

JANUARY SPECIALS

The ROYAL TAILORS have made a Special Offer for the month of January—on all Suits and Overcoats

10% OFF

And will make any delivery you say on Suits or Overcoats.

SPECIAL PRICE ON ALL MUFFLERS

Silk Mufflers, regular \$1.75, now \$1.58
 Silk Mufflers, regular \$2.00, now 1.70
 Silk Mufflers, regular \$2.25, now 2.00
 Silk Mufflers, regular \$2.50, now 2.25
 Pure Wool Mula Mufflers. The very newest in Patterns, Stripes, and Plaids. Reg. \$1.75, now \$1.58
 Reg. \$2.50, now 2.25
 Reg. \$3.00, now 2.70

MEN'S AND LADIES' SWEATERS—100% PURE WOOL

Will keep you warm on the coldest day or night at the snow-shoeing party or at the rink.

Men's, without sleeves, V neck \$3.00
 Men's with shawl collar and sleeves 4.00
 Ladies', with shawl collar and sleeves 4.00
 Ladies' and Men's, with roll collar 4.50

One Sample Suit, size 40, in a handsome Grey, regular price \$36.00; Sale Price \$22.00. One Sample Coat, size 39, \$18.75. One Sample Overcoat, size 42, in a handsome dark grey, full lined, a snap for someone at \$16.75. Call and see these Suits and Coats at these snappy prices.

F. O. SMITH
 FINE TAILORING
 DEPOT HOUSE BLOCK SUSSEX, N. B.
 Across from the C. N. R. Station
 HAVE YOUR CLOTHES CLEANED BY VACUUM—YOU WILL BE PLEASED WITH IT.

NYAL'S PATENT MEDICINES.

Complete line
 "YARDLEY'S" TOILET ARTICLES.

PLAYING CARDS — all prices.

New Book for the Lending Library This Week:

"TOO MANY CROOKS"

By E. T. RATH.

G. M. Fairweather Estate, Ltd.
 THE STORE OF QUALITY

TRUST FUND ESTABLISHED BY FOUR TRURO MEN

(From Colchester Sun)
 Four Truro men have arranged to donate four million dollars to charity. It will be 335 years, however, before the money is distributed, so it is extremely unlikely that any person now living will be on deck when the golden flood is turned loose.

Following the example of a prominent American who recently deposited ten dollars with a trust company, to be set at earning interest for a thousand years, the enormous accumulated sum then to be used for educational purposes, four local men, Frank Stanfield, M.L.A., president of the Truro News; A. R. Coffin, manager of the News Publishing Co., Ltd.; W. D. Dimmock, editor of the Truro News; and Harold F. Bethel, manager of the Acadia Trust Company, have each deposited ten dollars with a trust company, the total of forty dollars to be put at interest, compounded annually, until it reaches a total of four million dollars. At the current rate of interest this money will reach the goal in 335 years which will be A. D. 2260.

The enormous total will then be distributed to such charities as may be designated by the then president of the trust company, the then secretary of the company and the chief justice or chief executive of the province of Nova Scotia.

The object of the depositors in creating such a trust fund is to demonstrate to the world at large the accumulative power of money, the desirability of assisting charities, the donors' confidence in the province of Nova Scotia, the advantage of a trust company in such cases and their confidence that the trust company will be in existence in that time.

These gentlemen who have deposited ten dollars each will be millionaire contributors to charity 335 years from now, and the trust company will occupy a unique position in having four million dollars to hand out to worthy objects. It is believed that this is the first trust of its kind ever made in Canada.

