

BRING SKILLED
WORKMEN BACK

Paris, June 10.—The French government took action today for the purpose of increasing the country's output of war munitions. The plan decided upon is designed primarily to facilitate production by the private manufacturing concerns which are working on the national defence.

Workmen who have been called to the front, but whose services are considered indispensable in particular branches of the industries affected, will be brought back and sent to the factories, other men taking their places in the trenches. Everything possible will be done to increase the output of munitions.

Ald. J. M. Lemont is in St. John attending the Methodist Conference.

BILLY SUNDAY'S RINGING
WORDS TO GIRLS AND MOTHERS

The mother is the bulwark of the nation. You women can make a hell of a home or a heaven of a home. I blame you fool mothers for much of the baldness that exists. Girls, let your father see your fellow. They'll know the earmarks. The average girl today is becoming a matinee-gagger and fuge-eater. A lot of you women are trimmers; that's why you are no eatthly good.

The trouble with the average girl is that she holds herself too cheap. Some mothers take better care of

their cats and dogs than they do their children. Somebody has said, "God could not be everywhere, so He gave us mothers."

No woman was ever ruined that some brute of a man did not take the initiative. Girls will sometimes marry men to reform them, but no man would ever marry to reform them. It is harder to fool a sharp-eyed suitor than it is to put a pair of pajamas on a billy goat. Girls, don't simper and look silly when you speak about love. There

is nothing silly about it. No mother has any more right to raise her children for pleasure than I have to pick your pocket. A good woman is the best thing this side of heaven, and a bad woman the worst thing this side of hell. The girl who waits to be chosen thinks it is better to take what she can get than to lose any chances. I like to see a girl who has a good head choose right because it is right, never minding its criticism. I tell you, girls, the fellows always have a lot of you on a string; then they flip a coin to decide which one.

If men had half as much as the women there would be different stories written about a good many homes.

One reason why we have so many whip-poor-will widows around the country—they married a drinking man. The average little sissy who hasn't sprouted her long skirts yet knows more about sin and wickedness than her grandmother.

God pays a good mother as no one else can pay her. The devil will pay the mother if they fail, pay with hell now and hereafter.

Thank God there are still a few old-fashioned mothers left, but like the veterans of the Civil War, they are becoming a vanishing remnant. I believe if the motherhood of this country was no better than the manhood, God would dump the whole thing into hell and quick, stop it.

Too many girls are marrying for other causes than love. I think ambition, indulgence and laziness lead more girls to the altar than love.

Many a woman is an old maid because she wanted to do her share of the courting. Don't get excited, and don't try to hurry things along.

If you mothers would be more careful about that young buck who comes shying around your girl she wouldn't be going down the line tonight.

A lot of you women go off to the show and see a lot of girls dancing around without enough clothes on to flag a hand-car or make a tail of a kite.

Some girls will walk the streets and pick up every Tom, Dick and Harry that will come across with the price of an ice cream soda or a joy ride.

Girls, don't flirt. Don't forget that men take you at your own estimate; they size you up according to your dress and according to your actions.

A girl who flirts with every young lobster should be backed into the barn and her oversupply of affection taken out by a Number eleven slipper laid across her.

Where is there a woman beaten down in sin that would not like to return to the days when, pure as the morning dew, she knelt by her mother's side?

Some of you women will sweat your bangs out straight in the social whirl with a smile, but put you in a prayer meeting and you are as stiff as you can be.

If our girls would take a higher stand and say, "No I will not keep company with you unless you live the way I want you to," there would be better men.

The women are silly, extravagant. They have thrown to the winds all modesty, prudence, religion and the virtues that are so attractive in women.

I never saw one boy reach the pinnacle of righteousness who had an empty-headed, low-down, gum-chewing society-quibbling, theatre-going woman for a mother.

Young girl, don't go with that godless, sneering young man that walks the streets smoking cigarettes. He would not walk in the streets with you if you smoked cigarettes.

It is as hard to pass off a girl that has been pawed over a different fellow six nights a week with the lights turned down as it is to fatten sheep on pineapple ice.

The mother who is unfaithful to her trust commits one of the greatest sins in the sight of God. A mother's touch has power to move multitudes to salvation or damnation.

If mothers were as careful about their children read, or the company they keep, there wouldn't be as many girls in the red light district or as many boys in the penitentiary.

Mothers who allow their sixteen-year-old daughters to go out joyriding at two o'clock in the morning with youths of weak morals and weak jaws are only opening the door to disaster.

Girls, don't transfer the love that gave you to bestow it upon some brindle-nosed pup or Spitz. Cats and dogs are all right in their places, but it is out in the kennel somewhere.

