

# POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 0 3 5

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, JULY 11, 1921

## On To Calgary and The Women's Council

"Now the moon has risen, bathes the plain in white, Oh how calm and peaceful seems the prairie night."

Through the almost quiet streets, and the soothing whirr of the motor, we sped along, while thoughts are travelling eastward to little old St. John in union with the rushing hours of the delegate's last evening in the beloved western city. Even friends have hushed their gay voices to the softest minor tones—Your last night with Calgary friends—Heaven's dome is intensely blue, and the scintillating stars shine with an almost unusual brilliancy, while the lingering daylight has merged itself into the horizon's blurred canvas of vivid coloring for the two hours of night's majestic reign. The sunset and the dawn of this wonderful Alberta seem so close together in the Creator's scheme of daylight and darkness, and at bedtime, when one sees from her window trees which seem to touch against the sky, one recalls the verses learned in early childhood, and murmurs their sweet refrain:

"I remember, I remember,  
The fire trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky."

For these British Columbia firs grow tall and luxuriant in this great city of Alberta.

It has been a day of swiftly passing hours, variously spent, but through the wool of the day's weaving, of gladness and laughter, there has been a tinge of sadness.

"A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only,  
As the mist resembles the rain."

For tomorrow, reservations on the outgoing C. N. R. have been already packed, and the returned old-timer must pack her trunk, her dressing bag, investigate the machinery of her typewriter for its long journey, and say good-bye.

The difficulty of partaking of the luncheon of tea with each dear western friend on this last afternoon (when the tea hour is in this country so delightfully intimate) was a problem even the delegate's brain could not successfully attempt until the hostess sacrificed her self and family (suffering victims), and declared, "We will go to Midnapore in the motor and just rest in the woods, and have a quiet tea party by the creek."

There were stowed away in recesses of the car all holiday comforts, including a large hamper of Singh's generous provision, while close beside me was that little maid whose extensive family of pedigree dolls had been so satisfactorily domiciled in one corner of that sunny, and moonlit, guest room. Earlier in the day we had discussed seriously the unfortunate mishap that one doll had suffered, which had left a dent in her cranium. The suggestion had been offered of an immediate conveyance to the Doll Hospital in the city, for an operation, else later diagnosis might reveal a tendency to mental deficiency.

Perhaps her accident had come from riding on a one-man car. St. John suggests; but as all one-man cars have been operative for a long period now, at this particular doll disfigurement, a private motor, one can readily be assured that the accident has come in some less public conveyance. Silence met my remarks and suggestions that was almost oppressive—then inspiration brought relief to the little mother's over-taxed nerves:

"Suppose," and she smiled pleadingly up in my face, "suppose we just play she isn't that way," and the surprise over the great world of Make Believe claimed that dear little citizen, and the delegate gladly entered with her the portal of that beautiful world of imagery, wonder and satisfaction.

And so we grown-ups are pretending, too, playing the game that it is not good-bye tomorrow, only an revolt, to each visit the passing years bring to the guest and her friends; and that Dame Fortune will again realize her dream of this sunny Alberta and include Friend Husband on the trip. Already has the conventional invitation been extended, and another loved western friend has hurriedly claimed her privilege for being a hostess—but whether east or west, "Home" sets up its mansion of love and trust.

"And the air is strong and sweet,  
And your life it seems complete  
When you answer to the things  
That're calling you."

"We had returned home from an hour spent at the home of an old-timer, born in New Brunswick, but resident of Calgary for twenty-eight years. Mr. Perley, former hotel man and rancher, who had made famous the old Alberta Hotel, which has now passed out of existence, and is rather difficult to find on the Eighth avenue of today in the midst of modern business blocks. Mr. Perley and his wife enjoy a home with grounds extending through from one avenue to another, which is of considerable value now, as the city extends its business blocks farther towards the Bow River, and it will eventually command a high price for purchase. Six months of the year are spent in Los Angeles, but the other half of the year he and Mrs. Perley enjoy in their beautiful home in Calgary, with its vine-covered verandah and shadowing trees.

Monday morning the genial clerk changed my transportation via Ottawa

for Toronto, wished me a pleasant trip, and said another man from the office would be at the train if it were not possible to attend himself. In passing one must refer gratefully to the official attentions shown to two other of our St. John women who took the trip to Vancouver via Edmonton. These were my bon comrades of the outward journey, and a letter received in Calgary from the "dear little mathematician" en route reported courteous attendance at train, and also (when they reached Edmonton) inquiries were made as to their comfort.

