

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1921

On To Calgary and The Women's Council

During the past week of interminable entertainment and diversion we had the pleasure of a call from Chief Longlance, Montana born, now resident of Calgary, a writer of magazine stories and also editorials for the Calgary Herald. He served overseas with distinction during the five years of war, going over as a private with the 88th Ottawa Battalion (though he quietly remarked he had not seen Ottawa yet), won his commission, and later a captaincy; is now with the 50th Battalion of the 2nd Calgary Regiment. At the garden party at Mr. Royer Hall's I heard his name mentioned, and recalling that my son had spoken enthusiastically of Chief Longlance, whom he had met in France and again in England, word was sent to him and a ready response on the telephone made possible a chance to see a young, fine looking, soldierly man of twenty-nine, whose appearance was more that of a well-dressed Cuban, and whose refinement of speech and manner made the half hour pass very quickly. His quick recognition of the mother through likeness to the son was charming, and when the call was over the St. John woman realized she had found another to add to her already lengthening list of new Calgary friends. Souvenirs and magazines containing his stories were promised, and confidence inspired that they would be promptly forwarded, as the promise of the true Indian is inviolable.

History of the National Council of Women was imparted to him and the importance of the Women's Parliament of Canada duly impressed. It is to be regretted that advance information of its platform of work had not reached farther than the Local Council of Women, while through this last week ere we have been heard the regret of many old timers, who do not form its inner circles of work, that the able discussions and addresses were only heard by the more actively interested. The summer months bring many conventions to Calgary, and to many Calgarians this was only one of many, and the ships that pass in the night have gone by with their beautiful white sails set, leaving in the minds of many the memory of activities worth while, and to many more an eager questioning and earnest longing, where the last ripples still show.

The Western Canada College closing was attended with great interest, and it was a great pleasure to see Dr. MacRae in his post of honor presenting well-earned medals and other prizes. This college is one of the few schools of its kind which is in good financial condition. Hon. G. P. Smith, minister of education, was on the platform, and spoke very impressively to the boys on their "today and yesterday." The little tea party at the Country Club on Friday, at which Dr. and Mrs. MacRae were the guests, gave full opportunity round the cosy table for questions and answers of St. John people, all of whom were of deep, eager interest to the former St. John man, who seemed in this wonderful western country to have slipped aside fifteen of his passing years.

Lunches, dinners, teas at the Palmer and in private houses; while the returned "old-timer" must be watchful of the admonition "not to stay too long in the west" else the kindness of old friends would tumble the soft June days into a medley of autumn leaves and September frosts, ere she returned to sea level and a consciousness of time. On Sunday a long motor drive to Midnapore, and tea enjoyed in the shelter of trees and whispering leaves, and a restful return home in the glory of another vivid sunset.

And now the last day in Calgary, when the good-bye hour comes quickly with the waning of the afternoon. But first I must record the day at St. George Island Hotel, where the Order of Elk entertained the children of Calgary to a mammoth picnic. Unlimited quantities of ice-cream, cool drinks and candy, to satisfy the elastic stomachs of eager, thirsty kiddies, who proudly wore the badge "Bill pays for everything," and the children found so many answers to the name of "Bill," ready to help and amuse, ready to pass

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Kill them all, and the germs too, 10c a packet at Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

out ice-cream cones, and ready later at the street cars to help aboard the tired mothers and little ones. Calgary never forgets her children, and we were informed that the Rotarians and Elks are foremost in helping the city juniors enjoy many pleasures great and small. Does it need always a Mr. O'Connell to finance our St. John children on a summer outing?

The Soldier Settlement wives and kiddies are in Calgary; began arriving on Saturday in big numbers to attend the government courses on housekeeping and farming. A day nursery was improvised in the church building, so recently the headquarters of the National Council of Women, and Mrs. Jean Muldrew is in the midst directing and energizing every active worker in Calgary into eager patient service. One of my friends, an old-timer, whose invitation for hospitality was one of others I regretfully declined, has spent her beautiful, luxurious home to soldiers' wives, whom I feel sure will return to their home, rested, happy, and with a store of information for future housekeeping gleaned from these short courses improvised by the government. Days may not seem so wearisome in their schedule of work in the bright memories of a Calgary woman's courteous hospitality.

The hotel for immigrant girls, and working girls not earning more than 30¢ per month is a delightful home situated on Fourth Ave., dainty and artistic in all its appointments. One can hardly conceive such a charming place, planned and owned by the Calgary women interested in this work, and who proudly state that there is no debt on the building, which they own. An attractive sitting room for girls, blinds eliminated, and in their place soft, restful curtains of brown, and restful chairs, and flowers everywhere in the rooms, and on the tables of the bright dining room, to gladden and refresh the eye of the stranger. While there, Mrs. Robson, active in this immigration work for Western Canada, arrived, and a few moments for departure were delayed to greet and tell her of the National.

The Chinese cook of my hostess surely possesses the soul of an artist in embryo, or else has become enchanted with the beauties of Alberta. He dipped the the brushes of inspiration into his mistress box for oils, and lo! there was a trodland scene of trees, hills and waters, with the moon shining gloriously forth upon a sleeping sylvan spot. Later, signifying with his full name, it was presented to me with broad smiles and gay chuckles.

