

On To Calgary and The Women's Council

Monday afternoon after the luncheon at the little rest room of the Hudson Bay Company, the St. John delegates and the pleasure of fifteen restful moments with Mrs. Sanford, who made an all close to her "so she might enjoy St. John again!" then, on behalf of the St. John delegates, the presentation of a large gift box of Dorothy Kingston chocolates, tied with a ribbon and accompanied by a card of cordial greeting was made and very appreciatively acknowledged, with a smiling remark that "a personal letter would be forwarded to the firm."

It has been difficult to record accurately occurrences in regular order, as the delegates' mind has been so actively engaged in connecting people and places, attending meetings, keeping reports, and dealing out the signs and colors of the little, the care of which, entirely on an operative, follow in quick succession along the busy streets.

The tiny daughter of my hostess was much distressed that the guest was not one for lunch and dinner, but has worn eternal friendship. The whole family, with trunk suitably packed, as brought into the guest room and capably installed in a convenient corner. Apropos of doll mothers, there has been no explanation of my oft reiterated marks at odd times of the "dolls" as powder puff, so I copy the little essays printed in a Calgary paper, which are caused so much laughing comment.

NOW, MOTHER—
I by dabbling your nose and touching your lips,
And smoothing the wrinkles away,
You cause ladies to ponder, and men to look fonder,
Then practice makes perfect, I say.

When you talk to the intelligent bunch,
You have a hunch on a theme,
And to drive home a thought all your own,
Don't look like a scream!

Now the men, you agree, are fond of their brains,
Of their pose and eloquence too,
They crave admiration and love inspiration,
And then they do big things for you.

But then they are men, and that doesn't say
That they like their women that way,
It's the hang of the skirt, the way they can flirt,
And not only brains, so they say.

o Mother, my dear, just listen to me,
And I'll tell you a thought that's a fact,
A beauty 'tis said has oft turned a male head,
Now, Agnes, have brains ever done that?

This was written to one of the delegates to the National Council of Women by her daughters and though not in line with serious thought, brought moments of laughing diversion to many maternal subjects, who when out of the meeting and sometimes in session could appreciate keenly the unexpected humor of the moment—as one day when consideration of one member in all seriousness stood and protested it "was a burning question," while even the chair smiled later chervise in the ranch house, and at one end of the table the genial Judge Jamieson poured the delicious, fragrant tea. The house arrangements were in charge of Mr. Burns' Chinaman, who has lived there for twenty-eight years, and who has proved himself a devoted foreman.

In the glow of the evening, the return to the hotel was made, and the delegates, following the discussion of which was the report on taxation, read by the National convener, Mrs. Murray of Halifax. Next was the presentation to the meeting of the report on laws given by Mrs. O. C. Edwards of Montreal. Mrs. Edwards created much amusement when, on finding she could not see her audience satisfactorily, climbed a chair and with the assurance of Mrs. Sanford that she would not lose her balance, managed most successfully to read her report and change her position repeatedly without ever forgetting her platform was limited as to space, and to the attention of the audience for an hour. Once she asked "if the audience would please keep quiet."

Copies of Mrs. Edwards' compilation of extracts from Dominion and provincial laws, at the request of the Alberta attorney general, has resulted in the publication of a very valuable little booklet called "Legal Status of Women of Alberta," copies of which were given to the delegates.

Luncheon on Tuesday was enjoyed at the Palliser, where the delegates were the guests of the Women's Canadian Club, and at which in the unavoidable absence of Hon. Mary Ellen Smith, Dr. Stowe Gullen, the provincial vice-president for Ontario, was a most interesting speaker on "Citizenship." Dr. Stowe Gullen is a consulting physician in Toronto and daughter of Dr. Stowe, the first woman in Canada to receive the degree

was made to the city, but one motor containing a returned old-timer managed to lose itself conveniently out on the prairie, where, in the midst of a wonderful sunset, a breadth of sea and sky, and the delight of picking prairie flowers, the study of nature's art was satisfying and soul-uplifting, in preference to the four walls within the city. An Indian on horseback approaching his shack impelled the desire to call, so

A Pauline Raymond

LOOK TO SOUTH AMERICA FOR FINAL REFUGE

Bolshevik Leaders, Fearing Weakening of Lenin, are Sending Families Abroad.

(Associated Press, by mail.)
Reval, Estonia, June 8.—According to recently intercepted correspondence from Communist officials in Moscow to Communist agents abroad, advising them of the "inside situation" in Russia, South America is looked upon as a final haven of refuge by many of the less

hopeful Bolshevik leaders in event Russia becomes too hot for them.
One of these letters, recently published in a Reval newspaper, the *Poslednie Novosti*, advises one of the officials' friends, who is now apparently in Germany, to "convert your valuables into dollars as frequently as you can, or, better still, into South American currency."
"The Octoberists," the letter adds, meaning by them those Communists who participated in the October, 1917, revolution, "are frequently sending their families abroad. Soon, it may be, I shall send my wife across to you, in which case try to put her up as best you can."
Referring to the political situation, this Communist wrote: "Illitch (meaning Lenin, that being his middle name by which he is popularly known in Russia) is weakening. Zinovieff has grown too fat. Trotsky alone remains as of old the unrecognized Napoleon, but he is 'revolutionizing' also."
In connection with the sending abroad of the families of the "Octoberists," this letter goes on: "Will you kindly keep a detailed account of their arrival

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als and of their means? Further, by a decision of the military department of the party, I want you to withdraw from the banks all the deposits at your disposal and put them in safe hands. Bring to Switzerland one-third of the iron fund and hand it to B—. The rest can be left in Germany for any eventualities."

The writer constantly refers to the ruling councils of the Bolsheviks as "the Olympians" and remarks that "our Olympus is going the pace too fast."

"From January," he says, "the situation in the council of the party and in the Central Committee has come to a point to the last degree. The result of these conflicts was the expulsion of Comrades Krylenko, Bonch-Bruyevich, Dubov, Blumenthal and many others. This was the last gesture of the gay party gods. For a word said against

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DOMINION RUBBER

MUTT AND JEFF—IT LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER PUNK WEEK FOR MUTT

By "BUD" FISHER

After I got my new job two weeks ago I took my salary home on the first pay-day and slipped it all with the exception of a buck to my wife. It was her wish!

To-day was pay-day again so I gotta slip her some more change! Sweetheart, here's your next week's allowance!

No, love, it's no mistake! There should be just a dollar there!

But, Mutt, how on earth do you think I can manage for a whole week on a paltry dollar?

DARNED IF I KNOW! I HAD A ROTTEN TIME DOING IT LAST WEEK! LET'S SEE HOW YOU MAKE OUT!

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