"AS IS THE MOTHER,
SO IS THE DAUGHTER."
Ezekiel, Chap. XVI, v. 44

Young girl, don't go to that dance. Don't you know that it is the most damnable, low-down institution on the face of God's earth—that it causes more ruin than anything this side of hell?

There is power in a mother's love. A mother's love must be like God's love. If the devils in hell ever turned pale it was the day when mother's love flamed up for the first time in a woman's heart.

Who is more to blame for the crowded prisons than mothers? I have talked with men in prisons who have damned their mothers to pay face. They blame their mothers for their being what they are.

Fathers often get the blues, hit the booze and commit suicide; but the mother will stand by the home and

Mister Farmer!
We Want Your Help

The Funds of the Patriotic Association (Fredericton Branch) are getting low and the committee in charge in the endeavor to provide further for the Mothers, Wives and Children of the brave boys who are on the firing line fighting for the Empire and the just cause it expresses, again appeal to you for assistance and feel sure you will grant it.

LET US TELL YOU HOW

It is proposed to hold a

Mammoth Auction Sale on
Sat. June 26th. Next

at the Arctic Rink, Fredericton, the proceeds of which will be divided between the Patriotic and Belgium Relief Funds and we are appealing to the Farmers throughout York, Sunbury and Queens Counties, to assist in this great work by contributing toward the Sale any Merchantable Article they care to send, such as Vegetables of all kinds Hay, Oats, Buckwheat, Dairy Products, Eggs, Honey, Maple Sugar, Maple Honey Cattle, Calves, Swine, Sheep, Poultry, Hams, Fresh Meat of all kinds, Loads of Wood Yarn, Mitts, Socks, etc, in fact anything that can be converted into cash

EXCEPT SECOND HAND CLOTHING

Please send Bulk Goods in Bags, Parcels or Boxes, put up separately, so the auctioneer can handle the different articles with as little delay as possible. Write your name and P. O. address plainly on each package so the committee may acknowledge receipt of same through the press.

The City of Fredericton will be canvassed thoroughly and a great quantity of articles collected. Already the committee has been promised Furniture, Bicycles, Silverware Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Groceries etc. in fact everything sold in Wholesale and Retail Stores in Fredericton will be offered to the highest bidder

"Honey" The Two Year Old Standard Bred
Registered Trotting Filley

sired by the great Stallion "Star Todd" has already been donated by friends of the cause, he will be sold without reserve.

Donations should be sent to reach Fredericton not later than Friday 25th. inst so as to save storage. The committee requests that shipments be not made before June 23 Address all contributions to Mayor Mitchell, Chairman Patriotic Committee, Fredericton

Endeavor is being made by the Committee to have the different Transportation Companies carry all Goods intended to this Auction Free of Charge and also to sell return Tickets on Saturday June 26th. at one fare for the round trip.

In addition to sending as much as you can for the cause come yourself and bring your family it will be the Biggest Day Fredericton has seen for a long time. And an eventful time guaranteed. Brass Band in attendance

June 26-READ THIS-June 26

All shipments should be addressed to the Mayor of Fredericton and marked for Patriotic Fund.

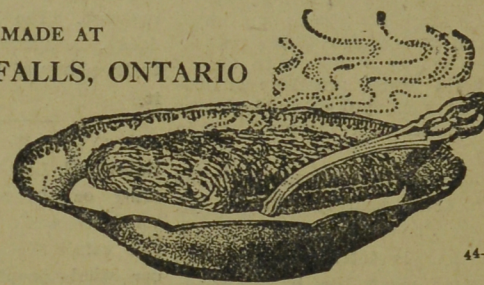
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Keep the little band together if she has to manicure her finger nails on the washboard to do it.

Who is more to blame for the crowded prisons than the mothers? Who is more to blame for the crowded brothels than the mothers, who let their children gad the streets with every Tom, Dick and Harry?

Many a girl has found out after she was married that it would have been a good deal easier to die an old maid than to have said "Yes," and become the wife of some cigarette smoking, damnable libertine.

Girls, I'd rather be a weakened, dried-up, nervous tea-drinking, hatchet faced old maid, with a house full of dogs and cats, than married to a whiskey-soaked, red-eyed, shaky, miserable specimen of a jug-handle of a husband.

Many a young girl, when her mother tells her not to gad the

streets and to be in at decent hours, will laugh and sneer, but by and by she begins to awaken to the fact that she was a miserable little fool and her mother had some sense.

I would rather that my daughters kissed a blind shote through the fence than change partners six nights a week with the parlor lights lights out. If you have a daughter who does that, take a Gatling gun, cut a hole in the ceiling and watch him.

Hear me, girl. When a young man asks you to marry him, inform him that you are not running a whiskey cure establishment. If he doesn't think enough of you to quit boozing before he marries, you can bet your life he won't quit afterward.

Girls, don't go with a fellow who has a bad reputation. Everybody knows he is bad.

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