

King of Pain!

Minard's is the supreme enemy of pain. Sore back, stiff muscles, ligaments or joints all yield to the influence of this "KING OF PAIN."

Recommended by physicians.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Louis Goyette of Ashburn, Mass., is registered at the Barker House.

DEFEAT LOOMS UP FOR MUSSOLINI

Paris, Aug. 27.—Benito Mussolini, Italy's Fascist premier, has met his Waterloo, or his Marne, as some prefer to describe it, if the French dress-making trade can be trusted for the assertion. They declare that Mussolini's attempt to extend his dictatorship to what the women of his country shall wear is a more difficult undertaking than the suppression of the Mafia Society in Sicily.

None of the dressmakers believes the duce will succeed in making modern women in his country let their hair grow long or lengthen their gowns, when fashion demands shortness in each. The fear is expressed, however, that Mussolini may be able to have cut down materially the 200,000,000 lire Italian women are credited with spending annually abroad, mostly in Paris, for clothes.

P. T. Marsten of Woodstock is registered at the Queen.

KING ALBERT AND CONSORT HAD CLOSE CALL

Paris, Aug. 25.—The King and Queen of Belgium narrowly escaped death near Calais last night while motoring from Brussels to a seaside resort near Boulogne. The high-powered roadster which King Albert was driving personally, with the Queen beside him in the front seat, turned out to pass another machine, and swerved against a railing on a small bridge they were crossing. The wheels were stove in, but the parapet held firm, and the King slowed down safely.

LOCKHART GAINS ON SPEED KING

Edgar: Why did you call that girl countess? Is she of the nobility?
Edmund—No, she works behind a counter in the dime store.

MEN SERVANTS DO HOUSEWORK IN PEKING; DOMESTIC HELP PROBLEM IS A SERIOUS ONE

You English think that you have a monopoly of troubles with housemaids. This is not so. Out here in distant Peking we suffer equally, though in a different way. To begin with, our housemaids are made. They do not want to go to dances, or to kinemas, or to have young men; neither do they cast sheep's eyes at visitor's chauffeurs. But they sometimes smell terribly of garlic and tobacco, and they clear their throats in a manner, which makes many foreigners shudder, writes a Peking correspondent of the Manchester Guardian.

Lately, we lacked a new under-housemaid. Our No. 1 was ready for the occasion. "I have," he said, "a son who is now sixteen years of age. He is with his mother, on our little farm near the Great Wall. I should like to have him with me to train, if you will allow me; he is honest and willing and I will undertake that he works." We agreed, and at the end of the month a country lad, with cheeks like a Ribston Pippin and wide opened eyes was shown into the room. He was excessively scared, for, as his father remarked, he had had a stirring day.

Leaves Old Home.

That morning, while it was still star-light, he had said good-bye to his mother and brothers and sisters and to the little home he had never left before; he had gazed his last on the pigs and chickens with whom he had passed so many sunlit days, and had finally departed on a donkey to the railway station. From that point he passed into wonderland. He made his first trip in the train; for the first time he saw the lowering walls of Peking and emerging from the Meridian Gate station beheld the rush and tumult of a great city. Then he saw trams and motor-cars, and passing from the Chinese City into the Legation quarter had his first sight of civilization.

Half dazed, his father brought him to our home, and there he was exposed to foreigners at close quarters. Knives and forks, glasses, cups with handles, and all the paraphernalia of foreign life were new and amusing toys to him and I became alarmed lest his mouth should never close, or his eyes remain permanently round and dilated. For two days he was silent, completely cowed by novelty. Then I noticed that he began to gravitate to the stables, where there was a refreshing scent of the farmyard, and where the grooms and stableboys were less sophisticated than the servants in the house.

Next I heard his father giving him his first lesson in the use of the telephone, with disastrous results on the tempers of the operatives at the exchange, who thought that a shy lunatic had entered into possession of our house. The bathroom intrigued him greatly, and he came to the same conclusion that all Chinese do, that one must be singularly dirty in one's habits to need so much washing, for obviously no one would wash unless he or she was forced to do so.

Clumsy at First.

After a week or so he made his appearance in the dining room, and began to wait at table. Here success was not attained at the first attempt. He lacked practice in the manipulation of the plates and dishes, and was apt to fall over himself in the absence of other obstacles. There were other small obstacles. The Chinese consider that a certain noisiness is the inevitable aftermath of a good meal: indeed to remain silent after food is an indirect reproach to one's host.

The Chinese Chesterfield is always careful to give one or two loud hiccoughs and belches before he leaves, which take the place of the usual polite expressions of pleasure at the goodness of the fare. For these reasons our meals were for a day or two punctuated, with strange explosive sounds, until his father had explained to him that good manners are not the same the world over, and that one man's meat is another man's poison.

