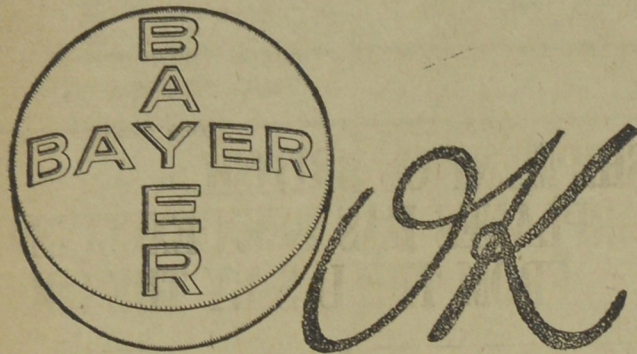


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"BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The name "Bayer" identifies the only genuine Aspirin—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada. Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally. Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages. There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must see "Bayer"

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monocaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. 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 TIMEEFFECTIVE 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.

Grettonnes and Casement Cloths.

White Bedspreads. Towels, Napkins and Table Linens.

OILCLOTHS AND LINOLEUMS.

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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.

THE WONDERFUL STORY
TOLD BY A SQUASH

Dr. Twitchell of Maine Raised One Hundred and Forty-six Pounds from a Single Seed—A Symbol of the Power Which Lies Behind the Universe—Agriculture the Noblest of All the Professions.

Arthur Staples in Lewiston Journal:—The other day, Dr. Twitchell, of Auburn, who conducts a nine-acre farm a Monmouth, Me., summers, and does well with it showed me a simple thing that has kept me thinking at odd moments.

It was a picture of a great number of Hubbard squash raised from a single seed. I think that they weighed 146 lbs., lovely to the frugal eye of the mind, a part of the greatest thing in all the world—the crops of earth.

This great assemblage of Hubbard squash in the photograph came from a single seed weighing a trifling part of a single ounce. What an alchemy! What a more wonderful thing than the transmutation of a base metal into gold! What mystic powers is it that takes this seed, as it is placed in the ground, and from out the seemingly insoluble earth and some undying fire of life makes it into vine and gourd. Think of what it constructs! The vine, the leaf, the flower and the colors of gold, of emerald and the salmon blues of the firm flesh of the food. It paints the outside of the squash with a waterproof material impervious to moisture of the earth and of the rains. It increases its food power six thousand times. It creates within itself its own powers of reproduction thousands of times it feeds the bees and the birds. It holds within the cups of its flowers the dews and the rains for its own pollenization. It lays all this before mankind and will go on and on with care until the end of the sunshine and the dews.

These things make us wonder. And wonder is an element of culture and of intelligence, that lies at the root of both science and philosophy. Wonder is the light of life and when it dies life dies. And the greatest source and provocative of wonder is this application of power behind the universe—the power that we call God. We are prone, in this day, to look at symbols of power as power itself. We look on money that can purchase the work of other brains, as power; but the power is in the hand and brain and in the seed in the ground, and in the illimitable forces of the universe. We do not think much about it, but the abundance of power about us is amazing and a source of wonder, even to the scientist. Recently a popular magazine has had an article on the wonder of the human heart and the human arteries and the human intestines, if you please. He compares the heart to the highest-duty dynamo ever devised by man, and by the comparison, man's efforts, even with electricity are puerile. You could not make a piece of hose or other conduit, that would by any possible means do the marvellous work that the human arteries perform resilient, carrying circulation to remotest portions of the body by tubes infinitely smaller than any that we can conceive; and yet capable of such extension by elasticity in periods of stress and excitement as to make them wonderful, beyond words. Do you know any person who can make an object like the certain class of microbes, that can pass through the most carefully constructed filter, and that within a short time can yet create millions of their kind with enough virulent power to kill an ox. Aristotle thought that there were about 500 kinds of life. Yet today we know that there are more forms of one family of insects than there are stars, visible to the naked eye.

