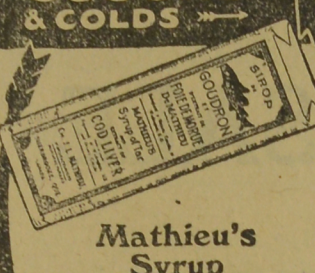


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COUGHS
& COLDS**



**Mathieu's
Syrup
Relieves
Colds
Promptly**

**MATHIEU'S SYRUP
OF TAR &
COD LIVER EXTRACT**

ROD AND GUN

Woodstock, Ont. A perusal of the February issue of Rod and Gun in Canada, the well-known Canadian outdoors magazine, reveals a liberal supply of entertaining and instructive reading. One thing that has always featured this national sportsmen's journal, is the diversity of subjects it covers and like the preceding numbers, the February number has something of interest and of value for sportsmen, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is a feature article, "Hunting Wild Horses in Southern Saskatchewan," by Harry M. Moore, that is well worth reading. There is fiction, too, of a high order, while such prominent naturalists and students of wild life, as Bonny-castle Dale and J. W. Winson contribute fine articles. The Fishing Notes department contains an article on the light lure, that will be read appreciatively by anglers, while the Guns and Ammunition department is well up to its usual high standard and that means a great deal. The other departments, the illustrations all combine to make up additional features, the many fine magazine that will meet with instant favor.

Rod and Gun in Canada is published monthly at Woodstock, Ontario, by W. J. Taylor, Limited.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

Why should our doctors take to Cough?
His system makes their job go "blooey."
If every one could heal himself
'Twould lay the good does on the shelf,
But pshaw! They've heard it all before,
The same sweet story o'er and o'er.
While "thinking" doubtless helps instill
Good health, most folks must have a pill.

C. K. S.

DOG LICENSE
FEES A BURDEN
IN LONDON

London, Jan. 11.—The annual round up of wayward dogs, which are becoming more and more a problem since the first year of the war, already has trapped hundreds of pets that are doomed to the lethal chamber and brought thousands of appealing letters from those in stricken circumstances, unable to pay the license fees due the first of the year. It is a pathetic story, lifting the curtain upon privation and sacrifice caused by unemployment, with which a considerable section of the population is struggling.

The license costs seven shilling six pence, which means much to those existing only by doles from the State, with the result that many families have been forced to turn their pets loose.

Charles R. Johns, secretary to the National Canine Defence League, who during the war paid 15,000 licenses, has received 3,000 applications for help in a single mail begging the league to establish a branch to save service men's dogs, Johns said that during the war distress appeals never reached the proportions of this year and confessed that his department had been completely snowed under, so that it had taken on an extra staff in an endeavor to relieve anxiety, out of purely humane motives. He said that one day's post this week brought appeals involving £500 in licenses, including the case of a woman who said she had pawned her wedding ring last year to pay for the license. Her husband was shell shocked, and she feared he would die if the dog were taken from him.

A crippled ex-service man wrote that he would have come in person, but he had no boots, and his only friend in the world was his dog. A widow wrote that Biffy was her only chum, as it had belonged to her son, who sent a letter before he was killed in France saying that whatever happened she could always find his love for her reflected in Biffy.

"I was always prejudiced against these appeals," said Johns. "until I read the letters, and then, like every dog lover, I need only visualize one of the thousands of homes facing the loss of their pet."

Results are actually noticeable in the streets of London on account of the decrease in the number of collar less dogs.

A DULL DAY IN SCHOOL.

Teacher (exasperated)—You children need to have your ears cleaned out—you don't seem to hear anything I say—(pausing)—but for heaven's sake don't clean more than one, or my words will go in on one side and come out on the other!

BURN DITTIES OF
JEW, CHRISTIAN,
MOHAMMEDAN

(Moscow, Jan. 15.—The Young Communists, observing the Christmas of the Julian calendar, launched their widely heralded "attack upon heaven" in a grotesque carnival procession that was mockery the world's greatest religions.

As American college boys make merry after a football game, so thousands of Russian students did a gigantic snake dance around a great bonfire, the kindling of which before one of the principal railway stations brought the day of revelry to a close.

Burn Up Dieties

The climax of the celebration came however when the young people gleefully tossed into the flames straw and paper figures representing the Christian, Mohammedan, Jewish and Buddhist religions.

The Russian Christmas had been especially chosen by the Young communists as the occasion for shattering by mockery the ancient Yuletide story and the traditions which their organization hails as "religious myths" hence the procession that threatened the streets of Moscow today held few reminders of the old time Christmas celebrations of the Russian church.