MOTHER LOVE

"As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." Thus saith the Lord to the prophet Isaiah. All through the ages has this comfort been given. It is a stretch of the imagination to see grave prophets, dignified rulers, learned scholars, and the mighty soldiers the world has known, as babies cradled in their mother's arms, squirming, wriggling, cooing in a language unknown to all save mothers; their soft, plump, tiny forms being fondled, hugged and kissed. Then as the years running by took them from the baby stage, how they ran to mother with bits of news, simple to others perhaps, but not to Mother; little experiences which comprised their world, youthful disputes, unjust treatment accorded to them by playmates (and grown-ups, too, sometimes) and fearful confidences as to the coldness of child-friends, for all of which Mother knew just what to say; and for stubbed toes, barked shins, cut fingers, sudden falls and the like, Mother knew just what to do. And in after life whose counsel was as loving, wise, and true as hers.

How we pity those who have been deprived of this in life for any reason whatsoever!

At the Christmas season we are strongly reminded of that mother upon whom God bestowed such great honor; she who stands pre-eminently above all mothers, who have ever known that joy. Just as your mother and mine loved, petted, consoled, and became a child with us in our joys and troubles, so did Mary rear the child Jesus, for motherhood has been the same down through the ages, since Mother Eve felt its joys and sorrows, soon their came to her the grief of having given birth to a fratricide.

We read of Hannah carrying the little coat to her son Samuel year after year; of the well-laid plan of the mother of Moses to save the life of her baby boy; of Izpah, who watched by the bodies of her seven sons, whom the Gibeonites had hanged and "suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the fields at night."

Many instances must be cited from secular history in which the love of a devoted mother shines forth,—recorded instances, but how many stand unrecorded save in the hearts and memories of her descendants.

Lives of toil and self-sacrifice have many of these noble women led that their dear ones might possess advantages denied them in early life; and what hours of weary, sleepless watching by fevered bed-sides have they given, for no one's touch was as tender and no one's voice as soothing as their mother's. Scores of the men and women who have accomplished great and good things for humanity attribute their success in great measure to home influence and up-bringing. Kipling pictures for us this mother-love in this little poem:

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 I know whose love would follow me still,

Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 I know whose tears would come down to me,

Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 I know whose prayers would make me whole,

Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

WORLD'S GREATEST TELESCOPE.

The number of the stars seen by the naked eye is about 5,000. The gigantic telescope recently erected in British Columbia reveals at least 300,000,000. The tube is large enough for an ordinary motor car to pass through it. Notwithstanding its size, a pull of only 5-lb. on the upper end is sufficient to set the instrument in motion. The mirror is a massive slab of glass six feet in diameter, which, at its edge, is 12 inches thick. Many months were spent in grinding and polishing the glass, and in boring a hole 10½ inches in diameter through its centre. When completed, the surface was given a thin coating of silver, deposited by chemical means. The mirror weighs nearly two tons, and the whole apparatus 55 tons.

WEDDING BELLS

Wright-Ogilvie

A wedding of interest took place quietly at the home of the bride in Apohaqui on Wednesday evening, Dec. 29, at 8 o'clock, when Mrs. Lucy A. Ogilvie became the wife of Ivan V. Wright, of Apohaqui. Rev. A. V. Morash officiated and the ceremony was witnessed only by the near relatives and a few close friends.

The bride was becomingly gowned in rosebud and sand Canton crepe with gold lace. She was unattended.

Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Wright received the congratulations of their friends, after which the wedding supper was served from prettily appointed tables. The drawing room was decorated with Christmas greenery and potted plants and in the dining room, carnations and mauve and white "mums" were the flowers used. Mrs. H. T. Bell, Sussex, Miss Ethel Wright, Miss Bessie Thompson and Miss Evelyn Erb served.

Mrs. Wright has been a resident of Apohaqui for the last 12 years and won many friends. She has also been a leader in all the worthy activities of the community and in church work.

Mr. Wright is a valued employee of the firm of Jones Bros.

A number of beautiful wedding gifts were in evidence, among them being presents from the Women's Institute and Onwego Club, the bride being the president of the club and vice-president of the Apohaqui Women's Institute.

