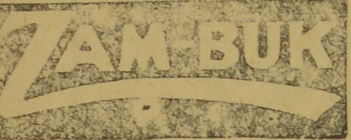




How often have you cut or burned yourself, and because of the pain and smarting have been almost unable to continue your household duties? Are you aware that if you would apply Zam-Buk immediately after such an accident it would prevent all that pain and inconvenience?

Zam-Buk quickly takes the fiery pain out of a burn or scald, the sting out of a cut or scratch, and the soreness and tenderness out of a bruise. Besides, it is an unfailing healer and prevents festering, blood-poisoning, etc. Try Zam-Buk the next time you meet with an accident and prove its merits for yourself. Get a box to-day and have it ready for the next time you need it. Zam-Buk is equally good for all sores, eczema, ulcers, salt rheum, blood-poisoning and piles. All dealers see box.

FREE—Try Zam-Buk at our expense. Cut out this advertisement and send it with name of paper or article, stamp (for return postage) to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and free trial box will be sent you.



5,000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA

A popular and hardy annual is the "5,000 facts about Canada" issued for twenty years by Frank Yeigh, the well known Canadian writer and lecturer. The 1923 edition is now out and contains many additions and improvements, including a valuable map of the natural resources of the Dominion. The booklet is a wonderful compilation in brief of the story of the Dominion under fifty subjects, ranging from "Agriculture" to "the West" and the "Yukon" and is indispensable to any educated and intelligent Canadian who wants to keep up to date about his country, or who wishes to advertise it by sending copies away as many do, while it is widely used in schools. Leading news-dealers keep the book in stock or it may be had by sending 30 for a copy to the CANADIAN FACTS PUB. CO., 588 Huron st., Toronto.

WANTS HIS PARDON FOR OPENING SAFE

Concord, N. H., Feb. 17.—This city today saw the unusual sight of high state officials pleading with convicts, begging the latter, "to do their stuff." And one convict, Georgie Rathom, who can aid the state dignitaries laughs at them unless a pardon of his seven years' sentence is the reward.

It's this way. On Saturday morning the time lock on the state safe went democratic. The vault could not be opened. Local experts were called, but they could do nothing. Hurry summonses went out to experts from New York and Boston, and they too, were powerless. A battering ram had no effect on the heavy door.

Meanwhile Monday morning was looming ahead of the distracted officials. Every cent of cash to be used by the sovereign state of New Hampshire was tied up in the vault. In addition, there were many valuable papers, bonds, postage stamps and other things absolutely necessary for official New Hampshire to use in the day's work.

It was suggested that the safe be dynamited, but the officials hesitated at this proceeding, first because they did not want to destroy the safe and also because blowing up the vault might destroy the papers.

Then it was that somebody thought of appealing to cracksmen in the state prison, only a stone throw away. The officials made the appeal. They found that most of the "safe men" in there were either "soup" or "peter" yeggs, and they, too would be compelled to blow up the works.

Then they found one, the famed Rathom who can use the "can opener" method, or if the safe is of a certain type can control the tumbler.

But they ran up against a snag here. Rathom (his real name though he is under one of his several aliases at the prison was confident he could open the safe and he offered to do so but he demanded a pardon from his seven-year sentence as the price of his Jimmy Valentine job.

So New Hampshire officials are as yet undecided whether they must blow open the safe or pardon a man who went through New Hampshire banks like a rat through cheese.

NATURAL COURSE.

Pell—How long did your last cook stay?

Mell—I think she left during the third course.

YOUR MOVE, JACK.

Jack—If I should ask for a kiss would you call your father?

Madeline—No, most certainly not! father detests being kissed.

JUGGLING A FLASK IS NOW A FINE ART

(New York Sun.)

Different times, different arts. Consider for example the consummate skill the average drinking American has acquired in the handling of his flask—practice virtually unknown to him but a few scant years ago, and only really perfected within the last six or eight months.

Inserting the potent ingredient into a highball or cocktail is not so simple a matter as it might seem to the unsophisticated. Particularly it is difficult in the larger restaurants around Times Square, wherein the Federal vigilantes have become acute of late. Under these circumstances—when a slip of the hand might mean a night in a cell—flask handling must truly be an art to survive.

The first requisite, of course is a wall table. Then is ordered the innocuous beverage—the drink with which the forbidden stuff is to be mixed, ginger ale usually. The side coat pocket when possible, makes a better parking place for the flask than the hip. The cork should always be out, stopper unclipped or the top unscrewed, before the container is drawn, this eliminates fumbling during a period when seconds are big things indeed, an extra one of which might mean a thumping fine.

Perhaps the best place for the glass when pouring is tight between the knees, though experts still differ on this. Certainly it should be under the table. Imbibers of the past have proved the sleeve an ineffective screen for the surptitious pint.

The return is less difficult, yet in one sense more dangerous, for overconfident men, elated with what they rashly deem their success, are prone to fatal carelessness here. However with high skill and a modicum of luck it is a fairly safe bet that you can drink in public for a month or so before you thirst in jail.

