



FINDS WEALTH IN PAINTINGS

Nottingham, England, Nov. 22.—The Rev. W. T. Seward has discovered several paintings by old masters in an old unused room of his rectory. The pictures have been examined by a reputable art critic who has pronounced them genuine.

"One painting was on four oak plaques knocking about the room," said Mr. Seward. "When the dust of years was removed there was revealed a most perfect example of a great master's work, not only Rubens, but Rubens at his greatest period. The object is Queen Themys and experts have valued the picture at \$150,000."

WORSE OFF THAN BEFORE WAR

Lancashire, Eng., Nov. 23.—The sad plight of the British middle class, owing to the increased cost of living and heavy taxing, is instanced by the case of the Rev. A. F. Johnson, Vicar of Great Harwood, who complains that while other people have been getting increased wages and war bonuses he has had nothing and today is \$500 a year worse off than he was before the war.

He has contributed three sons to the war, each of whom has been wounded.

A Chicago professor says man was a fish in the pre-historic days. Right, Doc, and it doesn't take very extraordinary bait to make him bite today.

RAW FURS WANTED FOR THE LONDON FUR SALE

We will pay the highest price for all kinds raw fur for we have been shipping to the London Fur Sales for sixty-five years.

5,000 Fox,
5,000 Mink,
3,500 Coon,
4,000 Skunk,
2,500 Wild Cat,
10,000 Weasel,
1,000 Bear,
1,000 Fisher,
500 Otter,
1,000 Beaver—legally caught,
5,000 House Cat

F. MCGOLDRICK & CO.,
Queen Street,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

DON'T BUY DUST

DUST-LADEN TEAS ARE CHEAP AND TRASHY AND POSITIVELY INJURIOUS TO
:: GOOD HEALTH. ::

"SALADA"

CONSISTS OF PURE WHOLE LEAF TEAS PROPERLY BLENDED AND IS ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM DUST.

E 624

SIR EVELYN WOOD DIES.

London, Dec. 2.—Field Marshal Sir E. Wood died here this afternoon. Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, Sailor Soldier and Author, was born in Cressing, Braintree, Essex February 9, 1838.

Bright red is a favorite color for evening gowns.



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 Manguerville 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 Manguerville 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.



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.

GRANDSON OF P. ARMOUR GETS \$15 A WEEK

(Chicago News).

"My word! Its 7 o'clock. Gotta hurry and get down to work; I may lose my job. Good-by, dear. Keep the baby warm."

Lester Armour, 25 years old, nephew of J. Ogden Armour and a grandson of the founder of Armour & Co., slipped into a cattle buyer's linen duster, kissed his wife and 5 months old baby, May Elizabeth, and ran down the steps of his apartment at 199 Lake Shore drive this morning.

Into an imported roadster he tumbled. And off he thundered for the stockyards. He gets \$15 a week; he is the lowest paid adult employee of Armour & Co.

Arriving at the stockyards young Armour left his motor car and hurried into the offices of M. D. Harding, superintendent. He strode up to the punch clock.

Punches the Time Clock.

Whe-e-w! Just in time. It's 8.15," panted Lester Armour. And the time clock tinkled as he registered for work. He took off his coat—it was a tailored brown tweed—and began shoveling memorandums from a file.

"I like work," he grinned. "Yes, it's the first time I ever did any work. I started Monday morning. I'm going to work in every department a while learn the packing game and then become a director. Oh, but that'll be several years from now. I'm going to work in the sausage factory, the best kill and the hog plant."

He blushed, and swallowed hard. A bashful young man is Lester. He had the appearance of a man who wanted to be nice and all that—but, oh, dear, all this attention now! And just because he's one of Chicago's richest young millionaires starting in a mediocre job in the stockyards!

"Well no; I hadn't thought about that," he smiled nervously, when asked if he intended to peer into the living conditions of stockyards workers. "But some day when I know a bit more about this packing house stuff—" He suggested many things with a wave of his hand.

Docked If Late, Says Boss

At 5:05 o'clock yesterday afternoon young Armour sidled up to Superintendent Harding.

"Say boss, can I go home?" he said. "All right, young man," said Harding.

"But get on the job on time—8:15—in the morning. We'll dock your pay if you're late, remember."

Lester Armour was given a war diploma at Yale in 1918 because he was an ensign in the naval aviation corps in Pensacola, Fla. While an aviator he fell in love with Miss Leola Stanton of New Orleans. They were married and five months ago Mrs. Armour gave birth to a daughter, May Elizabeth.

But how he manages on a \$15 a week salary to live on Lake Shore drive and voyage to work in a ponderous roadster—ah, that's the beauty of being born into a family gifted with financial acumen.

Anybody can get into trouble, but it takes a man to get out. Doctor John Homan's serious at age 61 man it is a fact that the only time a man longs for low neck his back.

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

I hurriedly rang the bell for help, and then laid Theo out straight and started to bathe his face with cologne. I began to realize what the suspense had been to him.

Finally a boy came, and I sent him for a doctor. I worked over Theo, and finally there was a faint flutter of his eyelids and I managed to get him to swallow some spirits of ammonia.

