

Every day is PURITY-FLOUR-DAY with cooks who are satisfied with nothing less than the flakiest pastry and finest bread.



PURITY FLOUR

"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"

Cradles, Cranks and Bishops

Harry Lauder Turns the Picture Round For the Women: What Home will Be Like After the War If the Girls Continue To Wear the Trousers.

"You never miss the water till the well runs dry." "The kiddies never miss the mother till the shells run short."

As a loyal Presbyterian, I have the greatest respect for Bishops. Some English Churchmen love to ride to their bishops. Perhaps they have the right. Certainly, I have neither the right nor the wish.

But they tell me a bishop has just now been saying that the women who are earning high wages in munition factories will never go back to rock a cradle in a third-floor back. And that does not seem to me to be common sense.

It after the war, women are going to do the work formerly done by men, I should like to know (1) What will the men be doing? and (2) What will the home be doing?

I am a married man, and I should never venture to say that there was anything a woman (within the limits of her strength) could not do—if she set her mind and her hand to it. But if you study the lamentable history of John Barleycorn you will understand there are certain things no man can do.

Scottish minstrelsy assures us that John Barleycorn swore by the light of the moon and the green leaves on the tree (the probably swore by other things the poet did not like to mention), that he could do more work in a day than his wife could do in three. Much to his surprise and alarm his good wife took up the challenge.

"I know the sad sequel. She went out and did his work—like a man. He stayed at home and did her work like a well, he just did not do it. When she came home the floor was not swept, the breakfast things were not cleared away, the beds were not made, two of the hairs were not yet washed, the kitchen fire was almost out, and the kettle gave no signs of boiling."

Mrs. Barleycorn smiled and said, "Man Jock, you look tired. Have a lie down while I get the tea ready." You may think the test was unfair, but Jock, as his surname implies, had a weakness for strong waters. But I doubt that most of us would fall to scratch the test. And if you hark back in the history of the household you will observe that, to have got as far as they were, with a house full of bairns, the presence of Mrs. Barleycorn about the house was essential.

Laundies Who Wear the Trousers But to return to our mittens—which is a French proverb invented by a wandering shepherd, and not intended by me to have any special application either to the bishop or the ladies. I have not the slightest doubt that girls who are getting high wages

will like to keep on getting them—they can. But can they, once the war is over? I suppose that as soon as peace is declared most of the munition works will stop making shells. By the time the next war is due we shall have invented a new gun, and the shells we are making now will be useless. Besides, we shall want to devote all our efforts to the doing of those things we have naturally been compelled to neglect while the war was on.

There will be another war on—the great trade war. We shall need to use all our strength of mind and body to keep our markets clean. We want no German, no Austrian, no Bulgarian, no Turkish goods within our Empire. So that, doubtless, there will be work for the girls—but not at war wages.

As a matter of fact, the boot is quite on the other leg—an expression we may be allowed to use since the war lassies have started to wear the trousers. Some workmen do fear the competition of women after the war, but only because women are some times ready to accept less than the market price. If "equal pay for equal work" becomes the rule, employers, except in one or two very special industries, will always prefer the man.

So the horrid vision of the bishop is a nightmare after all and we shall not have the spectacle of most of our women of the working-class imitating the women of County Cotton. The girls who are at present out at work will either go home, or stop in offices and shops, or the land, or in examination factories where agricultural and other implements will be made.

Sandy and His Medicine A young man that is a man will not want to be a clerk, and he will blankly refuse to be a shop-assistant. Speaking for myself, I'd much prefer to buy a tie from a bonny lass than from a snuff Jossie. And doubtless, as we are to do such great things for the land, there will be work on it for the lassies.

But they'll be growing up, the darlings, and they'll be marrying, and in due course of time the bishop may find them, if he cares to look, in a third-floor back, or a shoot of apartments, or a hoose of their own, rocking a cradle—or words to that effect—as if they had never stood to a machine, in a boilersuit, and smoked fags in the yard. Human nature and the institutions native to it are too powerful in the long run for any temporary excitement like a war. You cannot so easily destroy the home.

Speaking of women and high wages reminds me of a Scots farmer. It's not the farmer I spoke of last week, but an entirely different person. But this farmer also was ill. He was very ill indeed. One day a friend called him sitting up in the garden and found him sipping in the garden smoking his pipe and throwing bits

of dirt at the chickens. "I'm right glad to see you looking so well, Sandy, man," says the friend. "You doctor must be a clever dell." "He is," says Sandy, getting a good shot home on the rooster. "And what did he prescribe? asks his friend. "He prescribed a glass of whisky three times a day for six weeks," says Sandy. "But I don't mind telling you, Wullie, that I'm just three weeks ahead with my medicine."

