

Just Opened
Another Large
Shipment of
**Job
Wall
Papers**

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The Left-Outs.

By RUTH CAMERON.



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There are some folks who are always being invited on little pleasure trips of one sort or another, house parties, auto rides, theatre parties, dances—whatever diversion the tastes of their social group indicate.

There are other people who are seldom invited to share their friends' pleasures. They seem fated to be left out.

Quite frequently the second class resents this isolation and points bitterly at the first class. Why should they be continually invited and we only included now and then on sufferance? they ask.

Giving To Those Who Have. Now sometimes this state of affairs is the result of the selfishness and thoughtlessness of the people who have. They prefer to give to those from whom they may receive again, to those to whom it is easiest to give, to those who also have. On the occasion of a certain big celebration when almost everyone was eager to reach a rather inaccessible point of interest, I heard a woman say, "No, we didn't take out our car at all. The Craddocks wanted us to go in theirs, you know. We took them the last time." Think of the callous selfishness of it!

But there are other occasions when the people themselves are at least partly to blame for their isolation, namely, when they are of the type who never seem to have a good time. People Who Don't Have A Good Time.

You take one of these people on an auto ride, you seek to honor her by placing her on the front seat. She seems uneasy and you find that she prefers to sit in back. It is necessary to pass through a rather unpleasant district on your way to the prettiest road you know. She does not fail to say how unfortunate it is that the city should permit such a dump to exist.

There is a light wind. She remarks with a deprecating laugh that it is unfortunate for the automobilist that we have so much wind, because it is never so pleasant to ride in a wind.

The road is being repaired in one or two places. "They seem to be always fixing these roads," she says. She is invariably cold or hot, and always obviously so.

Afraid She Will Be Late Home.

If she knows you well enough she has to get home at some set time, and just as you are approaching the loveliest part of the drive, begins to gently fidget lest you will not get her home on time.

Of course none of her criticisms are of anything for which you are directly responsible and yet they make you feel vaguely uncomfortable. They seem a reflection upon what you are offering her.

If you take her to a play, she wonders why the chorus is not so pretty as it used to be, regrets that the leading man is not sufficiently attractive to supply a plausible motive for the star's love, or wishes they would not play such worn-out music between the acts.

Of course she always thanks you afterwards for her good time, but no effectiveness of manner or phrase can make you believe that she really had one. Furthermore you are sure that you did not, either. Few things are

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more depressing than the uneasy, critical state of mind in which this type of person always seems to be. The result is that when you are on duty bound you may take the critical folks, but when you are out for a good time you ask the folks that have good times, to have one with you and to help you have one.

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

Thomas Guthrie, an aged Scotch minister, who rendered special service in his day to the poor children of Scotland, wrote just before his death the following lines:

I'm kneeling at the threshold,
Weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the
Opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall
Bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence,
To the gladness of His home.

A weary path I've travelled,
Mid darkness, storm and strife,
Bearing many a burden,
Struggling for my life,
But now the morn is breaking,
The toll will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold,
My hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of
The blessed as they stand
Singing in the sunshine
In the far-off sinless land.
O, would that I were with them,
Amid their shining throngs,
Mingling in their worship,
Joining in their song.

The friends who started with me
Have entered long ago;
One by one they left me
Struggling with the foe.
Their pilgrimage was shorter,
Their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me
When all my toil is done.

People are wearing little neck-
pieces of white thibet, with their
white spats.

Roses on the sunshade are repeat-
ed at the waist of an afternoon gown.
Motor coats are cut with the nar-
row shoulder and the convertible col-
lar.

Fighting at Sea.

Naval Battle Described From the Deck of a Warship.

What a fearful thing a naval battle is, and the terrible havoc wrought by the big guns of our battleships, is graphically described by a member of the crew of H.M.S. Southampton, which took part in the Heligoland battle. "We started the first thing in the morning," he says, "when we had a brush with two destroyers. It was misty and they were practically invisible, but I believe they were hit twice before disappearing in the mist. After that we turned and steamed out of it, but were recalled by an urgent wireless message from one of our ships which was in difficulty. Of course, the ship was immediately turned, and we proceeded at full speed to the scene of operations. "The enemy turned out to be a three-funnelled cruiser, somewhat larger than us. We immediately opened fire at a range of 10,000 to 13,000 yards. The enemy replied and steamed away from us, but eventually we ran parallel.

