

WINDOWS OF THE RUSSIAN RAILWAY CARRIAGES ARE SEALED ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER

(By Negley Farson in Chicago News)

With the approach of winter at the north pole the Russians begin sealing their railway carriages down in Asia.

They put felt between the double windows of each sleeping compartment, nail it down with board slats, and then screw the windows tight shut. It makes no difference whether the windows have been washed before being irrevocably glued together for six months or not. It makes no difference if the weather is broiling in Tiflis. It is cold in Moscow—and that is all that counts.

"Winter is coming in Moscow."

This explanation given with a philosophic grin, is the only answer to your pleading, arguing and ultimate bellowings for fresh air.

"It is cold in Moscow."

And you peer out of your dirty windows and see camels plodding across the hot Caucasian steppes.

You revolt. You leap out at the next stop and rush to find the station master in his little red cap, "What! Impossible!" The windows have been sealed for the winter. "It is cold in Moscow!"

You go to the police, the dreaded (but sometimes very useful) G. P. U. They are polite, but powerless. Winter is coming in Moscow—and that's that.

You slink back into your stuffy compartment. Your flesh begins to glisten—you sweat—the flies buzz around the oven of your cell. They light on a sausage and a large hunk of cheese that a red coldier is biting in turns. The cheese is beginning to decompose in the heat. It runs—the flies after it.

The other passenger in your cubicle has a baby. He is feeding it with grapes. The baby peels each grape carefully. And then puts it down on the dirty window flap. Then it eats the grapes. Then it wipes its hands on its shirt. The father collects the pips and skins and puts them in the cuspidor attached to the floor. He adds them to your apple peelings. The flies zoom in ecstasy. They zoom on to the precious bit of chocolate you have been guarding.

Your eyes hurt. Your skin burns. Children are galloping up and down the hot corridor. You have fought with the provodnik to open the end doors, but some frightened mother has immediately closed them again.

Through the ghastly window you see monotonous, everlasting sweeps of mud colored plains. The peaks of the Caucasus are far down on the horizon. They are white—with snow. Mountains of fresh, cool, delicious, snow.

Then more sweeps of brown plain, so flat that you can spot a hayrick ten miles off.

The red soldier is beginning to pack up. He takes his hunk of bread and what is left of the cheese and sausage and he wraps them up in a shirt and puts them back in his wooden suitcase. Then he lies down to a well earned sleep.

The train stops.

Passengers rush out. Some, with kettles, run to the kipatok (station hot water tap) to fill their kettles for tea. Most rush to the lines of peasants selling food. They are selling chickens fresh roasted, for 30 cents; ducks for 40 cents; sausages, apples, little meat balls, cooked in brown dough, milk in brown stone jugs—skin of boiled scum on the top—eggs, tomatoes, melons and an awful looking slab like speckled brawn. These private traders line up outside the station.

The station bell gives two rings, the train hoots, the passengers race back the train shakes on again. Beyond "mineral water" you pass through the scattered villages of the Terek Cossacks. You are excited—Cossacks! Their mud or plaster houses are painted and quite clean. On the outside at least. But like all Russian villages, they are just houses and mud streets set on a mud plain. Streets of mud full of water pools and ruts, a collection of hayricks—and then the bare steppe.

The family next to you is eating. At the last station papa went hunting and brought back one of those 40 cent ducks. And now they are tearing it apart.

That family next to you! There are seven of them—papa, mamma, grandmamma and four children. Before they went into it their compartment was a clean board cubicle. Bare but inoffensive. Now it is a cave.

Blankets and musty bedding have been spread over the four bunks. Boxes, bales, wicker baskets. The upper loft, where the luggage is stored is stuffed full of more bales and boxes and wooden trunks. They have brought all the bags they could get into the train. Bursting suitcases under the lower seats. Clothes hanging from every projection. The little pull-up flap table by the window is a litter of the debris from six meals. They have just finished a round of tea.

Papa is stretched out on one of the upper bunks. Grandma sits by the window flap munching moist black bread. Mamma is smoking with one portly clad leg over another. She is also nibbling at a duck leg. The four children tear at the duck's carcass. They rend it. Bits fall on the floor. There is a smell like a fox's den.

The red soldier has been very kind to the baby. He has just taken it along to the lavatory. He has obviously washed its face. He lies roun flat on his back and puts the baby on his chest. The baby pulls at his great grizzled jaws. The provodnik, with an ex-mineral water bottle, sprinkles the dirty floor. He sweeps out your compartment knocking things with the brush out of the cuspidor, sweeping them out of your cubicle, down the long compartment. It grows dark.

