MAGAZINE FEATURES

Simple Letters of A Simple Fello

By the author of "Dere Mable."

Dere Mable.—

Some day if I get to be a millyunair I'll take you to the place I ate with Uncle Charlie last night. Some day, that is, when your not feelin very hungry. Uncle Charlie had a couple of neeces visit him from Cedaver Okloh. He told me they was nice girls but theyd lived in Cadaver all their lives. The only thing they was bound theyd improve while they was in town was their time. Both of em wanted to see some high life. He had no doubt that they wouldnt look at anything that wasnt high. He was goin to get it out of their sistem tho if he had to mortgage his bisnis. Me an Angus was along in case hey felt a dance comin on.

They called for us in a taxi-cab. Mrs. Bodega, the landlady, has a stiff neck today from tryin to see who was in it. Shes a changed woman. She forgot to ask us at breakfast when we was goin to pay last weeks board bill.

Uncle Charlies pocket-book must have had a hemorage yesterday. The minit we pulled up in front of the eating place a fello came runnin up an opened the door. It looked like he was waitin for us. Uncle Charlie gave him a quarter. I though doors might be his weak spot. So today I opened the office door for him five times, insted of givin me a $1.25 as he should he sez "Whats the matter with you? Im not a cripple."

There was a lot of people standin around the dinin room door. It looked like they might be mobbin a waiter. Uncle Charlie explained tho that they was waitin for a table. He told us we were in luck cause Harry, the head waiter, was a great friend of his. Like as not hed let us right in.

Uncle Charlie pushed through the crowd like a policeman tryin to find out who was really hurt. When he got to the head waiter he sez "Hello Harry. Hows the boy?" The head waiter just looked at him. Uncle Charlie pretended he was talkin to somebody at one of the tables near the door. He told us Harry was awful busy, but wed get in in a minit.

It made me feel like one time I went out to the zoo to watch em feed the animals. I never saw a bunch eat so much so slow. It would have been a great sight for old man Flecher. At last another head waiter came to the door. That fello certainly had brains. He just gave one look at us an sez "Five" which was just the number there was. He took us in an sat us at a little table about the size of your mothers sewin stand. One good platter an there wouldnt have been room for your elbows.

A waiter there with a pencil and pad.

Tryin' to see who was in it.

Whoever had been eatin at the table before us couldnt have liked their dinner much. Theyd left most of it on the table cloth. Uncle Charlie didnt seem to mind spots tho except when he was home. He sez we was lucky to get such a nice table right near the music. If wed been any nearer the fello with the long horn couldnt have stretched it out without runnin it into our soup.

A waiter came along after a while with a clean table cloth. He put it on over the dirty one without disturbin a fork. It reminded me of the time I was in the hospital an they changed the beg without havin me get up. Afterwards I counted 6 table cloths. I was thinkin how much time a fellod save by changin his shirts like that an puttin the whole bunch in the wash at the end of the week.

The high brow waiter came along with a billy fait. I never saw so many things to eat in forin languages. Uncle Charlie looked it over a while an sez there wasnt anything there he liked. Granted he had any idear what it was all about I felt awful sorry for his wife. She must have had a time doin the marketin.

I couldnt make any sense out of it so I sez I thought it would be better if Uncle Charlie ordered the same for everybody. He sez leave it to him an hed pick us out a nice dinner. There was a waiter there with a pencil an pad. He must have had an awful memory if he couldnt remember 5 orders. I guess he wouldnt have been much good at the boardin house. There a girl remembers the orders for about 15 of us.

Uncle Charlie didnt seem to have much to say about the dinner tho. Every time hed order something the waiter would go around behind him an look over his shoulder like he didnt believe there was any such thing there. Then hed say "Oh no. You dont want that. You want some of that. Its very good tonight." He talked like it had improved since the night before. If anybody had tried to sell Uncle Charlie a different newspaper from the one he ast for hed have tipped over the news-stand. The waiter must have had something on him tho. All hed say was "Why yes. Thats a good idear." I dont see why he didnt let the waiter order the dinner in the first place.

We sat around an ate rolls till I could feel the crusts stickin into me all over. All of a sudden the band started the worst noise I ever heard right in my ear. I could see Uncle Charlies mouth goin but I couldnt hear a word. One of the Cadaver girls leaned over an screamed something about dyin to dance.