IDEAL MANAGEMENT.

Artillery Rookie (about to take his first lesson in horsemanship)—Sergeant, please pick me out a nice gentle peace loving horse.

Stable Sergeant—D'ja ever ride a horse before?

Rookie—No.

Sergeant—Ah, Here's just the animal for you never been ridden before you can start together.

A BOOTLEGGER.

Hewitt—He is very secretive.

Jewett—Yes, he doesn't let his left bootleg does.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)



Quiet Street Noisy For The Man With Grip

(New York Sun.)

Jim Weatherbee remained away from his office last week to entertain a few score transient flu germs. Jim was rather pleased when the doctor told him to stick around the house and rest up a bit. A nice quiet side street, plenty of magazines and books—just the spot for a business man even if it is in the heart of Manhattan he told the wife.

Snuggling down in his easy chair his feet stretched out toward the glowing gas logs Jim settled down to read and recuperate. Suddenly a persistent, monotonous voice penetrated the room. It grew louder as the owner drew nearer and finally reached its highest pitch as a nondescript individual stationed himself directly across the street and cried his challenge to the occupants of the ten story building.

"I catch cold! I catch cold! I catch cold!" the voice echoed through the room until the bewildered invalid could stand it no longer.

Satisfying His Wish

Rushing over to the window he flung it open and shouted to the man beneath: "Well catch this one you lunatic!" Returning to his chair he called to his wife:

"Mabel there's a nut out here taunting me about catching cold. Come take a look at him before I annihilate him."

"Taunting you, is he?" laughter the wife, as she glanced out the window. "Jim, you poor imbecile, that's Mose

the old clothes man. He was only crying his business call. "Buy cash clothes." Now you have invited him in and I'll have to sell him that seedy looking blue suit you insist on wearing to the office."

Jim grunted a protest and tried to hide his confusion behind the covers of a magazine. Mabel ceased her laughing and looked thoughtful.

"I suppose I'd better tell you about your nice quiet side street before I go shopping or you'll be dashing to the window every half hour. Pretty soon the knife grinder will be along this way. He'll get your attention for he has that kind of a voice, "Scissors, sharpen knife grind!" he'll sing until your mind itself seems to be on edge. Then the hurdy gurdy man will drop by, for he always does on a sunshiny day. He'll give you thirty bad minutes unless the policeman happens along and chases him away.

Quiet Enough At Quiet Times

"You'll find out a lot of things about the quietness of this neighborhood. You are only home at night and Sundays and you never hear them then. Oh yes I forgot to warn you about the strolling photographer and the Shetland pony man. They both drop by every day and blow horns to bring the children out. Well I'm off now. Hope you have a quiet day."

The following morning saw Jimmy Weatherbee at his office. He would recuperate amid familiar noises he explained to his wife.

A Man Kidnapped in Maryland Escaped

Frederick, Md., Feb. 17.—Detectives here, aided by the police of Pittsburgh and Baltimore, are on the trail to-day of the two men and a woman who yesterday kidnapped Sister Cecilia, 24 years old, from the Notre Dame School.

The nun, drugged was taken away from the convent in an automobile. She recovered consciousness in a barren room in an abandoned house in Baltimore and stripped of her convent garb, she escaped wearing a man's overcoat she found in the room while her captors quarrelled in drunken tones in an adjoining apartment.

Eight hours after the kidnapping Sister Cecilia was back in the convent and because of her terrifying experience, in a state of collapse. Sheriff James A. Jones went to Baltimore today with the clothing worn by Sister Cecilia when she escaped from the room in which kidnappers held her prisoner.

She said she had found a coat and skirt in the hallway and had donned them. At the time she wore high heeled shoes. A package found in the taxicab which brought her to Frederick after her escape was opened by the Baltimore police. It contained towels, soap, powder a powder puff and perfume.

The Baltimore police this afternoon asked to have Sister Cecilia sent to them for the purpose of identifying the house in which she was held prisoner. When notified that her condition made it inadvisable to do this the police threatened to drop the investigation.

The kidnapping, ostensibly for ransom was staged about 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon. Sister Cecilia who was Miss Marie Whalen of Verona, Pa., was instructing Jane Roddy 11 years old in piano lessons when she chanced to glance out of a window. She later said she saw the men and a woman standing beside a closed automobile across the street. When

Jane departed Sister Cecilia awaited the next pupil.

Drugged and Carried Off

Half an hour later other Sisters discovered her disappearance. What occurred in the meantime is not definitely known, but from the finding in the music room of a bottle half filled with an anesthetic, the police believe the nun was taken by surprise, drugged and carried out of the convent.

Hours later the nun regained consciousness in a barren and dark room. She had been despoiled of her convent garb and was alone in the room. From an adjoining room she heard voices. They were discussing ransom and drinking and quarrelling the nun said.

An overcoat nearby she appropriated and managed to escape through a window to the street. A policeman encountered her and she asked him to direct her to the convent. She was amazed when he told her she was in Baltimore.

