

CLEAR THE NOSTRILS IN FIVE MINUTES

**Routes Out Catarrh, Stops
Sniffles, Prevents Sneezing
Catarrh is a Marvel.**

It just takes about five minutes for the penetrating vapor of Catarrhzone to clear out clogged nostrils. Hard crusts and accumulations are quickly removed. The soothing balsams of Catarrhzone draw out every vestige of inflammation, nose colds stop as if by magic. Catarrh is prevented, better health is assured.

To cure colds without taking drugs may seem almost too much to believe, but Catarrhzone does it quickly and effectively. Endorsed by physicians, and in common use by the people of many nations. All dealers sell Catarrhzone, complete outfit \$1.00; small size 50c; sample size 25c, direct from the Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Canada.

OPERA HOUSE TO-NIGHT

MAE EDWARDS PLAYERS

PRESENTING THE ROSARY

TOMORROW NIGHT THE WOLF

**14 PEOPLE IN THE
COMPANY 14**
**7 HIGH CLASS ACTS
OF VAUDEVILLE 7**

Prices 35c., 50c., 75c.
Seats now on sale at Ryan's

Don't forget the Saturday
Matinee.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell aptly characterized Winston Spencer Churchill when he told how at a celebration after a polo match "a man got up, and, despite our protests, delivered a long, splendidly eloquent oration on polo. We cheered him to the echo then turning the sofa upside down, put him underneath and seated two hefty fellows on top lest he should speak again. But he wriggled out and continued his speech. That man was Winston Churchill."



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on **FRIDAY, the 19th December, 1919**, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week, on the Chipman Rural Route No. 1, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the post offices of Chipman and Linton and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7th, 1919.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on **FRIDAY, the 19th December, 1919**, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week on the Maudsleyville Rural Route No. 1, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Maudsleyville and Sheffield, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., Nov. 6th, 1919.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears
the
Signature of *Chas. H. Hutchins.*

FRENCH MINERS COUNT IT A PATRIOTIC DUTY TO MINE COAL

**They Work Among Twisted and Shattered Timbers and Scenes
of Desolation to Restore the Mines Systematically and Maliciously Destroyed by the Germans — It Will Take Ten
Years to Get Back to Pre-war Output.**

(H. J. Smith's cable to Chicago News.)

Paris, Dec. 2.—Thirty thousand men are toiling in northern France to restore the marvelous coal producing region. Living among ruins, in cellars or barracks, they descend into the earth before dawn and return after nightfall to their forlorn quarters. They work among twisted and shattered timbers amid the blackness of subterranean lakes, and see above the ground only the remnants of homes and miles upon miles of desolation, but they work without rest and without discouragement. If the French as a whole show the apathy of exhaustion, not so with this army of 30,000. They are bound to prove to the Germans that they could not deprive France forever of her coal mines. These are the mines of Lens, Courriers, Bethune, Drocourt and other places in the north of France. As is known, they were flooded by the German invaders, who dynamited the shafts protecting the subterranean passages from water, and also all the steam boilers, machines, props and rail lines.

The government has as director of the work of restoration a young man named Rene Parent, in whose buttonhole is the ribbon of the legion of honor and in whose black eyes burns the fire of remembrance of battles in that same desolated vale.

"As you know," he said, "the German invasion extended over most of the coal basins in northern France. In the eastern part, near Douai, the destruction is not so bad, but near Lens and elsewhere in the vast length of the invasion the efforts of the Germans brought total ruin. Until the last German was withdrawn this methodical, malicious work continued. It was as though the enemy intended that not a human being should ever again live or work there."

"Is coal being extracted now?" Mr. Parent was asked.

"Yes, in the eastern region, where the inundation was incomplete. By hastily uniting every means of repairing boilers and shafts, the companies have managed to control the floods. They are now getting more than 3,000 tons a day and meanwhile are continuing to reconstruct buildings and erect shelters for the men. Here as elsewhere the Germans have furnished much of the material. German prisoners have been doing some of the work, but most of the workmen in one army of 30,000 which once was 100,000, are Frenchmen who, living under difficulties, toil splendidly, counting it a patriotic duty. "It will take ten years to restore the pre-war output; but it will be done."

BREAKS A COLD IN A FEW HOURS

**"Pape's Cold Compound" In-
stantly Relieves Stiffness
and Distress.**

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffing! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a severe cold and ends all gripe misery.

The very first dose opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice contains no quinine—Insist upon Pape's!