A wind storm has set up. It drives the dust in great clouds across the flat steppe, shutting out the sky—just the silhouette miles away, or a turnip domed Russian church rising in the gloom. A crescent moon ap-



With The Boy Scouts

The Gyro Troop met this week with Acting-Scoutmaster Tait Hawkins in charge. Mr. Hawkins was assisted by First Class Scout Rupert Salt. It is expected that Rupert Salt will transfer from the Cathedral Troop to the Gyro Troop and will be installed as Troop Leader of the later Troop. This Troop is making remarkable progress and is now completely fitted out with winter uniforms and is working to obtain summer outfits. The attendance at this week's meeting was 100 per cent.

There are five teams entered in the Junior Boys' Basketball League from Scout Troops this year. The following Troops have entered teams: Cathedral, St. Anne's, St. Dunstan's, Earl Haig and Gyro. St. Anne's Troop has also entered a team in the Intermediate Boys' League.

The Cathedral and Gyro Troops are devoting a good deal of attention to boxing in preparation for the Inter-Troop Boxing Tournament which will be staged early in the Spring. It is expected that all the troops in the District will get down to serious business in this regard in the near future.

With The Wolf Cubs

At the last meeting of the 1st. Devon Pack, the Dist. Cubmaster R. Pugh presented the Honour Flag to this pack as having made most progress during the month of December. The wearing of uniforms is a feature of this Pack's meetings and uniforms are being acquired by all as fast as possible. The Wolf Cub Basketball League continues to provide much excitement for the Packs and considerable interest for the Scouts to whose Troops the competing Packs are attached. At the game between the Second and Seventh Packs played at St. Paul's Gym on Jan. 21st., the Cathedral won the final score being 6-4; the game was extremely close, the score at half time being four all. On Jan. 22nd. at St. Anne's Gym. the game between St. Anne's and St. Andrew's teams resulted in a win for St. Anne's, the score being 35-1. In all these games the little chaps are displaying the best of good sportsmanship and good fellowship.

On Jan. 21., at St. Paul's the Dist. Cubmaster invested Scouts Holden Lingley and John Watson of the Earl Haig Troop as Wolf Cub Instructors to the St. Paul's Pack. At this meeting Asst. Cubmaster Glendon Arthurs was in charge, Cubmaster Tom Styron being unwell.

On Tuesday evening, at St. Ann's the Dist. Cubmaster invested Scout Marshall Searls of St. Anne's Troop as Wolf Cub Instructor to the Pack.

SHOT MAN FOR A DEER FINED \$500

Machias, Me., Jan. 24—Roy Passmore, of Lebec, indicted on the charge of shooting and killing Erwin Dresser of Cooper, by mistake for a deer pleaded guilty and was fined \$500 in the Supreme Washington County Court today. The term will adjourn tomorrow with no jury trials either civil or criminal.

pears for a second and then the clouds blot it out.

The provodnik comes in with a candle and lights your Pintsch light. And there in the dull glow you see that the baby is awake. It has crawled down to the soldier's heavy booted feet. It has been investigating the cigarette receptacles at the end of each bunk. It has found fifteen butts. It has taken them out and spread them on the red soldier's blanket, and it is counting them there.

You stare out of the window—and there is not one light on the dark lonely Russian steppe.

On a train in South Russia, Dec. 15, 1928.

Nervous and Run Down The Least Noise Would Bother Her

Mrs. R. Burton, Oshawa, Ont., writes:—"Three years ago I was so nervous and run down I could hardly bear to have the children make a noise it would bother me so.

"A friend advised me to take



and after taking two boxes I began to feel stronger, looked better and the color came back into my cheeks, and now I am feeling fine again."

Price 50c. a box at all druggists and dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

GOITRE NOT A DISEASE.

Milwaukee Doctor Makes Remarkable Discovery.

Milwaukee, Wis.—It has been brought to light by scientific research that goitre is not a disease and is not to be treated as such. Dr. A. A. Rock, Dept. 797, Box 737, Milwaukee, Wis., a prominent goitre specialist for over 24 years, has perfected a different method of treatment for his patients that has proved remarkably successful. This same method is now being used for a home treatment of goitre cases all over the country with astonishing results. The Doctor states that goitre is a condition which grows worse with neglect and recommends immediate attention no matter how small the growth may appear. He strongly opposes needless operations. Dr. Rock is the author of a book that tells in a simple way about treating goitre at home. He has published this book at his own expense and will send a copy free to anyone interested. Write him today.—Adv.

