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for the balance of this month.

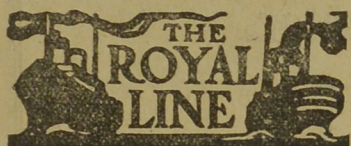
A number have availed themselves of this opportunity and why not you?

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W. S. THOMAS, MANAGER



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EUROPE

(From Land to Land)

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LONG DISTANCE CRACKS  
TO RUN FEBRUARY 3

Information from London says: The parties to the proposed big race at Powderhall met in Milne's Hotel, Edinburgh, and came to an agreement as to the conditions of the race to be run February 3. After signing his assent, Kolehmainen withdrew, leaving a deposit of £25 in the hands of Mr. Barclay who was acting on behalf of Mr. Lumley, to bind a match with Holmar or with Holmar and Longboat, and after some conversation Holmar's manager and Longboat agreed to run in a match, Kolehmainen, Holmar, and Longboat, over a distance of 15 miles for £25 a side, the avenue to be Powderhall, and the race to be under Powderhall management. Mr. Lumley was appointed stakeholder and referee and on behalf of Holmar and Longboat, the first deposits were lodged with Mr. Barclay.

CAMERON MAY COME IN

Cameron, the Nova Scotian, and his trainer were parties to the conversation Cameron being invited to take part in the race, making it a four-man event for £100 and the championship of the world at the distance. As he had arranged to sail for Canada before the end of this month, he wished an early date fixed but Holmar's manager could not see his way to run earlier than Saturday, February 3, the date previously tentatively agreed to; and, finally, it was agreed to give Cameron ten days in which to decide whether he would come into the race or not. Articles were then signed, Kolehmainen, Holmar and Longboat being bound to run at Powderhall on Saturday, February 3, at three o'clock for £25 a side and the championship of the world over 15 miles. It was agreed that in the event of three men running the winner would take the stakes and 50 per cent of the net drawings; the second man getting 35 per cent of the drawings; and the third man the remaining 15 per cent and that in the event of Cameron

## Canadian Pacific

Passenger Train Service from Fredericton. Effective Oct. 8th 1911. Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday.

### DEPARTURES

20 A.M.—For St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Plaster Rock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, and for Portland, Boston etc.

4.45 A. M.—Via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and Houlton, connecting at Newburg Jet for points North. Plaster Rock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Caribou and Presque Isle.

4.45 A. M.—For Fredericton Jet connecting for St. John and points East.

4.00 P. M.—Via Gibson Branch. For Woodstock and points North to and including Aroostook Jet.

5.45 P. M.—For Fredericton Jet, connecting with Montreal Express which connects at McAdam for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points North to Aroostook Jet. Also connects at Montreal for all points West. Also connects at Fredericton Jet with Boston Express.

10.00 P. M.—For St. John and points East.

### ARRIVALS

9.10 A. M.—From St. John and East

11.50 A. M.—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock, and North and Houlton.

12.30 A. M.—From Woodstock and North via Gibson.

8.55 P. M.—From Woodstock and North via Gibson.

7.55 P. M.—From St. John and East

10.40 P. M.—From Boston, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton.

W. B. Howard, D.F.A., St. John, N.B.

### BASEBALL NOTES

Fred Merkle first baseman of the New York Giants, is a member of a crack bowling team in Toledo Ohio. Umpire Mullen who worked in the American league last season and Umpire Mallard who comes from the Connecticut league, will officiate in the International league next season. Roy Corhan and Russel Blackburne, the two clever shortstops of the White Sox who were on the hospital list last season have recovered from their injuries and will join the Sox on the training trip.

Manager Fred Lake of the Providence team, has signed Pitcher James O'Neill of Arlington, Mass. O'Neill played with the Beverly team from which "Stuffy" McInnes of the Athletics, was graduated into professional baseball.

running the net drawings would be divided as follows: Winner, 45 per cent; second man, 30 per cent; and fourth, 10 per cent; the winner taking the stakes and, probably, a commemorative gold medal.

# Flag-Flappers at Ottawa are Anything but Happy

(By H. F. Gadsby, Toronto Star.)  
Ottawa, Jan. 12—Well, somebody asks, what do they look like in the newspapers and we might be able to recognize them on the street, but how does the new cabinet shape up in the House? How does the picture fit into the frame? How are the fish when they are in the water?

The answer is that they don't feel at home yet. They have sat so long on the left of the speaker that they don't know whether they're in right now. They are on the right but are they in all right? Are they victors of a just cause or victims of a lucky mistake. They have their doubts. The dreadful uncertainty saddens and perplexes them. They are about as comfortable as the man who draws a fifth ace—he suspects that there was something wrong with the deal.