"Things began to look lively, as we were putting shells into her at the rate of five every ten seconds, and a inch lyddite at that. The shells have a terrible effect, and fumes from them kill anyone within a range of sixty yards, while they set on fire everything near them. Presently she was seen to be on fire, and a few minutes afterwards a beautifully placed shell put "paid" to two of her funnels. All amidships was now a raging fire, and the end came when her mainmast went by the board. We immediately ceased fire and altered our course, going close to her.

"My! what a sight she was! The fire amidships had made two of the funnels red hot, and flames and smoke were pouring out of her. Her port side was like a sieve. Every gun was smashed and bent, some looking round corners, some on their sides—in fact, her whole upper deck was chaos.

"The fore-bridge was a tangled mass of ironwork, while the wire stays from the foremast were swinging in the air. What she was like inside, Heaven alone knows.

"We passed within 200 yards of her, and the only living beings on the upper decks were one man on the quarter-deck and what looked like a couple of officers standing under what had been the fore bridge. Many of them had jumped overboard, and, of course, were rescued, but these only totalled seven officers and seventy-nine men out of a crew of 400 or 500."

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Every Munster a Hero.

THE MEN WHO DID IT.

A non-commissioned officer, writing to a wounded officer, gives an account of the part played by the 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers in the action of May 9, when for the third time since August, the battalion suffered heavy casualties.

"At 5 a.m. the artillery started the bombardment, which lasted half an hour, to cut the wire in front of the Germans' first line. When the C. O. gave the order for the attack every officer and man mounted the parapet with a cheer. It was really magnificent to see the way they attacked; every man tried to beat the others to get there first, and were splendidly led by their officers."

"Captain Dick as he reached the parapet of the enemy's trenches turned and waved his cap to encourage his men and then went forward again. Just as he was about to enter the trench he was hit and tumbled into the trench.

"Major-General Haking expressed his appreciation of the splendid conduct of the battalion in these terms: "This battalion was the only one in the brigade whose men succeeded in storming the enemy's breastwork. For great gallantry and leading I think Capt. Dick, 2nd Lieutenants Price and Horstall, and the N.C.O.s and men that followed them deserve the greatest distinction, also Sergeant Gannon went out several times and brought wounded men in, also a wounded officer, Private Barry, although wounded twice, brought in Captain Hawkes, who was severely wounded in three places and could not move. Poor Barry lost his life, as he was hit again while bringing in Captain Hawkes, and died from wounds. Except in a few cases of exceptional gallantry every man was a hero, and I hope this time will meet with the recognition they deserve."

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Our Military Leaders. London Daily Mail.—We are not a military nation, and therefore do not understand the difference between soldiers and soldiers. Sir John Cowsans is a great soldier—one of the greatest soldiers in the world. It is to him we owe the superb arrangements for the feeding of our troops. Sir William Robertson, Sir John French's Chief of Staff, is a great soldier. To him is due the fine staff work of the British Army in France. Lord Kitchener is a great soldier. To him is due the idea of advertising for an army. Sir John French is a great soldier. We owe to Sir John French the leadership which has enabled a handful of men from the British Islands, the Dominions, and India to hold back the mightiest army in the world, the remorseless horde that has been preparing for this particular struggle for 44 years.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, June 28.—The French Government further progress north of Arras. Violent fighting on the heights of Meuse, the Germans used gas and burning bombs and burning liquid attacks were dispersed with loss. German attacks in the Vosges were also repulsed. The Russian Government further successful actions of Dnieper.

TRADE UNION LEADERS MANIFESTO.

LONDON, June 28.—Trade Union leaders have issued a manifesto addressed to the trade unionists, saying: "We are faced with a great responsibility at the same time presented with a magnificent opportunity. We are called upon to assist in saving our country and its Allies, who are fighting civilization and international law against barbarism and brutality. After calling attention to the position of the British and American in the field, in consequence of the shortage in munitions, the manifesto appeals to every skilled man in the engineering and trades, who is not at present engaged upon war work, to enroll himself as a volunteer at this hour, and to demonstrate to his comrades the 'enches and the British Trade Unionism stands that is best in the national and international freedom, in national unity.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

ROME, June 28.—An official statement issued by the General Staff says: "On the Trentino frontier, long range artillery duels continued at several points along the Isonzo frontier, but beyond the present river it dies slowly, but without pause."

APPEAL FOR PEACE BY BERLIN.

Berlin, June 28.—The directors of the Social Democratic Party in Germany have decided to publish in the Vorwaerts an appeal for peace. The document calls for peace under circumstances which will make possible friendship with the neighbouring nations, sets forth the opposition of

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BUT THIS I

