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LADIES AM. NECKWEAR,  
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WHY OUR STORE

## Fully Satisfies

the people who visit it, is because it affords many opportunities of securing absolute necessities at unprecedentedly low prices.

## SPECIAL VALUES

IN

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In White Pique, White and Fancy Colored  
Muslins and Delaines.

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Lightweight Flannelette  
**UNDERSKIRTS**  
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## WHITE WASHING CREPE UNDERSKIRTS,

With Tucked Flouncings, 90c. each.

# FISHERMEN'S UNION TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.

## FOOTUNE TELLERS DOING THRIVING BUSINESS IN FRANCE SINCE WAR

Playing on the Anxieties of Those Who Have  
Relatives at the Front, They Have Reaped a  
Golden Harvest and Matters has Reached  
Proportions of National Scandal so That the  
Police are About to Stop the Evil

PARIS, June 10.—Fortune tellers, card readers, clairvoyants and diviners of all kinds have been reaping a harvest in Paris since the war began. Now the police are about to take the matter up to put an end to their frauds on the public and their cruel exploitation of the anxieties of the wives, mothers and daughters of men at the front.

As a matter of fact, the war has been a gold mine for them, and the development of their business has reached the proportions of a national scandal. The clients of these fortune tellers have steadily increased since the conflict began and now include, the Temps says, persons who before the war would have scrupled to yield to such weakness. It would seem as though the fear in which those live who have some dear one at the front, exposed to every peril, has ended by altering the moral wellbeing of the cleanest and most steadfast minds.

Without fully believing in the power of divination they apply to mediums and card readers in the hope that the pretended gift of intuition will furnish some new argument leading them not to despair.

But the Paris newspapers, while blaming the fortune tellers, declare that the evil goes further than that. The Figaro thinks it is all very well to imprison the clairvoyants who see too well, if not into the future, at least into the pocketbooks of their dupes, but says there will be always superstitious persons to believe in them. There would be no seers if clients did not flock to their parlors, and, rather than repression, general education alone can obtain the desired result.

The same idea is contained in an article in the Temps, which says that it is not only the poor women who seek the future, but the rich and prominent ones, are not thoroughly aware of the most secret intentions of William H. General Joffre or President Wilson.

"The evil," he continues, "is in the minds of the masses, who cannot confine themselves to the definite realities of the hour and who want to obtain, even from impostors, the confirmation of their desires. In a few years, the great tragedy ended, persons will be amazed at what was written from day to day during the war and at the credulity with which the most absurd prophecies and predictions were received. Then those who have predicted the future will be severely derided unless—and this will be the more fortunate for them—they are forgotten and thus obtain the benefit of that force of forgetfulness without which humanity would be ashamed of itself."

**Not Respectable.**

A mission worker tells of a conversation on the East side between two women in a tenement.

"Did you notice," said one, "that Mrs. O'Malley had a black eye?"

"Did I not," commented the other. "And her husband not to be out of jail for another week yet! I don't call it respectable!"

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## Hungarian Youth Off to War Pleads for Girls' Kisses

BERLIN, June 10.—The Prager Tageblatt which has just arrived in this city contains a rather pretty and amusing story of the experience of a young cadet by name of Paul Waisenkind, who was graduated from the military school and who had been ordered to the front. The story was written by Herr Ernest Szep, a well-known Hungarian writer and poet and was authoritatively translated into German by Herr Stefan I. Klein. Waisenkind was an unsophisticated young man from the country, who felt that every one, particularly pretty women, would be interested in the fact that he was leaving for the front. He was not long deluded, however.

"Eugen Paul Waisenkind, having received word that he would quickly start with his regiment for the front, thought he would amuse himself as best he could and started by taking a walk in Andrassy strasse," writes Herr Szep. "He had come from the provinces and the city fascinated him. He wore a brand new uniform in gray with gray gloves and even the scabbard in which hung his sword was gray in color. Slowly he walked along through the crowded streets, mingling with recruits, soldiers, officers, students, servants, girls and newsboys, as well as numerous other members of God's people. He was particularly interested in many women and young girls, pretty girls, that were walking in white, and talked and smiled and laughed, and no one would imagine by looking at them that there was such a thing as a cruel war going on, and that he, Paul Waisenkind, would soon be on his way to the fighting line.

"Darkness came and the street lights shone out in all their electric brilliancy. Then it was that Paul Waisenkind received a shock. As the girls walked by in their white dresses the rays of the street lights shone upon them. He became dizzy, it was like a dream to this country boy, it

most like a scene from 'Arabian Nights,' which he had read in his boyhood. And yet he had to leave all this and go to the front! Just then a young girl radiant in her blond beauty came toward him. Paul Waisenkind stretched out his arms so that she could not pass.

"My dear, sweet girl," he said, "to-morrow I must join my regiment and go to the front to fight for our dear country. Give me a kiss."

"The young woman looked at the handsome boy with his soft blue eyes and smiled good naturedly, but when he persisted in his attentions she screamed.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear girl," he said. "My name is Paul Waisenkind. I have no friends or relatives to whom I can give a parting kiss, and now I must be off to the war. Who knows if I will ever return—only one kiss!"

"Idiot!" said the girl, and she strode away.

"Paul resumed his walk and soon espied another pretty young woman, also attired in white.

"My dear lady," he said, stopping her, to-morrow I go to war and leave everything behind—life, love and beauty. Please, just one kiss—one kiss!"

"The young woman looked him over angrily from head to foot.

"Away with you!" she cried.

"The bewildered youth gazed after her in amazement. A crowd collected and laughed at him, but he never heard their taunts and jeers. He thought only of the war, and it saddened him that he found not a single soul who would give him a goodby kiss. And he strode back to his quarters, looking up at the stars, and he wondered and wondered."

**A KID'S IDEA.**

"It is called the altar because that's where a girl alters her name when she gets married," explained one sister to another.

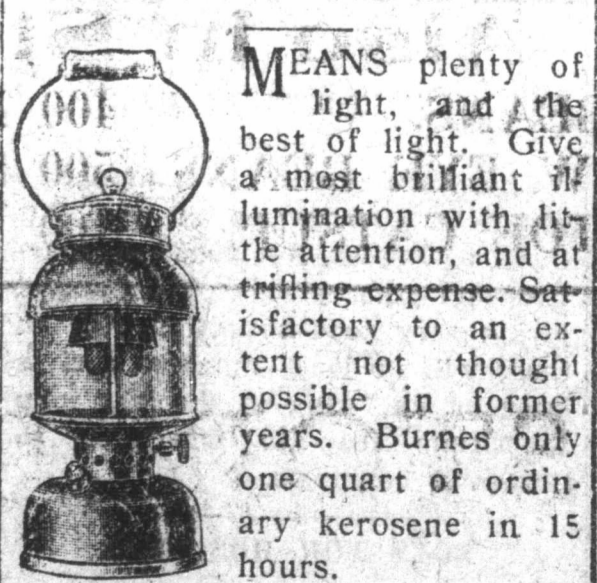
"Define a kiss."

"A kiss, my boy, is a short contact which frequently leads to a long contract."

**Food Prices and Dutch Working Classes**

LONDON, June 14.—Hundreds of Dutch women went to the Prime Minister today to demand that measures be taken to enable the working classes to obtain food, by having prices reduced, says Reuter's correspondent at the Hague. The Premier promised to receive a deputation of the women later. The women then went to the house of the Burgomaster.

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