

PASSED AWAY AT WOODSTOCK

(Woodstock Press.)

The community was shocked on Monday morning to hear of the death of Mr. Chester Stairs, which occurred at Dr. Prescott's hospital, Woodstock.

Deceased was taken ill with influenza about six weeks ago and while

on the road to recovery he was stricken with appendicitis. Dr. Wright was summoned and he was immediately removed to Woodstock, where he underwent a successful operation. He passed away very suddenly of heart failure about 8 o'clock Monday morning, in the 33rd year of his age.

The deceased leaves to mourn, his wife, formerly Miss Teresa Bradley, and one son, Leland, aged 7; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stairs, one brother, Kenneth, and two sisters,

Mrs. Miles Cronkhite of Lower Southampton, and Mrs. Preston Heustis, of Smyrna Mills, Me., besides a large circle of relatives and friends. The funeral service was held on Wednesday, conducted by Rev. C. T. Clark, after which the remains were taken to the church, where a touching sermon was preached. The funeral arrangements were conducted by Mr. S. A. Flewelling and the body was laid to rest in the church cemetery.

The pall bearers were Edward Burden, Burly McDonald, Harry Cronkhite and Perley Cronkhite.

WHY BELGIANS STILL NEED HELP

"In travelling through Belgium with the Belgian armies, I have been able to see the country recently tenanted by the Bochs in the condition in which they left it, and never was there such desolation anywhere. One cannot get away from signs of destruction, no matter where one goes, along the country roads or in the city streets.

Not only has property been destroyed and every means of livelihood taken away from the people, but the peasants, especially in the country districts, have been left destitute both of home and food. We travelled twelve miles yesterday through open country and as but one small instance of the vast plundering of the Germans, let me state that in all twelve miles not one solitary live animal did we see, and practically every tree had been felled, so you can imagine the dreary aspect of the scenery.

All the peasant women and children we met on our way, said a news correspondent, while they greeted us with cheers and received us into their homes with open arms, those that had homes, showed the greatest suffering from insufficient food and nourishment. They did not complain, but merely stated as a fact that they had not tasted meat for two months and had lived largely on soup and coffee.

The cry of the Belgians today is for food and clothing and those who would help, no matter how little, should send their contributions to their committee, or direct to the Central Committee, Belgian Relief Fund 59 St. Peter street, Montreal.

Mr. Wrigley has bought Catalina Island for \$3,000,000. The world has chewed him into a great fortune.

The old woman who lived in a shoe would now have to pay much higher rent.

Every time the sun shines the pessimist consoles himself with the thought that it is raining somewhere.

Judging from its output so far, Medicine Hat must be fairly comfortable this winter.

Judging by applications for forms, a great many of our citizens are endeavoring to put the "ink" in income tax.

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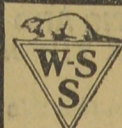
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HERE'S a welcome to the returned soldier and his bride. May their wedded life be a long and happy one.

If she is a "British Bride" she will be very fond of tea—and good tea, at that.

She will first be attracted to Red Rose Tea by the name which will remind her of the "Red Rose" of "Old England".

And when she tries it she will again be reminded of the "Homeland", for she will find Red Rose Tea the same kind of Tea that she has used at home—a rich, full-flavored blend, consisting chiefly of ASSAM teas grown in British-owned plantations in northern India.

Red Rose Tea is sold always in sealed packages.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

Red Rose Coffee is as
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CORRESPONDENT WRITES OF VISIT TO DUSSELDORF

The Place Guarded by Spartan Sentries—The Leading Bolshevik City of Germany is Quiet—A Visit to the Office of the Mayor—High Rates of Wages Prevail and Food Prices are Much Lower Than in Berlin.

Duesseldorf, Germany, Feb. 27.—An old man in a battered derby and long coat with a gun slung across his shoulder yelled "Halt!" as our automobile drew up. The old man unsling his gun and stood regarding us with mild speculative eyes as we fumbled in our pockets for the Spartan permits. We finally located the permits which had been stamped by the council of soldiers and workmen in Essen. The old man adjusted his spectacles to read. After five minutes it developed that he was unable to read. A boy of 16 with a gun as big as himself over his shoulder came running up. The boy of 16 was unable to read. The old man and the boy were Spartan sentries guarding the road into the bolshevik city of Duesseldorf.

As Exciting as Evanston

They allowed us to pass after the permits had been inspected by a dozen other sentries, mostly workmen in derby hats, and we arrived in Duesseldorf. Here in the leading Bolshevik city of Germany all was quiet. With guerrilla warfare raging in the vicinity—Muelheim, Echem and Essen suburbs, Duesseldorf looked as exciting as Evanston on a chilly Sabbath.

