The St. John Standard

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1920.

urers who have been forestall-

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is it not rather strange that postles of "thrift" are invariably m tes of "thrift" are invariant, who women of the leisure class, who sy were called upon to live for a on what the average worker on what the average worker what the svarage worker a month, would think them-artyrs. The governments who control them have been thrift for five years to a thrift for five years to the thrift for five years to the cause of the greed, latiness virgance of these very peg-hout thrift from private cars tooss barquet halls.

WHAT OTHERS SAY Benny's Note Book BY LES PAPE -

Ma was reading the joak page in the setting room after an pir yashidday and pop was wawking up and down smoaking, at i went in, saying, G, ma, G, pop, you awt to see all the powd Gladdin is putting on her face up in her room. G, pop G, m you mits think she was so bimsy she had to put snuff on to is and it, I wish that gerl wouldent do herself up like

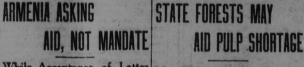
Confound it, I wish that gorl wouldent do herself up like seach of flour, eed pop. Now, Willyum, gerls will be gerls, sed ma. No they wont, they'll be anow somes, sed pop. Wich just then Gladdis looked in the door with her hat on and her face all wite instead of fack color, on account of all the powder, maying, im going now, to kes. Grate hervins, Gladdis, are you ill, I never saw you so pale, wat on erth is the matter with you, Gladdis? sed pop, you better not go out feeling that way. Wat way? and Gladdis. I never fait better.

t go out feeling that way. Wat way? sed Gladdis, I never fek better. Noncempta yours

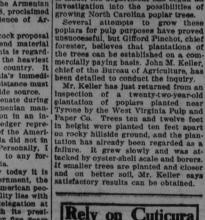
Noncents, yours as pale as a sheet, you reely must be sick, youre positively gastly, ill leave it to Benny if youre not, sed pop, and I sed, Gosh, Gladdis, you certeny are pale looking, you " better get away frum the stairs there in case you faint or sum-thing.

How absilootly ridickilles, I feel perfeckly well, sed Gladdis, and ms sed, Gladdis, dont be foolish, dont you see they meen the powder on your face? Impossible

Impossible, sed pop, powder could never make her look so sick, she must be ill, she awt to be in bed, and I sed, Are you sure you aint got a pane in the big toe or sumwares, Gladdis? O keep quiet, both of you, sed Gladdis. And she quick went down stairs wiping her face with her handkerchief on the way.



While Acceptance of Latter May Plant Poplar Trees to Welcome, Financial Help is Supply Wood for Pulp. a Necessity.





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ALL

There's a snap and a ta chap is hot and thirsty".

A bottle of soda-crac ugar if you prefer-something cold".

MONTSERRAT is the





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