Robert Quillen thinks "it's strange how hidden meanings of the law are revealed in the light of a million dollars." Technicalities are hard to find in the dark.

A Chicago investigator probably a seventh son of a seventh son, says the first born in the family is the least intelligent.

Real WINTER CHEER

We have it in the Form of—

"CELESTIAL" DRY GINGER ALE

WHICH IS A BEVERAGE AS WELL AS A TONIC. The only difference between CELESTIAL DRY GINGER ALE and the Best Imported brands is the price. We will deliver a case of CELESTIAL DRY, put up in eight ounce bottles, at your home for only \$1.75.

None but the finest of Fruit Juices and Pure Jamaica Ginger are used in the blending of CELESTIAL DRY, and you are sure to enjoy the delightful flavor of this sparkling beverage. When your friends call in the afternoon or evening to listen to the radio, or to enjoy a game of bridge or a social chat—treat them to a glass of CELESTIAL DRY. Send in your orders at once.

The Capital Bottling Co.

Queen Street : : : Telephone 86

A SPRINGHILL MAN MET DEATH IN HIS GARAGE

Springhill, N. S., Jan. 24—An automobile accident of a peculiar nature claimed the life of a well-known young man today, when Murdock Wilson was killed. Wilson had been working on his car in his garage, and his little daughter coming out to call him to dinner, found him unconscious and pinned against the wall by the front bumper of the car. She ran home and told of his plight and he was extricated but only lived a short while, as the pressure against the chest had been too great. The car had been jacked up and must have slipped on the jack while he was working in front of it.

LADY VANHORNE PASSED AWAY IN MONTREAL

Montreal, Jan. 24—The death occurred at the residence, 513 Sherbrook street, this afternoon, of Lady Van Horne, a former president of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Lady Van Horne is survived by a son, R. B. Van Horne, a daughter, Adeline, and a grandson, W. C. Van Horne.

Lady Van Horne was formerly Miss Lucy Adeline, daughter of Erastus Hurd, C. E. of Royarton, Niagara county, N. Y. She married William Van Horne in 1867.

The deceased lady was the owner of a fine summer home at Minister's Island, St. Andrew's where she spent the summer with her daughter.

JOB PRINTING

All Work Guaranteed Finest Quality and Artistic Workmanship
The Largest Plant in the City

We Aim To Satisfy The Most Exacting Customer

LETTER HEADS
PROGRAMMES ENVELOPES CIRCULARS
BILL HEADS WEDDING INVITATIONS
REPORTS POSTERS CARDS BOOKS
BUTTER WRAPPERS HONEY LABELS
LEGAL FORMS AUCTION SALE HANGERS
and all other JOB PRINTING WORK

Come in and see our samples of any of the above Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to

No Job too large or too small to receive our immediate attention

Mail Printing Co.
FREDERICTON, N. B.

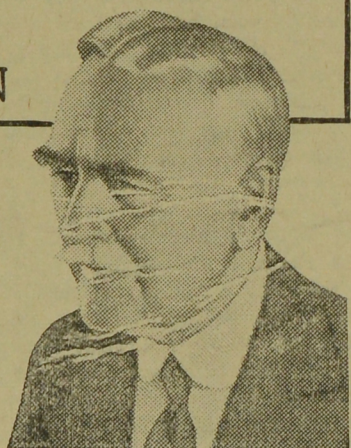
WHAT A DOCTOR KNOWS ABOUT CONSTIPATION

There IS a way of overcoming the tendency to constipation. And here is how you can PROVE it.

The next time your bowels need any assistance, don't take the first laxative that comes to mind. Take one the druggist can assure you is made with CASCARA. Just as effective as using force, and it's good for the system. Indeed, it helps make good blood. For cascara is nothing but the bark of a tree. The Indians chew this bark, and live to an old age without a day's sickness.

What happens when you cascade the bowels? They will usually function longer time. Until you don't feel the need for SEVERAL DAYS. One need of any aid of my sort for weeks more dose—no larger, and perhaps on-end.

So, the only habit you get from cascara is that of natural and normal regularity. How different from things one must usually repeat on the morrow! Cascara is the ideal laxative; and the familiar little candy Cascaret is doubtless its ideal form. Children beg for these tasty tablets, and many men and women wouldn't think of taking ANYTHING else for the purpose. And EVERY drugstore has them.



CASCARETS
They Work While You Sleep!