

THEATRE

Supreme Fairbanks... Out Again... Great Secret... Song Birds... Thursday, Friday, Saturday...

HOUSE

Matinee... Matinee...

all seats 10c

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Business

POPULAR... SMART... DEAL...

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SIDE TALKS BY RUTH CAMERON

Nothing makes me more impatient than to hear middleclass people complaining...

How can they be so snug? But what gets me is the snug way these people are aroused to no feeling...

ARE THE ENGLISH AN UGLY PEOPLE?

Question Discussed in an English Journal—Best English Type Perhaps Handsomest in the World—No Reason Why There Should Be Ugliness

(John Galsworthy in The Observer.) "The English are an ugly people."

Comeliness in the Country. But when you get so high a proportion of comeliness in remote country districts in England, it is fair to assume that climate does not account for anything like all the difference...

We do not realize the great deterioration of our stock, the squashed-in, stunted disproportionate, commensal look of the bulk of our

Will He Watch His Children Starve? You'll cut down. But he can't. Well, I suppose he'll watch his children starve.

The cost of living has meant some deprivations to me. But when I catch myself complaining about it in that self-pitying way I hate myself.

Let us not be content to groan about the high cost of living as we do about the hot weather. Let's go without food a day if necessary to make ourselves understand what some people are suffering and to fill us with righteous indignation instead of fretful grumbling.

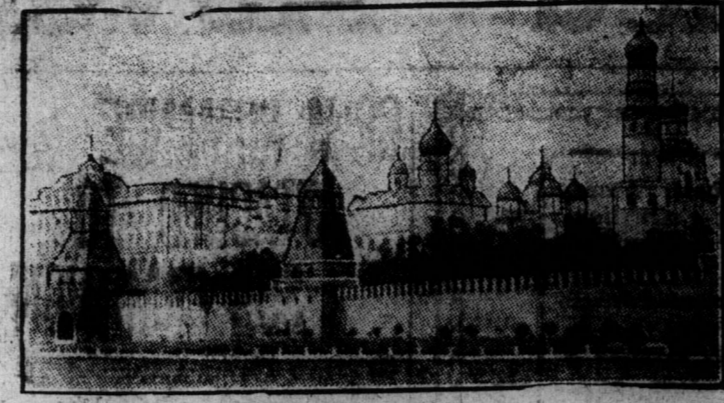
The modern industrial English town is a sort of inferno where people dwell with a marvellous philosophy. What would you have? They have never seen any other kind of life. And this, perhaps, would not be so pitiful if for each bond-servant of our town-tyranny there was in store a prize—some portion of that nation of wealth in general which the tyrant drives us; if each worker had before him the chance of emergence at, say, fifty. But, Lord God! for one that emerges ninety-and-five million, less free and wealthy at the end of the chapter than they were at the beginning. And the quaint thing is—they know it; know that they will spend their lives in smoky, noisy crowded drudgery, and in crowded drudgery.

What does it matter if we have become ugly? We work well, make money, and have lots of moral qualities. A fair inside is better than a fair outside. I do think that we are in many ways a very wonderful people and our townfolk not the least worthy. But that is all the more reason for trying to preserve our physique.

By living on its nerves, over-working its body, starting its millinery aspirations for fresh air, good food, sunlight, and a modicum of solitude, a country can get a great deal out of itself, a terrific lot of wealth, in three or four generations; but, if it is living on its capital, physically speaking, that is precisely what we show every sign of doing. That is partly why the English are naturally an ugly people. The impression I get in our big towns, is most peculiar—considering that we are a free people. The faces are as noticeably better than those of the poorer classes as the physique and looks of the remote country are superior to those of crowded towns. Where conditions are free from cramped, poor air, poor food and herd-life, English physique quite holds its own with that of other nations.

To understand, you must watch

KREMLIN, PALACE, MOSCOW



Will be the scene of an important conference from August 25 to 27, when more than a thousand representative Russians will meet Premier Kerensky to consider the situation of the nation and plans for National Government.

