

"I Was in a Habit Rut."

"I had always used a safety razor. I'd insert a new blade—a good enough first shave; then each shave worse.

"The blade got duller and duller, until in a fret I'd throw it away and insert a new one. A constant annoyance, an expense.

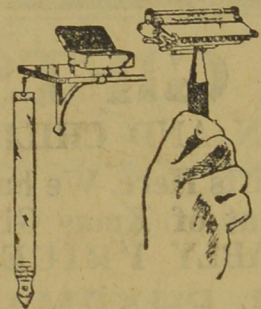
"I thought I'd go through life shaving this way. Ever dissatisfied. I was in a habit rut.

"But now I own a Valet AutoStrop Razor. I sharpen the blade, I shave, I clean the razor, all without removing the blade.

"I'd never go back to the old way."

And neither will you go back to the old way when you have used the Valet AutoStrop Razor with the automatic self-stropping feature built right into the frame of the razor. Not only does it mean a "first shave" edge every day on the same blade, it also means a quicker and smoother shave.

Just switch for awhile. See if you'd go back to the old way.



Valet AutoStrop Razor

Reg. in Canada

Note:—
Leather strop for sharpening the blades is supplied as part of every set.

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Complete Outfits,
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SIBERIAN TRAINS RUN IN A HAPHAZARD WAY; OPERATE ON TWO TIMES AND THREE TEMPOS

(New York Sun.)

In Soviet Russia Government trains and steamships are operated on two times and three tempos. The times are Moscow time and local time. The tempos are, first, the time of arrival and departure printed in schedules; second, the time given by officials at various stations, and third, the actual time when the train or boat arrives.

The difference between Moscow time and local time varies from one to eight hours, as the traveler goes eastward across Siberia. The difference in the tempos is anywhere from an hour to a week.

Not much traveling is needed to get into the tricks, but there is always a vain hope, like that of the lottery addict, that a train or a boat may be encountered which is on time or an official discovered who tells the truth. Leaving Novosibirsk for Blisk, the station agent did know what time the train should leave, but he looked in a time table to find that it should arrive at 9 P. M. He neglected to explain that he was giving local time for its departure and Moscow time, four hours slower, for its arrival, with the result that after rattling along on a hard board seat for twenty-four hours I discovered that it was not due until 1 A. M., and several hours late besides. In Blisk the station agent did not even have a time table to find out when the train should be in Novosibirsk. So I took a river steamer.

Downstream at 3 Miles an Hour.

"Nobody ever asks when a train will arrive; they just get aboard and stay there," was his surprised reply. "It should get there the next day, but I don't know, not sure."

By river, going with the swift current of the Ob, the 453 mile trip occupied seven days and six nights. A kerabek and two Siberian ponies could have done it in the same time, stopping every night at dark. The steamer was not running all the time to make this wonderful average of less than three miles an hour with the current. Most of the time it was either on a mudbank, repairing its ancient machinery, going after another steamer which was on a mudbank or repairing its machinery, or just waiting.

Through probably the slowest steam transportation in the world, it also is the cheapest of its class. The entire voyage cost \$7.40 on ships with ample deck space; large, clear cabins with running water and a la carte restaurant and all passengers' needs attended to. They are excellent for a leisurely voyage, but they never are anywhere when the company says they will be. The West Siberian State Steamship Company has all the steamers on the Ob, Yenisei, Irtysh and Tobol, several thousand miles, the same steamers which were there before the revolution now repainted and repaired when necessary. They break down and the river bed does not stay long in the same place.

The Kirgis got away from Blisk at 8 A. M. the second morning I was a guest abroad. At Akutika it nosed to the shore and cases of bottles and glass were loaded for two hours. Women lined the bank with baskets of melons, onions, potatoes, eggs, milk, sunflower seeds, cakes and everything necessary to save passengers from starvation. It steamed across to Bal Istok, another village of log houses where sacks of oats and several hundred birch trees bent into circles and tied with willow throngs for wagon wheels were added to the cargo. It went plump on a mudbank. That was at 5 P. M. and it sat there comfortably until 9.30 the next morning.