If Men Stayed at Home If the women went out to work wholesale, no doubt the men would have to stay at home to look after the household. Such a man—a man who would be content with such a lot—I should describe as a—what's the name of the beast?—yell see him in the Zoo! Oh, ay, it's a sloth. There he is hanging on, fat and lazy. You think he's just going to drop off. But his claws grip tight.

But let us suppose such a horrid revolution to have taken place! Here is a love-scene, new style. A tender, dainty man discovered seated on a mossy bank. He seems to have been weeping. Suddenly his eyes brighten. He hears a noise like the tramp of elephants, but he knows it is only the firm foot-tread of his beloved. She appears round a bend in the road smoking a briar. He trips lightly up to her and throws himself into her arms. "Darling," he cries, "hold me tight in your great strong arms!" She does so. Then she holds him at arms' length, and in a deep, husky voice that trembles with emotion she murmurs, "Little man! little man! How beautiful you are, little man!" They sit on the mossy bank, and she toys with his silken tresses. He takes one of her rough hands in his. "How strong and firm your great hand is!" he says. "How firm are the muscles of your great strong arm! Will you always work for me, and keep your little lad safe from harm?" "By—I will." She swears an oath that makes him shudder. But he knows it proves her love.

Put on Your Bonnet, Jock... And so on, and so forth. And when they are married Jenny will come home proudly with her week's money. I wonder will she keep that two shillings back for—oh, well, for sundries I know I always did—but, for heaven's sake, don't tell Mrs. Lauder.

And Jock will have a nice cup of tea ready, and a pair of slippers warmed, and after tea Jenny will say, "Jock, lad, get on your bonnet, and I'll take you to the pictures. And when Jenny is safe and snoring Jock will go through the pockets of her trousers on the hunt for that two bob.

Sometimes Jenny will be for taking a holiday alone, and leaving Jock at home with the children. (Children! now what am I to say about the bairns? I'll just say nothing.) Then Jock will inquire sweetly what for his woman wants to be alone on a holiday, and Jenny will look down her nose.

Often Jock, his head bent over his sewing will ask who Jenny meets when she's down the street, and what sometimes makes her late home from work, and Jenny will unconsciously pass the back of her hand across her mouth.

No, your grace, if you please, we'd rather not. The men who come back from the war have other designs. And to have all the young fellows who are growing up. Every one of them has had a soldier father, or a soldier brother, cousin or friend. Fighting is in our blood today; and the man of tomorrow will lift his head more proudly than ever as the husband and protector of the wife.

Getting His Own Back Of course, there are some women who want their share and ours as well. Ye mind you tale of the farmer who loved to show folk round the farm and say to them: "These are my horses, my cows, my pigs," till the wife was tired of his eternal my. So one day, when a big party of friends and relatives had been round, he said to him: "Steenie Steenie! You'll just mind your tongue with you my this and this my that. I'd give ye to know it's our horses, and our cows, and our pigs."

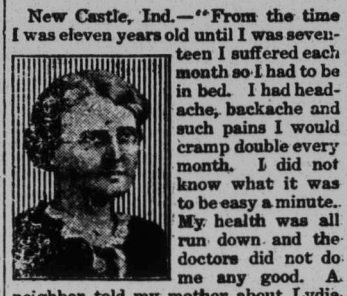
Steenie laughs, and says her a buss. Well, the next morning he was up before her, and turning the bedroom upside down looking for something. "What was it ye were looking for, Steenie?" asks the wife, sleepily. "What was I looking for?" says

Steenie. "Why, wife, I canna mind what the hell I've done with OUR trousers."

HARRY LAUDER.

"I DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE"

"Feel Like a New Person," says Mrs. Hamilton.



New Castle, Ind.—"From the time I was eleven years old until I was seventeen I suffered each month so I had to be in bed. I had headache, backache and such pains I would tramp double every month. I did not know what it was to be easy a minute. My health was all run down and the doctors did not do me any good. A neighbor told my mother about Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it, and now I feel like a new person. I don't suffer any more and I am regular every month."—Mrs. HAZEL HAMILTON, 822 South 15th St.

When a remedy has lived for forty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their health to it, is it not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Finkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Steenie. "Why, wife, I canna mind what the hell I've done with OUR trousers."

NEWS OF THE WORLD IN BRIEF

MORE FREEDOM FOR RUSSIA The Russian provisional government has granted freedom of association and meeting.

TOTAL CANADIAN ENLISTMENTS 412,437 In the fortnight ending May 1, enlistments in Canada numbered 2,804, as compared with 3,329 in the preceding two weeks, bringing the total to April 30, 1917, 412,437.

BUILD A SHIP EVERY 10 DAYS One wooden ship of 3,000 gross tons each with a cargo carrying capacity of 5,000 tons, will be produced every ten days from the new shipyard in New York. Each vessel will be 290 feet long, 46 feet beam and have a draft of 17 feet.