The immensity of things! We may be seeing tonight the twinkling of a star that went out ages ago, and yet light travels 186,000 miles a second. When we see the light of a star such as Alpha Centauri, which lies nearest us by ten billion miles than any other fixed star, we see light that started from that star four years ago. If the telescope reveals the hundreds of millions of heavenly bodies, of which we see but a corner, the microscope reveals the millions of the lesser world. What is this universe in which we are placed? It is a matter for us children to ponder over as our own children ponder over this world, cupped in blue over us and peopled infinitely from Dr. Twitchell's squash to the wonders of the cold depths of the sea. If we pass into cell-action we are lost! If we pick up the leaf of grass we have a cosmos fit to inspire another Walter Whitman to sing the songs of a cosmos of undying life! Interrelations! Universal flux and reflux! Progress and evolution of forms!

Seed and squash. Cat's fur and human hair from the same bread and milk! And so we idle, so vain, so mistaken in our estimates of values so eager for the dollar that counts for nothing unless that squash grows, those insects thrive, those stars shine, those arteries work, and that heart bears and unless the Undying Fire lives in the roots of the grasses.

Agriculture is our handmaiden. It is the nobles of our professions. Life is the divine gift to man and the seed in the ground is the symbol of the mightiest transmutation; as is the seed that of life in all living organisms. Unless we till we perish! Unless we seek the soil we die. If we forget the fields the cities shall starve. By the sweat of our faces shall we earn our daily bread. Yet in the midst of marvels we cease to wonder and to worship. But—unless we do, we shall perish!

BLIND BOY
PROUD OF GIFT
OF GEN. NIVELLE

(Philadelphia Bulletin.)

"I am going to have his name engraved on it and wear it all my life. I would rather have it than anything—even sight."

Eleven-year-old Georges Ganter, the blind boy singer decorated with a wrist watch by General Nivelle yesterday, after he had sung "Madelon" for the hero of Verdun, sat in his apartment, 2131 Pine st., today holding the jeweled gift in both hands.

Georges was drowsy. His mother explained he had been forcibly put to bed at 1 o'clock this morning and his last words were expressive of his unbounded joy at having won praise from the French commander.

"General Nivelle," said Mme. Ganter "has been Georges' idol. His father, who served eighteen months in France with the Algerian Chasseurs, was under General Nivelle's command for a time. From him Georges learned to adore General Nivelle."

"He told me," broke in Georges sleepily, "his name was engraved on this watch. But it isn't: I shall have it engraved there myself. I shall always wear it."

As he spoke the lad's sensitive fingers explored the surface of the gift he may never hope to see. He has been blind since birth.

"This watch will help me to sing," he remarked. "I shall have no fear while I wear it."

Georges speaks with a trace of accent. The boy is the support of his soldier father, who is an invalid from trench rheumatism. He has sung in many large cities.

For all the fame that has come to him, Georges behaved like a typical youngster today.

"They took my watch from me last night," he said, reproachfully.

"He wanted to take it to bed with him," she smiled.

Georges' sudden step to fame came in the little French Episcopal Church of St. Sauveur. He was singing "The Marseillaise" when General Nivelle and his escort arrived. The sound of the lad's voice captivated the commander, who asked for another song. The boy's encore was the great French army marching song, "Madelon."

When he had finished the General kissed him on both cheeks, and detaching the watch he wore, placed it on the lad's wrist.

"You will not be able to see this," he said, "but it will serve as a remembrance."

The lad sang dressed in the uniform of a first lieutenant of the French line. With him was ten-year-old Simone Meyer, who presented General Nivelle with a bouquet from the French colony of Philadelphia.

"I wish I could have seen that," said Georges wistfully, today. "They say Simone is very pretty. I would like to have seen her."

Some men don't need to wear wedding rings to show that they are married. Their wrinkles reveal enough.

Sugar is down in price and so is flour but it has been revealed now that baked goods are made of overhead expenses.

In Ireland the dove of peace flings.

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

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Custom Tailored Suits

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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.

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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, "Kinchinjinga" 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.

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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.