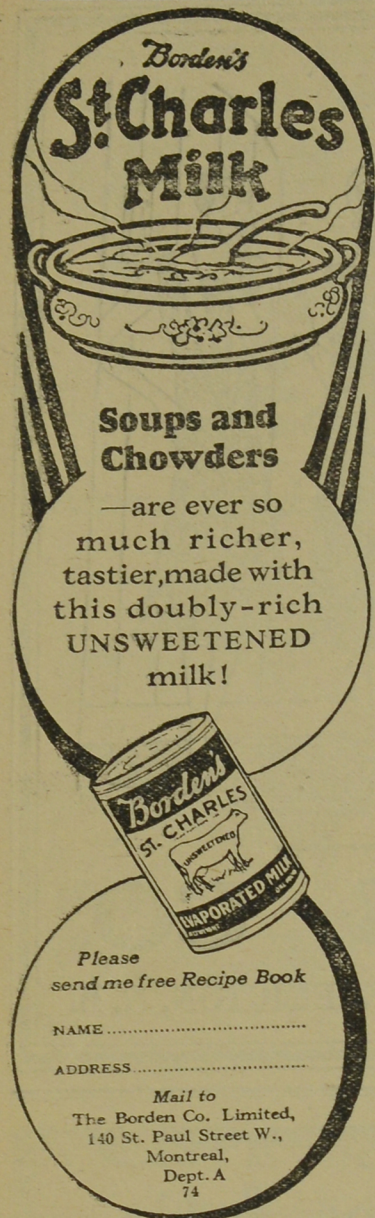




Borden's St. Charles Milk

Soups and Chowders

—are ever so much richer, tastier, made with this doubly-rich UNSWEETENED milk!

Please send me free Recipe Book

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Mail to
The Borden Co. Limited,
140 St. Paul Street W.,
Montreal,
Dept. A
74

THIS MILK IS ENTIRELY A MARITIME PROVINCE PRODUCT

CONDENSARY - TRURO, N.S.

ISLAND VIEW, N. B.

Island View, Feb. 10—We are having an old fashioned winter with lots of snow and plenty of cold weather.

Mrs. Lulu Sloat, Miss Mildred Sloat and Robert Sloat, of Crook's Point, were visiting friend here recently.

Murray Estey and wife of McGinley spent Sunday evening at the home of Mrs. J. E. Everett.

Miss Z. Pickard and E. McFarling of Fredericton were calling on friends here one day this week.

Otis Pickard, formerly of St. John, is spending his holidays with friends here.

Mrs. J. L. Jewett of Burden who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. James Dunphy, Jr., for the past ten days, will return to her home by valley train early in the week.

Councillor H. H. Everett will soon complete his contract of hauling and loading pulpwood for W. W. Boyce, Mr. Everett has already loaded and shipped by St. John Valley railroad, 18 carloads of pulpwood.

Franklin Dunphy of Fredericton, but formerly of this place, has purchased the Edward Goodine property and intends building a summer cottage on it in the near future.

Our school is progressing in a very satisfactory manner under the guidance of Miss Grace Bruce of Marysville.

R. H. Cliff of Burden is visiting friends here.

She (sotto voce)—Georgie, dear, it's a burglar!

He—Sh-h, don't move, maybe he can get that window up; it's the one we haven't been able to open since the painters left.

THE COUNTY OF ALBERT HAS A VETERAN POLITICIAN IN ALEX. ROGERS OF HOPEWELL

Montreal, Feb. 12—"It will soon be time to go fishing again," said Alexander Rogers, of Hopewell Hill, Albert county, New Brunswick, formerly member of the N. B. Parliament and for four years from 1878 member of the Federal House who is now on a visit to Montreal and Toronto. It is not often that a man entering into his 89th year as he does today is looking forward to going fishing.

One has only to look at Mr. Rogers and to speak with him to realize that he is still vigorous. Indeed, except for a slight hardness of hearing and a stoop there are few signs either in his bearing or in his interests that he has passed his sixtieth year.

