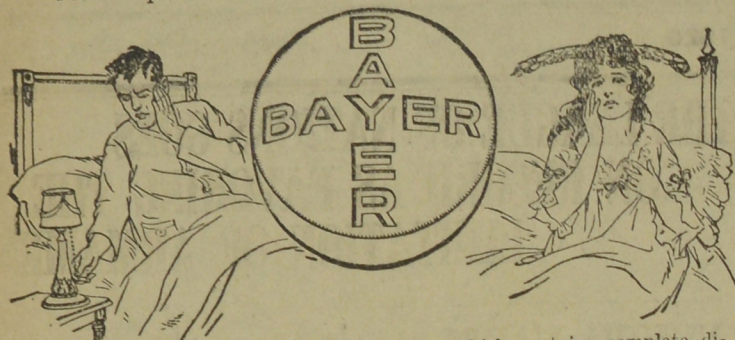


ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



For Colds, Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, and for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, take Aspirin marked with the name "Bayer" or you are not taking Aspirin at all.

Accept only "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in an unbroken "Bayer" package which contains complete directions. Then you are getting real Aspirin—the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years. Now made in Canada. Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages.

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer".

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monopropionic Acid of Salicylic Acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL

Canadian Pacific GENERAL CHANGE OF TIME

EFFECTIVE NOVEMBER 28.
Eastern Time—Daily Except Sunday.

DEPARTURES

- 6.55 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting for McAdam and points North and South.
- 7.00 A. M.—For Woodstock via Gibson.
- 9.15 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting for St. John and East.
- 12.15 P. M.—For Millville, etc., via Gibson.
- 3.25 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting for Montreal and West, also connections for North and South, McAdam Junction.
- 5.35 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting for Boston, etc., St. John and East.

ARRIVALS.

- 8.55 A. M.—From St. John and points East, etc.
- 10.05 A. M.—From Gibson Branch.
- 12.00 N. N.—From Montreal, Boston, etc.
- 5.20 P. M.—From St. John, etc.
- 6.20 P. M.—From Gibson points.
- 7.40 P. M.—From St. John, etc.

N. R. DesBRISAY, District Passenger Agent.

Wholesale Dry Goods and Woolens

House Furnishings For Everybody

Lace Curtains, Screen Curtains, Curtain Muslins and Draperies of all kinds.

Oretonnes and Casement Cloths.
White Bedspreads. Towels, Napkins and Table Linens.

OILCLOTHS AND LINOLEUMS.

CARPETS, RUGS AND SQUARES

Prices Lowest Possible. Goods Sold to the Trade Only.

VASSIE & COMPANY, LIMITED

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS AND WOOLENS

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Our Motto: Promptness, Accuracy, Courtesy.

Electricity Turns Work into Play and Night into Day

ELECTRICITY THE WONDER WORKER has been trying to get acquainted with you for some time now. Enjoy the comfort that various electrical necessities will bring to yourself and wife. Each day is an electric opportunity day here.

THE MARITIME ELECTRIC CO.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

How the Immortal Pickwick and His Friends Enjoyed Themselves at Dingley Dell—Mr. Pickwick Danced With All His Heart and Soul—Was Kissed Beneath the Mistletoe—The Days of Good Cheer.

Somehow to reread descriptions of the story of the "goblin who stole a sextor."

Christmas dawned bright and cool. After breakfast the whole train went to church, where one of the medical students fell asleep. After lunch Wardle proposed a skating party. Winkle said he could skate, but when it came to displaying his ability, on the pond he made such a lamentable failure, indeed, he couldn't stand alone on his skates, that Mr. Pickwick was very angry with him and scolded him roundly.

Do you remember, why, of course you do, the thoroughly happy and hearty good time the Pickwickians enjoyed at Dingley Dell? Dickens presents there, from the moment of departing from London, taking the coach for the long drive to Manor Farm, to the breaking up of the merry party at leave-taking, a picture of the greatest charm, of old customs and old pleasures, that one longs to have present himself.