We made our way to the city hall, which was apparently deserted. Trying to find a trace of some official, we prowled through the empty chambers and shouted in the vacant corridors. We came to the conclusion that it must be some holiday. We inquired outside and were told that it was no holiday. Going back into the city hall we collided with an old man in a black sweater, a frayed coat with the collar turned up, elastic suede shoes, baggy trousers patched on the knees and a

teamster's cap.

Mayor? Here He Is

"I am looking for the mayor of Duesseldorf," said I. "Where is his office?" "I am the mayor," said the old man. "What do you want?"

I explained that we had just come to Duesseldorf to get the news of the city. We walked to the waiting automobile and Karl Schmidchen, the bolshevik monarch of the city, climbed in with the smile of a pleased child.

"Nice automobile," he said as we alighted at the mayor's favorite office. We had learned while riding with the affable and chatting mayor that he was a former miner and later the secretary of a labor union. We started to walk upstairs, but the mayor objected insisting on riding up in a secret elevator reserved for him alone.

In his office was a redheaded girl of 15, who used to live in East Putney London. She was the bolshevik monarch's secretary. She explained that she did not work at regular hours, but came when she pleased as Mayor Schmidchen did not object.

Had to Deliver Four Ultimatums

Mayor Schmidchen then told me a remarkable story of the bolshevik rule in Duesseldorf.

"When we came into power," he said, "we had to get the keys to the city's coffers. Three keys were kept by three different men. They refused to turn them over and I gave them an ultimatum. I told them that we must have money with which to pay the workers, or they would start trouble. We had to deliver four ultimatums before we got the keys. In fact, we had started to break open the city safe when the men brought the keys.

"We took 200,000 (\$50,000) from the city's coffers and distributed the money among the idle workmen at once. The Spartan government then raised the wages 100 per cent of all workmen, including those employed on the street railways, in the city water works and in other municipally owned institutions. We are now paying women 16 marks (\$4) a day and the men 20 marks (\$5). We are working out a new tax for the bourgeoisie, which is 150 per cent higher than the old tax. We shall need 25,000,000 marks (\$6,250,000) more to pay the increased salaries. The new tax will bring in

only 8,000,000 marks (\$2,000,000)."

Wouldn't Let Bourgeoisie Strike

"Where will you get the difference?" I asked.

"Oh, somewhere," said the mayor. "There is a general strike on. The bourgeoisie wanted to make a strike, too, but we would not let them. The city is half full of bourgeois. They have more votes than the Spartans for the Welmar assembly. We were going to hold a municipal election on Sunday, but we cannot. The bourgeoisie might run us out, and any way we can't print the campaign posters owing to the general strike of the printers. So there will be no election right away."

I asked the mayor how much money there was in the city treasury. He answered that he didn't have the slightest idea, but he hoped there was enough to last some time.

Hidden Supplies Thrown on Market

We left the mayor to walk through the bolshevik city, and found things in a Humpty Dumpty condition. Sausages which now cost 20 marks (\$5) a pound in Berlin, are on sale in the little butcher shops here at 3 marks (75 cents) a pound. I saw real white bread selling at 75 pfennigs (about 6 cents) for a two pound loaf. I saw real chocolate which cost 30 marks (\$7.50) a bar in Berlin, selling at 3 marks here. I saw clothing pure wool socks, suits of linen and articles of that sort, marked at a sixth of their price in Berlin. In fact, the bolshevik government had confiscated the supplies hidden by the food dealers and thrown them on the public market. This food was sold only once a week on ration cards.

During the walk we were followed by a Spartan spy—a tall, thin man with a blond mustache and wearing a slouch hat. He trailed me to a news

(Continued on Page 7)

Had Hacking Cough Couldn't Sleep Nights

Hacking coughs are very wearing on the system. The constant coughing disturbs the rest, and keeps the lungs and bronchial tubes in an irritated and inflamed condition.

Don't neglect the hacking cough. You can get rid of it with a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup; the most prompt, pleasant and perfect cough remedy known.

Miss Catherine M. McLean, Craik, Sask., writes:—"Last winter I caught a heavy cold and was laid up for some time. I had such a hacking cough I couldn't sleep at night. I didn't think I would get over it. One day a friend dropped in to see me and was surprised to see how bad my cough was. She advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The next day I sent for a bottle and I soon got relief and by the time I had taken two bottles my cough was all gone, and now I am able to do my work again. I don't think there is anything to equal it."

There are plenty of "pine" preparations on the market trying to live on the reputation of "Dr. Wood's." The genuine is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, price 25c and 50c a bottle. Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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