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MARSHALL BROS.

On Correcting Husbands.

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

A young married woman whom I occasionally meet in our neighbourhood, has a habit of putting her husband in wrong in this wise. Some subject will be under discussion, and she will say, with a sly little smile at her husband, "Phillip thinks—" and then quote some opinion very much at variance with the opinions that the people present have been expressing. Whereupon her husband, with a heightened color and an air of evident discomfort, will try to explain and justify the opinion which she has expressed for him.

An Opinion He Expressed in Private.

Plainly, the opinion is one which he has expressed in private to her. (Moreover, it is evidently not one which he cared to bring forth in public at that time, else he would have done it for himself.) Furthermore, it is probably presented in a much blunter form than he would have put; and sometimes, I suspect from the qualifications he hastens to make, it is given a different twist from its original meaning.

Easy to Reconstruct Their Argument.

It is very easy, from this little dialogue, to reconstruct the argument they must have held in private and to imagine the wife's feeling of triumph at having thus put him in the wrong. One wonders if she would feel quite so triumphant if she could realize the resentment and sense of injustice she is unquestionably creating every time she does that.

I do not believe in correcting a child, or a husband, in public. It never pays. It creates too much resentment. Besides, it is uncomfortable for the public. Nobody loves a quarrelsome couple or a couple who are always giving each other sly digs in the presence of others. It doesn't help create a feeling of festivity or aid to the gaiety of nations.

The Bully Who Thinks His Wife Should Not Have Opinions.

If a wife is clever enough to tact-

fully bring the conversation around to some subject on which she and her husband have argued and on which he has expressed opinions which she feels are absolutely unreasonable, and to get people in whose opinion he has confidence to say in his hearing just what she has said to him, that's quite another matter. The only kind of man who will get mad at that, is the tully who regards any attempt of his wife to have opinions of her own as an attack on the peace and harmony of the home.

And who cares whether he gets mad or not?

(His wife, unfortunately.)

Montreal, May 29, '09.

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Gentlemen,—I beg to let you know that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT for some time, and I find it the best I have ever used for the joints and muscles.

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YOUR NECK.

There is nothing about a woman that tells her age as much as her neck and when it is beautiful it is one of her most seductive charms. Why is it that so many women who take the greatest care of their complexions and their appearance generally will not look below the chin for faults?

If your neck is scrawny, cross butler is efficacious in filling out the hollows of the neck. Rub all the skin food off with a clean cloth when you have finished massaging and apply a little pure powder to keep from soiling the neckbands of your clothes. In drying and rubbing your neck, rub from the top downward.

If your neck is brown or discolored there are a number of things you may use to bleach it. But there is nothing better than lemon juice and water. One woman I know who has a lovely neck always keeps a half lemon on her wash stand. Just before she dries her neck every day she merely rubs a little lemon juice on it.

Tight collars are responsible for many unsightly necks. When you consider how close the connection is be-

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tween the brain and the rest of the body it surely does not seem a wise policy to place any restrictions about the neck which might interfere with the circulation of the blood in the brain, or check the breathing. It is so delightful to feel that the neck is free and to feel the fresh air upon it.

GOING DEY.

This land of ours is going dey, the grogshops close their swinging doors, and soon the man who wants old rye will have to swim to foreign shores. John Barleycorn has met his fate, he's being pushed clear off the map; and we must learn to celebrate with sparkling water from the tap. There is no stimulant in the vale, there are no stimulants on the hills; dry people call for Adam's ale, and fill themselves with habbling rills. The workman buys a house and lot with money that he used to blow for brimming bowls of liquid rye, that filled his head and soul with woe. Tired father laps up sparkling brooks, instead of seeking gilded halls, and has some coin to spend for books, and pictures for the parlor walls. The young man hits the village pond, when 'thirst has given him the blues; and then he buys a U. S. Bond, which is a better thing than booze. The war has killed the Demon Rum, has been a hear and deadly frost; and men will say, in years to come, the war was worth what it cost. The ginmill shuts its latticed doors, the red nosed patrons don't crowd in; the jeweled barkeep no more pours rye-water in the keg of gin. The drifty man thins out of beer, but to the nearest hydrant tramps, and quaffs a dragon bright and clear, then buys himself War Savings Stamps.

The most fashionable frocks for small girls hang straight from the shoulders. A navy blue serge cape may have a capuchin collar and a wide hem of blue satin. The new bathing robes may be made of Scotch plaid.

Victory, Not Peace.