This is not because he has not had his troubles in his day, for he has had many—most of them political. Feeling ran high in the days when he stood for the Provincial House and there was rancor mixed with the politics. Mr. Rogers on his first return to the House was unseated four or five times—so often, indeed, that he doesn't remember the number, even with his good memory. But he was always popular with his constituents and as often as he was unseated, they returned him again. He kept coming back like the sea to the shore.

Again Unseated

After his term of office in the Federal House, he was re-elected for a second term; and again he was unseated. Although he did not again seek election there, it is not difficult to think that he smiled—as he can still smile.

If one were to ask Mr. Rogers his recipe for youth, he would say that it is a vigorous and clean life. Mr. Rogers is a tee-totaller and non-smoker, as well as a hard worker. His wife says that despite all his worries she has never seen him dodge a meal or fear his bed. "He has never lost a night's sleep in his life and even now he goes to bed at 10 o'clock and sleeps until 7 or 8 the next morning," she said.

Only Survivor

Mr. Rogers is the only surviving member of the New Brunswick Legislature of 1874 to 1878. He was there in the days of Hon. George King's premiership. He is one of the few surviving members of the Dominion House of Commons of 1878, in the days before Sir Wilfred Laurier had come into the limelight at all. During his sessions the premiership was first in the hands Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. Then Sir John A. Macdonald returned to power, never to vacate office until his death.

In the days when Mr. Rogers came to Montreal, en route to Ottawa, he said, he put up at the Windsor Hotel. "When I saw it the other day," he continued, "I hardly thought that it could be in the same place. St. James's Cathedral was just still building in those days. And the Dominion Square Building and the Sun Life building were not even dreams. Those were the days when I used to take and carry my own grip up from the station. "Nowadays," he sighed, "they won't even let me ride in a street car alone."

Tells of Old Days

Mr. Rogers spoke of the old days in New Brunswick, when, during the whole of the winter, the men were kept at home working in the ship yards, which have now disappeared. "We had to have ships to bring our goods to us and to carry our products

away for us. So we made them ourselves. And the men who had been away all summer, fishing and hunting came back home in the winter and worked in the yards, which were spread all along the coast. That is all gone now, for the need of it is gone. We have our railways and we don't need the ships to bring us goods. With the disappearance, too, of many of the horses, our hay from our marsh lands is no longer in such great demand. We did a great trade with the West Indies and I, myself, shipped lots of hay there.

"But, nowadays, I don't work. I just visit my family." Mr. Rogers is on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Gardiner. When the weather gets a little warmer he makes for Toronto, where he has a son, and later he goes to Port Dover, where he has a married daughter. Yet withal, Mr. Rogers is not a traveling man. This is the first time since it was built that his home near Moncton has ever been closed. And when the fishing opens he is sure to be back in his home country.

Mr. Rogers' great grandfather came out from the north of Ireland and settled in Londonderry, N. S. His grandfather settled in Hopewell Hill about 150 years ago.

MANY TO PROFIT BY SHARES THOUGHT BAD

London, Feb. 11—Some 25,000 holders of what they regarded as worthless shares soon may divide a sum approaching \$2,000,000. The shares are those of the United Realisation Company, which arose out of the Liberator Building Society, which crashed, with other Jabez Ballour concerns, in 1892.

For nearly forty-one years these shares have lain in dusty drawers and family chests, looked upon as worth little more than paper. Now the sale of the Hotel Cecil in the Strand, London, to Shell Mex, the gasoline company, has altered matters. Children and grandchildren, of those who had a stake in the old Liberator company are earchring out and handling reverently the very shares, which they once regarded as so much sentimental rubbish.

When the Liberator crashed the shareholders discovered that there was nothing left for them after the payments to which depositors and creditors were entitled had been made. Their holdings were entirely wiped out.

The United Realisation Company was formed in 1895 to take over and administer the assets belonging to depositors and creditors. It started with a share capital of \$3,000,000 and a debenture debt of \$10,000,000. This debenture debt has been gradually cleared off, step by step, as the various properties have been sold.

