

SIDE TALKS

RUTH CAMERON

There is a certain class of women that I think should be called the strollers.

I have always been vaguely conscious of them but the other day I became more definitely and resentfully cognizant of their existence.

I was in town for the afternoon with forty-seven errands to do. My favorite shoe department was having a sale and I was held up ten minutes while the woman on my right tried on fifty-seven varieties of pump and the woman on my left tried to get the shoe clerk to produce something which was both a pump and oxford and therefore wouldn't require her to undergo the painful process of making up her mind between them.

And while I waited I became conscious of the strollers.

Nothing to do. Till No One Knows

I mean, as you doubtless suspect, the women whose almost daily program it is, to dress themselves up, stroll through the shops (not for any definite purpose, just to look round) perhaps by some little thing that catches their eye, eat a sundae or drink a cup of tea and go home.

There was a bargain counter at the head of the department and many of them passed in their strolling to pick up a shoe or two, look it over and lay it down, so I had a good chance to study them.

They were well dressed, of course,

and well groomed with the superlative grooming of a woman who can spare an hour or more to put her clothes on.

They had the very latest thing in bags and all such accessories. One specimen carried a little King Charles spaniel as beautifully groomed (and as unintelligent looking) as herself. They all looked extremely well fed and pampered and most of them had the air of being excellently cosseted with excellent reason. A disconcerting mouth and a restless roving eye were the most common facial features.

And Wouldn't She Have Been Surprised.

Of course you've seen these women. Don't they exasperate you? Or perhaps you are too sane to let yourself be exasperated by other people's follies and foibles.

I suppose the pressure of my forty-seven errands made me impatient for I wanted to walk up to one of them and say, "Why don't you find something to do? You ought to be ashamed of yourself that now, of all times, you can afford to be a stroller."

Maybe some of them will see my indictment here but I doubt it. For I have a feeling that my readers' friends are far from that type. And I'm not at all sorry.



EMMA GOLDMAN.

may grind their teeth, cursing everything in sight. All the cranks may whoop and rant, with their whiskers wet with foam, may for wreck and ruin, till the whole world comes home. When the sounds of war arise, and the tide of battle rolls, all the cranks, if they were wise, would proceed to hunt their holes. In a time of blood and fire, when the youth to battle fares, all the windmills should retire to their divers mouldy lairs. Emma thought she'd rant and yell just as in the times of peace; in her little whitewashed cell she is using elbow grease.

SIR RICHARD MC BRIDE

Former Premier of British Columbia

Passes Away in London—Became Premier At Early Age of Thirty-Three

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 6.—A private cable announces the death of Sir Richmond McBride in London, at 6 o'clock yesterday morning. Death is said to have been due to Bright's disease, from which the former premier had been suffering for several years. Lady McBride and family are at present in England. Sir Richard and family were on the eve of sailing. It has not yet been decided whether the burial will be in England or British Columbia.

A Native of British Columbia Sir Richard McBride was of Irish origin and was a son of the late Arthur H. McBride, a former warden of the British Columbia Penitentiary. He was born in New Westminster, B.C., and was in his 47th year. He was educated in the Public and High Schools of New Westminster and then went to Dalhousie University, where he was graduated in 1890 with the degree of LL.D. He was admitted to the bar in 1892 and was made a K.C. in 1895. In 1896 he married Miss Margaret McGillivray.

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By Anabel Worthington.

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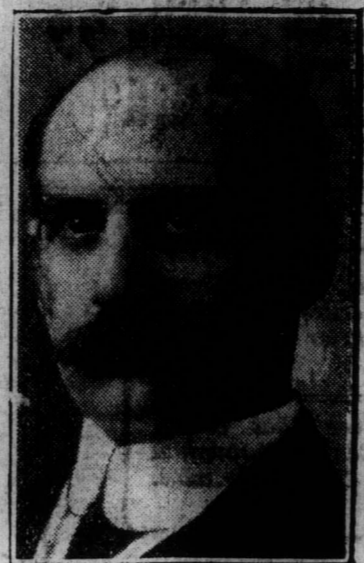
Serge, gabardine or broadcloth can be used to make this skirt. It may also be made up in any of the washable skirt materials.

The pattern No. 8325 is cut in size 24 to 28 inches waist measure. Width at the lower edge is 2 1/4 yards. The 24 inch size requires 2 1/4 yards 36 inch material, or 2 1/4 yards 54 inch.

To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

GAVE UP HIS TRADE AFTER FORTY YEARS

"Tanlac Beats Anything I Have Ever Taken," Says Brown—Gained Twelve Pounds



SENATOR BEAUBIEN

"There's bound to be something unusual about Tanlac to make a man my age gain twelve pounds and feel like a young man again," said C. H. Brown, a few days ago. Mr. Brown has been a resident of Hamilton for forty-seven years and lives at 248 Main street. For forty years of this time he was a glass blower, and according to his statement, he was forced on account of ill health, to resign his position with the Dominion Glass Company, where he had been employed for twenty years.

