

sppreciate its golden dew. The secre-tary of the association estimates that tourists will leave \$5,000,000 in New Brunswick this year. It is only a mat-ter of advertising to make that \$25,-000,000, or \$50,000,000 or as much more as we choose. Therefore the Tourist Association asks for funds to carry on the advertising campaign. So far the energies of the Tourist Association have been directed chiefly towards the United States. That is right and natural because it is the

The Week in Epigram

yet been only skirted. But there are

been only skirted. But there are terested in one thing profoundly and in a thousand other things as well. rested in one thing profoundly and

made next winter to spread the news of what we have to offer round the clubs, messes and homes of England. Visitors will not come from there in the same numbers nor with the same intentions as do those from the United States, but there are hundreds who to kill our salmon, or to shoot a moose, to kill our salmon, or to shoot a mose.

FRENCH FINANCE. (Paris Intransigeant.) Financial reconstruction cannot be realized except by a program which inclues a whole series of drastic measures, and even in certain cases FRENCH FINANCE. (Paris Intransigeant.) pitiless ones. If, at the moment these measures are being decided upon, the selves the question, "What would the electors say to this?" they are lost, and with them goes all hope of extricating ourselves from the mess.

The Political Fray

"A tourist in Ireland heard two peasants talking at a railway station. "Tm afther bein' over to Kikpat-rick,' said the first peasant. "'And I,' said the second, 'am af-ther bein' over to Kilmary.' "The murdering villains, thought the tourist, and trembled and turned pale

THE NOBLE RED-SKIN. PTARMIGAN LAKE, Canada

TRAATEST TICTUTT

Another illusion is herewith cracked and ruined. Who has not cherished the notion that the Indian, at least in "'Where be yez goin' now?' the first his native haunts, is an unspoile child of nature, a noble savage? Well

easant continued. "'I be goin' home to Kilmore,' said ack from the north woods comes the

"'I be goin' home to Kilmore,' said the second. "'Kilmore, is it?' said the first peas-ant. 'Faith, boy, ye'd, betther be com-in' with me to Kilumaal.' "The tourist dashed into the sta-tion and exchanged his Dublin ticket for a London one. No more Ireland for him. He didn't know, you see, that the little Irish word 'kil' simply means 'church.'"

"HANG it, boy!" exclaimed the ten-derfoot from the East as the bell-boy for a Texas hotel came bouncing in on him without knocking, "haven't

In on him without knocking, "haven't you got any manners about you?" "Didn't you ring?" asked the boy. "Of course I rang." "Didn't you ring three times?" "It may have been three, as I was in a hurry for ice water, but that doesn't excuse you for bursting in the doesn't excuse you for bursting in the



Hand Bags