This year the company found itself free of debt, but with only one large remaining asset, consisting of a half-share in the ordinary capital of the Hotel Cecil company, standing in the balance sheet at \$1,000,000. Now that the Cecil has been sold these 200,000 shares will be taken off its hands. It is not known yet what the actual figure involved in the sale may be.

POINTERS ON THE OBSERVATION OF SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY; SOME OLD CUSTOMS RECALLED

(Norah K. Thompson in New York Herald Tribune)

"—when they ask you what it means say you this:

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine."

At no very remote period St. Valentine's Day was taken seriously. The true ceremony seems to have been the drawing of a kind of lottery, followed by ceremonious observances, and it was supposed that the first unmarried person of the other sex whom one met on St. Valentine's morning in walking abroad was a destined wife or husband. One finds a relic of this custom in Pepys's Diary. It was in 1666 that "for the first time" he observed the "fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names" Early on the morning of that February 14 little Will Mercer had come to Mrs. Pepy's bedside, "to be her Valentine; and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty." Later he finds that "Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me—Pierce, who drew my wife, did also draw a motto, and this girl drew another for me." What his own motto was "I have forgot," he writes, "but my wife's was 'Most courteous and most fair'."

Try This Plan

In an issue of "The Connoisseur" in the middle of the eighteenth century a certain "young lady" describes how she passed the evening before St. Valentine's Day. "I got five bay leaves" she says, "and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle, and then if I dreamed of my sweetheart Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure I boiled an egg hard and took out the yolk and filled it with salt, and then I went to bed, ate it, shell and all without speaking or drinking after it." Publishers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries used to issue booklets containing Valentines and Answers which might be sent and received by Ladies and Gentlemen and Members of the Professions. Ignoring the fact (if they ever knew it) that St. Valentine's Day was but a survival of the more virile festival of the Lupercalia, they penned flowery effusions, or mildly facetious verses, with fat little Cupids to take the place of the pagan Pan.

There was "The Ladies' Polite Valentine Writer, being a Collection of Elegant Sentimental Valentines for the Fair Sex, All Original," published in the year 1800; and "The Beauties of Hymen," "Cupid's Mirror or The Art of Winning Hearts in Original and Polite Verses"; "Hymen's Revenge Against Old Maids, Old Bachelors and Impertinent Coxcombs, or a New Valentine Writer," and down on Nassau Street a certain Mr. Strong had a Valentine Emporium.

This is the sort of thing his "Emporium" put out:

You are the girl I take delight in
More than haddock, smelts or whiting.
Flat as a flounder I shall be,
Unless you kindly pity me;
And to my tender heart incline,
Who are alone my Valentine.

Occasionally a publisher slept, or how did the following (from a Gentleman of Distinction) creep into "Mar-

tin's Elegant and Polite New Valentine Writer"?

Do, Sylvia held me, e'er I am misled,
Let me find shelter in thy downy bed.

Some of the "Trades" were catered for too. Here are three:

From a Publican (with a rose and two hearts united).

My bar is built in modern style,
Quite fit in the design
And it was done for to please you,
My dearest Valentine,
I wish to place you in the bar,
You'll grace it like a Queen
'Tis there that beauty such as yours
Will to the best be seen.

From a Sailor

Dear miss, I'm a tar, just arrived from afar,
And cruising about for a wife
You are young, I am able, let's instant cut cable,
And sail through the ocean of life.

From a Carpenter

I saw, 'tis true, and I saw you
And quickly felt love's pain,
With tender smart fill up my heart,
my heart,
As shavings fill my plane.
Ah! then, let's join my Valentine,
In fond affection true,
As I unite compact and tight,
My deal boards with the glue.

And then, of course there were the Answers:

"Sir—It is with pleasure I received your favor, filled with tortured hearts and angry cupids, to express to me the state of your sufferings, and if you are really as much in love as your lines express I am sure I ought to pity you, I confess I should be happy were I for life

Your faithful Valentine."