Among those attending from outside points were: Gerald Ogilvie, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Saint John; Walter Ogilvie, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Sussex; Cecil K. Ogilvie, of the Royal Bank, Moncton; Malcolm D. Ogilvie, of the P.N.S., Fredericton; sons of the bride; Perley C. Wright, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Petitcodiac, son of the groom; Mrs. R. R. Burgess and Miss Jean Burgess, Saint John, sister and niece of the groom; Mrs. Walter King, Saint John, sister-in-law of the bride; Rutherford King, of Stewarston, brother of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Wright will reside in Apohaqui.

PASSED AWAY

Mrs. Sarah Byrne

Many throughout the province will regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Sarah Byrne, who died at her home in Sussex on Monday. She was the widow of James Byrne, who predeceased her some twelve years ago.

Mrs. Byrne was a woman of sterling character, and though of a retiring disposition had many friends. In her death at the age of eighty-three years, Sussex loses one of its life-time residents. She was the mother of the late Father Byrne, the well-known parish priest of Norton.

She leaves surviving her the following children: Mr. Justice Byrne, of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick; Dr. Thomas Ives Byrne, of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia; Mother Mary Byrne, of the Sacred Heart Convent, Cross Pointe Farms, Detroit, Michigan; Alice, wife of Dufferin W. Harper, manager of the Provincial Bank, Saint John; and Sarah, Felix and George, residing at home. The funeral took place on Thursday morning from her late residence to St. Francis Xavier church, where requiem high mass was celebrated at 10 a.m. and interment took place in the family lot after the arrival of the Maritime train at Norton Station.

Millidge Freeze

The death of Millidge Freeze, aged 75 years, took place at Hampton Village, December 20th, 1925. He was the oldest son of the late Elias Freeze, of Penobscot. He leaves five children: Frank, of Portland, Maine; Silas, of Saint John; Percy, of Hampton; George in River Glade Sanitarium, and Mrs. Dysart, of Saint John; also one sister, Mrs. S. B. Weldon, Penobscot. He also leaves twelve grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

MIRAGES IN THE DESERT

Sometimes during a whole day's trek, a narrow strip of water lies shimmering on the horizon ahead of the caravan, writes Hassenein Bey, who recently made a journey across the African desert.

It never gets any nearer, but continues to offer a cool and pleasant invitation until the sun has rolled round to the west and the mirage vanishes away. It is a purely optical illusion, of course, for there is no water there. In the early morning another kind of mirage sometimes appears. The country far ahead of one appears in the sky at the horizon upside down.

This is not, like the other variety of mirage, entirely an illusion. It is really the reversed reflection of the territory thirty or forty kilometres ahead of where the observer stands. As the sun rises higher above the horizon the mirage suddenly vanishes as magically as it came. There are also other tricks of light reflection in the desert.

Sometimes, for instance, a small pebble the size of a cricket ball, seen from a mile away, may assume the appearance of a big rock, standing out like a landmark, while the skeleton or part of the skeleton of a camel or a human being takes on most fantastic shapes.

It is absurd to say that the Bedouin is lured by the mirage out of his way and even to his destruction. The seasoned desert traveller knows a mirage when he sees one. It is entirely possible indeed, that the upside down variety may be a positive assistance, since it can suggest what kind of country lies ahead. The mirage is an interesting phenomenon, but it is not one of the perils of desert travel.

In the desert, I should explain, a well does not mean a nicely excavated one and built-up arrangement of stones and in other parts of the world with a bucket and windlass or a pump for raising the water. In this part of the desert a well is just a spot where water is close to the surface and can be easily obtained by digging.

Between the visits of caravans the

We Deliver To Any Part of The Town!

We have now on hand plenty of Gluten and Sugar Beet Meal, at low prices.

Good Cooking Apples at 20c peck.

Get our prices on Raisins—bulk and package. Also on Prunes, etc.