Flaring stars of red, burlesques of the star of Bethlehem were born aloft at the head of the parade, followed by posters and banners upon which were daubed cartoons of dieties and the saints. No tokens, no reminders of the church processions that in the past have marked the advent of the Christmas festival, were in evidence. There was music and singing aplenty but the songs were jeering parodies of the splendid carols and chants of the Russian church.

Goblin-like burlesques of the gods of all peoples alternated with motor trucks upon which rode students and young women dressed as caricatures of religious doctrines as "Religion is the opiate of the people" and "Man made God in man's image, not God man in his." One truck carried an infant wearing a red cap. He was placarded "Young Communism."

Watch Bonfire

Lost in their long coats and army caps, young children from the orphanages and institutions tramped through the snow led by their teachers to watch the bonfire while their communist elders had decreed should take the place of the countryside's vigil in wait for Santa Claus.

There were no disorders; neither was there any attempt to prevent regular Christmas services. But here and there a street beggar evidently oblivious of the travesty wandered through the crowd whispering, "Aims in the name of Christ on Christmas day."

Lack of Bad Habits
Annoys Abstainers

(New York Sun.)

It is annoying to lack bad habits. If you refrain from nicotine, for example, men are constantly offering you cigarettes or cigars and when you refuse exclaiming amazedly: "You don't smoke?" as though this was most extraordinary. It scarcely seems possible to them.

They ask questions. They ask whether you used to smoke and swore off, and if so why: or whether you never started and if not why not. They look at you with big wondering eyes. In short, they cause you to feel decidedly like a two-headed man, or a bearded woman, or a Siamese twin.

For the non drinker matters are equally embarrassing. Nobody ever believes him. "You don't drink! Aw, don't try to tell us that stuff, now!" They suspect you of hiding something; and nowadays your host is likely to feel at least faintly insulted, thinking as he does that you are dubious as to the composition of the stuff he is offering.

But paramount among the exasperating non-habits is that which relates to coffee.

Coffee Abstainer Has No Chance.
For the coffee abstainer never has a chance. He is beaten before he starts. The whole world is in league against him, subtly plotting the downfall of his will power.

You dine at the home of a friend and you are given coffee. Rather than undergo the old wearied round of catechizing, or rather than be challenged to a duel, you discreetly allow the stuff to remain untouched, endeavoring to detract attention from your abstinence by toying with the cup as though you had just let it down, or were just about to lift it to your lips. Sometimes this ruse is effective. But some times it isn't. Wores still is the restaurant.

Whether it be Second avenue or in Fifth, whether its cups be of egg shell china or whether it be cracked and very like shaving mugs they serve coffee. They serve it as a matter of course. They assume it. For them it goes with the meal, in the same manner as ice water and bread and butter go with the meal.

You say to the waiter when first you sit down: "Now let's have this understood right here and now—I don't want any coffee." You have home difficulty at first in convincing him that you are in earnest and later in convincing him that you are sane. But at last he grins amiably and says, "Yessir, surely sir," and trots off to the kitchen.

He returns with a cup of coffee, which he generally presents to you. You less genially present it back explaining again that you do not want any coffee. You explain this very carefully and he seems to comprehend at last.

A moment later you look up to see your waiter emerging from the kitchen. He is making straight at you and beaming like a Cheshire cat. In his hand is a large cup of coffee. You spring to your feet and catch him before he can reach your table. You hold him firmly by the arm and tell him how many more times that you positively do not want coffee.

At length you return to your table, tired but happy and the waiter once more transports the hated fluid back to the kitchen.

All goes well for a while then. You get your ice water, your rolls, your soup, meat potatoes and vegetables; you get your dessert. You turn to your waiter for the bill.

He is standing there, a serene grin wreathing his honest but simple face, and a cup of steaming coffee in his triumphantly outstretched hand.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Rates: Not More Than 25 Words
25cts. per insertion, \$1 per
Week, \$3 per Month.

WANTED

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.

FOR SALE or TO LET—Self-contained house on Odell Avenue. All newly remodelled. Owner moving to Ontario. Apply to Mrs. Robert J. Alken, 226 Odell Avenue.

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.

LADIES' AND GENTS'
FURRIER

Furs Repaired, Cleaned and Remodelled.

We make a Specialty in COON CUFFS
AND COLLARS

MRS. J. E. JOHNSTON
595 King Street
Over McKnight's Store

FOR SALE

I have for sale a number of Barred Rock Cockerels of the celebrated Parks strain—the best in America. Price \$5 each. I will also sell a number of breeding hens.