The minit the noise started everybody made a dive for a little bare place in the middle of the room about as big as your front hall. They all began jamin round an round like a bunch of coffee grounds when you stir the coffee pot. I took the Cadaver girl out to where the riot was goin on an jumped in. Of course you couldnt make no progress. The place was so small youd have got dizzy dancin around it if thered been nobody there. I just stood still an let the crowd shove me around. She told me I danced the chimy divine. I didnt tell her I wasnt dancin at all. I guess thats the way that thing started. Every body got in such a jam they couldnt move. So they just stood still an called it a dance.

About half an hour later a waiter came around with a big dish covered up. He took the cover off an showed us what was underneath like a trick fello showin you whats in the hat before he makes it disappear. I seg it looked pretty good but lets see what else he had. Then wed be able to choose better.

I never spent so much time eatin dinner in my life. We was there so long I was full of food yet I was hungry again. We got through at last tho an they brought Uncle Charlie the bill. It had a whole lot of marks on it nobody could read. After each mark there was a lot of figgers. I like to have swallowed my roll when I found what they all added up to. I guessed they must have got their decimal point one place to far East.

Ive seen Uncle Charlie spend half an hour checkin up the expense account of some salesman. He didnt even add this up tho. Just pulled out a wad of bills an shoved them all at the waiter. A few came wanderin back on a plate. I thought hed be tickled to death to save something out of the wreck. It seemed to make him sore tho? He just waved it away an sez "Oh, that's all right. Keep it." Somehow its a lot easier to lose a lot of money than half a dollar.

While we was sittin there wonderin when we was goin the band started up a funny tune. It didnt seem to make any sense. Nobody got up to dance. I suppose they thought it was to rotten. It was the first time the space in the middle had been clear tho. It looked like a good chance to put the Cadaver girls through their paces. So I ast one of them to dance.

We hadnt any more than got started when a couple of fellos with little red coats that was to short in back an boots that was to big strong the top came runnin in. They looked like a couple of Checko Swaybacks to me. Right away they began whirlin round and round the open place. The first thing I knew they bumped into us an like to knocked us down.

Then I got sore. I grabbed one of them by his red coat an sez "Here. You cant pull any of that rough dancin around here. Not without talkin to me, you cant." I dont know just what happened after that except I toung myself out on the street with my hat on backwards. I was so mad I didnt try to go back. Spunky. Thats me all over, Mable.

I never did see the Cadaver girls again. Uncle Charlie thinks its the greatest joke he ever heard of. Thats what you get for protectin a fellos neeces. I dont like eatin so complicated anyway. Id rather take you to dinner at Monogans any old day. We didnt have to do akrobatiks there all the time we was eatin.

Yours for the simple things,

BILL.

"The old Reliable." The best there is. The first typewriter and the last, the very last, word in typewriter construction. The Reliable "Remington." A. Milne Fraser, Jas. A. Little, Mgr., 27 Dock street, St. John, N. B.

Just Folks by Edgar A. Guest

THE LOVELY DANCER.

Now Clarence Filbert Pettijohn is one the girls go wild about,
They're very glad to dance with him while other men must sit 'em out;
He knows the latest fancy steps, he has a graceful form and slim,
The fox trot and the angel glide are just like meat and drink to him.

But Walter Watson has a style that takes the pleasure from a waltz,
He steps upon his partner's feet and has a lot of other faults;
He has no ear for music and no foot to fit the ways of grace,
And when he takes a lady's arm he almost yanks it out of place.

When Walter asks them for a dance, the girls arrange their tucks and bibs,
And smile and say that they're engaged and tell him dainty little fibs;
But Clarence Filbert Pettijohn can claim the fairest on the floor,
And when the dance is over she will sweetly sign and wish for more.

If life were just a ballroom, then we'd hear from Clarence Pettijohn.
The laurel leaves of victory his manly brow would rest upon;
But when the orchestra departs and silenced are the fiddle strings
And day returns with all its tasks, the awkward Walter's doing things.

Oh, girls who love the dreamy dance and like to glide on flying feet,
Remember when you make your choice that life's a fight for things to eat,
And he who steps upon your feet and wins from you an angry glance
May be the man that's worth your while, although he hasn't learned to dance.

Rann-Dom Reels

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Accident insurance is a successful method of converting a sprained ankle into real money. It is the only method known by which a man can fall down an elevator shaft and receive his reward in this life.