Since then Sing has literally poured out his soul upon the stray cardboard house afords, and between dishwashing and cooking of meals, man, and a stray bridge or so—with even wild flowers adorning the underbrush. My hostess showed him vases exquisitely adorned, her own work, but he smiled and said, "No, you buy." and still retorted "You buy." Perhaps he may yet realize her claim of workmanship, and who knows, kept to emulate, though I trust for her peace of mind it won't be on her beloved wedgewood. He said to me: "When you go?" "Monday," I replied. "How far?" "Six-day journey," my answer. "No, too far," shaking his head in consideration of the long journey east. He had intended following the motor party to Midnapore on Sunday on his wheel, but the distance was too much for him to finish, so he hurried back, at least he had said earlier in day, "We finish work, take wheel and look." His interest in the family is wonderful, and with the little boys he is always ready to yield the tennis racket, to play ball, or to order the late comers in to dinner. As the hostess remarked the other night: "Sing made me leave the lawn and come in, I guess he's boss." His cakes are a miracle of beauty of adornment—roses, turrets, and battlements in grand array, while each one of the family valiantly insists it is his or her birthday, to have the glory of possession.

Only memories now, as with my face turned to the east, like Mohamed, I mumbled my prayers for a safe journey across the continent. We passed Drumheller when the sun was purpling the skies and spreading over it splashes of red that were almost white, I counted twenty-nine cars on the trail to Drumheller going to the evening baseball game.

The bystander told me of the two big mines, the Monarch and the Newcastle, and of twelve other mines besides. Over 1000 people in that little mining town. On our way out we passed a long circus train on its way west. Night is coming on, and I still linger on the platform while the darkness steals noiselessly on, and there comes to me those lines in fragments of thought:

"And lo! a hush is in the air—
"As if the winds were saying pray—"

This morning we passed many interesting little settlements or towns, and between great stretches of growing wheat without sign of house or barn—and four and five elevators near the stations, telling their own story of what the crops would be to fill these immense places. Prairies flecked with the golden daisy with blood red centre, my loved single prairie rose welcomed like a long lost friend, later, underbrush, and quantities of tall rose bushes massed with bloom; ranch house, appearing as if suddenly dropped from the sky; prosperous looking barns, and the knowledge of many

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35c. yd. Longcloth	4 yds. for \$1.00	\$1.50 yd. Table Damask	2 for \$1.00
40c. yd. Nainsook	3 yds. for \$1.00	75c. each Large Turkish Towels	2 for \$1.00
20c. yd. Unbleached Cotton	7 yds. for \$1.00	\$1.75 yd. Corduroy, 36 inch, all colors	\$1.00 yd.
25c. yd. Unbleached Cotton	6 yds. for \$1.00	\$1.50 yd. Sand Corduroy, 36 inch	2 yds. for \$1.00
35c. yd. Unbleached Cotton	5 yds. for \$1.00	\$1.50 yd. Colored Velveteen	\$1.00 yd.
\$1.00 yd. Bleached Sheet	2 yds. for \$1.00	30c. yd. Stamped Quilting	4 yds. for \$1.00
75c. Circular Pillow Cotton	2 yds. for \$1.00	75c. pair Ladies' Cotton Drawers	2 pairs for \$1.00
25c. yd. White Flannelette	6 yds. for \$1.00	75c. each Ladies' Summer Vests	2 for \$1.00
35c. yd. White Flannelette	5 yds. for \$1.00	75c. pair Silk Lisle Hose (seconds)	3 pairs for \$1.00
40c. yd. 34-inch White Flannelette	4 yds. for \$1.00	60c. pair White Cotton and Lisle Hose	3 pairs for \$1.00
35c. yd. Striped Flannelette	5 yds. for \$1.00	50c. pair Boys' Ribbed Hose	3 pairs for \$1.00
40c. yd. Striped Flannelette	4 yds. for \$1.00	\$1.50 Ladies' Silk Hose	\$1.00 pair
35c. each Pillow Slips	4 for \$1.00	50c. yd. Taffeta Ribbon	3 yds. for \$1.00
50c. yd. Best Canadian Print	5 yds. for \$1.00	35c. yd. White and Cream Curtain Scrim	5 yds. for \$1.00
50c. yd. Best Scotch Gingham	3 yds. for \$1.00	75c. yd. Palm Beach Suiting	2 yds. for \$1.00
45c. yd. Calatene, light and dark	3 yds. for \$1.00	\$2.00 yd. Dress Goods	\$1.00 yd.
\$1.25 yd. Novelty Voile	1 1/2 yds. for \$1.00	\$1.00 yd. Dress Goods	2 yards for \$1.00
30c. yd. Glass Towelling	5 yds. for \$1.00		

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foreigners, whose children chant daily in the schools—
"Are we Canadians? I guess we are," in loud echoing tones. We who are Canadian born realize more fully, passing through this immense wonderful west, the pride of what "O Canada" means in its every word, perhaps, who knows? sung many times without thought of its immense meaning for an immense Canada, a truly magnificent heritage for its children.

Roll on, thou great and mighty prairie, roll; and again we pass through almost endless tracts of wheat lands. At Midnapore, a meadow lark is gaily heralding its appearance in time for the train's arrival, and I stand in admiration, while from a telegraph pole with true nonchalance he sings on and on, until we are lost from his view—

A. Pauline Raymond

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