

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

Why Women Don't Borrow Money From Each Other

How is it that women don't borrow money from each other. Even the closest women friends—and it is surely not needful to here contradict the old fallacy that close friendship among women is unknown—who confide the most sacred secrets to one another, will wrangle as to which shall pay a penny car fare, and each manoeuvres and argues to a bewildering extent rather than let the other pay for a modest luncheon.

This characteristic is reflected and utilized in innumerable plays and novels.—"Diana of the Crossways" is a notable example. Lady Dunstone is rich; yet her "beloved Tany" rushes into disgrace and temporarily wrecks her happiness, rather than ask for the smallest loan, or accept hospitality, from her old friend, and the realism and truth of this feature of the novel's construction has never been questioned.

Some women do borrow. Almost every one has heard of one or two incorrigibles who will unblushingly ask for the loan of their neighbor's diamond rings or blue bag, according to the needs of their station in life but these are regarded with so much amazement, their feats are chronicled with such zest that it must be admitted that they are freaks of feminine nature, just as if they smoked pipes or drank beer at breakfast time.

What is the reason for this feminine trait? The anti-feminist rushes in with his or her cry: "It is because of woman's inherent inability for comradeship—because she is instinctively anti-social, and almost all the rest of the phrases that are almost worn out by being set in type so often but the matter-of-fact observer has another explanation. Women so often haven't any money to lend.

To Cure Sniffling Colds

The easiest and pleasantest cure is Catarrh which fills the nose, throat, lungs with healing balsams and oils. It kills a cold instantly. You experience a pleasant sensation of relief once. Soreness, congestion and irritation leave the nose and throat, and head is cleared and every trace of cold or Catarrh is cured. Catarrh is so sure, pleasant such a safe remedy for winter ills that a man can't afford to do without it. Sold by all dealers. 25c. and \$1.00. Get Catarrh today.

The majority of the committee on preliminary arrangements for the Conservative national convention which is to take place next September, have been appointed, though some nominations remain to be made. The committee will be conveyed at Ottawa on January 24 at 10 a. m. The members of the committee so far are:

- Alberta—R. B. Bennett, J. D. Hyndman, Senator J. A. Loughheed, C. A. Magrath, M. P.
- British Columbia—R. F. Green, J. T. Robinson, Martin Burrell, M. P.; J. D. Taylor, M. P.
- Manitoba—A. H. Carroll, George Lawrence, M. L. A.; Hugh John MacDonald, Hon. Robt. Rogers, Dr. Schaffner, M. P.; W. D. Staples, M. P.
- New Brunswick—G. W. Ganong, W. H. Thorne, Senator Wood, O. S. Crockett, M. P.
- Ontario—Hon. Frank Cochran, H. Corby, Hon. J. W. Hamah, Dr. Keiser, A. E. Kemp, Hon. J. O. Reame, P. D. Ross, T. W. Crothers, M. P.; A. C. Macdonnell, M. P.; Dr. J. D. Reid, M. P.
- Nova Scotia—J. S. McLennan, W. R. A. Ritchie, C. E. Tanner, C. Jameson, M. P.; John Stanfield, M. P.
- Prince Edward Island—J. A. Matheson, A. L. Fraser, M. P.
- Quebec—Chas. Beaubien, J. U. Emond Farquhar Robinson, P. E. Blondin, M. P.; F. D. Monk, M. P.; W. B. Nantel, M. P.; George H. Perley, M. P., and three more from the province.
- St. John's—R. S. Lake, M. P., and three others from the province.

A Humiliating Meeting.

Haskell put on an expression of mock horror as his sister finished speaking.

"Excuse me, Jessie," he said. "Am I to understand that you are asking me, me—32 years old and alone and unprotected but hitherto not ashamed to hold up my head among my fellow men—to march into a beauty shop and buy 25 cents worth of wrinkle eradicator?"

Pretty Mrs. Simonds laughed heartlessly.

"It's Mme. Lake's cold cream I want," she repeated, "and it isn't as cheap as that. It will cost you at least 75 cents. I'm all out of it and I can't go down town today. Go on that's a good boy."

Haskell ran for his suburban train, grumbling to himself.