Government experts have shown by careful estimates that prior to the introduction of the habit of paying people for getting hurt accidents were few and far apart. There was no incentive for a man to go out and turn an ankle or grow a carbuncle on the back of his neck. One of the most unprofitable things anybody could do was to break a leg, for it left a feeling of extreme annoyance without any cash surrender value. People were more careful of their legs and arms in those days than they are now, and did not allow them to be nicked and bent out of shape with so much freedom. A great many men went through life with the same number of legs that they started out with, without realizing that they could be insured for more than they were worth.

While accident insurance is in many respects a great boon, it has too often proven a corrupting influence. There is something about an accident insurance policy which is paid up for the next thirty days that transforms a timid, cautious policy holder into a demon of recklessness. When a man realizes that if he draws blood while grinding the coffee for breakfast he can lay off for six weeks at the expense of some temporarily solvent insurance company, he is tempted to let his foot slip. Whenever you see a male passenger dropping off the running board of an express train with both hands full of grips and striking the ground on his right ear, you can make up your mind that he has just taken out an accident insurance policy which covers every form of casualty except the mumps.

Some accident insurance policies agree to reimburse the insured when he has eaten not wisely but too well, or is detained from business with a sore thumb. This has caused a lot of new ailments to spring up and cash in at the rate of $25 per week. It is getting so that there is more satisfaction in falling down the back stairs and unseating one's collarbone than there is in remaining in good health and sending a money order to the head office every four weeks.

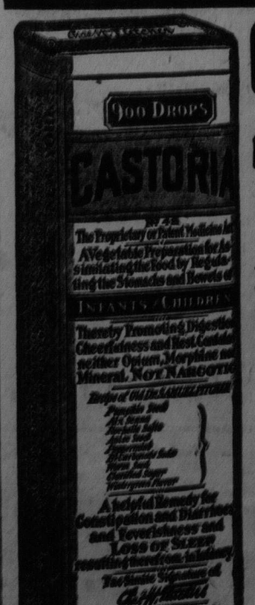
Accident insurance is a great help in time of need, but the only person who can rely upon it for a steady living is the india rubber man.

BRAD'S BIT-O' VERSE

FARM LONGINGS.

How oft I long for childhood days
upon the dear old farm; how oft I turn
with backward gaze to scenes of
youth and charm; I wipe my weeping
eyes, and say: "To see again the
fields of hay, to hear the pigs and
roosters bray, I'd give my strong right
arm." The little cot where I was
born, the meadow and the hill, the
brook, the lane, the waving corn, they
haunt memory still. If I could feed
the spotted calf and stack the clover
and the chaff and hear the cows
and horses laugh, I'd give a dollar
bill. Alas, alas, they come not back,
those happy days of yore; I lost them
somewhere down the track, they will
return no more. I'm wiser than the
little boy who greeted them with
shouts of joy; but for youth's gold
without alloy, I'd give my worldly
lore. There must be something in the
air this bright and happy day that
beckons me from scenes of care and
calls me far away. If I could see
the dear old spot and play around the
humble cot. I'd give my Main street
corner lot and half my weekly pay.

—Clem Bradshaw.



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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

AN OLD BOOK FOR THE NEW TIMES.

By William T. Ellis.

The International Sunday School Lesson for September 21 is "The Holy Scriptures." Psalm 19:7-14; 119: 9-16; 97; 105; Acts 17:10-12; 2 Timothy 3:14-17; Hebrews 1:1-2.

Escaping from Russia, at the end of 1917, I had to cross the North Sea from Bergen to Aberdeen. Two other Americans were making the same voyage, and one of them gave much of his waiting time in Bergen to reading the Bible. The submarine menace was its height. Our path lay across the worst of waters. The little dispatch boat in which we rode was presumably a special objective of the U-boats. So, despite the two destroyers which guarded us all the way, our chances of being sunk were not wholly negligible. Therefore my American fellow-traveller, not normally a religious man, took to Bible-reading and prayer. He was driven to devotion by stark fear.

His companion jeered. I, too, smiled. Neither heaven nor earth can have much respect for such a sudden accession of fright-born religious interest. Still, the incident revealed that English-speaking people instinctively turn to the Bible for light and comfort in perplexity. When feet are called to tread a difficult and dangerous way that Book really is a light to one's path. The sober conviction of many thoughtful persons is that a widespread vogue of Bible-study would do more than any other one thing to steady the course of America and Canada in this critical hour.

