

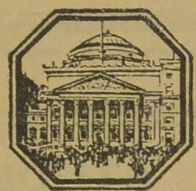
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POMEROY HAS SPENT 50 YEARS IN PRISON

Boston, Sept. 10—Jesse Harding Pomeroy, Massachusetts State prison's oldest lifer, today rounded out fifty years behind the bars, forty-one of them a span of "living death" in solitary confinement. Sixty-five years old and still hopeful of ultimate freedom, Pomeroy is believed to have set a record for prison endurance.

The prison doors closed behind him in 1876 as a fifteen-year-old boy. Convicted of first degree murder and sentenced to be hanged, his extreme youth won commutation to life imprisonment and solitary confinement.

In such state he grew through young manhood to middle age and nine years ago came into the comparative freedom of the prison building, an old man. Annually his mother carried her fight for a pardon to the Governor. Annually her request was refused, and since her death, Pomeroy has continued the fight alone.

Through a system of self-education, involving extensive reading, Pomeroy has won recognition as a student. He is a frequent contributor to the Monitor, the prison paper, in the form of a verse written under the name of "Grandpa."

Prison authorities have never allowed him to be interviewed, but a friend visiting him lately gained two facts that he is opposed to capital punishment as a breeder of crime and that he saved money and contributed to the world war Liberty loans.

"After every capital punishment case another serious crime is committed," said Pomeroy. "Society imprisoned Pomeroy because he killed," he told his friend, "but accepted his money to make it possible for others to kill."

Pomeroy was known as "the boy fiend" was imprisoned for brutally murdering several children.

THE OLD SHAKER BONNET HAD AN ELUSIVE CHARM; NOTHING LIKE THEM SEEN NOWADAYS

Somewhere in the back of your head if you are very old, you have a memory-picture—of a girl running across the schoolyard with her hair tossing in flaxen curls and her shaker-bonnet down her back snugly caught under her chin, by its knotted ties.

You say, "You bet there never was anything prettier'n a pretty girl's cheeks inside a shaker-bonnet. Nothing prettier'n a pretty girl's starry eyes shining out of shaker-bonnet. Nothing prettier'n a pretty girl's red lips, inside a shaker-bonnet. Nothing prettier'n a lot of curls coming out from under a shaker-bonnet."

You cannot say why; but perhaps you may be informed that it was because of the remoteness of that beauty the intrigue of loveliness just a little bit out of reach; the disclosures in the shade of the old bonnet, wherein shone rosy cheeks and violet eyes, making the old bonnet a colonial temple, a simple shrine for beauty.

Flappers Lose Charm

Modern girls, showing eyes, no hair, and much of necks, bosoms, legs, knees, arms, everything but ears, lose all this charm in the pitiless daylight and in the dangers of the ensemble.

The old-fashioned shaker-bonnet cost 25 cents. It came in the "raw", untrimmed, unadorned, direct from Franklin, Mass., straw shops and similar factories. It was sold by the village store and was piled in great stacks, maybe just over the salt-fish or near the sowhide boots. Thus the headgear of a school girl, however pretty, however a belle, cost about a nickel a year; for a shaker-bonnet would wear four or five years with yearly retrimming.

And to trim one meant a band over the top, down under the chin or the bow-knot and perchance a bit of ruffling of the material just under the portals to childhood or womanly loveliness, softening the approaches to flaxen hair.

I reckon that there is nothing that sticks in my mind more persistently than the sight of the rows of "shaker-bunnits" hanging on the hooks in the old long "entry way" of school. Far prettier than a red wagon, were they. And shaker-bonnets hanging on gingham-clad arms or swinging fancy free as girls went home from school.

Save Complaxions

Shaker-bonnets out blueberrying; hot things, but saving to complexions that were not supposed to be improved by freckles and tan, symbols of girlhood and womanhood. In those days one could tell a girl from a boy. Whereas last week I did a foolish thing.

I bet \$50 with my wife that a certain bather on the beach at Kennebunk was a boy. My wife, with keener perceptions, bet that it was a girl. We watched her come out of the bathhouse after she had resumed her attire. I lost. She wore what pass for skirts.

In winter the punkin-hood replaced the shaker-bonnet. It was quilted warmly, but had recesses just as remote. Of these recesses I shall speak later. Quainter pictures than those of little girls in the "punkin-hoods" may have been created in fashions; but we recall none.

In a rotogravure of a portion of the Salem, Mass., 300th anniversary celebration, one may have seen the picture of a "school-out" of a Dame Somebodys School of 100 years ago. Darling children in hoods and long skirts and pantalettes, all most modest and ingratiating. Shaker bonnets, hoopskirts, two-wheeled chaises—they had their day.

No Stolen Kisses

Now as to the "recesses" in the shaker-bonnet. There is where the old-fashioned girl had it all over the modern as a matter of matrimony. There was no such thing as a swift or stolen kiss through to the lips in a shaker bonnet. Never! Nothing was bound to happen except in one or two ways, each of them equivalent to surrender of a maiden's heart to the swain who was taking her on a buggy ride.

Either she threw back the bonnet and let it hang in that seductive and absolutely fetching manner of the old-time belle, which was (or was not) an invitation to osculation, or else the swain boldly stormed the fortress of the shaker bonnet itself.