The grip from its very beginnings. The small children who swarm in the little grey playground streets of our big towns, pass their years in utter abandonment.

The City Artisans. The children of the class above, too, of the small shop-people, the artisans—do they escape? Not really. The same herd-life and the same sights and sounds pursue them from birth; they also are soot that nation of wealth in general which the tyrant drives us; if each worker had before him the chance of emergence at, say, fifty. But, Lord God! for one that emerges ninety-and-five million, less free and wealthy at the end of the chapter than they were at the beginning. And the quaint thing is—they know it; know that they will spend their lives in smoky, noisy crowded drudgery, and in crowded drudgery.

Health goes to wealth and all they can hope for is a few starving and illingering with a corresponding rise in prices. They know it, but it does not disturb them, for they were born of the town, have never glimpsed at other possibilities, imprisoned in town life from birth they contentedly perpetuate the species of a folk with an obnoxious future. If it be not obnoxious, why is there now so much conscious effort to arrest the decay of town workers' nerves and sinew?

I know all about the "dullness," and "monotony" of rural life, had housing and the rest of it. All true enough, but the cure is not exodus; it is improvement in rural-life conditions, better cottages, a fuller and a freer social life. What we in England now want more than anything is air; for the lungs and the mind. We have overdone herd-life.

For the good of our great towns are here, and we can but mitigate. The indicated line of mitigation is four-fold.

- 1. Such solid economic basis to the growth of our food as will give us again national security more arable land than we have ever had, and on it a full complement of well-paid workers, with better cottages, and a livelier village life in general. 2. A vast number of small holdings State created and financed. 3. A wide belt-system of garden allotments round every town industrial or not. 4. Drastic improvements in housing.

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

LADIES' WAIST.

By Anabel Worthington.

Dear to the heart of every woman is the dainty lingerie blouse which fills so many needs. By selecting fine material, delicate lace and making the entire waist by hand one may have at very little expense a blouse which will rival any French creation. The model shown in No. 8364 is an excellent one to start on, for it is quite simple and presents very few difficulties for the amateur. The fronts of the waist are checked as far as the bust line. The back is in plain white waist style. The simple sailor collar will have added distinction if it is hand-hemstitched. A ruffle of dainty lace softens the edge. The sleeves may be the full bishop style or, if comfort is the chief consideration, the short, loose sleeves will be satisfactory.



The waist pattern, No. 8364, is cut in sizes 30 to 42 inches bust-measure. The 36 inch size requires 2 1/2 yards 30 inch material and 2 3/4 yards plaiting. To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

BoonWhit Stories

DAVID'S ADVENTURE. David watched his little sailboat dancing on the water. "When I get big I'm going to be a sailor," he said to himself.

David, who was always ready for adventure, especially in Makebelieve-land, nodded his head. Then Whizzie-pooof touched him with a magic wand, and David began to shrink until he was no taller than a blade of grass.

At the top of this hill lives the giant mosquito king. Go to his castle and ask for a drink. Dash the contents of the cup in his face, then seize the princess by the hand and run back here. I'll wait for you," said Whizzie-pooof.

On they ran as fast as they could go, reached the stream, climbed into the boat and pushed-off from shore just as the giant opened his eyes. His mouth stretched from one ear to the other, and in one claw-like hand he held a goblet of milk.

"Hurry, for I've only one more magic hair left!" cried the princess. Whizzie-pooof tried to go faster, but the giant's head appeared over the mountain top.

"He'll never again try to steal things that don't belong to him," said the princess. "For his army has turned against him, and he has no other power to back him up. We owe it all to your bravery, David," laughed the happy princess.

"Bang!" went a bomb, and the sailboat turned over in the water. With a start David opened his eyes. Then he smiled and said to himself: "My, I'm glad that was only a dream! Don't believe I want to be a sailor after all, unless I change my mind when I grow big."