The escort party of friends at train included a young McGill student who in the days of my residence in Calgary was a devoted little boy who used to bring his playthings and Indian-like camp on my verandah, or frequently in the front hall, and to whom the name of "Co" meant the name of his self-improvised business. Gaily the delegate gave him greeting, for he had recently returned from college, and repeated calls had resulted in failure as Singh had not chivalrously and insistently declared "Ladies out, No."

There was a laughing reiteration of "bringing his playthings again to 'Co' hall,"—and then the train mid a medley of good-byes, except the traveler along the prairies with its steel rails glittering back to the City,—and the journey was begun.

A frantic search for the typewriter—but the careful porter sullenly produce it and the overcharged mind of 1921 was lightened, realizing she dreaded good-byes had been said, and she was now to seek new pastures for recreation and analyze her fellow passengers, who will possibly be in the same pulpit for the next two days.

At 7 o'clock we passed through Rosebud, the place not synonymous with roses in bloom or otherwise, not even the little loved prairie rose, to greet my eye as an old friend. We were passing through the coal region again, and I wondered later why so many cars along the trail motor cars, of which I counted well along in the twenties, were hurrying along, leaving great clouds of dust for the car and man behind the leaders and was told there was a ball game that evening at Drumheller, and the people were hurrying to the sport. On the platform of the car the traveler watched the sunset glories, eager to catch the last glimpse of the far west.

On to the platform came a bright young engineer, who evidently loved the western country, though undeniably an Englishman.

"Helped to build this road," he remarked laconically, "spent with C. N. ten years." Then I was interested and eager to know all about the Red Deer River Bad Lands Formation. Information previous had been so meager, and curiosity, the one of many of women's privileges, demanded opportunity for investigation. The story was so entrancing, the sunset glow faded and the train stopped, went on, and still we stood on the platform, the questions and the interesting young engineer. To the winds with introduction; here was a living man was living among history, making formations, who could tell of strata, of 1000 years to each demarcation, of the vast sea spreading over this part of the land, and of complete specimens of dinosaurs taken out by world-scientists and sent to London, Berlin (how dare Germany take our specimens from Canada?) New York, Ottawa, and of many imperfect ones all lying there for centuries. Car loads shipped away to the states from this land owned by the railway or rather the government, and of a suggestion for a park where these great formations rose like immense ant hills, and not vegetation existed. Scientists were only interested in their work unearthing specimens and their ultimate safe delivery to the world's museums, but there were other people besides the men of science who would drive through a place, where these reddish brown hills reared their rounded heads, and stood in sublime defiance of the world's questions and summaries.

"What are we here for? Where are we going?"

The engineer told me the story of these formations written by his friend, which had created so much comment and interest, in the magazines; of his interest and love of the work of the war-months spent as an engineer in Malto, Italy, Saloniki; of his arrival in this country some years ago, when quite small; of his patriotism for Canada; and of the wife and the kiddies, Canadian born. And the finale of the story came, that the land remains a mystery," while our worthy Dr. McIntosh will no doubt have studied all the sides of the Bad Lands Formation after hours of research, and wondered possibly, why the St. John woman had remained so long in ignorance.

We passed Verblin, named after that stubborn leader of the Doukhobors, all settlements of these rather perplexing people. Canadianization will not become secure until they are not allowed to have separate schools. Only the education of the children can make these Doukhobors understand the traditions of Canada. Some of the foreigners had returned to Europe dissatisfied, but the call of the western country had been insistent and compelling, hence a return to their farms had resulted in better citizens, with an added respect for the laws and requirements.

At Fairville, Rev. J. M. Rice, who succeeds Rev. Thomas Marshall, preached yesterday and made a very favorable impression. Rev. J. K. King took over his new charge at Zion Methodist church yesterday, in succession to Rev. Samuel Howard.

United Services between Carleton Methodist and First Presbyterian churches, on the west side, were inaugurated yesterday morning in the Kirk, with Rev. Jacob Henney preaching. The evening service, at Carleton Methodist church, was well attended. Rev. Mr. Henney

will conduct these services throughout July and Rev. Dr. Morison will officiate throughout August, the only other change being that morning service will be held in the Methodist church, when Rev. Dr. Morison takes over the services. The Methodist church choir will lead the music for July and will be substituted in August by the Presbyterian choir.

The united service between Germain Street Baptist and St. Andrew's Presbyterian in the Baptist church in the evening was conducted by the minister of St. David's church, Rev. J. A. McKeigan. Rev. S. S. Poole took the evening service at St. David's church.

Rev. R. Osgood Morse is filling the pulpit at Victoria Street Baptist church, while Rev. G. D. Hudson is on his vacation.

At the Waterloo Street Baptist church services, W. J. Hawkins was the

preacher. G. M. Henry, a student from McMaster University, is conducting summer services in the Edith Avenue Mission Hall.