The party of four Pickwickians, and Sam Weller, of course, left London early on the morning of December 22nd, all snugly stowed away on the top of the Muggleton coach, well wrapped in great coats, shawls and comforters. The air was sharp and frosty, and when it became necessary to stop at an inn where fresh horses were waiting, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman descended to get a warm drink at the tap within, and were all but left behind when the coach started: "dashing along the open road with the fresh clear air glowing in their faces and gladdening their very hearts within them."

On their arrival at the Blue Lion, they were met by Mr. Wardle's celebrated page. You can't have forgotten the fat boy, the lad with the amazing capacity for eating and sleeping. He and Sam arranged to drive to Dingley Dell with the luggage, while the other members of the party walked.

Off they started at a brisk pace and part way there were met by Mr. Wardle and a jolly party of young people, and, after the introductions were performed, they all trooped off to the house, the young ladies having all manner of difficulties getting over the stile, especially the "black-eyed young lady in a very nice little pair of boots with fur round the top who was observed to scream very loudly when Mr. Winkle offered to help her over."

The next morning was the occasion of the wedding of Bella and Trundel, which took place in the parish church, all the Pickwickians appearing in most blooming array. It must have been very early indeed, for the whole party returned to breakfast. There Mr. Pickwick distinguished himself, with his usual genial manner making a speech of congratulation to the young bride and groom, and receiving in response a whirlwind of applause.

That night was the great event—the ball. It took place in the "best sitting room at Manor Farm. Seated in a shady bower of holly and evergreens were the two best fiddlers and the only harp in all Muggleton. The carpet was up the candles burnt bright, the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, and merry voices and light-hearted laughter rang through the room."

Mr. Pickwick amazed everyone by appearing in pumies ready to dance. And dance he did, with all his heart and soul, with the old lady at his side. In fact, after several couples had dropped out from sheer weariness, Mr. Pickwick was still dancing with undiminished vigor. Later a glorious supper followed.

The next night was Christmas Eve. Mr. Wardle's custom was to have games in the kitchen that night, with all the servants in. From the centre of the ceiling a huge branch of mistletoe was suspended, which gave "rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion." Mr. Pickwick led the old lady under the mistletoe, and kissed her with great decorum, and a minute later was himself surrounded and kissed by all the younger ladies, in a laughing group.

They played old games, blindman's buff and snap dragon, and ended with a huge bowl of wassail "in which the hot apples were hissing and bubbling with rich look and a jolly sound that were perfectly irresistible." Christmas carols burst forth from the merry group about the fireplace, to the particular delight of all the poor relations.

Wardle finished the evening with

the story of the "goblin who stole a sextor."

Christmas dawned bright and cool. After breakfast the whole train went to church, where one of the medical students fell asleep. After lunch Wardle proposed a skating party. Winkle said he could skate, but when it came to displaying his ability, on the pond he made such a lamentable failure, indeed, he couldn't stand alone on his skates, that Mr. Pickwick was very angry with him and scolded him roundly.

Siding or the ice appealed to Mr. Pickwick strongly. Finally after several false starts he attempted it. What a jolly time he had with Wardle, Sam, Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in close succession; so close in fact that Mr. Pickwick was upset at least every third round.

Suddenly a sharp, smart crack was heard. A large mass of ice disappeared and Mr. Pickwick with it. All the ladies fainted promptly and the men seemed bereft of their senses. In another moment Mr. Pickwick's head appeared, and someone recollected that the pond was nowhere more than five feet deep, everyone was much relieved. "Prodigies of valor were performed to get him out." All the ladies offered their shawls lest the poor dear catch his death of cold. Wrapped tightly in these, with Sam at his side he ran back to the house, to be put immediately to bed. With the farm fire, and a bowl of punch besides, he awoke the next morning none the worse for the cold plunge.

"The jovial party broke up the next morning. Mr. Pickwick and his friends once more took their seats on the top of the Muggleton coach" after many a parting and whispered conversation with the young ladies. All were loth to depart. And, well they might be.