FRNCH TO FARM BY MACHINERY Great agricultural reforms are about to be begun in France, whereby the abandoned and uncultivated lands will be put into cultivation by the extensive use of motor agricultural machinery, with a view to making up for the present deficiency of labor.

A GOOD EXAMPLE The Great Northern Paper Co. of Milwaukee and Madison, Wis., are planning to raise 25,000 bushels of potatoes this year. Its employees consume 23,000 bushels each year and the company has been raising but from 15,000 to 18,000. The other farm products of the corporation will also be increased. The company raises nearly 2,000 hogs yearly.

MORE WAGES FOR N. S. MINERS The Royal Commission appointed to investigate conditions among the colliery workers at Glace Bay have reached a settlement in the wage question. An advance of ten cents a day is to be made to mine workers whose wages are \$2.50 a day and under, and in addition a 12 1/2 per cent raise is to be made all round. This means that a total increase of 36 per cent. to what are termed non-producers or 41 per cent. to producers has been granted all employees since May, 1916.

CELEBRATE AUDUBON'S BIRTHDAY Six hundred and fifty thousand American boys and girls paid a tribute on Saturday, May 5th, to the memory of John James Audubon, the famous naturalist, in observance of the 137th anniversary of his birth. The boys and girls are members of Audubon societies, which have as their particular object the protection of bird life in America. The governors of a number of States designated the day as Bird Day and it is hoped that by another year the celebration will have become nation-wide in its scope. In many States the public schools arranged for special exercises for Saturday to teach the scholars the value of bird protection.

RADCLIFFE'S OPINION OF HIMSELF In 1912 Radcliffe, previously the official hangman of Canada, was converted under evangelistic influences. The son of an English clergyman, he officiated during his term of office at 132 hangings. Craved by the vision of the souls he had hurried into eternity, Radcliffe declared, "I will go to hell sure, and to terrible punishment, for I am two hundred times a murderer, but I won't kill another man. I believe the Almighty will visit the Christian nations with dire calamity if they don't stop taking the lives of their fellows, no matter how heinous the crime. Murderers should be allowed to live as long as possible and work out their salvation on behalf of the State."

PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION The Senate at the present time contains 87 members, 24 from Ontario, 24 from Quebec, 10 from Nova Scotia, 10 from New Brunswick, 4 from Prince Edward Island, 4 from British Columbia, 3 from Manitoba, 4 from Saskatchewan, and 4 from Alberta. The House of Commons at present contains 221 members, Ontario having 86 and Quebec 65. By the Redistribution Act of 1914, the membership of the next House will be 234, the number from each province as follows:—Ontario 82, Quebec 65, Nova Scotia 16, New Brunswick 11, Manitoba 15, Saskatchewan 16, Alberta 12, British Columbia 13, Prince Edward Island 3, and Yukon Territory 4.

THIS MACHINE WRITES WHEN IT IS SPOKEN TO

Phonoscope Reproduces in Print Whatever is Said to It.

Conceive an ordinary machine resembling the machines in common office use—full of the customary cog wheels and crooked levers and variegated springs. It might be an adding machine, so far as one can judge by external appearances, or a dictophone or a new fangled cash register. But—speak to it!

It becomes alive. It hears you. It vibrates with action. Somewhere inside typewriter bars go "clickety-click-click." At the top of the machine a sheet of paper twirls from a roller. The machine has written down what you have spoken!

If you said "cat," it wrote down "cat." If you said "Dear Sir: Your favor of recent date received and—" as though you were starting out an ordinary warm business letter, it wrote that same thing down.

This is the machine which John B. Flowers, of Brooklyn, N. K., has been working on for over a year, and which is described in the "Popular Science Monthly." So far he has succeeded only in getting the various parts to operate—in itself no mean achievement.

It embodies some principles, notably that of the selenium cell and accompanying vibrating-mirror mechanism, which will be used in the ultimate speedi-recording machine itself. But in this latter case of the type-writer a whole collection of selenium cells will be necessary—one for each key on the machine.

After determining the real nature of speech sounds and getting, at the true sound wave shapes and overtones, Mr. Flowers devised his phonoscope, which is interesting, mainly as a forerunner of the actual voice-operated typewriter.

Unlike most projected inventions of the kind, this machine was not conceived as an idle dream. It is based upon sound technical reasoning and researches as well as on experimentation, back of which were the resources of a great typewriter company.

Unfortunately, the machine doesn't think, however much it may appear to approach that desirable attribute. One reason is that at present the machine is brainless. But even if it had a brain, that organ would be of no use in controlling parts completely separated.

An odd feature about the machine is that it spells words as they sound. HOW TO LIVE MORE CHEAPLY The London Times gives the result of a "discovery" content promoted by a public trustee in which a price of \$25 was offered for the best suggestion in domestic economy and house-wifery. The suggestions were written out or sent into the headquarters of the National Economy Exhibition at Knightsbridge, London.