Boston Globe: The other day we were told that the Sultan of Turkey was reducing the size of his harem on account of the high cost of living. Now we are informed that the high cost of living is causing many Turks to buy more wives, since women are cheaper at fifteen cents than mules for labor purposes. O, Romance, Romance!

MINERS EARN \$5,000 A YEAR

Cardiff, Wales, Nov. 30.—Fred Mills chairman of the Eddow Vale Company one of the biggest collieries in South Wales, speaking at a soldiers reunion said that a statement of his had been questioned that the local colliers were able to earn \$5,000 a year. It was perfectly true, however, that there were more miners capable of earning \$5,000 if they choose than there were officials of the company getting that figure. He could earn \$6,000 a year.

Average earnings at one of their collieries worked out at \$3,500 a year yet that colliery turned out the cheapest coal in South Wales.

STILL EFFICIENT.

Ruth—They say Charley Towne lost the use of both arms in the war.
Gladys—It isn't true; he called on me last night.

Nothing makes a man as sore as when his friend wife flashes for a model a man she once said "she wouldn't marry if he was the last man on earth."

GRANDDAUGHTER OF DICKENS

London, Nov. 30.—Several of the great-grandchildren of Charles Dickens attended Miss Elaine Dickens, granddaughter of the novelist, who was married to Major Alex. Whaley at Brompton Oratory this week. The eight bridesmaids all wore typical Dickensian dresses of white silk with wreaths of colored flowers on their hair and carried early Victorian posies. The bride was given away by her father, Henry Dickens, Common Sergeant of the City of London.

As the bride and bridegroom left the church three little great-grandsons of Charles Dickens—Richard Charles Dickens Shuckburgh and Cedric and Peter Dickens—stewed white chrysanthemum petals in their path.

SUFFERED DAY AND NIGHT

**The Tortures of Dyspepsia
Relieved By "Fruit-a-lives"**

LITTLE BRAS D'OR, C. B.

"I was a terrible sufferer from *Dyspepsia* and *Constipation* for years. I had pain after eating, belching gas, constant headaches and did not sleep well at night. Finally, a friend told me to try 'Fruit-a-lives'. In a week, the *Constipation* was corrected and soon I was free of pain, headaches and that miserable feeling that accompanies *Dyspepsia*. I continued to take this splendid fruit medicine and now I am well, strong and vigorous". ROBERT NEWTON.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife By Idah McGlone Gibson

DEATH COMES TO THE COMMISSIONER

When Theo asked me about Eliene I told him the whole story of her girlish infatuation.

"And to think that Eliene," said Theo, "whom we all thought was so carefully cared for, should be the prey of a man like that. Why mother, when she was alive, was perfectly sure that she should account for every moment of Eliene's time."

I wondered then in how many lives there is a hidden chapter—a chapter which is never read even to those one loves dearest.

I tried to decide then whether I should tell Theo of my little flirtation with Donald. I was sure that it was he who had put the reporter on the trail of the real murderer.

I was awakened from my reverie by Theo, who had risen somewhat unsteadily to his feet, and with his hands on the back of my chair, stood looking into my face rather sadly.

"It is not pleasant, Margot," he said, "for a man to come face to face with his own soul and find it a cowardly, cringing thing."

"Hush, Theo, I will not let you say that, I am sure that anyone would have trembled when confronted with the outlook that stretched in front of you."

"There are many kinds of cowards, Margot, but I think a moral coward is the worse of all. I am not afraid of physical pain, but some way I presume I have too vivid an imagination and I dreaded to face the curious gaze of people and the thinly veiled suspicion of my friends."

"But you did intend to go back. We are starting tonight, you know, Theo."

Suddenly Theo began to laugh, and I thought he had lost his mind.

"I am thinking what Robert's feelings must be. You know he thinks I am on the way to South America."

As if in answer to that question we opened the door to a bellboy who held in his hand a message.

Theo tore it open eagerly, although it was addressed to me, and then he laughed again.

"Listen," he said, and read: "Have sent wireless to boat and cable to Theo in South America telling him details of sensational developments. Am very sorry he took my advice. Think you had better return immediately, as your father is in a precarious condition, and Eliene also needs you at this time."

"The telegram is addressed to you, Margot," grinned Theo, "and it is signed by dear old punctilious Robert. Shall we tell him I did not take his advice, or shall we let him sweat a little?"

I think as we are going back tonight we will let him worry. I'll send a letter to Letty saying I am on my way home, and will not mention you at all."

Then I turned away to finish packing, but was held close in Theo's arms.