Workers Leisurely.

The crew leisurely started to uncoil what seemed several miles of rope and recoil it in a rowboat. It was an old experience for them, and why hurry.

"Don't eat 'potsolnuk' when you're working tovarish," the captain admonished a sailor who with one hand on the rope was feeding a steady stream of sunflower seeds into his mouth with the other.

The captain lit a cigarette from a sailor's leaned against the rail and watched proceedings.

"Don't give up, tovarish, work hard," he shouted as they courageously started ashore to tie a rope to a tree trunk. That was all it amounted to, for all the pulling and hauling on capstans by the patient sailors through the night did not budge the ship. A passing tug shook her loose in the morning. The captain promptly went to the nearest deep spot along the shore and unloaded all the glassware and birch trees. Another day was nearly gone.

"Radiboga! Radiboga!" a bareheaded man on the bank was madly screaming in the darkness. He held a bottle of milk in one hand, a loaf of bread in the other and a watermelon

balanced on his arm. Three whistles had been given, the strip of water between shore and steamer was rapidly widening. Without the 20 cents' worth of food he might jump, but he did not think fast enough. His appeals "for the sake of heaven!" were as futile as the language which followed, driving all the women from the deck. Alone in a muddy Siberian village without even a hat and no other boat for five days is a lesson. Some are always late.

A Distracted Wife.

Below decks a fat peasant woman was screaming herself into hysterics. She had dalled to sell a few more kopecks' worth of salted cucumbers.

"My children, my home, my pigs, my husband!" she was screaming between gasps, like a winded horse. The busy captain—he did not sleep during the trip—ran down to console her, but the boat did not turn back. Only another mudbank could stop it.

We reached Bernal at daylight. A peasant had ridden in with a message that the Karl Liebknecht had run on a rock and been stuck for a day with a broken shaft fifty miles down the river. The Kirgis went to tow her in. She was back at 3 A. M.

"Just go aboard the Karl Liebknecht and sleep," said the genial agent. "The Communist will be in at noon and you will continue on her. We'll make you comfortable."

The Communist wasn't in at noon, but at 9 P. M. She was to be out again at midnight, according to the agent, and I went to my cabin. At 7 A. M. we were moving and I stuck my head out of the window. The railroad bridge was still there. We'd just started. More mudbanks—an entire day, while they put down iron spiked pine logs and lifted the stern bodily—more passengers left, more stops to tighten up nuts on an engine built in 1875, but they do make you comfortable and eventually they arrive.

Tommy—Mother's throwing plates at father.

Visitor—Is she angry with him?

Tommy—No but she's working up to it.

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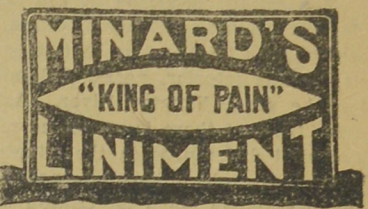
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- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
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- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 Queen and York Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
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- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 St. John and Aberdeen Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore St. and University Ave.
- 55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
- 113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.

A LITTLE THING

THE power called habit is a little thing * * * * but it can pull your eyes open at a certain hour every morning, determine whether you dress the right or left foot first, drop a fixed amount of sugar into your breakfast coffee—free your mind for thoughts that demand actual choice.

The little habit of glancing over these advertising columns daily, checking this and that which appeal to you, frees your mind from any guesswork about the merits of a product; helps you choose wisely when you buy. If you are familiar with newspaper advertisements, you can discriminate merits, weigh one product against another, these truths against those. And the habit of buying only advertised goods takes the hazard out of shopping; puts in a good, sturdy sure.

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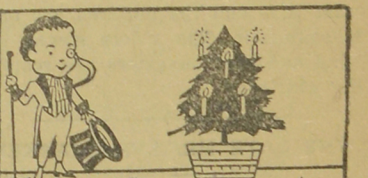
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