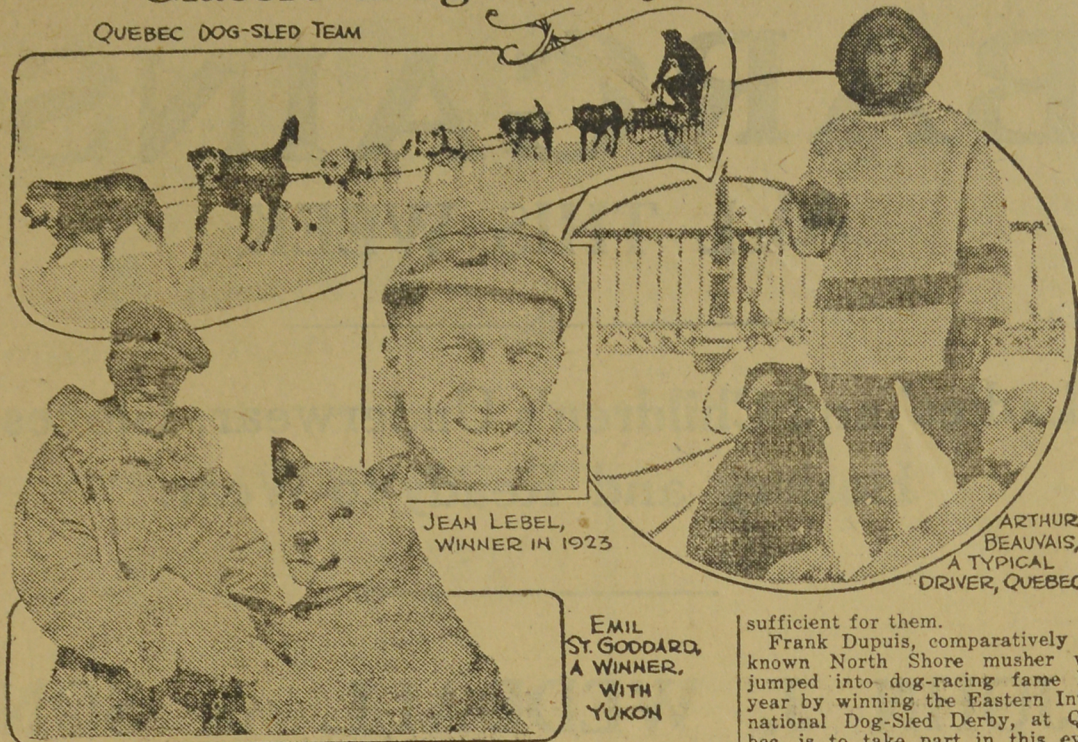


Classic Dog Derby at Quebec

QUEBEC DOG-SLED TEAM

JEAN LEBEL,
WINNER IN 1923ARTHUR
BEAUVAIS,
A TYPICAL
DRIVER, QUEBECEMIL
ST. GODDARD,
A WINNER,
WITH
YUKON

The fifth Eastern International Dog-Sled Derby will be run as usual in Quebec, a city now world renowned for its winter sports. The dates set for this outstanding event of the winter season are February 21, 22, and 23. The race is run in laps of about 40 miles a day, and 120 miles is the usual total mileage. Many thousands of men, women and children view these races, and it is interesting to see how the huskies make supreme efforts to be lead team. The drivers accord the dogs every possible com-

fort and attention, and no cruelty to the dogs is allowed. Incapacitated dogs must be taken on the sled and drawn back to the finish line.

The cash prizes raced for in the Quebec Dog Derby usually approximate \$2,000, but the mushers, or drivers, are invariably more proud of their teams than the money, for the dumb brutes appear to know what they are working for and it is amazing what superhuman strength they seem to put forth. Praise and the approval of their masters are

sufficient for them.

Frank Dupuis, comparatively unknown North Shore musher who jumped into dog-racing fame last year by winning the Eastern International Dog-Sled Derby, at Quebec, is to take part in this event again this winter. He will drive for Alex. McKay & Co., Ltd., whose colors he carried to victory last year. Dupuis claims that he has a splendid team of dogs.

Such well-known and famous mushers as Emile St. Goddard, Ontario Paper Co., "Shorty" Russick, driver for H. I. Sutton, of Chicago, Joe Dupuis, Frank Dupuis, V. Livignee, H. Chevrete, Walter Channing of Boston, and P. J. Molloy, of Berlin, N.H., are numbered among those who will fight to a finish for the championship.

BOOTLEGGERS PUT ONE OVER ON CUSTOMERS

Saint John, N. B., Jan. 8—The approaching Yuletide season makes some persons eager to secure "The fluid that cheers," and in their anxiety to secure it they do not always use as much caution as they might, according to a report of the operations of some bootleggers in certain parts of New Brunswick.

It was said that when called on to supply liquor those selling it made reply that there was a scarcity of bot-

tled goods, but there was a good supply of whiskey in one gallon cans. Purchasers this week were sadly enlightened, following an investigation of their wares.