The plain truth is that the new Cabinet is nervous and dejected. It hasn't got acquainted with each other. It hasn't shaken down. It casts frightened glances over its shoulder at the goblins from Quebec. It doesn't look up or talk or buck up. It speaks under its breath as if there was a death in the house. It mumbles all its statements to its shirt front, and the reporters have to hang over the gallery to hear. And this gloom is all the stranger because if there was any funeral in September it wasn't the Borden government's. Far from filling it with joy of living, the majority of fifty—or is it sixty—seems to have put a load on its chest which interferes with its breathing. O for one cheerful voice amid the gathering shadows! Take our word for it this slow, soft, pedal stuff is awful.

PLEASE GO 'WAY AND LET ME SLEEP

It is three o'clock in the afternoon and the Borden government is in place on the front benches of the Green Chamber. All the Cabinet Ministers are present. It is only when they are present that Premier Borden knows where they are. Some of them may lift the cloud long enough to say a few words. But mostly it is a study in silence. Each man is trying to say as little in as low a tone as possible, for fear of waking somebody up. The hush is about the only thing there is to report. It may be an off day but it looks like a habit. Evidently the last thing this bunch wants is for somebody to start something.

The eye rests on the Premier, the man the Biliken of reciprocity, the

man who fell in for the greatest piece of political luck since 1867. Surely there is gladness in him! Where there is as much power there must be joy for him. Not so. Premier Borden looks anxious. He has lost his easy smile. He frowns at the order paper in front of him. His mind is too much on the game, if that can be. At any rate he doesn't take time to appear cheerful which is a mistake. What though the air is heavy with fate—take a brace, Brooding never did any good Premier Borden knows his Dickens. Mark Tapley is the man he should copy. While we listen the Premier introduces a bill to transfer the Department of External Affairs from the Department of State to the Prime Minister. It is really a very interesting bill because it shears Sir Joseph Pope of some of his glory but Premier Borden doesn't seem interested in it and nobody else is if he isn't. It is with the importance of Joe—we beg his pardon, Sir Joseph—Pope should slip through unnoticed that way, but that is what the new knight gets from his old friends. So far, this is sotto voce, Government, and it won't make a holler about anybody.

### FOSTER'S FACE HAS FALLEN

To Premier Borden's right is the minister of trade and commerce. The sweets of office have not spread to George Foster's face. He is as sour as ever. His five-minute flashes of satire are not as frequent as they were when he was in opposition. He did his best work as a critic. As a constructive statesman he has not as much to say. His opponents say he is losing his fire; his friends say he does not flame up because he is half-way satisfied. He has the old man's mood of contentment; of what you might call resignation, and if they don't try to shove him as chairman of the tariff commission he will do nothing to deepen the general gloom, just as he does nothing now to enliven it. Meanwhile he sits with his stiff black hat drawn down over his stiff black thoughts, and his face is as long as a drink of water.

The minister of public works is no ray of sunshine. When Mr. Monk was in a sort of double opposition to his own friends and the Liberal party he used to deliver speeches that were as dreary as rain in autumn. He delivers them yet. They are weighed with even more sadness, because public opinion, quite wrongly, of course, saddles him with more than his share of slaughtered office-holders. It is not pleasant for a man who likes a good dinner and a good story to be placarded as an orge. The only likeness between Mr. Monk and the Minotaur is a certain stall-fed pride, and pride is no crime, although it is a great fault, and Solomon tells us it goes before a fall. The fall Mr. Monk is said to be riding for is a fall on the Supreme Court bench in Quebec.

### A PAIR OF DESKMATES.

Mr. Cochrane contributes three minutes to the discussion on Intercolonial Railway branches. This is only half his best. Once he spoke six minutes. But the minister of railways is not a ready debater. However affable he may be as a conversationalist, he will not wake many echoes as a parliamentary orator. His desk-mate is the Hon. Robert Rogers, familiarly known as Bob. The Hon. Robert left the Bob and the Western stings that goes with it when he left Manitoba. He is now as polished as a Hansard report of one of his own speeches, and he wears his gray plume a la Laurier and his bald spot the same way. Very few Westerners succeeded in holding their Western short-story atmosphere as well as Glen Campbell did. The wear and tear of Ottawa is too much for it. If it wasn't for the Hon. Bob's smouldering black eye-brows one might think his heart was gone—but in that eyebrow—not high brow—sign lies hope.

### THE GLOOM DEEPENS

But look who's here. The Hon. Tom—beg pardon, the Hon. W. T. White, the infant prodigy of the Cabinet, the youngest man with the biggest job rich, successful, handsome. Surely the Hon. Thomas does something to lighten the darkness. The man who made that Naboth's vineyard speech must have a real sense of humor. But no. The Hon. Thomas chews his under lip, twists his moustache, runs his hands over his head as if his brain were sore. He rests his chin on a thoughtful finger, and then rests it on another finger. He tries them all and can't get one finger to suit. He knits his brows. He perpend and the perpend gives him pain. The burden is too much for his forty years. It is cruel to sacrifice the ideals and enthusiasm of youth to a Finance portfolio. The Hon. Thomas is having his own troubles squaring his personal altruistic impulses with the requirements of his political sponsors. The thing may gnaw him and it may "gnaw." The Hon. Thomas rises to present a little blue book of estimates "signed by his Excellency's own hand." He says it as he might say the litany, with a deep sense of condition. It is all very solemn not to say lugubrious. There is no doubt the young Minister

of Finance feels his position keenly. Dr. Sproul makes it more solemn by mournful repetition. Mr. Speaker has let his side-whiskers grow again. They seem to go with the new dignity. But, alas, they have come in grey, whereas everybody knows that one side-whisker ought to be orange and the other blue, to typify the Nationalist alliance. Nothing will ever cheer up the Speaker's voice. There is an added note of sadness in it as a copious haranguer barred of everything but formal utterance. Speaker Sproule leaves the Franch to La Plante. With every wish to do his best, the Speaker has stuck fast at the irregular verbs.