The enemy has exhibited every ounce of his strength in the great offensives against the Western Allies beginning late in March, when the work of withdrawing every available man and gun from Russia had been accomplished. With an accumulation of artillery probably never equalled even in this war, with a great local superiority in infantry and with an utterly reckless disregard for the lives of the soldiers, he made the assault which the leaders had promised their people would end in decisive victory. But the movement failed, failed to attain any decisive objective and losses were suffered so gigantic as to make new records in the world combat. The nation and its rulers placed their hopes on peace in those assaults, and the utter failure to break through the Allied lines coupled with the recoil before the Allied counter attack are certain to lead to another series of peace proposals designed to set one Ally against another and to appeal to the war weariness of the Entente peoples. To listen to any such peace proposals would be supreme folly. Russia and Roumania acceded to such peace proposals for their own utter ruin and provided for all time an evidence of the utter untrustworthiness of any agreement which leaves the Junker and the military chiefs in the saddle, which leaves their prestige unshaken and would enable the Military Oligarchy to tell the people that the Prussian form of Government and the submissive discipline have enabled them to triumph against a world in arms, and that the continuance of this Ruler'ship and discipline are necessary to preserve the integrity of the nation. No abiding agreement can be made with the Hun as long as the present form and personnel of Government obtain—a fact which makes all peace talk futile. In other words, a change of Government in Germany must precede any peace that is worth the name. The smashing victory over Russia confirmed the military chiefs in power and for the time being paralyzed all popular movement towards reform. The case from within seems hopeless enough at present, and so the struggle must go on in the hope that the Hun will be so completely beaten that Hohenzollern prestige will be gone and with it the military power. Realizing how every day of the war's continuance means added horror, added sacrifice, added debt and increased danger of civil commotions, no man wishes to see the war unnecessarily prolonged for a single hour. This can be taken for granted, but it is not the whole consideration. If there was the likelihood of the struggle continuing for many years more without changing the relative position of the belligerents, the continuance of a mere mutual and endless killing would not be defensible. This is not the case, however. Time is on the side of the Allies. Their population from which to draw soldiers is much greater. Their wealth is vastly greater and their resources in every way enormously superior, and as time goes by this superiority must and will become decisive. America alone can put more men into the field than Germany and all her allies combined, and America is in the war to the end. The continuance of the struggle therefore, if need be for years, means the inevitable defeat of the Hun, while to make any sort of a compromise peace at the present time would mean an undefeated Germany, a Military Government immovably in power at Berlin and a nation preparing for another and more dangerous assault on the world's liberty within

the space of another generation. The men who talk peace at present are friends of German ambition or else blind to the military situation. We are not fighting for peace as the immediate objective. We are fighting for victory, for there is no power in Germany which can be trusted to make an honest and abiding peace.—Acadian Recorder.



A LITTLE TALK WITH NIETSCHE.

Nietzsche, oh, where is your superman blurt?

Where is your deep philosophical stuff? What has become of the poison you spread?

What has been done to your doctrine of dread?

What has occurred to your marvelous dream? Something has battered your wonderful scheme.

Look at it now as it staggers and Look at it now. It is shot full of holes!

Gaze on your superman! See how he runs! From American dough boys who capture his guns.

Nietzsche, they've shattered your piffle of gloom!

See your philosophy go to its doom! 'Tis time that dreamers said you were a lunatic!

College professors who lacked common sense

Talked of the race that would some day arise

To govern the world and to order the skies—

Mentioned the mystery man to surpass Every known mortal and every known class!

Look at your superman running away From American dough boys in battle, to-day!

Nettles! Too deeply the Kaiser has drunk Of your poisonous, dizzying, brain-storming bunk!

The poor boob believed it, and thought it was great. And now he is plunging headlong to his fate.

Oh, time was your system looked fine to the eye

And many have called you a wonderful guy. But never again will you turn a man's brain,

Never will set any monarch insane. Never more in this world will your writings be sold;

The dough boys have knocked your philosophy cold.

The dough boys from Kansas and Michigan, too.

From Frisco and Dallas and Kansas, too.

From the lakes to the gulf, from the coast to the coast

Have ridden and punctured that superman boast.

They've routed and shattered, and battered and kicked.

The superman marvel that couldn't be kicked.

Never more will the world pay attention to you.

Good night, Mr. Nietzsche, your season is through.

Your start was a beaut, but your finish was punk.

For the dough boys have ruined that superman bunk!

A most unique belt may be made of two small dog collars buckled together.

New and unique money bags are those made of tapestry, mounted in copper.

A blue chameleon frock has a hem of malines lace and soft cash of green.

A plain white blouse is greatly improved if a bow of black be tied at the front.

Parlor Suites and Odd Pieces!

We have in stock some extremely fine Parlor Suites in Mahogany (3 and 5 pieces), beautifully upholstered in Tapestries, Brocades and Silks of elegant designs and beautiful colorings. These are Genuine Mahogany, and are being offered at very moderate prices.

Also a large assortment of "Odd" Parlor Pieces, "Odd" Chairs, "Odd" Tables and lots of pretty "Odd" pieces, any one of which would be a nice addition to the Parlor. Come in and inspect them, you're sure to select from them.

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Foch's Triumph

Complete

(From the New York Times.)

General Foch has practically disposed of the Rheims-Soissons salient, fattened it out, effaced it. In the form of a horseshoe it ran for eighty miles, little more than a fortnight ago; at its furthest sweep almost reaching Compiègne south of the Marne. Foch was the danger, Verdun likely to be cut off. It was remarkable how the Franco-American front held without breaking on the long exterior line. One cannot help thinking now that if General Foch had been operating on the inner side of the salient German tactics would not have availed against him; he would have disrupted the enemy front and poured his forces through. It was a supreme test of his generalship when he turned impending disaster into a signal success that expanded with every day of fighting. He has taught the enemy that when they have to deal with him a salient can be stretched too far. General Foch more than any one else knows how great his debt to the Americans is for their obstinate stand at Chateau Thierry, and for the vigor and fierceness of their counter attacks. "Thou shalt not pass!" the watchword at Verdun, was adopted by the Americans. Confident that they would hold that key position, General Foch could afford to risk an assault in force at the western side of the salient. Had it failed, the fifth phase of the great German offensive would obviously have been such a triumph as might not have stopped short of the gates of Paris, and in all probability it would have isolated Verdun. Fortunately, General Foch was served by Lieutenants, Petain and Mangin, who had a genius for the offensive not comparable with his own; and happily the co-operation of the Americans in the ambitious movement was at all stages well-timed and effective, of a character that kindled the admiration of the French Commanders, and the British veterans, when called upon, did their part with the thorough-

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