The custom died hard. It was not until the middle of the last century that the Day really began to lose its original significance. The vulgarity of the later Victorians finally did what the centuries had failed to do, and now it survives but as a sentimental relic of the dear dead days:

Oh! Wert thou but the graceful vine,
And I the tendril true,
Around thy graceful stem I'd twine,
And fondly cling to you.

Poor St. Valentine!

ON A GENTLEMAN MARRYING HIS COOK.

(From The London Mercury)

Though to good breeding she made no pretense,
She had good looks, good nature and good sense;
Would that men's wives were all of them good cooks
And had good sense, good nature and good looks.

—COLIN D. B. ELLIS.

THE PROBLEM

Two talky fellows walked along
While on their way from town,
And all their conversation was:
Do things burn up or down?

Redpack TOBACCO
is good pipe tobacco

TERRIBLE SUFFERING Day And Night With Eczema

Mrs. Martin H. Giesbrecht, Winkler, Man., writes:—"I have used

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

with good results for eczema. My face and shoulders were simply covered with blotches of this terrible disease.

"Nothing did me any good until I took your medicine and it has relieved me of the terrible suffering I had to go through day and night."

Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

New York, Feb. 12—Since he selected the Park Plaza Hotel as his place of residence, Primo Carnera has broken three beds, two chairs and one elevator. He puts such a strain on the ceiling that nobody will live in the suite below, and Lew Werner, manager of the hotel, admits he has never entertained such an amazing customer.

Carnera solved the bed problem by sleeping crosswise on a double and single bed pushed together. He broke the chairs in his arms when using them as dancing partners. He entered the elevator when the starter called, "Room for one more," and it refused to move upward an inch.

He drinks 15 bottles of ginger ale a night and takes off the caps with his fingernails or teeth. All in all, the Primo is some boy some boy.

CITY OF FREDERICTON

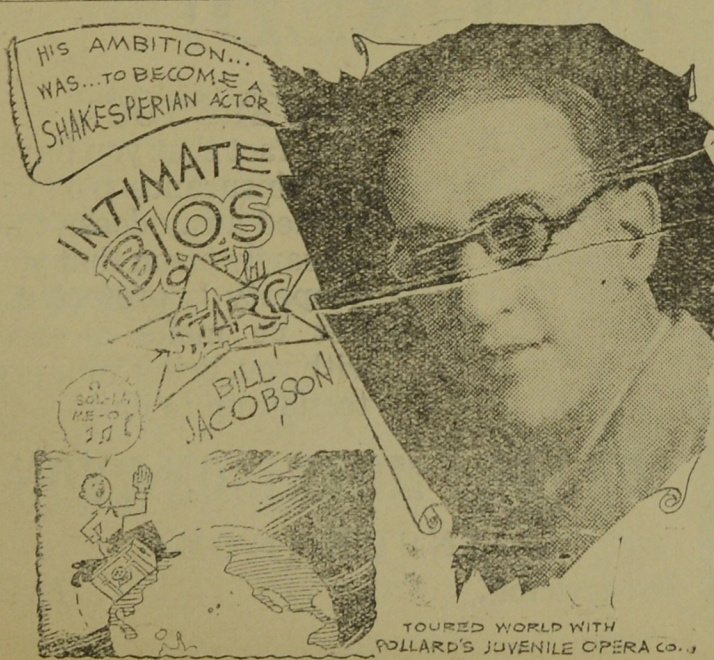
Notice of Legislation

Notice is hereby given that the City of Fredericton will at the next Session of the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick request the passing of an Act to vest in the City of Fredericton certain lands situate in the said City consisting of Pasture Lot No. 15 in the sub-division of the lands granted to the Governor and Trustees of the College of New Brunswick, and which were formerly leased by the said Governor and Trustees of the said College to Harris William Halles, and assigned by Isabella Halles to the Justices of the Peace of the County of York, known as the Alma House Lot, subject to the rights of the University of New Brunswick and of the several grantees and lessees from the said City therein; and also to empower the said City to sell and convey the same or any part thereof absolutely or for any term of years.