"Sister Cecilia didn't have enough money with her to take a taxi to Frederick explained the Rev. Father William J. Kane supervisor of the convent "and the policeman communicated with me by telephone. We had her brought back in an automobile and she fainted dead away as they carried her into the convent."

ATMOSPHERE HUMBLER THEM

(New York Sun)

Have you ever noticed how grown ups behave in savings banks? Exactly as though they were children in the presence of strict teachers.

They stand in line patiently without daring to push ahead. They are ready to apologize if one of the bank's attendants comes forth to question them. Instinctively they feel they are not following the bank rules somehow, just as children feel they have done something wrong if they are stopped in corridors and questioned by the teacher.

When their books are being balanced they are told to sit down and wait. They rather dislike to do that. They want to hang around so as to be ready. But they are told once more to "take a seat, please," and a seat they take obediently.

When their names are called they answer in rather nervous childlike fashion:

"Right here, sir!"

Banks are mysterious headquarters of power which are firmly "for our good," and so grown-ups find themselves being humble and ready to accept orders as children.

Never turn your back on the truth and always ace a lie.

VISITING CARDS
 The Mail has secured a large stock of ladies and gents visiting cards by way of a slant and is prepared to turn them over to the public at a low figure. On Monday and Tuesday of each week until further notice the price with your name neatly printed thereon either in script or old English type will be from fifty to seventy-five cents per package, according to quality. On all other days the minimum price will be one dollar per package. Send in your orders at once and state the kind of type wanted. In the case of mail orders add five cents to cover postage.

A CHANGE IN TRAIN SERVICE STANLEY BRANCH

Effective Monday January 8th, 1923, on account of winter operating conditions, the passenger service by motor car on the Stanley Branch will be discontinued and passenger trains No 27 and No. 28 between Fredericton and Newcastle will operate into and out of Stanley as follows:

No. 27 leaves Newcastle at 8.05 a.m.; Leaves Stanley at 11.54 a.m.; Arrives at Fredericton 1.30 p.m.

No. 28 leaves Fredericton at 6.35 p.m.; Leaves Stanley at 8.12 p.m.; Arrives Newcastle 12.20 a.m. making connection with Maritime Express and train for Chatham and Loggieville.

The way freight will run into Stanley, Tuesday and Friday the same as at present.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Rates: Not More Than 25 Words
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WANTED

MEN WANTED—To load pulpwood on tractor-sleds. Seventy-five cents per cord. Fare advanced. To leave Monday. Apply to Employment Office, 131 York Street, Fredericton, N. B.

SALESMEN—We pay weekly and offer steady employment selling our complete and exclusive lines of whole root fresh-dug-to-order trees and plants. Best stock and service. We teach and equip you free. A money making opportunity. Luke Brothers Nurseries, Montreal.

TO LET

TO LET—One flat, corner Waterloo Row and University Avenue. Apply to 343 University Avenue.

MAKE 'EM LAY Give them Full O' Pep Feeds

FOR SALE—Flour, Bran, Shorts, White Middlings, Oats, Corn, Cotton Seed Meal, Alf Feed, Hay, Straw, etc.

CLEMENTS & PEABODY

York Street, Fredericton Phone 784

TRAP NESTS

Keep a record of your laying hens and cull out the slackers. I will make you a set of wooden trap nests of the same type as used at the Fredericton Experimental station.

WRITE FOR PRICES.

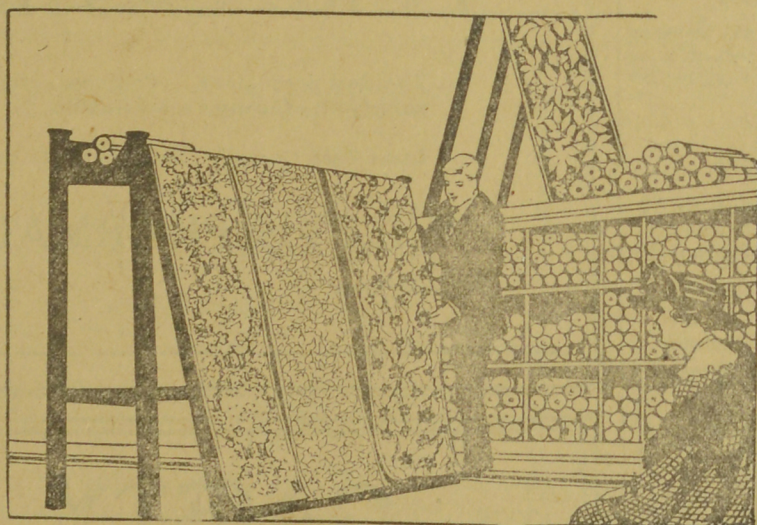
FRED LYONS
 260 Aberdeen Street.

WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE?

Nothing, EXCEPT IT BE A STRICTLY FRESH EGG IN THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY. I have them and they go direct from my own henry to the consumer. They can be eaten either rare, fried or boiled—You'll like the flavor.

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 Fred H. Ferguson Prop.
 Telephone 471-31



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