRLY GOOD ROMANCE

Story of a Literary Chauffeur Who May Possibly Have Broken Into Print — A Bit of Deception With a Hoax at the Finish — Gentle and Terrible Alarm Clocks Had Much To Do With the Story.

(New York Sun)
Generally it's a pretty poor story that opens with an apology. But this is a good story—the author admits it is a good story—the author admits it—though it begins with an excuse to the reader. It is just as well at the start to let the reader know that there is a hoax at the finish. Not a deliberate fraud, nor one that can be harmful; still it's a bit of deception; so if you don't like being tricked you had better skip the entire yarn and read the one in the next column or the one across the page.

The story is about clocks and a literary chauffeur, that is, a vocational chauffeur who has literary aspirations which no doubt will be realized some day. He is a graduate of Dartmouth who came down to New York to set the Hudson afire with his typewriter, but the editors in the great city refused to become accomplices to any such act of incendiarism. So he became chauffeur to a high powered Broad street banker. When he isn't chauffeuring he is dreaming tales and confiding his grievances against all editors to a man who happens himself to be an editor.

As for the clocks, there are five of them, and they serve faithfully the tollers who are crowded into an up-town apartment house not far off Central Park West. One or two have alarms and all strike the hours. The first one goes off with a mighty burr at 6 each morning and it always wakes the chauffeur, who doesn't care for it at all, for the high powered banker sometimes keeps him out rather late at night. When it wakes him there

is nothing left for him to do except to lie there and think.

Now one time the chauffeur had attended a motion picture show and had seen an odd little whim which a scenario writer had made into a play. It was the story of a crippled boy shut in a basement roof. Every morning the little fellow's mother would push his chair up to the window where he could look out just even with the surface of the sidewalk. In this way the child began to play a game of his own invention. He watched for certain pairs of shoes which would come along at regular hours and he fitted the owners of the feet which passed to men and women of his own imagination. A thin though pretty romance was weaved out of the idea.

One morning after the hoarse burring alarm clock had jarred the chauffeur out of slumber the thought came that he would compose a story about the respective owners of those clocks. He would have the big, strong man who sprang out of bed at the stroke of 6 every morning fall in love with the fragile slip of a girl who was too beautiful to be slaving her life away as a stenographer in some musty old law office downtown. She was just the sort of girl to own the clock with a silver tinkle tone.

After he had his plot all worked out he took it to his confidante, who told him to go to it hard. "Bring me the script," he said magnanimously, "and I'll polish it off for you, and together we'll see if we can get her printed."

All would have been well if the chauffeur had stuck to plain fiction. But he became infatuated with his

central thought. He made friends with the caretaker of the apartment house and thus came to know the actual owners of the clocks. That's where romance stepped on a banana peeling.

The terrible alarm clock was in the bedroom of a pair of tousled headed kids whose mother said she never would be able to get them off to school if she didn't call them at 6. The silver tinkled little clock belonged to a red headed six foot guy who bossed a trucking business. The homey old cuckoo clock that sang its fitting hours was the property of a tugboat skipper who won it at a raffle. The only unmarried woman in the house good looking enough to be courted was private secretary to the head of a corporation who paid her such a big salary she could not afford to get married. She had a clock that ought to have been in the steeple of some town hall. She brought it with her from the old home in Salem, and it banged out the hours with a brassy echo that properly fitted in the fire-house.

"I'm disgusted with the whole mess the chauffeur told his friend. "It's not a bit like what I thought it would be. It's a flivver, and I'm off it."

"On the other hand, you've got a good story," said his friend. "Write it."

Well, now you know the tale of the clocks and the literary chauffeur. The question is:

Has the literary chauffeur broken into print? Did he write the true yarn you have just read? Did his lettered friend then revise and polish it off for him? Or did the friend shamelessly swipe the facts and write them himself, being in need of the increment held forth to those who would make this back page scintillate with entertainment?

Not that it matters much. Don't waste time guessing. There is no reward offered for the correct answer. Only two men know the answer and one of them collected the only reward in the case last Thursday.

The Duelist's Story.

M. Rouzier Dorciere of Paris, who has fought many duels and directed over 2000 others, enjoys telling this:

Two gentlemen who had decided to settle a quarrel on the field of honor betook themselves with their seconds to a quiet country spot, where they would be free from reporters, photographers, and spectators, and where the only witnesses would be some cows peacefully grazing in the field. While the necessary preliminaries were being carried out the farmer on whose land they were rushed up

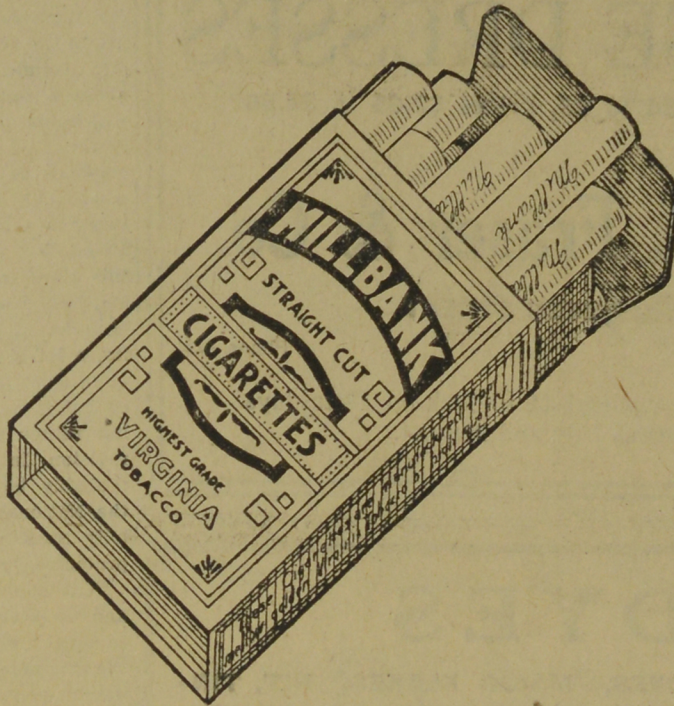
"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "but is it a sword or pistol duel?"