In a few moments Theo opened his eyes and spoke:

"You must think me an ass, Margot," he said, "but truly I have been suffering the torments of the damned these few days. And that surprising news was the finishing stroke. What do you think of it?"

"I have not read it, Theo. I sent for a doctor."

"Then read it now, Margot. I am all right. I don't need a doctor."

Stretching across the page was the sensational headline:

TRAGIC SOLUTION OF RECENT MURDER MYSTERY

"Another and probably the closing chapter in the recent sensational murder mystery was enacted last night at the very place the murder was committed.

"It was learned by George Z. Williams, a reporter for this newspaper, that possibly—indeed, very probably—Emil Baur the German spy, who had escaped from Fort Leavenworth, was in the city. Using this knowledge as a basis, Mr. Williams stated on a new hunt for the murderer of Mr. John Saunders.

"It will be remembered that Baur had been a young man about town, where his father's money had given him a certain standing. As such he had paid assiduous court to Mrs. Timothy Saunders Lafferty, then Miss Sallie Saunders.

"With all this in mind, Williams kept strict watch on the Saunders home, thinking that if Baur were in town on the momentous night he might return to try and persuade Mrs. Sallie Lafferty of his innocence.

Last night, about half past twelve, while keeping his vigil, Williams heard a quick exclamation from under the window of the room where Mrs. Lafferty is lying very ill.

"Cautiously creeping near, the reporter heard the words in a woman's voice; 'What are you here for?'

"Immediately the gruff answer came: 'For you.'

"But you have no claim upon me. You nearly murdered me and left me for dead years ago."

"You are my wife."

"I am not. After I recovered I divorced you."

"That makes no difference. I tell you you are still mine, and I have come for you."

"I will not go with you. All my life you have been a beast to me, and only the other day I learned something which made me understand that you intended to kill me when you shot me through the cheek. That shot was fired intentionally. It was not an accident. You were making love to Eliene Symone and wanted to get rid of me; you intended to marry her. I was in the way."

"Yes, you were in the way. Curse you, you were always in the way until tonight. But tonight you are going upstairs and get Sallie Saunders Lafferty's jewels; then you will go to that blind husband of yours and get all the money and jewels that you can find in the house. Then you will meet me at the turn of the road by the church, going straight out there from the Hatton house. That ought to be money enough to keep us the rest of our days."

"I will do nothing of the kind. This talk is ended now. I am going to attend my patient."

"Yes do, and tell her that Emil Baur did not kill her father. Tell her that I killed him because he wouldn't give Baur and me the money to make our getaway."

"Then it was you who helped Emil Baur to escape?"

"Yes, the dirty dog. He promised to pay me well for it, but when he got hurt and had to stay a day or two in the Saunders garage he turned yellow and only wanted to save his own skin.

He asked me to get the money from old man Saunders and then at the last moment he weakened and we both would have been caught by someone who was prowling around the house.

"Saunders put up a fight, and it was his life or mine. He was old and I was young, so I shot, I am a dangerous man," said the speaker boastfully.

"I am going, answered the woman, and if you dare to follow I'll call the police."

"There was a muttered curse and Williams saw the man draw a revolver. Williams rushed forward and grappled with the stranger. In the struggle the revolver was discharged and the man fell, with Williams on top.

"The murderer is now in custody, and the woman, whom Mr. Williams recognized as Mrs. Chadwick Hatton, Jr., is in retirement recovering from the shock."

I let the paper drop from my hand without finishing the article. Theo's hand crept out and clasped mine.

"What did he mean by saying he was Eliene's lover?" asked Theo.

(Tomorrow—"Commissioner Lafferty Dies.")



WELSH CHOIR SANG FOR THE PRINCE AT HAMILTON, ONT.

STYLES.

Some of the finest suits are intended to be worn without any furs whatever.

Black velvet is used for many trim frocks.

Metal buckles appear on many winter suits.

Veils with neckbands are worn with turbans.

No material is more popular than duffetine.

Finely plaited ruffles are extremely smart.

Leather is used in hats for rainy or sports wear.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

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

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

Southbound (Read Down)		Northbound (Read Up)	
Mon, Wed, Fri	Dep. 3:45 p.m.	Mon, Wed, Fri	Arr. 11:00 a.m.
Tues, Thurs, Sat.	Arr. 1:40 a.m.	Edmundston, N.B.	Dep. 12:45 a.m.
	Dep. 2:50 a.m.	Edmundston, N.B.	Arr. 1:35 a.m.
	Arr. 3:42 a.m.	St. Leonard	Dep. 12:57 a.m.
	Arr. 4:05 a.m.	Grand Falls	Dep. 12:10 a.m.
	Arr. 5:04 a.m.	Plaster Rock	Dep. 11:05 p.m.
	Arr. 7:45 a.m.	McGivney	Dep. 8:10 p.m.
	Arr. 11:15 a.m.	Fredrickton	Dep. 6:25 p.m.
	Dep. 10:30 a.m.	Fredrickton	Arr. 4:30 p.m.
	Arr. 2:05 p.m.	St. John	Dep. 12:55 noon
	Tues, Thurs, Sat.		Tues, Thurs, Sat.

Canadian National Railways