J. N. FERGUSON

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COCKERELS

We have for immediate sale Fifty Barred Rock Cockerels of Bred-to-Lay Strain. All well developed farm-raised birds. Just what you need to improve your flock. My Pullets from this strain are laying from five to seven eggs a week.

PRICE \$3.00 EACH while they last.

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GREETINGS

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WHAT IS SO RARE
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Nothing, EXCEPT IT BE A STRICTLY FRESH EGG IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY. 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.

ONLY 75 CENTS A DOZEN.

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Railway Men Started
On Small Salaries

Washington, Jan. 15.—Eloquent evidence of opportunities which poor boys not afraid of hard work have found in the service of American railroads is contained in reports filed by the railroads with the senate interstate commerce committee in connection with the latter's investigation of railroad expenses and revenues.

Of eight railroad executives who receive salaries of \$75,000 a year or more all but two rose from the bottom after 30 years or more of service and only two has college educations.

Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the board of directors of the Southern Pacific is shown by the official report to head the list with a salary \$100,000. He is one of the college graduates. He took his degree in civil engineering at Washington and Lee university when 19. Five years later he went to work for the Louisiana & Texas railroad as construction engineer.

Smith's Salary \$92,500.

Second in the list is Alfred H. Smith, president of the New York Central lines whose salary is \$92,500. He started to work for the Lake Shore railroad in its Cleveland offices at the age of 15 as messenger boy.

Those in the \$75,000 class are C. H. Markham president of the Illinois Central who started his career as a section laborer; Carl R. Gray president of the Union Pacific who began as a telegraph operator; E. Pennington, president of the Minne-

NOTICE TO DEVON
TAX-PAYERS

At a meeting of the Finance Committee it was ordered that notice be given that all taxes must be paid by February 2nd or executions will be issued to collect the same.

Dated at Devon Wednesday, January 17th.

(Sgd.) WILLIAM JAFFREY,
Town Clerk.

BOOKS FOR SALE

The law books as well as a number of books of literary and historical character belonging to the late Judge Wilson. A list of these books may be seen either at the residence of the undersigned, 348 University Avenue, or at the office of C. D. Richards, Solicitor, Queen Street.

Dated at Fredericton the twenty-seventh day of December, 1922.

JEAN WILSON,
Administratrix, Estate of
William Wilson, Deceased.

apolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie who started as a warehouse hand; William Sproul president of the Southern Pacific who began as a freight clerk; Hale Holden president of the Chicago Burlington & Quincy who got his start in the law; and Robert S. Lovett, chairman of the board of directors of the Union Pacific who also broke into railroading by the legal route.

Holden is the other college graduate. He was graduated from Williams in 1880 with an A. B. degree studied law at Harvard practised in Kansas City and got his first railroad experience in 1907 when he became general attorney for the Burlington.

Willard's Salary Cut.

Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio was a \$75,000 executive in 1920 but the latest report shows his salary to have been cut to \$67,500. At the age of 18 he got his first job as a railroad laborer.

Of three executives paid \$60,000 all started at the bottom. They are W. T. Noonon, president of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh; H. E. Bryan, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson. Only Loree, who is civil engineer, had a college education.

Executives in the \$50,000 class are W. B. Storey, president of the Santa Fe, S. M. Felton, president of the Chicago Great Western; J. E. Gorman, president of the Rock Island; G. E. Schaff receiver of the M. K. & T.; B. F. Bush president of the Missouri Pacific; E. J. Pearson president of the New Haven; Charles Donnelly, president of the Northern Pacific. All of them rose from lowly positions.

Rea Began as Rodman.

Another conspicuous example is Samuel Rea who started to work for the Pennsylvania railroad as a rodman at the age of 15. He is president, drawing \$56,822.30 annually.

Howard Elliott of the New Haven is another of that small group of college-bred executives. He got a degree in civil engineering at Harvard in 1881, when 21 and the same year started railroading as a rodman on the Burlington. He draws \$18,000 a year as chairman of the New Haven's interstate relations committee and \$35,000 as chairman of the board of directors of the Northern Pacific.

Note of consolation: If the hens have shut down for inventory, it won't take them long.

OFFICE SUPPLIES

EVERY office requires many little things to start the new year with.

Let us help you to make it up-to-date. We have a large stock of Binding Cases, Letter Files, Ledgers, Journals, Cash Books, Pencils, Pens, Ink, Desk Blotters, Loose Leaf Ledgers, Columar Books, etc.

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