Our Nation's Rock Foundation.

Next year is the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers; and the occasion recalls the profound historical fact that the civilization of this western continent has been shaped by the ideals of God-fearing, Bible-believing, Scripture-searching men and women. As Queen Victoria is said to have told an African chief that Britain's greatness is all founded upon the Bible; so we may reverently say that our western ideals of liberty and democracy spring straight from the Book which our forefathers accepted as their supreme law. America is not founded upon Plymouth Rock so much as on what Gladstone called "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture."

Times are strangely troubled just now: there is no shorter, surer way of going through them safely and sensibly than by following the clear directions laid down in the inspired pages of Holy Writ. If all the people who are reading books upon social problems, books upon unrest, were to take to reading the Book which makes plain God's will and man's duty there would be an immediate and perceptible lessening of the day's strain. For the nearer we come to the ming of God the closer we get to the welfare of man.

Rabbit's Foot Or Bible.

As some men carry a rabbit's foot for luck, so others keep a Bible in their house or in their trunk. It is a matter of superstition. My friend at Bergen regarded his Bible somewhat as a talisman. This attitude of fetich-worship, as applied to the Bible, is not rare. Ignorant awe, rather than intelligent use, marks some persons' attitude toward the Book that was written to be read and to be understood.

Never so clearly as now have I personally realized what a place-book the Bible is. Lately, I have been reading the Book of Exodus while encamped on Mt. Sinai; and it is more illuminating than a guide book. I have read the Passover story in Egypt; and the Ten Commandments and their story while seated on the top of the Mountain of the Law, where Moses received them. On the bosom of Lake Galilee I have recalled the words of life which Jesus spoke there; and beside the green slopes of the Mount of Beatitudes I have mused upon the application of Christ's kingdom platform to our times. Standing on the very stones of the porch of the synagogue at Capernaum where the Master himself stood and looked out over the lake that he loved, I have conned the place of that now-ruined city in his life and teachings. Upon the Mount of Olives, beneath a flooding Passover moon, I have gazed upon Jerusalem and quoted his tragic words.

What a Traveller Saw.

Travelling as I have been this year, to and fro over Bible lands—from Egypt to Damascus and Tarsus and Iconium and Thessalonica and Athens and Corinth and Rome and Patmos—I have had a new sense of the geographical character of the Bible. It was written by real men to real people who lived upon real earth, at spots which anyone may visit. Somebody has called the Holy Land "the fifth Gospel," so perfectly does it corroborate the written text. Reality is a quality of the Scriptures beyond any other book ever written.

And when one examines, as it has been my privilege to do, ancient copies of Holy Writ, lovingly and beautifully created by consecrated hands of monks and scholars, in the far away countries which were almost a thousand years nearer to the times of Jesus than they are to our own day, the vitality of this book grips one's imagination. With my own hands I have handled a fourth century copy of the Bible. There are later, but still very ancient manuscript copies of the Bible in the library of the Monastery of St. Catherine, on Mt. Sinai. The romantic story of the preservation of the text of the Bible throughout the ages is one too often neglected by religious teachers.

Living, And Making Alive.

Moody used to say, with his rugged common sense, "I know that the Bible is inspired, because it inspires me." Only life can impart life. Because this Book is living, in a sense true of no other, it makes human spirits to live again. In a larger sense than ever the Psalmist meant, "The entrance of thy word giveth light."

Where the Bible is read, there liberty comes—political liberty, as well as intellectual and spiritual liberty. No Bible-studying people have remained long complacent under despotism: the present-day case of the Korean Christians is in point. Nor has any Bible-studying people ever given way to anarchy or radical socialism. Russia had a Church, but the people had no Bible; therefore the present excesses. The Molokans, or Bible-reading Christians in Russia, have developed a type of character sturdier, and saner than their neighbors.

As a safeguard to society against spoliation, oppression, class hatred, and lawlessness in high or low places, there is nothing to equal the "Thus said the Lord." People who are loyal to God's word are never disloyal to one another. Sterling character, with strong convictions, such as our times seem to lack, are the result of a revent knowledge of the Book divine.