To avoid confusion with his father we inquired his "little name," which takes the place of a Christian name. It proved to be the Bounteous Leader. So charming a name we hailed with joy, and the Bounteous Leader is rapidly developing into a first class housemaid. Only periodically do fits of nostalgia overtake him, which he cures by descending to the bottom of the garden, where a gigantic manure heap re-creates for him the atmosphere of the little farm tucked away in a fold of the Nankao hills.

His spirits are rising rapidly, and strange sounds of song in a shrill falsetto are sometimes heard in the back premises. And no doubt he is

storing up marvels to tell his brothers and sisters when he goes home for his holidays; of all the wonders of his daily life and the machinery with which it is surrounded. From the back of the house he can look out over the wide plain, its brown surface dotted with farms and graveyards, to where the great hills sweep round to east and west.

Thinks of Home.

Somewhere in the middle of the circle of towering crags there runs the Nakao Pass, the narrow gateway to Mongolia, and nearby is the hamlet he loves. His mother is there, busily occupied in managing their little farm as best she can in these days of soldiers and ruinous taxation, and in the little school his brothers are having the Thousand Character Classics hammered into their thick Northern heads for an hour or two every day.

His pet cricket he has brought with him, carefully preserved through all the winter in a little bamboo cage, and now in early March set out cautiously in a sunny spot sheltered from the wind for an hour or two in the noon tide of the day, when it stirs its benumbed limbs and chirps to greet the spring. But the Bounteous Leader has lost much freedom. He no longer drives the pigs afield, and no longer spends endless hours lounging in the sunlight or listening to the stories the village boys have told each other continuously for three thousand years. Still, his way lies clear before him.

He must serve foreigners until he has saved enough money to add a few more acres to the paternal farm, and then he will retire and become a farmer again, hoping to see his sons grow up around him to take on the farm in the fullness of time, and of course to add to the land. For all Chinese are forever land hungry.

SHEIK'S FIRST WIFE PRIZES GIFT OF LATEST PHOTO

New York, Aug. 27.—In her modest apartment in the East Forties lies Jean Acker, the first wife of the dead man. Winifred Hudnut may be ill in Paris. Pola Negri may be prostrated in Hollywood.

But Jean Acker was with the man she loved only 15 minutes before he died.

A reporter entered her room shortly after 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. She was in bed. Her eyes were half closed and they were red from crying. Her mother, a pretty woman with gray hair, hovered about her.

Jean looked at the reporter. "What is there to say?" she remarked softly. "He is gone. What good to talk now?"

"We had not spoken for six years. And then, three weeks before he died, we became friends again. He gave me a new picture. We laughed and talked over old times. And then he fell ill."

"Every day I called the hospital. But every day it was the same story. They did not need me, they said. I could do no good there."

"And then, Monday morning, I went to the Polyclinic. I wanted no publicity and avoided reporters. That's why no one knew I was there."

"Fifteen minutes before he died they took me into his room. I knelt at his bed. I called his name. But he did not answer."

"I bent over and kissed his forehead. But he did not know I was there. I called him again and again—but he made no sign."

"They took me out of the room. The last thing I remember was his breathing. It was so heavy. It seemed such a hard thing for him to do. And he looked so, so alone."

"It's terrible to die so young, isn't it?"

The reporter took his hat and departed. For there was no answer.

METEOR STRIKES HOUSE.

Valladolid, Spain, Aug. 27.—A meteor fell on a house in the Village of Alejos, near here, and set the house afire. Five houses were destroyed, but no one was hurt.

Should a wife keep anything from her husband?

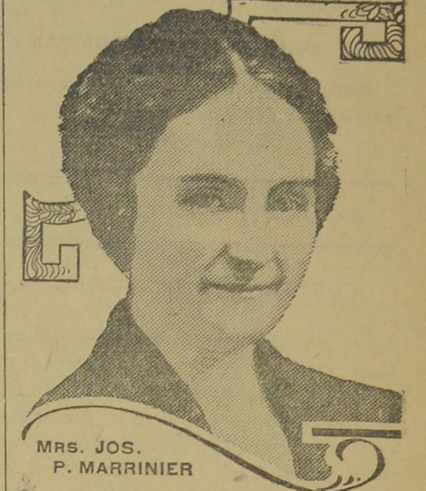
No.

Should a husband keep anything from his wife?

Yes—enough for lunch and coffee.—Judge.

MRS. MARRINIER

Weeping Eczema relieved by "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



MRS. JOS. P. MARRINIER

"For three years I suffered with weeping Eczema on the back of my hands. I tried many treatments and salves, but they gave me no permanent relief. When baby came, I was afraid that he too would be affected. I had practically considered my case hopeless when I started to use 'Fruit-a-tives' and 'Sootha-Salva.' In a short time the eczema completely disappeared, baby has always been wonderfully well, and I have not had a trace of it for four years."—Mrs. Jos. P. Marrinier, 452 Arlington Ave., Ottawa, Ont.