Courier Daily Recipe Column

CORN SOUP. Cook the pulp scraped from four to six ears of sweet corn in 3 cups milk in double boiler 15 minutes; cook cobs in 1 cup water; add 1 cup level salt-sauce into the milk; rub pulp through strainer, diluting it with cold water; heat again, season with salt and pepper; serve at once.

FIVE MINUTE SOUP. One tablespoonful finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoonful finely chopped parsley, 3 cups boiling water, four teaspoonfuls vinegar or beet extract, 1 level salt-spoonful salt; put onion and parsley in tureen on the back of the stove; pour one cup boiling water on the beet extract; dissolve it and pour over the vegetables in the tureen; let stand 5 minutes, and then just before serving add the salt and remaining 2 cups boiling water; this is one serving for 4.

FISH SOUP. Take head and bones of fish weighing 4 pounds, 1 quart cold water, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoonful salt; cook gently 1-2 hour or till bones fall apart; combine fish stock with sauce into the milk; to 1 qt. of mixture add 2 tablespoonfuls butter and 2 cups flour; season with salt and pepper; serve with crackers.

TOMATO SOUP. One-half tin tomatoes, 1 carrot, 2 onions, 1 qt. water, 1 ounce butter, 2 cloves, 1 blade mace, 1-2 tea-spoon rice, salt and pepper, 1 ounce of flour; heat the butter in a pan; put in the onions sliced and brown carefully, draw the onions to one side and put in the flour, mixing smoothly with the spoon; add the water and stir until it boils; put in cloves, mace and rice, and lastly the tomatoes; add salt and pepper, cover pan and let the soup simmer gently for 4 hours; rub through a sieve; re-heat; add more seasoning, if necessary; 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of cream greatly improves the soup.

TRUE ECONOMY DEMANDS THE USE OF MORE PURITY FLOUR. There is more actual food value in ONE POUND OF PURITY FLOUR than there is in One Pound of Beef, One Pound of Potatoes and One Pound of Milk COMBINED. The truly economical housewife must take advantage of this great strength in PURITY FLOUR over other food substances by serving more frequently the delicious bread and rolls, toothsome, dainty cakes and crisp, mouth-melting pastry which are among the possibilities of this perfectly milled product of the world-famous Western Canada wheat. The Purity Flour Cook Book 180 pages of the latest information on the culinary art. Reviewed and approved by the DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT of the MACDONALD COLLEGE, and furnishing tried and economical instructions as all dishes for all meals. A GENERAL PURPOSE HOUSEWIFE'S REFERENCE BOOK. Mailed postpaid to any address for 20 cents. WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED TORONTO WINNIPEG

Are You Seeking a Position? Do You Need Help? The Ontario Government Public Employment Bureau WILL SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS POSITIONS FILLED, MEN PLACED— 136 DALHOUSIE STREET (Over Standard Bank) Phone 361 For all classes of persons seeking employment and for all those seeking to employ labor. T. Y. THOMSON, Manager

SUTHERLAND'S Seasonable Goods Tennis Balls Tennis Racquets Tennis Nets Golf Balls Golf Clubs Hammocks Jas. L. Sutherland SPALDING'S AGENCY TO DRAW DISTINCTION By Courier-Lessard Wire. Camp Borden, Ont., Aug. 15.—To the great satisfaction of the returned men who have been transferred to the special service company for permanent base duty, the Secretary of the Great War Veterans Association has been informed by Sir Herbert Ames, of the Central committee of the Patriotic Fund that the Toronto committee have decided to draw a distinction between men who have returned from service in a combatant area and those who have not been overseas (to France). To the families of the former allowances will in future continue to be paid, the same as if the men were still in the hospital. FARMER KILLED Kingston, Ont., Aug. 15.—Reuben Fredch aged 30, had his trousers caught in the fly wheel of a threshing machine while at work at Sillsville. He was terribly injured and died on the way to a Kingston hospital. He was a resident of Napanee.