The goods were delivered in one gallon tin cans with a small screw top in one corner of the can.

When shaken the can gave forth an appropriate gurgle and seemed full of whiskey, but when the top was opened, it was found that a one-pint can was inside the large can.

The pint can contained whiskey and the remainder of the gallon can was found to have been filled with water.

(A Fredericton bootlegger, who dispensed unblended water and whiskey in tin cans to his customers during Christmas week, is reported to have

made restitution to them by issuing refund checks on a bank in which he had no funds. After pulling off this stunt he pulled up stakes and left the city.)

Couturier says the principal function of "artistic dressing" is to cover the weaknesses. Women evidently have no weaknesses.

Forty thousand germs more or less, are said to be transferred with each goodnight kiss, but not in the one a baby gives its mother.

The happiest land is one in which the people aren't sore enough to justify the existence of "great leaders."

LIKE CAESAR'S WIFE, A LADY MUST LIVE ABOVE SUSPICION; HOW THE SYSTEM WORKS OUT

(James Kevin McGuinness in New York Post.)

Ladies, as several generations of gentlemen could testify if they cared to, must live. Which, as was the original intention, leads very nicely up to the question—and how?

The reporter herewith begs permission to introduce, as his first witness, a young lady who is certainly young enough to rate the adjective. She has, as Marie Corelli would have put it, no visible means of support. Nevertheless, she is as Caesar's wife in the modern acceptance of "being above suspicion, which is to say that, thus far, her picture has not been printed in the tabloids. In her own words, she "gets by."

Perhaps you would be interested in the rougher workings of her system. Very well, then:

"When a man asks you out to a party with the intention of impressing on his friends what a swell picker he is, a good, reliable gal is to murmur that you'd love to go, but you haven't a decent stitch to wear," she explains, distressingly forthright.

Then the Bootlegger Helps Out.

"Then you can lead him to the right, obscure little shop on a side street, where the proprietor allows you 10 per cent of the price of the dress if you keep it and 50 per cent if you return it after having worn it only once. Myself, I don't like to wear a gown twice. And that same arrangement goes for almost anything else you can hang on a perfect lady's person."

"Moreover," she continues, "a girl can do quite well in the way of a couple of cases of gin when she steers somebody to the right bootlegger and there are quiet, perfectly lovely apartment where the sportively inclined gentleman can take a whirl at a well—you cut one-quarter of the losings, if he loses, and you shouldn't do badly by yourself if he wins. Not many of them win, though. And—well, it's a big city."

Thus, the cruder form of the industry. There are, one learns with amazement, more subtle and more involved ways.

They tell, those lovely ladies whose hair is always perfect and whose lips are never dishevelled, of a certain divorcee whose East Side apartment is furnished exquisitely. She is gifted enough and her name is well enough known for her apartment to have become a salon. Add another "o" at cocktail time.

A Name and Moving Vans.

Anyway, her gag is simple enough. The furnishings of her place are such that the rising young business man, or professional, or broker who drops in with a friend cannot help being impressed.

Quite a few of them, mounting to success, are ready, or nearly ready, to refurnish new homes on a more elaborate scale. Somehow, or other, the

lady lets drop the name of the firm of decorators which did her apartment—at no cost to her, by the way. And, by way of precaution, she advises her principles of the prospective client's name very shortly thereafter. A large enough number of commissions are obtained in this fashion to pad out the lady's income beyond the point where mere alimony does not suffice.

There is a lady fair who specializes in directing male traffic toward the studio of a certain expensive photographer; and she, they say, does very well, too.

Then there is the lady with a perfectly elegant Colonial name and a real claim to standing in Society who has by some peculiar combination of circumstances been one of the first settlers in every district being reclaimed from shabbiness during the last two decades. Those who know this grande dame say it would take more than an ordinary real estate commission to induce her to lead the procession—but she has done considerable leading, for all of that. They say, the cats, that she was in on the American basement floor in every one of those developments.

They Prefer Not to Serve Women.

There are ladies who discreetly direct patronage to fashionable hotels, at seasonal resorts; others who are amazingly well posted on the attractions of European vacation centres; some who are surprisingly intimate with the merits of particular imported and expensive cars; a few who pad out insufficient incomes with quite understandings with this, that, and the other shop, which could stand a little more trade.

There are some who serve the newly rich—and there are always newly rich in this town—after one fashion, or other, chiefly concerned with the needs of the distaff, or spending, side of the house. They coach matrons and daughters on clothes, on the places to go, on how to get in those places. They manage entertainments, using their friendships to persuade a few lesser lights, at least, to illumine their employers' affairs.

In other words, they supervise the long, hard climb which sometimes leads to social eminence but usually do not realize much until the second generation supplements their efforts with acquaintanceships made in the schools the knowing ladies select for their off-spring of sudden affluence.