President Wilson wrote, upon this point, for the fly-leaf of the Bibles to be distributed to service men, the following messages:

"The Bible is the word of life. I beg that you read it and find this out for yourselves,—read, not little snatches here and there but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it. You will find it full of real men and women not only but also of the things you have wondered about and been troubed about all your life, as men have been always, and the more you read the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not, what things make men happy,—loyalty, right dealing, speaking the truth, readiness to give everything for what they think their duty, and most of all, the wish that they may have the approval of the Christ, who gave everything for them,—and the things that are guaranteed to make men unhappy,—selfishness, cowardice, greed and everything that is low and mean. When you have read the Bible you will know that it is the Word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness, and your own duty."

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

Chance never helps the men who do not work.—Sophocles.

Good order is the foundation of all good things.—Burke.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives,
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears the burden well and lives.

—A. A. Proctor.

The infallible recipe for happiness is to do good; and the infallible recipe for doing good is to abide in Christ.—Henry Drummond.

For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, the Son of man also shall be ashamed of him, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels—Mark 8:38.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Hampton

Hampton, Sept. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Robert DeLong have returned from their honeymoon trip, and after spending a few days at Hampton, have taken up their residence at Gordon street, Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Marr were guests at Wayside Inn for a day last week.

Mrs. George McAvity and party motored from St. John and were guests at Wayside Inn last Saturday.

Mrs. Ralph Hughes is a guest of her mother, Mrs. J. Crandall.

On Tuesday evening the young people of Hampton enjoyed a "corn boil" at Belleisle.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelsoe and son of Boston, who have been visiting friends at Hampton, returned home last week.

Mr. H. H. Parlee and son Lorne, have returned home after a pleasant visit to Ottawa and Toronto.

Miss Augusta Wetmore of Bloomfield, spent the day at Hampton on Monday.

Mrs. Palmer of St. John, spent the week-end with her sister, Miss K. Partlett.

Mr. and Mrs. George DeLong have returned from their honeymoon trip and will reside at Highfield Farm.

Mrs. J. E. Irvine returned from Sussex on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson have returned from an auto trip to Campbellton and other towns in the province.

Mrs. John Thompson is this week a guest at Wayside Inn.

Mr. Wilburn Giggey is at home this week, having been called on account of the death of his brother, Mr. Percy Giggey.

Miss Schofield spent Sunday at Lakeside, the guest of Miss Catherine McAvity.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church held an enjoyable picnic on Wednesday at the residence of Mrs. Dingee, Lakeside.

Mrs. F. E. Whelpley of Moncton, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. N. M. Barnes, Linden Heights.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Harper and party motored from Sussex on Sunday and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hallett.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Howard of Lowell, Mass., are visiting Mrs. Howard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Flewelling.

Mr. Court Otty is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. O. D. Otty.

Miss Minnie Travis returned from St. John on Monday.

Mr. Howard Campbell is in Montreal this week on a short business trip.

The Baptist Missionary Aid Society held their monthly meeting on Wednesday last at the home of Mrs. Arthur Sharpe.

On Tuesday evening Miss Wedderburn gave an enjoyable dance at her home, Hampton Village.

Lieut. Neil Morrison, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison has returned home. Lieut. Morrison has been at the front since 1915, and his many friends are glad to see him.

On Monday evening the I. O. D. E., Hampton Court Chapter gave an enjoyable bridge at the Court House. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present and about $35.00 were realized. The ladies in charge of the refreshments were Mrs. Parlee, Mrs. M. J. Conway and Mrs. C. J. Forrestall.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I get paid for being cheerful
But I've got to take a rest.
I've been grinning for so long now
It's a treat to feel depressed.

Turned Out

Turned In

Returned Men!

This is NEW. Invented While You Were Overseas

Clever, isn't it?

No one thought it possible to design a cuff that would fold as neat and flat when turned in as when turned out.

But it has been done.

Now when the cuff of your W. G. & R. shirt gets soiled, you turn the other side of the Double Wear Cuff. This enables a man to wear his shirt twice as long before sending it to the laundry. It cuts your laundry bills on shirts clean in two.

It adds months to the life of your shirt, because everyone knows that laundering a shirt is harder on it than wearing it.

And remember:—

These shirts cost no more than good shirts should.

Ask your dealer to show you the new

W.G.&R.

Shirts with DOUBLE WEAR CUFFS

Trade Mark Patented 1918

"the cuff that doubles the life of the shirt"

Church Claims Estate of Priest Valued At $179,00

Pastor of St. Stanislaus D clares Late Mgr. Strzoloc Owed $302,000.

