

his "progress book" about the bulletin board and before putting it away inserted another paragraph:

"Advertisement in hotel bus announcing the coming of the play, 'Smith's Uncle' on May 4th."

The Maybridge Hotel was of city proportions, five stories high with a three-storey electric sign on the roof. A street car was standing opposite the main entrance and the motorman pounded the gong savagely:

"Why does he ring the gong so much?" Tom asked the hotel clerk.

"Oh, that's the suburban car—leaves every half hour. He's just calling attention to the fact that it's about ready to start."

"Then, it's sometimes late starting?" asked Thomas.

"No, er—why?" inquired the clerk.

"Why, if people know it leaves every half hour and left on time there would be no need of the extra announcement."

"That's right," agreed the clerk, who was much amused at the idea. Tom produced his note book and made another entry. "No discipline in street car handling." Before putting it back in his pocket he made another insertion, "Card in hotel window morning of May 20th,

announces concert to be held in Spooner hall on May 19th, in aid of Red Cross."

After breakfast he walked along the main streets. In one store window was a pile of empty cigarette cartons that had been built up like a house of cards. They were weather-stained and fly-specked and among them was a poster advertising the coming of the play "Out There" on March 17th! Across the street a bill board called attention to a circus that was due last summer and a play that had come and gone weeks before. In another store window was a display of snow shovels, suggesting scant respect for the vernal equinox in that quarter.

He boarded the suburban car and studied the ads. displayed on the panels. One house was impressing the necessity for heavy overcoats, another, the need of storm doors and windows. The car itself was dirty and ill-ventilated. A young man came in and lounged on one seat and planted his boots on the seat opposite. Tom instinctively examined the seat he occupied to see if any mud stains were there and discovered that he had sat on a spot of grease.

"Does this car," he asked the conductor, "meet another car coming back?"

"Yes, at the half-way," droned the conductor.

"Then, I'll get out there." The conductor followed his glance to the spot of grease and went confusedly away to collect the fare of the straddling youth, who by this time had lighted a cigarette.

Looking out the window Tom observed that there was at least an excellent automobile road, but on a telegraph pole a short distance away was a sign,

"Closed For Through Traffic."

Now, what could that mean? Traffic was running right by, regardless of any detaining sign. He asked the conductor. "Oh, that! That's a sign they forgot to take down—they were repairing this road last summer!"

At the "half-way" he noted that the car in the siding backed out when the other passed and jotted down in his book the necessity for a through siding as a mark of progress.

Before entering his hotel he began reading a news bulletin in front of a news stand before he noticed the date—May 18th.

In the evening he went to the theatre. The curtain caught his eye, not because of its exquisite art but the reverse, and especially because of a string of blotches

all the way down the centre, as if someone had thrown a pot of brown paint high up and the curtain had received the descending splash.

The picture, which was an illustration of a rock-bound coast with a castle imposing its dungeon head where the sea assailed its walls, and where sailboats ran dangerously close, was ringed about with local ads. One of them read:

"The songs sang in this theatre may be purchased at O'Doran's." Tom asked his neighbor where O'Doran's might be.

"Used to be opposite the theatre," was the reply, "but they ain't been here for near a year now."

"And that stain on the curtain—how long has it been there?"

"Two years, at least. I ain't been here more'n that!"

This led to an inquiry about several other ads, which adduced the information that more than half of the firms represented had not been doing business for a year.

Leaving the theatre, Tom glanced upward to see what the big electric sign displayed, and found that what it emphasized most was total darkness. He asked the hotel clerk why.

"War time saving," he was told.

He had a good room in the hotel and was generally pleased with the service. If there was one thing in which Stonecope was deficient it was in the management of its hotels. Here was one equal to any of the big hostleries.

There were magnificent store buildings in certain blocks and the town had the air of prosperity common to large cities. But the little details condemned it. The show Tom had seen the previous night was still advertised as "coming" up to noon next day.