"For four or five years," he continued, "I had suffered with rheumatism and was generally run-down in health. My appetite was so poor I seldom wanted anything to eat and I just kept falling off in weight. When I weighed only one hundred and I would almost fall, and my legs pained me so bad I couldn't stand up long at a time. I was so nervous and miserable I could hardly sleep, and actually I never had a good night's rest in four years until Tanlac straightened me out. No other medicine ever seemed to do me any good and I got in such a bad fix I had to give up the work I had been doing for forty years and try to find relief."

"I had lost faith in all medicines because I had been disappointed so many times, but when I read how Tanlac was helping so many people here I decided to try it, and now I can truthfully say it is all that others claim for it. When I first started on it I weighed only one hundred and thirty-three pounds. I now weigh one hundred and forty-five—have actually gained twelve pounds—and that certainly seems remarkable for a man sixty-nine years of age. I really feel almost as good as I did when I was thirty, and believe I could stand a regular work again. All the pain has gone out of my legs and I can stand on my feet all day and every body is telling me how much better I look. I have been taking Tanlac tablets, too, and find them great for constipation. All my nervous, dizzy, feelings are gone. I sleep good every night, for the first time, in four years, and I get up in the morning without that tired, no account feeling I had so long. And eat, why, I can eat just anything I want, and as much as I please, without the slightest trouble afterwards. Tanlac beats anything I have ever taken. I have told numbers of people what it is and they have all said so and every one of my friends are now taking it on my recommendation."

Tanlac is sold in Brantford by Milton H. Robertson Co., Limited, in LeROY by C. LeRoy, in LeROY by M. H. Cooke and Co.; in Stayner by N. B. West; in Elmville by W. J. McGuire.

CHINA TO JOIN WITH ENTENTE

Celestial Republic Reaches Decision For War With Germany

FENG KWO PRESIDENT

Li Yuan Hung Declines To Return To That Post

Peking, Aug. 7.—Acting-President Feng Kwo Chang today approved the unanimous decision reached at a special meeting of the Chinese Cabinet to declare war on Germany and Austria-Hungary. The ministers of the Entente powers probably will meet at the Chinese Foreign Office on Saturday to discuss China's declaration of war, which is expected to be issued this week.

Li Yuan Hung, the former President, who has been in the French Hospital since the time of the recent crisis, has left the hospital and returned to his private residence in the Chinese city. Acting President Feng Kwo Chang, who arrived in Peking today, called upon Li Yuan Hung after the latter reached his home and urged him to reassume the Presidency.

Li Yuan Hung declined, however, to comply with the request of the acting President, expressing the desire to retire permanently from public life. His hope was, he said, that Feng Kwo Chang would have a successful administration.

Prominent Germans in Peking are conferring with the Dutch Minister to China, with the object of making arrangements to go to Java. The Spanish minister probably will take over the interests of Austria-Hungary.

Premier Tuan Chi Jui and his political followers insist that Feng Kwo Chang as Vice-President automatically became President when Li Yuan Hung declined to resume office. Parliamentarians are assembling at Canton and are preparing to organize a military Government with the sanction of Parliament and to elect a President.

Acting President Feng Kwo Chang has asked for liberal appropriations to be used in suppressing the southern military element.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

who speaks in behalf of conscription and on whose doorstep in Montreal a stick of dynamite was afterwards found.



"FINDERS KEEPERS, LOSERS KEEPERS."

The doctor had told Mitchel that his mother needed a change and a rest to become well and strong again.

"How can we do this?" he asked himself, for Mitchel and his mother were very poor.

"Don't worry, dear, the way will open for us," replied his mother, who could read Mitchel's thoughts in his face. But as time wore on she grew so thin and pale that Mitchel could hardly work for his worry.

One evening on his way home from a neighbor's house he picked up a little silk bag that had fallen in the dusty road. He pulled out such a roll of bills that his eyes fairly danced.

"Enough to take mother away," he cried, but his smile faded as his hand touched a card case with the owner's name engraved on the back. "Just my luck!" cried Mitchel, and then he whispered to himself, "No one will ever know you found it."

He rammed the bag in his pocket and went home. "Losers weepers, finders keepers," kept going over in Mitchel's brain as he ran into the house and handed the roll of bills to his mother.

"Found them on the road. It's the way opened for your trip," he cried.

"Finding the money doesn't mean that it belongs to us. Isn't there a card or a name to identify the owner by? Let me see the bag," said his mother. The card case fell on the bed. "You must have overlooked this. Return the bag at once, for the person who dropped the bag will worry when she discovers her loss."

"Let's keep them. Take your trip and get well, then I'll pay all the money back," said Mitchel.

"But his mother refused, and so Mitchel returned the bag of money to its owner.

"She might at least have offered me job cutting the grass," Mitchel said to his mother, for the lady had hardly thanked him, and his pride was hurt.

Next day a strange automobile stopped at Mitchel's house and the lady of the lost bag smiled at Mitchel.

"Yesterday I was so worried that I neglected to thank you properly for returning my bag, so I came to-day to reward you," she said sweetly, holding out a bill toward Mitchel.

But Mitchel's hands went deep into his pockets. "That's all right, I'm glad your card was in the bag," replied Mitchel, and he invited the lady in to see his mother.



Wife of Sir Edward Carson, K. C., M. P. Lady Carson is a daughter of Colonel Fraser, who formerly commanded the 16th Lancers

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