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SUSSEX

CASH SPECIALS AT J. H. BAIRD'S

Opposite Sussex Mercantile

1 bag Granulated Sugar	\$7.10	3 lbs. Pure Lard	68c
14 lbs. Granulated Sugar	1.00	5 lbs. Pure Lard	\$1.10
5 gallons Oil	1.39	1 bottle Heaton's Mixed Pickles	45c
4 cakes Surprise Soap	25c	1 lb. Shredded Coconut	35c
4 cakes P. & G. Naphtha	25c	3 lbs. Pulverized Sugar	32c
4 cakes Gold Soap	25c	2 lbs. Cooking Dates	24c
3 cakes Palmolive Soap	25c	1 lb. Ganong's Best Hard Mixture	18c
3 cakes Fairy Soap	25c	2 lbs. Ganong's Best Hard Mixture	35c
1 lb. Easifirst Shortening	19c	1 lb. Moirs' O. K. Chocolates	23c
3 lbs. Easifirst Shortening	54c	Oranges, Sunkist, dozen	35c and 55c
5 lbs. Easifirst Shortening	90c	Marven's Fresh Crackers and Cookies always on hand.	
1 lb. Pure Lard	24c		

HEADQUARTERS FOR TOBACCO, CIGARS, PIPES, ETC.

sands drift over it and choke the water hole, so that each newcomer must clean it out for himself. But the joy of an ample supply of fresh water, after days of having only just enough for making tea, with no chance of a bath or even a shave, is sufficient reward for all the labor of digging out the well.

The well, when scraped out, is probably about the size of a small teatable, the moist sands holding the walls together. Usually one leaves it alone for awhile to allow the sand to settle but the water is always sandy and it is too much bother to strain it. Not on one single occasion did I drink a glass of water that was not

cloudy, and never did I see the bottom of my zinc cup while drinking. The filter which kind friends said I must take with me I did not use until we got to the Sudan, where the water was really bad. Then, when we tried to get this wonderful device to work, we found there were no washers for it—and that was the end of the filter.

DO OUR BRAINS BROADCAST?

Certain believers in mental telepathy have declared for years that when we think the brain sends out actual waves. These are carried through the air and may be received and understood by another person whose brain is attuned to the particu-

lar wave length transmitted. Professor Cazzamali, an Italian scientist, has just experimented with highly excitable persons, suffering from mental ailments. He put isolated men and women in an insulated cabinet, hypnotized them, stimulated their mental faculties, and listened to the reactions through a wireless headpiece attached to his ears. He declares (says a writer in "Popular Science") that he heard waves similar to radio telegraphic transmission sounds, which stopped immediately upon waking the subject. Sometimes the sounds were accentuated until they resembled whistling or the tone of a muted violin.

Winter Time is Carnival Time in Banff



Banff in winter time is fairyland. Shafts of the sun strike the white snow-covered mountains and valleys of the Canadian Rockies, changing them into a landscape of flashing iridescence. Colors—blue, red, green and purple—dance over the scene, as gaily costumed devotees of the snow shoe, the skate and the ski move in the pastel of the great outdoors.

Fancy skaters swing gracefully into intricate figures on the rinks. Ski jumpers thrill the spectators with their marvellous leaps through the air from the ski jump on the top of a nearby mountain. Ski-jorers dash down the Bow River behind fleet mountain ponies. Blanket-coated snow-shoe trappers take the trail to the snowy woodlands. In the evening, the brilliant scene is softened by the silver gleam of the moon.

Winter time is carnival time in Banff. February 3rd to

17th has been set for the 1926 Winter Carnival, and Mrs. Basil Gardom has been chosen as the fair Queen. A splendid palace of glittering ice, sparkling with myriads of bright colored electric lights is being built for the chosen beauty. With true regal pomp and splendor she will be crowned and seated on her throne as the culminating triumph of the carnival.

Trains pull into the station at Banff. Passengers on their way west stop off to disport themselves in the snowy, gay little town. Passengers on their way east delay long enough to see the famous ski jumpers breaking world records. Passengers from both east and west with Banff as their objective, and snow shoes, skates and skis in their luggage, hurry to attend the festivities in honor of the carnival queen.