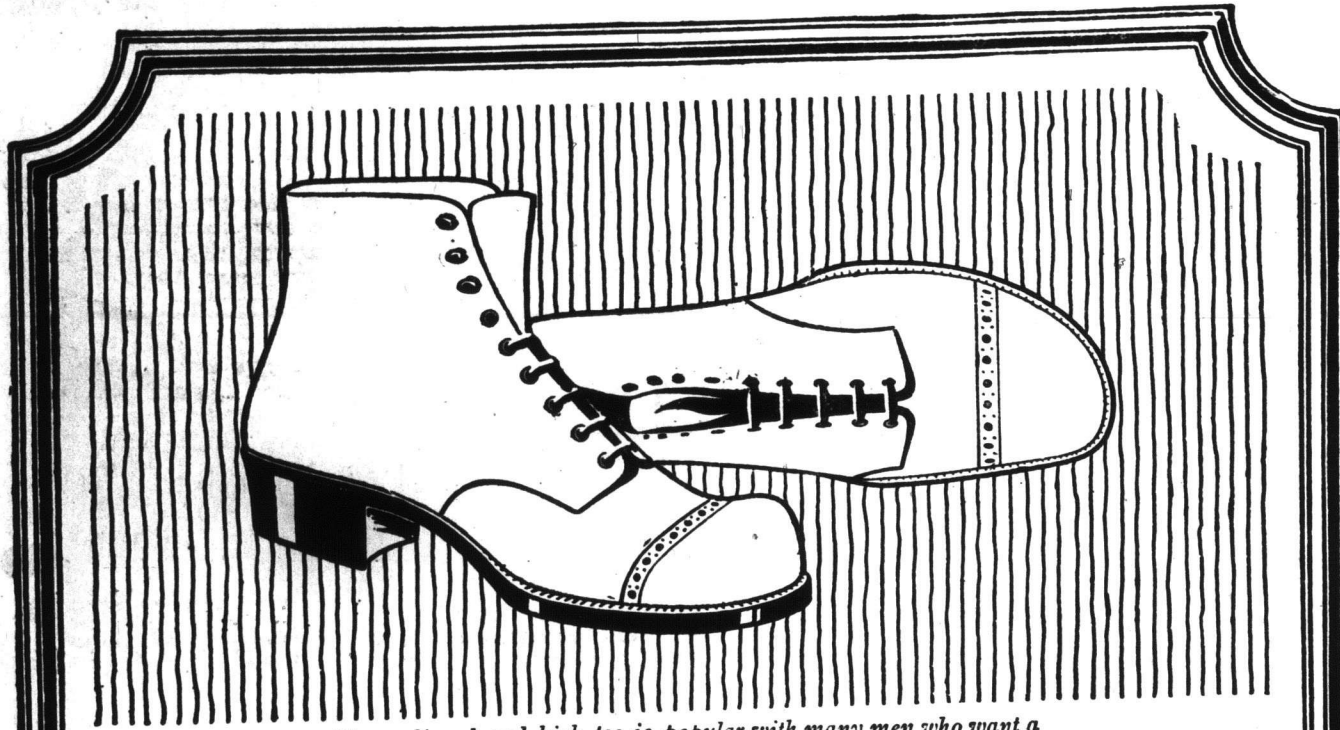
"Altogether," he told Mayor Percival Laurance, who was greatly surprised to see him. "You have a miniature Pittsburg here but you owe me the patriotic emblem just the same." Bit by bit he unfolded the proof and was taken around in Laurance's car to verify most of it. Not a thing had been changed except the station bulletin board. There was something he had not previously seen, though. It was a pile of packing cases and boxes on the curb alongside a clothing store in the "Mawriss-Perlmutter" section.

"Here's one who has removed all the signs of trade," countered Tom, pointing to a recently vacated store. "But look at the name still on the window."

"Oh, come now," expostulated the mayor of Maybridge. "Isn't that carrying it too far? When a man moves out he isn't supposed to remove all trace of his business, is he?"

"In Stonecope, yes," replied Tom. "When a business man moves he must remove all traces of his occupancy before he locks the door, in other words he mustn't forget the cat. We have a by-law that no name or advertisement liable to mislead shall be displayed. If it is necessary for the town to remove such signs or advertising matter, the actual cost will be charged to the one responsible, plus a special tax of from one dollar to one hundred dollars according to the gravity of the offense. For instance, Jones & Co. move from A Street to B Street. If the A Street store bears the name, 'Jones & Co.' twenty-four hours after that firm has moved, the Town Commissioner has the sign removed and the firm are taxed a dollar besides the cost of removal. Suppose within a year they move again and repeat the offence, the fine is five dollars. Moreover, if this firm displays an ad. announcing a concert eight hours after the event, the ad. is removed for them and the fine is five dollars, considered as a second offence. If this occurs after the second offence regarding the failure to remove the name plate, the fine is ten dollars, and so on until the hundred dollars is reached. After that they are forbidden to do business in Stonecope. Needless to say, the maximum has never been reached. These offences rarely happen the second time, in fact, and so Stonecope keeps eternally up to date."

And the mayor of Maybridge was forced to admit that the tip was worth more to him than the cost of a new flag and flag-pole for Stonecope.



The medium broad high toe is popular with many men who want a roomy wide-fitting shoe. Blucher: black or brown leathers, \$6 to \$10

The High Cost of Whims

THE United States Government has found it necessary to issue strict orders regulating the styles of shoes. Why? Because the high cost of fads imposes a burden all along the line—upon manufacturer, dealer and consumer, and upon the Government itself.

Such action may be avoided in Canada, if you—the consumer—will co-operate with the manufacturer in reducing the demand for extravagant styles—if you will buy prudently, for service rather than for effect.

To do this will be a direct benefit to you. You will get better and longer service, more comfort, and your shoes will be quite as neat and attractive. You will need fewer pairs of shoes in the course of a year.

More than that: you will help to cut down needless extravagance, to reduce superfluous stocks on the dealers' shelves, to keep prices down, and to release essential supplies of leather for our forces overseas.

A.H.M. War-Time Selections offer Special Service Value for Men, Women and Children. Ask your dealer for them.

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY

"Shoemakers to the Nation"

ST. JOHN MONTREAL TORONTO

WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER

When you buy Shoes look for—



—this Trade-mark on every sole