But those ladies who must serve chiefly their own sex do not lead happy existences. Masculine needs are their best fields; the male is always so grateful for the disinterested advice given him by a charming lady who seems to have taken a liking to him. And, even if the charming one's interest, is simulated occasionally—well, ladies must live.

DAINTIER DABBING OF ROUGE IS NOW DECREED; MAKE UP THAT WHISPERS IS THE SLOGAN

New York, Jan. 8—Make-up that whispers instead of make-up that shouts is the beauty slogan of 1927.

This much appears certain among the host of conflicting reports of those who know at the annual beauty shop convention now in session at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Not, let it be added hastily, that the dozens of models who are helping the various displays in the convention are in any way committed to the new doctrine. Not for them to hew the way, evidently. Not for them to unfurl the banner of conservatism in color work.

Nevertheless it is true. Hereafter any lady who uses rouge, lip stick, powder, mascara and the other little aids to beauty in so lavish a manner that she looks like Betsy the circus horse will never pass the beauty shop owner's tests of ladyship. It is even whispered that some of the stricter beauty shop owners may tag such over-colored ones with a little badge announcing "She's no lady."

Just a Little of This and That

But authoritative opinion on this rumor agrees that it is probably a little too highly colored to be exactly accurate.

The fact of the matter is, however, that all the delegates to the beauty show are agreeing that they must lead American women out of the morass of too-obvious facial decoration and into a new subtlety. In 1927, these noble leaders say,

the face that launches ships will have to be almost pale. Little rouge, little darkening of the eyes, little whitening of the nose will be permitted. Only the lips may be frankly reddened.

But this new restraint "does not in any way do away with the number of cosmetics needed by her who is generally known in beauty shop parlance as "milady."

There never were so many new angled whatnots and dingbats and what-have-you's in a beautiful way of speaking, at least.

Of the eighty-two booths in the show, just about seventy-nine are displaying some brand new device to create beauty where it is not.

A New Little Eyelash Curler.

For instance, one of the cunning little instruments of torture is a new little eyelash curler. This is not just another form of mascara or the other kinds of stickum, which all go on with a brush and get the lashes gooey enough so they stay put in an upward curve. This is a miniature little curling iron, which does not have to be heated to get in its deadly work. Just grab hold of the eyelashes, squeeze the instrument firmly and then let go. The result is a miracle.

Then, too, there is a new preparation which does wonders for double, triple or quadruple chins. It is supposed to be able to just melt them away, one by one. What happens if there are five chins no one knows.

And this is just the beginning

Pneumonia Left Her With A Bad Cough

Mrs. W. R. Bennett, 2307-14th St. West, Calgary, Alta., writes:—"Over a year ago, before my twins were born, I had an attack of pneumonia which left me with a very bad cough."

Being under the doctor's care, he tried first one thing and then another, but I coughed day and night.

A friend brought me a bottle of

**Dr. Wood's
Norway
Pine
Syrup**



for to try, and after coughing for two months and taking four six ounce bottles of cough medicine, I got rid of my cough with one and a half bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup."

Price 35c. per bottle, large family size 60c.; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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WENT TO COURT PREPARED FOR STAY IN JAIL

(Boston Globe.)

Having prepared himself for a sojourn in jail by bringing to court his shaving outfit, toothbrush, towels and other necessities, Henry J. Barrett of Woburn, upon being given a 15 days sentence in Middlesex Probate Court yesterday, remarked to the court, "That's all right, Judge. . . I won't kick. . . You are justified. . . I'll just performing your duty. . . I'll take it."

Picking up a traveling bag containing his effects, and remarking that he had come to court "prepared for it," Barrett accompanied a court officer from the courtroom, headed for the East Cambridge jail.

He was before the court on a contempt petition brought by his wife, Ellen L. Barrett of Cambridge, who charged that he had failed to comply with a court decree to pay her separate support of \$4 a week, and was in fact \$283 in arrears in his payments.

Judge Charles N. Harris asked Barrett if he would pay.

Barrett replied that he couldn't, that he had been out of work for a long time and had no money.

"I'll have to give you a 15-day sentence," said the court.

It was at this point that Barrett assured the court that it was all right and that he believed the court to be justified.

Mrs. Barrett filed her contempt petition last March and since then the case had been continued from time to time until Dec. 29.

On that date Barrett was defaulted when he failed to show up in court, a capias was issued for his arrest. He was brought to court yesterday by Deputy Sheriff Harry L. Walker.

According to court officials, Barrett told Sheriff Walker that if he had known that the officer was looking for him he would have come in voluntarily and saved the sheriff the trouble of looking for him.

of the new wonders. If there are any more homely women left in the world, after this beauty show there can be no question that it is not the fault of any mortal person.

A LITTLE THING

THE power called habit is a little thing * * * *
but it can pull your eyes open at a certain hour every morning, determine whether you dress the right or left foot first, drop a fixed amount of sugar into your breakfast coffee—free your mind for thoughts that demand actual choice.

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