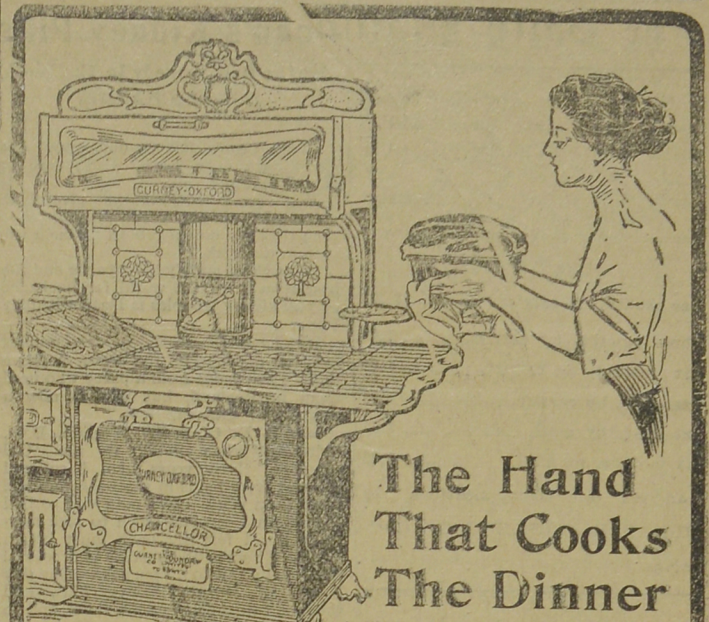
### THE RUTHLESS PELLETIER

Viewed from the Press gallery, Pelletier looks long, lean and narrow. His is a ruthless countenance. It is not his day for saying anything, but he signs letters like Robespierre. It may be postmasters' heads that are falling. Pelletier has stated that all he wants is an accusation from a good Tory. This is the real spirit of the revolution. Look out for Pelletier.

The second and third rows of battle hold more good cheer. Colonel, the Hon. Sam Hughes is brisk and buoyant as one whose job it is to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. Dr. Reid is just hearty enough to counter-balance the temperamental eserve of Dr. Roche Nantel is bald and chubby. It is hard to imagine red red words of his election campaign coming from such a Brother Cheeryble. Burrell looks like a mild and inoffensive college professor who might be interested in bugs and Doherty gives Justice the kindest of faces. But it isn't an even break. It doesn't alter the net effect of the front row which is one of profound depression causing the average visitor to remark that he never saw a victorious Government more down in the dumps or a defeated Opposition more perky and full of fight.

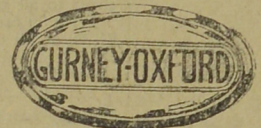
### IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF.

Hazen refuses to be classified with either front or back rows of the cabinet. (Continued on page two.)



The Hand  
That Cooks  
The Dinner

is the hand that rules the world. In spite of what they say about "cradles", the stove is the all-important factor in "home-rule." A



Chancellor

is the best guarantee that the "hand" will keep your home moving in the right direction of economy and health.

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WYETH'S  
SAGE AND SULPHUR  
HAIR REMEDY

### Dandruff Cured

Three applications removed all the dandruff and left my scalp clean, white and smooth. Wm. Croak, Rochester, N. Y.

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### PROFIT BY OTHERS' EXPERIENCE

#### Gray Hair Restored

My hair was getting quite gray and falling out rapidly and I was troubled with a terrible itching of the scalp. My head was full of dandruff, which fell upon my clothes and kept me continually brushing it off. While on a visit to Rochester I heard of your Sage and Sulphur for the hair. I got a bottle and used it. A few applications relieved the itching, my hair stopped falling out and gradually came back to its natural color. It is now a nice dark brown color, soft, glossy and pliable. Several of my friends want to use it, and I want to know what you will charge me for six bottles of it. MISS E. A. ROSS, Sharon, Mercer Co., Pa.

#### Grew Hair on a Bald Head

For two or three years my hair had been falling out and getting quite thin until the top of my head was entirely bald. About four months ago I commenced using Sage and Sulphur. The first bottle seemed to do some good, and I kept using it regularly until now I have used four bottles. The whole top of my head is fairly covered and keeps on coming in thicker. I shall keep on using it a while longer, as I notice a constant improvement.

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