Coronation Lodge, L. O. L., and Mount Purple Lodge, L. O. L., and the Prentice Boys' Association, all of Lorneville, held their annual parade in commemoration of Orangemen's Day at Lorneville, with more than three hundred members taking part. The men marched to the Presbyterian church, where Rev. W. J. Bevis conducted the service, and a sermon, appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by Rev. James Ross.

**MISSION PICNIC**  
**MUCH ENJOYED**

The Mission church Sunday school held its annual picnic to Grand Bay on Saturday. The outing was largely attended, both by members of the school and their friends and proved a splendid success. The Holy Cross Guild was in charge of the ice cream, soft drink and candy counter, under the converser-ship of Miss Foster. The Young People's Society looked after the refreshment table, under the direction of Frederick J. Hamilton. The bean board was in charge of F. J. Hamilton and Percy Logan. The prize winners at this board were: Ladies' prize, an undershirt, won by Mrs. S. Hamilton; gentlemen's prize, a razor strap, won by R. Whitcomb.

During the afternoon sports were carried out, which resulted as follows: Girls' race, eight years and under, won by Muriel Weir, prize a pair of boots; boys' race, eight years and under, won by Joseph Morry, prize a pair of socks; Miss R. Priar; boys' race, twelve years, won by H. Weir, prize a sweater coat; young ladies' race, won by Miss Florence Johnston, prize a large box of chocolates; boy scout race, Juniors, won by Joseph Morry, prize a box of chocolates; boy scout race, Kenneth Morry, a belt; three-legged race, won by Galt; boys' race, fifteen years, won by Miss Florence Johnston, prize a box of chocolates; boys' race, fifteen years, won by Harrison Martin, prize a necktie; young ladies' race, won by Miss Elizabeth Shields, prize a box of chocolates.

## NEW MINISTERS IN FOUR CHURCHES

Four of the city Methodist pulpits were occupied by new ministers at yesterday's services, and large congregations greeted them. The union service of Queen Square and Canterbury Methodist churches were conducted by Centenary's new pastor, Rev. Robert G. Fulton, who succeeds Rev. H. A. Goodwin. Esplanade Street Methodist gave Rev. H. E. Thomas, who was a member of that church before entering the ministry, and who follows Rev. G. F. Dawson, a hearty welcome at the services yesterday. At Fairville, Rev. J. M. Rice, who succeeds Rev. Thomas Marshall, preached yesterday and made a very favorable impression. Rev. J. K. King took over his new charge at Zion Methodist church yesterday, in succession to Rev. Samuel Howard.

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**TEN TO DORCHESTER.**  
Sydney, N. S., July 11—Ten prisoners left for Dorchester last night, escorted by Sheriff Ingraham and deputy sheriff Luke McDonald, Phillip Hickey and Willie. The party included John Hill, John

Long, George Long, Steve Black, convicted of criminal assault; Tom Pucci, shooting with intent to kill; Clarence Snow, indecent assault; Sam McDonald, Luke McDonald, Phillip Hickey and Willie. The party included John Hill, John

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**PEG TOP CIGAR**

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**Long Filler**  
**NOSCRAPS-NO CUTTINGS**  
**4 For 25c**

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Little TOBACCO  
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of silky powder—  
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Try this modern milk supply. Try it for one week. Order a dozen tall cans (16 oz. size), or a case of 48 cans of Carnation Milk from your grocer—the Carnation Milkman.

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A beautifully colored illustrated book of 100 tested recipes—each a new treat for your table—will be sent FREE to anyone who will address our Aylmer office.

**2000 OF RUSSIA'S FOOD  
COLLECTORS ASSASSINATED**  
Rural, Esthonia, June 20.—(A. P. by Mail).—A Moscow newspaper, Economic Life, asserts that during the month of May more than 2000 employees of the Bolshevik Food Department, making requisitions of food, etc., in the country, were killed by peasants or bandits.

**CIGARS AT TWO CENTS.**  
Rome, June 22.—(A. P. by Mail).—Somehow the Italian government has solved the problem of a cheap national cigar. Prices of tobacco have been soaring to such luxurious heights that the ordinary cigar smoker could not afford to smoke. Accordingly, experts were assigned the task of getting up a new cigar. They have just announced their accomplishments of the task. The new cigar will soon be put on the market, and will sell for two cents. It will resemble the Pittsburgh alone in shape.

**Treat your  
nerves right**  
When tea or coffee  
causes annoyance, try  
**INSTANT  
POSTUM**  
Charm without harm  
in this table drink  
**"There's a Reason"**  
Sold everywhere  
by grocers