Some of the most practical "discoveries"—not perhaps in every case entirely new—are the following, several bearing men's signatures: To Pipe Smokers—When you think your pipe is finished, press down the contents of the bowl and light up again. Most people knock out their pipes before the tobacco is finished. Never throw away an old umbrella cover; the black silk is useful for hat linings, covering buttons, facings, etc., as it is hard wearing.

To save sugar when cooking acid fruits such as gooseberries, add a pinch of carbonate of soda, which neutralizes the acidity. The young shoots of bracken should be boiled and served as asparagus. Pay for all you buy when you buy it.

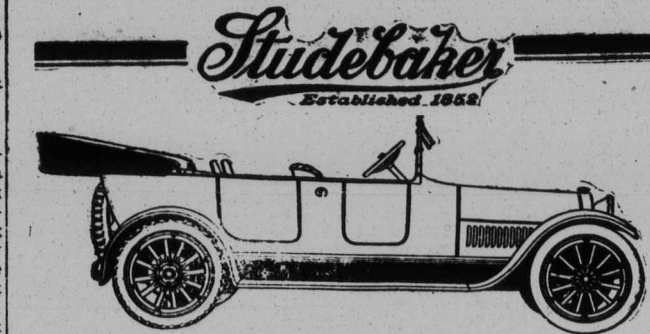
When laying the table do not cut bread for each person until seated. A quick and economical method of cleaning windows and glass is: Moisten a sheet of newspaper in water, clean the window or glass with it; polish with a dry sheet of newspaper. The ink used in printing acts on the glass, removes stains and makes and produces a brilliant gloss almost instantaneously. Cut—fill. That railroad should give away and not burn the grass on the banks of the railway line. Some 290 or 300 tons of good hay is now annually wasted on British railway lines.

In Germany early in the war they were teaching people how to sole boots with old motor tires as being so much cheaper than leather. It might be well to do the same. A small amount of moist brown sugar put in with currants, raisins or sultanas keeps them perfectly fresh for a long time.

Put hard, green, unripe plums (before the wasps get them) in a box of green stinging nettles. In a few days the plums will be ripe and luscious. The nettles can be renewed every other day and the plums kept in a cool place while ripening. Mattresses for children can be made of strong unbleached calico filled with pine shavings or oat fyttes; these are cheap, clean and more healthful than cheap woolen flock mattresses.

The exhibition is a field for propaganda work of the London County Council elementary teachers.

Don't Be Carried Away with the Idea that you can buy better Plumbing Materials and Workmanship than I can offer you. You're not taking any chances when dealing with the new Plumbing and Heating Contractor, but putting yourself squarely on the road to complete satisfaction.



AN INVESTMENT

When you purchase a Series 18 Studebaker FOUR or SIX you buy a car made in Canada by a permanent Canadian institution. There's a uniform price range that is the same to every purchaser. And every Studebaker owner is assured of always being able to obtain the necessary parts and replacements at lowest possible cost.

People who buy cars as an investment buy cars with a name back of them—like the name Studebaker. They buy them with a clear view of the ultimate return. Almost any car runs good and looks good, and is good, in its fresh new paint and shining metal work when it is new; but consider it six months from now—a year from now, or two years from now—on this basis the Canada-built Studebaker is a sounder investment than any other car.

But come in and see the new Series 18 Studebaker cars—let us show you just why Studebaker leads the world in the production of fine cars at a medium price.

"Made-in-Canada" 40 H. P. FOUR.....\$1375 50 H. P. SIX.....\$1685 F. O. B. Walkerville.

The Lounsbury Co., Ltd. Distributors

Don't Be Carried Away

with the Idea that you can buy better Plumbing Materials and Workmanship than I can offer you. You're not taking any chances when dealing with the new Plumbing and Heating Contractor, but putting yourself squarely on the road to complete satisfaction.

Don't Argue---Don't Guess whether I could please you or not. Investigate and find out---Be Sure! The man who never investigates, never knows.

Drop In and See Fred Uncles THE NEW PLUMBER AGENTS FOR THE GURNEY-OXFORD STOVES, RANGES AND OIL HEATERS Phone 195 Commercial Hotel Bldg.

A First Class Square Meal for 35 Cents Don't take our word for it—Come and Try It—Once! If you are not satisfied that we give you the best meal you can get in Newcastle at the price we charge you, we won't ask you to come back.

We also serve meals and lunches, a la carte. Our menu is varied and extensive. Our Cuisine the best; Our service satisfactory and our prices reasonable for everything.

CENTRE CAFE

In Old Commercial Hotel :: Newcastle, N. B.

MURAD CIGARETTES advertisement featuring a pack of cigarettes and the text: "The blending is exceptional", "Everywhere Why?", "Finest Quality", "FIFTEEN CENTS".