And then what a siege was there! What outposts to take; what distance to travel; what courage required! A tress had moved miles away from the shake of the head and the very frontal attack! What care not to ruin a perfectly good 25-cent shaker-bonnet! The merest tremor or fidget of the belle herself might cause one to

miss the mark, within the deep recesses of that shaker-bonnet or pumpkinhood.

She Must be Willing

Nothing but absolute and predetermined yielding could there be in the attitude of the dear lady, in a kiss into the hollows and dimples of a shaker bonnet. She must be willing; Oh so willing! She must, indeed, participate as does the flower to the bee. Deeply, absolutely, positively!

And there! In the depths of that shaker-bonnet, all, being settled and understood, by the very laws of matrimony, there was conjunction in osculation that seemed to meet all of the requirements of a complete and perfect understanding.

Leave them there; those grandfathers and grandmothers courting in shaker-bonnet and pumpkin-hoods. Leave them there, those founders of families, seeking and asking no alibis, modest alliances made within the recesses of the head gear

And as we moderns pass along our speedier ways our radiant youth pecking and petting at will with never a serious thought as to the meaning of a kiss, let us intone an obligato to our grandparents. As the bee sips her honey and murmurs her ecstasy so we, in the vision of this earlier transcendently successful love-making merely murmur "Yum-yum." Thanks for the buggy ride! I've had a wonderful time.

For we surely did set up a fine Nation out of the communion of the old shaker-bonnet.—Arthur G. Staples, in Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

MORRISON MILL DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY

Presentation of Set of Pipes to the Director After Performance Friday Night.

The Morrison Mill Dramatic Club, under the skillful directorship of Mr. Frank VanStone, gave a very enjoyable and interesting play at the St. Margaret's Hall Friday evening. The building was crowded to the doors with an audience that enjoyed every minute from the rise of the curtain until the end of the play, the name of which was "Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown". All those on the program took their parts well. Miss Daisy Turvey as Mrs. Tubbs was especially good. Mrs. Arthur Dunham as the old maid looking for a man, was very funny. Mrs. Fred Gamble as Mrs. Hickey, who hates gossip, but was talking all the time, carried out her part in an able manner. Miss Marion Rankine, looked very winsome as the school teacher. Tom Riordan, the census taker, was well played by Willard Tims, while the part of old Simon Rubbles, who was looking for his fourth wife, was in good hands as played by Arthur Nichols.

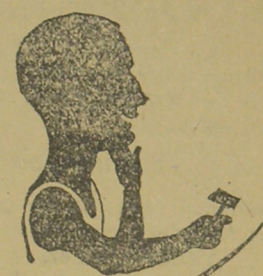
The little ones Doris Tims, Chas. Nichols, George Gamble and Little Audrey Tims, as members of the Tubbs family were really cute, as was Gene Rankine in the part of Elmira Hickey.

Specialties, which were introduced consisted of a colored sketch, also a very clever and amusing magic act, which was above the average, with Mr. "Monty" Chapell as the Professor. After the performance members of the cast and a few friends were entertained. Refreshments were served and a jolly half hour spent, during which time Mr. Arthur Nichols on behalf of the Dramatic Club, presented Mr. VanStone with a very handsome set of pipes, in appreciation of his kindness and hard work in directing the play. Mr. VanStone made a very pleasing reply.

U. S. TAKES DAVIS CUP.

Philadelphia, Sept. 10—The United States today clinched possession of the Davis Cup, tennis championship trophy, for the seventh straight year, when her doubles team of Richard N. Williams and Vincent Richards defeated the french pair, Jacques Brugnon and Henri Cochet, 6-4, 6-4, 6-2.

Two lead sinkers in the stomachs of fish shipped from Michigan have caused a furore in New York. Do they expect fishermen to supervise a fish's diet.



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MODERN GIRLS LIKE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

New York, Sept. 10—The girl who uses too much cosmetics looks like the "last days of Pompeii," Lady Astor, M. P., avers.

Submitting to a barrage of questions from reporters on the eve of her sailing for England, Lady Astor this afternoon discussed numerous matters.

"Women are good politicians because they always tackle things from the angle of their children's welfare," she said. The children of the United States are "far, far, too old for their ages, and I think that is a cruel thing don't you?" she said.

"England is the most democratic country in the world. I can ask the prime minister a question any time I want to. Fancy asking the president a question."

"The English are the most humorous people in the world. The Irish are funny, not humorous."

"Jazz isn't darky at all," she said. "You people have taken your own wickedness and put it into the negro's spiritual reaching out."

A. H. PARSONS

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- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore St. and University Ave.
- 55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
- 113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.

STUDENTS WENT ON STRIKE

Winnipeg, Sept. 10—In protest against an order which would compel them to walk a mile to school, 30 pupils of an East Kildonian school have gone on strike. The children have the support of their parents.

School board authorities explained that the transfer was necessary owing to overcrowding conditions of other schools in the district. Gildonian is a municipality adjoining Winnipeg.

In the matter of peaches most gentlemen prefer clings.

UP IN THE AIR.

"Klymer has a high position, I hear."
"Yes, he builds smokestacks."

CONFUSED.

Mother—That's a peacock and this is a peahen. Now, what are the little babies called?
Infant son—I know—peanuts.

REASSURING.

"Your former parlor maid has come to us, dear. But don't be alarmed—we don't believe half what she says about you.—Sydney Bulletin.

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