New York, Sept. 19.—Recent d coveries by the Rev. Ignatius J. B ziga since becoming pastor of Roman Catholic Church of St. Stan laus, Bishop and Martyr, at No. Seventh avenue, led him yesterday file a petition in the Surrogate's Co for the revocation of letters of adm istration granted to Julian P. Str lookl upon the estate of his broth the late Mgr. John H. Strzolookl, w had been in charge of the church almost a quarter of a century.

Upon assuming charge of the chu after the death of Mgr. Strzolookl December 7 last the present pas states he learned that his predeces was indebted to the church in amount of $302,000.

After the death of Mgr. Strzolo his brother Julian, who acted as ho keeper at the rectory, is alleged have taken from a safe securities property worth $179,000, agai which a claim is lodged by the chur According to the Rev. Andrew Cryg assistant pastor, who makes an aff vit to the effect, Julian took possess of $85,000 in United States gold c tificates, $75,000 worth of Russ rubles, $15,000, in Liberty bonds, cross studded with diamonds valued $5,000; and a diamond studded wa value at $1,000.

Father Crygue said in his affid that Julian announced his intention apply for appointment as administ tor of the monsignor's estate, but t he would state the assets were in cess of $20,000 without divulging real value.

At the time Father Crygue belie the safe's contents really belonged the monsignor and made no prot against the removal. The prope was transferred to two safe dep boxes, and some time after Julian alleged to have discovered a will his brother in which the value of dead priest's estate was estimated $160,000.

Notwithstanding the existence o will Julian is said by Father Cry to have concealed that fact when was appointed administrator on ground that the monsignor had d intestate. Father Crygue asser Julian handled the church books s would appear that any indebtedn against the monsignor had been wi out.

"Julian told me he would show h to manipulate the church books. struck false balances and failed make the proper entries of cash cepts in the books," continues the davit. "He knew that the securit cash and valuable which he now ho in his name belonged either to the ta(e) of Mgr. John H. Strzolookl or the Church of St. Stanislaus, Bis and Martyr."

Beyond vouchsafing the informat that documentary proof in the ha writing of Mgr. Strzolookl would tablish his indebtedness to the chur no other explanation of how the debtedness was incurred was offere

Both Are Expensive.

Blake—"Of course, they are nice have, but they're a lot of trou just the same."

Jinks (with a sigh)—"Yes, t are."

Blake—"Cost a heap of mon too."

Jinks—"You're right, they do."

Blake—"Tisn't the first expe one minds—but the upkeep is rible."

Jinks—"Don't I know it?"

Blake—"Always something wr with the blamed things, and t there is nobody but a specialist can tell what it is."

Jinks—"That is true."

Blake—"Still, after you've had or two of them you couldn't get along without them."

Jinks (brightening)—"That's w think. People envy you, too."

Blake—"Yes; still, it's an end worry keeping them looking trim shining, and petrol and tires are ing up—"

Jinks—"Petrol and tires! G heavens, man! I thought you w talking about babies, not motor car

How the Body is Nourished.

The bodily process known as ass filation is well explained in th words: "As the blood, in its circ tion, approaches any organ, the p tions that are appropriate for t organ feel its attractive force, o it, and leaving the others, mix with the substance of its tissue are changed into its own true proper nature."

How important it is that the bl should be pure and rich, not loa with worn-out and useless matte Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and riches the blood, and does all it possible for medicine to do in way of perfecting assimilation building up the whole system. Wh you have made up your mind to t Hood's Sarsaparilla, insist on hav it—don't accept a substitute, for substitute acts like it.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Robert Slater.

Hillsboro, N. B., Sept. 17. — T many friends of Mrs. Robert Sla regret to learn of her death, wh occurred on Saturday at 1.30 a. m. the home of her daughter, Mrs. Cliff Steeves. Deceased was 74 years of a and formerly resided in Monct where she was a member of Ladies' Union. She was an enthusi tic worker in the Frances Willa Lodge, and was also a member of Women's Institute. Deceased was many years a member of the Fi Baptist Church. She was marr fifty-five years, having celebrated th golden wedding five years ago, and survived by her husband, one dau ter, Mrs. Clifford Steeves; one s Walter; a sister, Mrs. James Bro Moncton, and a brother, Wellingt Cook, of Hamilton, Ont.