"No man in the world ever had a wife quite like you, Margot—no other woman would have stood by me as loyally as you have. Truly, I did not mean to be a cad or a coward. That is what makes me so remorseful. You might have married a much better man than I, but oh, Margot if I can make up to you for this I will; I will never look at another woman as long as I live."

"Oh, yes you will, Theo; you cannot help it. It is part of your nature to look at all pretty women. I will always be the woman you play with and then lay aside to await the time when you will tire of your new interest and come back."

Theo looked at me long and searchingly.

"You do not say that bitterly, Margot," he said rather wonderingly. No dear. Shall I tell you why? It is because I am beginning to understand that the one thing implanted in the masculine mind is the desire of pursuit. No sooner does a man gain the things he wants than it loses much of its attraction for him.

"All of man's life is one grand chase. Fame, Business, Love—these three. The pursuit of all or any one of them make up man's joy of living, and he is happiest as a huntsman while life lasts."

"And woman?" asked Theo, half earnestly, half jestingly.

"It is possible, my dear Theo, that you have not found out that woman finds her greatest joy in giving? When the child comes, Theo dearest it will be out of your power to ever make me unhappy again."

The porter put an end to my philosophizing by announcing the taxi, and Theo, starting for the door, gave me a brisk hug, saying: "We will only have happiness hereafter."

As if to refute his assertion another wire was handed me, which read:

"His honor died quietly in bed this morning—Letty."

I cannot remember anything more that I said or did until I found myself lying in my bera n in the compartment on my way home, and the wheels were saying over and over: "His Honor died this morning." "His Honor died this morning."

(TOMORROW—"Dad's Last Words.")

CANADIAN PACIFIC

PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE FROM FREDERICTON Effective November 30th, 1919.

Daily Except Sunday.

Eastern Time.

DEPARTURES.

6.55 a. m.—For McAdam and North and South.
9.25 a. m.—For St. John and East.
3.35 p. m.—For Montreal and West.
6.00 p. m.—For Boston, St. John and East.
7.00 a. m.—For Woodstock via Newburg.
2.15 p. m.—For Millville, etc.

ARRIVALS.

9.00 a. m.—From St. John, etc.
11.50 a. m.—From Boston, Montreal, etc.
5.35 p. m.—From St. John.
8.25 p. m.—From St. John and East.
11.30 a. m.—From Millville via Gibson.
7.05 p. m.—From Woodstock via Gibson.

N. R. DesBRISAY, D. P. A., St. John, N. B.

**Through the
garden of
New
Brunswick**

QUEBEC—ST. JOHN
Through Bright, Sleeping, Parlor Car Service.
Quebec Bridge and
St. John River Valley

Southbound (Read Down) Northbound (Read Up)

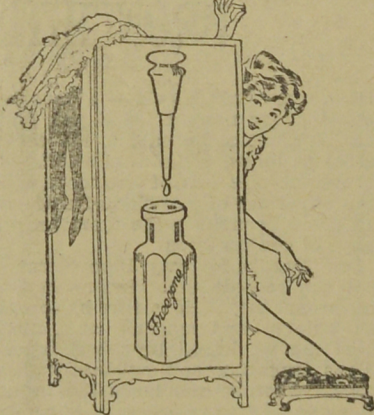
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Quebec (Palais Station)	Edmundston	St. John
Dep. 3:45 p.m.	Arr. 11:00 a.m.	Dep. 12:45 a.m.	
Tue. Thurs. Sat.	Arr. 1:40 a.m.	Dep. 1:35 a.m.	
Dep. 2:50 a.m.	Edmundston	Arr. 12:37 a.m.	
Dep. 3:42 a.m.	St. Leonard	Arr. 12:10 a.m.	
4:05 a.m.	Grand Falls	Arr. 11:05 p.m.	
5:04 a.m.	Plaster Rock	Arr. 8:10 p.m.	
7:45 a.m.	McGivney	Arr. 6:25 p.m.	
11:15 a.m.	Fredricton	Arr. 4:30 p.m.	
Dep. 10:30 a.m.	Fredricton	Arr. 2:05 p.m.	
Dep. 2:05 p.m.	St. John	Arr. 11:00 a.m.	

Through Bright, Sleeping, Parlor Car Service.
Quebec Bridge and
St. John River Valley

Canadian National Railways

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Doesn't hurt a bit and costs only
a few cents



Magic! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift the corn off with the fingers. Truly! No humbug!

Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.

Another thing to be thankful for is that the influenza has not played a return engagement.