Dated at Fredericton, this twenty-third day of January, A. D. 1930.
FRED I. HAVILAND,
City Clerk.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Public Hospital.
- 8 Children's Home, Woodstock Rd.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 York and Queen Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 Aberdeen and St. John Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore Street and Waterloo Row.
- 55 George St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Aberdeen and Smyths Ste.
- 113 Northumberland and Argyle Sts.
- 121 Victoria and Westmorland Sts.



HIS AMBITION... WAS... TO BECOME A SHAKESPERIAN ACTOR

INTIMATE BIOS

WALTER CATLETT

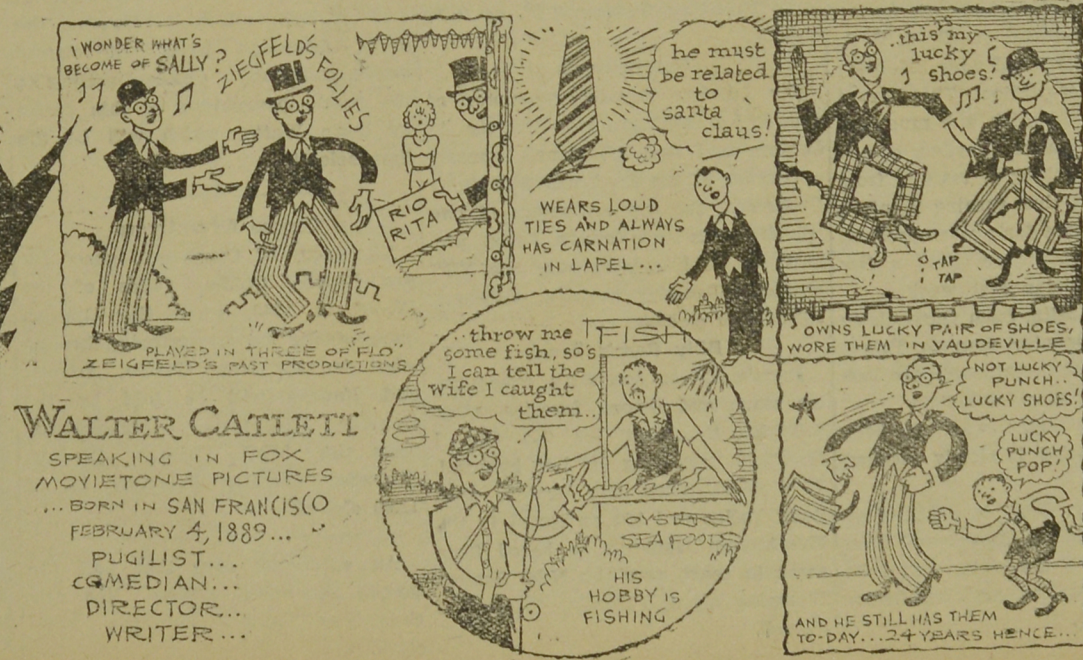
SPEAKING IN FOX MOVIE TONE PICTURES

BORN IN SAN FRANCISCO

FEBRUARY 4, 1889...

PUGILIST... COMEDIAN... DIRECTOR... WRITER...

TOURED WORLD WITH POLLARD'S JUVENILE OPERA CO.



I WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF SALLY?

ZIEGFELD'S FOLIES

he must be related to Santa Claus!

WEARS LOUD TIES AND ALWAYS HAS CARNATION IN LAPEL...

threw me some fish, so I can tell the wife I caught them.

OWNERS SEA FOOD

HIS HOBBY IS FISHING

NOT LUCKY PUNCH! LUCKY SHOES!

LUCKY PUNCH POP!

AND HE STILL HAS THEM TO DAY... 24 YEARS HENCE...