If only that special brand cold cream were procurable at a drug store, he would gladly have bought and carried home pounds of it, but he felt his face turning an embarrassed red as he trod the velvet-carpeted hall leading to Mme. Lake's beauty parlors on an upper floor of a big down town building. Once inside the parlor his confusion increased, as the subdued lights and pretty hangings, all daintily feminine, met his eye. Haskell was noted for his height and his grace for bearing, but he cringed with masculine dislike of the situation as he blindly made for the first person he saw behind a glass case.

"I want some cold cream," he said huskily.

"The kind you sell here," he said idiotically. "For the face."

"Large or small?"

"The biggest you have—two of 'em!" he ejaculated.

"I'm glad it has proved so successful with you," said the young woman, genially.

"It's such a help to the complexion!"

As Haskell grabbed his parcel wrapped in pale pink paper, and turned to go away he nearly ran down a girl who had been waiting her turn at the counter. Such large eyes of such a deep blue as she lifted to his! In them he saw mirthful interest! Such a tantalizingly pretty face!

After his first agonized stare Haskell fled desperately. She had seen him buying face cream! She had heard that foolish babble of the girl behind the counter in regard to the benefit it had done his complexion! Mr. Haskell, former football player, with a skin that had stood the alkali desert and the rough winds and frosts of the mountains!

A hot tide of mortification surged over him as he stamped out upon the street. Rage against the universe in general shook him. But his keenest sufferings were due to the memory of those mirthful eyes raised to his, the knowledge that quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen thought him effeminate, trifling!

The memory stayed with him all day, a minor discomfort lurking behind the turmoil of law courts and importunate clients. It was still there when, after dressing at his club, he hastened to a dinner on the other side of the city from his home. It sprung into full force when he found himself presented to Miss Greer—for she was the girl who had waited her turn behind him and laughed at him!

As he bowed stouly to Miss Greer he kept telling himself that it was not really so—that such things happened only in stories. Surely he was dreaming, for one did not go about the world running into the same stranger several times in a day! So engrossed was he in calming his mental turmoil that he did not notice at first that the face she had turned upon him, lighted up with mischief and gaiety, had changed its expression to one of polite indifference. His stony mask had caused her to retreat.

Presently a new thought came to Violet Greer and for an instant she was touched with a horror similar to Haskell's. No doubt, having seen her at that fatal counter, laden, as it

Peary on the Use of Stimulants

Commander Peary, the North Pole explorer, was asked, before setting out, about the food and drink for the expedition.

The answer was decisive: "No man can drink alcoholic liquor who goes to the North. It would mean death to the man and menace to the expedition."

"And smoking?"

"The man who is dependent on his cigar or pipe had better remain at home. The personnel of the men is the first consideration. Upon them depends everything."

In the first place they must be of a cheerful temperament, and not subject to fits of the blues, and every man must understand in advance that he must meet the greatest hardships and self-denials. He must be willing to suffer cold and hunger, to forget sleep—in a word, to be ready to sacrifice his life, if need be, for the success of the undertaking."

was with rouge and powders and eyebrow darkeners, he considered her beauty entirely artificial, and was too prejudiced against her to be more than merely civil!

A sense of injustice lent her a new haughtiness which was proceeded to play toward him, while his own miserable feeling of having been put in a false and foolish light contributed to its stiffness and coldness. Consequently the hostess, who had thought they would be congenial, was in despair.

Still Haskell probably would not have thought of Miss Greer so constantly after that dinner party had he not been suffering from the memory of his previous meeting with her in the beauty shop and undoubtedly Violet Greer would not have remembered him so clearly if she had not felt that he had practically repulsed her by his manner that evening. For pretty miss Greer did not suffer for lack of young men how were anxious to interest her.

Yet, in the days that followed, she found herself rehearsing various cutting remarks which she would like to make to him in case they met again and she could gracefully lead up to them.

It was pretty Mrs. Simonds, after all, who cleared away the clouds and saved the day for her brother and miss Greer. Haskell at a friend's wedding, ran into his sister animatedly talking to the girl he longed to see and yet dreaded meeting. He stood tall and distant as Mrs. Simonds blithely introduced them, and his stiff words of acknowledgement were interrupted by miss Greer. There were pink spots in her cheeks and a malicious light in her eyes.

"Oh, I have met Mr. Haskell," she said, smoothly "twice before. The first time when he was purchasing complexion cream at Mme. Lake's!"

"Yes, I made him do it!" gurgled Mrs. Simonds. "How he loathed the errand, poor man! I suppose you were after the same thing—everybody I know uses it to counteract these awful Chicago winds!"