This marvelous fruit medicine helps the bowels and kidneys to rid the system of waste, and cleanses the blood stream so that the pure, rich blood soon heals the itching, inflamed skin. "Fruit-a-tives" are obtainable in all drug stores, at 25c. and 50c. a box. If "Sootha-Salva," (50c. a box), is not obtainable at your dealer's, order it direct from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

BIG PARACHUTE BRINGS STALLED PLANE DOWN

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 27.—Naval observers declare today that complete safety of airplane travel has been assured for the near future as the result of the test made here yesterday in which a giant parachute brought a plane and pilot safely to earth from an altitude of 25,000 feet.

The ship was lowered from the skies after the engine had been killed, and made a "pancake landing." A part of the under-carriage was broken and a propeller blade was snapped. Lt. P. D. Donnelly of the naval air station at San Diego declared the experiment an unqualified success.

The mammoth parachute, spreading 274 yards of silk, is the invention of Harry A. Douchett, chief machinist's mate in the United States navy. The test was made at Inglewood airport by R. Carl Celze of the naval reserve, who piloted the plane, and was witnessed by 25,000 persons, including army and navy officers. A dozen planes, including several naval ships and others carrying news reel photographers, circled around Celze's machine during its descent.

After reaching the desired altitude, Celze stopped his motor and released the big bag. For awhile the plane swung from side to side, but soon steadied itself, landing on the outskirts of El Segundo, about three and one-half miles west of the starting place. The descent required one minute and six seconds, approximately 33 feet a second. The pilot and plane weighed 1800 pounds.

"It was a very interesting experiment and I would not have missed it," Celze said as he climbed out of his ship.

NOTICE

TENDERS FOR SOFT COAL

Sealed tenders, marked "Tenders for Soft Coal" will be received at the Provincial Department of Public Works, Fredericton, N. B., up to and including September 1st, 1926 at 5 o'clock P. M., for supplying 765 tons of New Brunswick soft coal for the Provincial Government Buildings at Fredericton, distributed as follows:

215 tons for the Legislative Bldg.
150 tons for the Agricultural Bldg.
200 tons for the Normal School (Main)
150 tons for the Normal School (Annex)
35 tons for the Health Dept. Bldg.
15 tons for the Road Engineers Office Bldg.

The coal to be of highest quality, properly screened with screen of not less than 5/8 inch mesh, to be shipped not later than September 20th, 1926. Price must be quoted per ton on cars at Fredericton. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

D. A. STEWART,
Minister of Public Works
for New Brunswick.
Dept. of Public Works,
Fredericton, N. B.,

FREDERICTON EXHIBITION

18 -- SEPTEMBER -- 25



THE MORALES FAMILY

This remarkable group of artistes provide a complete Circus entertainment in the course of their various acts. Double Tight-wire act—Sixty Somersaults in Sixty seconds—"The Girl that keeps you guessing"—Ladies' "Iron Jaw" Act, girls being swung around at terrific pace hanging by their teeth—Rip-roaring comedy and acrobatic absurdity—Sensational slide for life, etc., etc. Every act a headliner. The entertainment provided by the MORALES FAMILY is beyond all doubt the greatest and most amazing combination ever presented in this part of the country.



GAUTIER'S TOY SHOP

This Act represents a well-stocked Toy Shop, with hobby-horses, swinging horses, etc., all impersonated by live ponies which come to life at a given signal and go through an exhibition of perfect and humane training concluding with an illuminated Merry-go-round. All this is interpolated with a lot of comedy, by an inebriated customer, who gets into all kinds of trouble through the playful and mischievous antics of the animals. This Act has been performed at several of the leading entertainments in England, including, by special command, before the Royal Family.

AUTO POLO MATCHES TWICE DAILY

Auto Polo is without doubt the most thrilling game possible. It is admitted to be one of the most hazardous, yet the players seem to bear charmed lives, but broken wheels, blown out tires, smashed up bodies and spilled players combine to make it the very limit in excitement. Two exhibitions daily before the Grand Stand.

Ten Mile Auto Race on Saturday Afternoon

(TWENTY TIMES ROUND THE RACE TRACK)

ALSO THREE DAYS HORSE RACING

FOR VERY SUBSTANTIAL PURSES, THE FULL PROGRAMME OF WHICH WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN A DAY OR TWO

Watch For Future Announcements. They Will Bring Glad Tidings.

Third Harvesters Excursion

CANADIAN PACIFIC

\$20.00 TO
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SEPT. 3

From Saint John and C. P. R. Stations in N. B.

G. BRUCE BURPEE, District Passenger Agent, Saint John N. B.