"Sword. But what difference can that make to you?"

"Well, you see, if it was with pistols, I'd want to take the cows in first."

A woman looks her best when she feels that way.

The best 15¢ Cigarette MILLBANK VIRGINIA CIGARETTE



THE PASSING OF OLD LONDON

London, Aug. 28.—Another link with Dickens' London will pass away at the hands of the housewrecker when the London County Council scheme for improving Bermondsey is carried out. The district known as "Jacob's Island" is one of the areas in which all the buildings are to be demolished. Here stands the house that was described by Charles Dickens in "Oliver Twist" as the scene of Bill Sikes's death. It is in a court called Metcalf Court, which was partly swept away when the mill streams surrounding Jacob's Island were covered in. The inland in those days had the Thames on the north side and round the three other sides the mill streams.

As the goat, the public does more blatting than butting.

WAR VETERAN TAKES BRIDE

Bethlehem, Pa., Sept. 10.—At Green Pond Farm, the country seat of Mr. H. S. Snyder, a vice-president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, and Mrs. Snyder, their daughter, Miss Mary Taylor Snyder, was married to Mr. Vernon Kenric Melhado, of Jamaica, West Indies, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Melhado. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. James Robinson, of the Presbyterian Church. Dr. J. Fred Wolle, director of the Bach choir, was at the organ. Mr. Snyder is a well known big game hunter and has frequently visited Fredericton.

A man leaves his office at the end of a busy day, thinking that he'll go home to rest. When he gets there his wife thinks he came home to talk.

Their Glory Shall Not Fade

In the special order issued to the Canadian troops on March 27, 1913, General Sir Arthur Currie wrote: "To those who will fall I say, 'You will not die but step into immortality—your names will be revered forever and ever by your grateful country, and God will take you unto Himself.'"

The pledge thus given is being faithfully fulfilled in relation to employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company by the placing of bronze memorial tablets at over a score of its principal offices and stations. Furthermore two imposing bronze statuary groups have been designed for the great C.P.R. Stations at Montreal and Winnipeg to stand forever as tribute to the heroism and self-sacrifice of C.P.R. men who died in the cause of freedom. Far-flung and scattered are their graves, but single was their spirit and their ideal, the service of their country.

Out of 11,602 employees who were reported as joining the Forces, 1,096, or nearly ten per cent paid the supreme sacrifice. These came from every rank of the company, from every department, and they served by air, land and sea—faithful unto death.

The bronze tablet, replicas of which will be placed at the principal railway centres in each province of Canada, and also in London, Liverpool and the Orient, has been designed by Mr. Archibald Pearce, of the Chief Engineer's Department of the company, and is being engraved at Worcestershire, England, by the Bromsgrove Guild and Applied Arts. The tablet depicts an advancing army of infantry, cavalry, artillery, supplies, munitions, tanks and railway transport flanked on either side by a warship and a C.P.O.S. liner with aeroplanes flying overhead. Britannia calls with outstretched hands to the Overseas Dominions and points out the road to death and glory, while underneath is a scroll with the list of the chief battles in which the C.P.R. men fell. The inscription commemorates:

"Those in the Service of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company who at the call of King and Country, left all that was dear to them, endured hardship, faced danger, and finally passed out of sight of men by the path of duty and self-sacrifice, giving up their own lives that others might live in freedom. Let those who come after see to it that their names be not forgotten."

The large bronze statuary group which will be duplicated for the C.P.R. Stations at Windsor Street, Montreal and at Winnipeg, is the work of Coeur de Lion MacCarthy, the well known Montreal sculptor. In majestic and impressive allegory, it represents the uplifting of the soul of a hero from the battle lines to that borne from which no traveller returns. The armed figure of a soldier clad in khaki, battle-stained, yet tranquil in death, is borne heavenwards by a winged and laurel wreathed Angel of Victory. The figures in the group are of heroic proportions, over seven feet high, supported upon a marble pedestal.

Thus shall the memory of the gallant dead remain in inspiration to their comrades and to the world at large. By their sacrifice for the Empire, they kept clear and open the

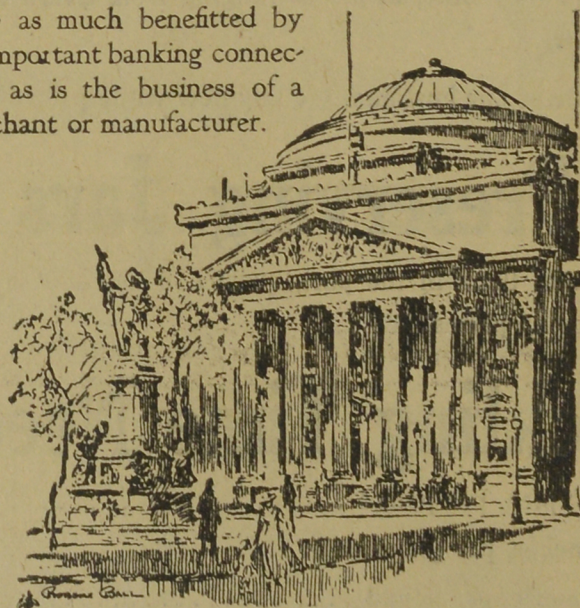


Imperial Highway, and on the stations of that Highway their glory shall forever be recorded.

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