We feel the same sharp regret ourselves that Dickens felt, the inevitable sadness of leave-taking. But there is always the comforting reflection that as another year rolls by, Christmas will come again, and return to us its own merry times and renewed acquaintance with those we love.

UNION TROTTING ASSOCIATION GOES UNDER

(Boston Globe.)

The Union Trotting Association, the infant turf governing body of which so much was heard last Winter, has passed out, according to the available information having amalgamated with the American Trotting Association.

This is not surprising. David M. Look, Arthur H. Cosden and Charles W. Leonard, through whose efforts the Union Association came into life, were sincere in their desire to provide harness horse-racing with a body that would bring about conditions for the improvement of the sport.

They were, however, unfortunate in having to ally themselves with others who sought to force W. H. Gocher out of turf councils. They gave freely of their time and money, but the handicap of having the widely advertised object—opposition to the National Association secretary—doomed the union.

Had its sponsors worked along different lines the Union would have been a success. As a turf governing body there was no room for it, and, despite the fact that it was supported by every turf journal, most of the Grand Circuit tracks and the foremost breeders, it was plainly seen last Summer that its life would be short.

The Union had quite a membership, most of it in the East, and the belief is that next season these tracks will be back in the National fold.

THE BARBER TOLD ME

(By Herbert N. Casson)

A workman came in to get his hair cut. It was in the middle of the afternoon. When he went back to his job the foreman asked: "Where have you been?" "Been to have my hair cut," said the workman. "What right have you to go in the firm's time?" demanded the foreman. "Why not?" replied the workman "Don't my hair grow in the firm's time?"

FEEDS

CORNMEAL SHORTS, BRAN
CRACKED CORN FEED FLOUR
WHOLE CORN PIONEER OATS

AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

G. W. HODGE

"Let's Give Him a Bicycle"

You could never find a present that will delight your youngster more than an "IVANHOE" Bicycle, or that will do him more good physically.

We have them in prices to suit everybody's pocketbook.

A. W. BLACKMER

'Phone 118-11

96 Regent Street

Custom Tailored Suits

:- AT :-

WALKER BROS. MERCHANT TAILORS

We wish to announce the following prices for suits made up of Scotch, English and Canadian Tweeds at \$45.00, \$50.00 and \$60.00.

Also a few lines of Heavy Blue Cheviot Serges at \$55.00 while they last. Excellent values. Call and inspect the goods. Fit and workmanship the best.

FOLLOW THE CROWD

To The Biggest Shoe Sale
Ever Held in Fredericton at
This Time In The Year.

HAINING'S SHOE SHOP

QUEEN STREET

ADVERTISING INCREASES THE HEIGHT OF A MOUNTAIN

HOW MANY PEOPLE know the names of the highest mountain peaks in the world?

FOR INSTANCE, "Kinchinjunga" is the name of one of the highest mountains in the world. It is 28,156 feet high.

PIKE'S PEAK is only 14,108 feet high—but it gets credit for being higher because it is advertised.

ADVERTISING will bring many unknown things into prominence during the coming years.

NOW IS THE TIME, when so many articles and commodities of trade are flooding already overstocked markets, for the man with goods to sell to let the people know all about it.

THE BEST WAY to let the people know is to advertise in the newspapers.

YOU HAVE SEEN THIS in the Daily Mail—let the public know what you have to sell through the advertising resources of this newspaper.

THE MAIL PRINTING COMPANY

Telephone 67.

327-329 Queen Street

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Effective Nov. 29

BOSTON TRAIN leaving St. John at 5.00 p.m. Eastern Time, daily except Sunday, will carry regular DINING CAR and serve dinner en route St. John to McAdam.

N. R. DesBRISAY,
District Passenger Agent.

JANUARY THIRD

is opening day for the WINTER TERM at

FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

In order that provision can be made for ALL who wish to enroll for the January classes, you are requested to apply for admission as soon as possible. If you have not had full particulars, write to W. J. OSBORNE, Principal, Fredericton, N. B.