Miss Greer glanced triumphantly up at Haskell—at least he knew now that she was not necessarily a devotee of rouge and eyebrow pencil.

Haskell, for the first time met her gaze with a sense of ease—she must understand from Jessie's remarks how he chanced to be there.

Then suddenly, for no known reason, they both laughed helplessly.

"I don't see the joke," protested Mrs. Simonds.

"There isn't going to be any joke," said Haskell, blithely, "darlingly, as he sat down beside Miss Greer with the air of one who intends to stay."

"It's going to be serious."—Chicago News.

In a recollection of old songs, published in the sixteenth century, we find "The darkest hour is just before dawn." To those great sorceresses of wise sayings, Shakespeare's works, the following owe their origin: "Double, double toil and trouble," "Curse, not loud, but deep," "Make assurance doubly sure," "We shall not look upon his like again," and many others.

Children's (st) Troubles

Nurse Carlington Says to Rub on Nerviline

Every mother knows how difficult it is to get a young child to take a cough mixture. Seldom will one help unless given in large doses, and the result is to completely upset the stomach and make the child sick.

Speaking of the promptest cure for throat troubles and children's colds, Nurse Carlington says: "In all my experience in nursing I haven't met any preparation so dependable as Nerviline. It is the ideal liniment. Every drop you rub on is absorbed quickly. Especially for chest colds, pain in the side, stiff neck, earache, toothache, I have found Nerviline invaluable. In treating the minor ills of children Nerviline has no equal. I think Nerviline should be in every home."

A million bottles used every year—this is itself a burden of proof that it is the ideal liniment for the home. Refuse anything your dealer may offer instead of Nerviline. Large bottles 25c or five for \$1.00. Sold everywhere, and by the Catarhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Don't Marry on Sunday

The ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots married Bothwell in May, and superstitious Scots say that she "cast an evil eye" upon all marriages in this month; hence they say it is only bad women who marry in May, and Sir Walter Scott also says "The rank avoid marriages in the month of May."

But the May superstition really originated with the Romans, and the Chinese absolutely prohibit all marriages in May—that month being devoted exclusively to "courtship" or wooing.

Sunday is entirely blotted from the calendar of marriage days. Friday, by most people, is looked upon as an unlucky day for any venture, yet in Scotland Friday is considered as a particularly "lucky" day—"best day of all."

"Wednesday the best day of all," says the doggerel, and is more honored by hymen than any other day of the week. Tuesday is considered fairly favorable, but State weddings seldom occur on Monday. In Scandinavia Thursday is considered the day of ill omen, corresponding to our Friday.

"The better the day the better the feed" seems not to count as regards weddings, and a Sunday wedding is usually the result of expediency, and is devoid of all those picturesque features of bridesmaids and best-men, flowers and sentiment.

Warning to Potato Growers

Our farmers interested in potato growing should secure from the Dominion department of agriculture copies of a pamphlet just issued, which deals with a serious potato disease which has been discovered in Newfoundland, and which, it is feared, may spread to Canada. The disease is commonly known as scab, and is difficult to detect and hard to eradicate if allowed to become well established. Ground upon which a potato growing crop has grown is not fit for potato growing again until six years have elapsed. He tells how to discover the canker and what precautions are necessary to prevent it from spreading.

The Observant Woman

White fur coats with quaint bonnets lined with pleated pink chiffon are adorable for small girls.

The beaver hat, very simply trimmed, is the best thing for children to wear to school and for out door play wear.

A lovely scarf was of white net generally sprinkled with large purple and small white chenille dots.

Feathers, when becomingly arranged, are one of the smartest adornments for the chic morning hat.

A lovely coat for a child was of palest blue broadcloth with squirrel collar and cuffs, and big blue silk cord frogs. The hat was of squirrel with a long blue velvet crown and one dark pink rose tucked in at one side.

Great Clearance Sale

fancy and staple Crockery, Wedgewood

We have carried over too much stock and must dispose of it before winter sets in.

For the next thirty days we will sell all kinds of Crockery ware at unheard low prices.

Yarn, Stockinet, Mittens, Socks, Homespun, Unshrinkable Underwear, etc., low prices.

Boots and Shoes. Staple and Fancy Groceries. Flour, Feed, Oats, Fishermen's Outfits.

Everything to be found in a first class general store.

WELCHPOOL MARKET

GEORGE H. BYRON, Manager.

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