

"I Was in a Habit Rut."

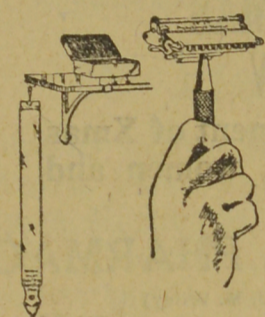
"I had always used a safety razor. I'd insert a new blade—a good enough first shave; then each shave worse.

"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-stopping 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.

**Sold the world over
Millions of satisfied users**

Prices:—
Complete Outfits, \$1.00
De Luxe Models, \$5.00 up.

A CORN HUSKING BEE IS BIG EVENT IN THE SUNNY SOUTH; VIRGINIAN TALKS OF OLD DAYS

Come huskers tall, to the Captain call,
As the tankard passes, fill your glasses.

The sparkling cider drain;
There's work tonight, 'mid the candle-light,
For hand that's quick and muscles thick,

Shucking the golden grains.
—Missouri Husking Song.

"There was days of real sport in the old South," sighed George Westley Crafton, Virginia gentleman transplanted in North Missouri, whose mind runs back to the scenes of his youth. While in Macon, Mo., the other day some one asked Uncle George if he had ever seen a corn-shucking bee in the South.

"I guess they don't have 'em that away now," the old Virginian said, with a reminiscent look upon the long maple-bordered avenue as if searching for something. "It takes the old time darkies to pull off a codrn shucking right. With them it was the festival of the year—the harvest home, when the flagon passed from lip to lip and the workers split the air with rollicking song.

Active After War.

"The stacking of Lee's arms at Appomatox had slid into 3-year-old history when the negro folk pulled off a big shucking bout on the plantation of my uncle, Col. Ike Dabney, in Southern Virginia. There was a pile of corn that would reach from here to the middle of the next block—1,500 or 2,000 bushels.

It was a moonlight night in the late fall. The corn pile was on the green not far from the old colonial home where my uncle lived. Back away were the log cabins of the negroes. Of course the war had made them free, but most of them elected to remain on the old plantation and work for wages. Emancipation meant little to them. Before the struggle they were given good homes, clothed and fed well, and had doctors to look after them when they got sick. Service with their wages.

"Colonel Dabney and his family and a lot of white folks of the neighborhood came out to see the shucking.

Song in Order.

"When time was called Jos Hodges one of the plantation bosses, a negro, of course, mounted the corn pile and started proceedings by lining out something like this:

Lizzie baked a hoe cake,
The biggest I ever saw,
But it gave Mose the stomach-ache
An' made his fellin's raw!

"The fiddlers and the banjo pickers accompanied the mighty chorus of lusty lungs. You couldn't keep your feet still. The crowd milled and writhed about, and as a signal all fell to shucking, one gang working on one side of the pile and the other on the opposite side. The husks fell like snow. Small boys gathered them in baskets and whisked them out of the way.

"The golden piles of shucked corn mounted higher and higher.

"Not for a minute did the singing cease. Fast as one song was finished the song leader would roar out another. There wasn't much to the words but the way those darkies would carry the tune was good for the soul. One of their ditties went this way:

Ole infine's comin' to carry me away—
O me, O my—
Snortin' like a mule at break o' day—
O me, O my—
'Long come a cow, red, white and black
An' ole infine he jumped the track—
O me, O my.

"Time was called midway of the contest, and the master of ceremonies passed around with a jug, giving a 'jigger' to each of the workers. A 'jigger' was a small glass of redevye from Kentucky. It had a wonderful effect in livening up the crowd, and the work and the singing went on fast and furious.

Worked Fast.

"Seem to me like when some of those darkies grabbed an ear of corn the shucks fell off as if by magic. They were wonderfully expert, and with the white folks looking on and slapping, they did their best, no doubt if that. The best shucker was a king, a man honored by his kind as far above the common run—until some fellow came along and beat him.

"As the midnight hour approached the songs grew plaintive—the workers were about frazzled out. The leader, knowing the situation, lined out:

De big owl hoot an' cry for his mate,
Mah honey, mah love!
O doan stay long, O doan stay late,

Mah honey, mah love!
Hit ain't so mighty fur to do goodby gate,
Mah honey, mah love!

"With all the solemn grandeur of a cathedral air the old song swelled out in the moonlight, for those darkeys could sing, let me tell you. They were as the saying was, of the 'old blue hen's chickens, and they were thoroughbreds of their race. Kindly, obedient, good-hearted, but merry and full of life, loving their fun in an innocent way.

Hit ain't so mighty fur to do goodby gate,
Mah honey, mah love!

"Time up! The last ear shucked, two great piles of gold, and the negroes standing about watching the prizes!"

Colonel Helps.

"Coolnel Dabney came down from his throne. He had a long stick in his hand. With a gravity becoming the importance of the situation he proceeded to measure the two piles of corn. The white people gathered about just outside the crowd of anxious workers. To them it was a tense moment. Whi would carry the banner? Be cock of the walk, and have the right to crow? It was a big question.

"His measurements finished justly. Colonel Dabney stood in the centre and held up his hand for silence.

"These two piles of corn are exactly the same size," he declared; both sides have won and both will get prizes."

"This Solomon-like decision met with immediate approval, shown by the huskers rushing for Colonel Dabney, elevating him to the shoulders of two powerful black men and marching in procession around the corn piles, singin' as they marched. They made the circle three times that way, while the smaller darkies swarmed about and danced.

"Then followed midnight supper, which the cooks in the great kitchen had been preparing—fried chicken, mutton, sweet potatoes, corn, fruits, Johnnie cake, turnover apple pie—everything the hungry workers could wish for. The darkies were served at broad tables on the lawn. The white folks went into the dining room.

Awards Watches.

"While they were eating Colonel Dabney went out to where the shuckers were and, holding up two silver time-pieces, not very expensive, but beyond all price in the eyes of the darkies, he made a talk and then presented to the two best corn shuckers, selected by the captains of the respective teams, the watches. That was a surprise. A shout went up that shook the skies.

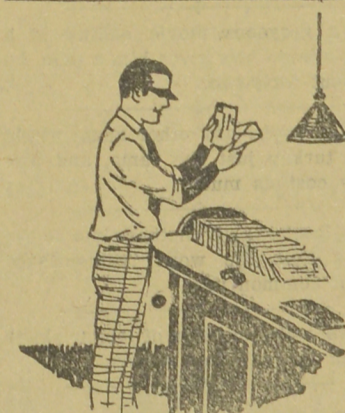
"All gathered about the lucky ones to inspect the marvelous timepieces and to hear them kick. Real watches, with wheels that would go 'round and 'round, never missing a cog! A king had nothing for which they would have swapped them.

"The feast over, there was dancing by the white folks in the big front room, the perspiring and hard-working fiddlers and hanjo men still making the music.

"After a while the dancers tired and the darkies came in and by request sang again 'The Goodby Gate.'

"Then there were darkey jigs, with one of the song leaders calling off. The fun went on and on. Suddenly there was a call from the barnyard—a chanticleer announcing a newborn day. The dancing and the music stopped. The corn-shucking festival was over."—Kansas City Star.

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

One of the many annoyances that the postal service has to contend with is the receipt of bundles of carelessly sealed letters, many of which are stuck together. Since letters can be run through the cancelling machines only one at a time all those stuck together must first be pulled apart by some postal employee. This may result in mutilation of the addresses or in placing the letters to one side until other mail has been handled.

FLOWERS

We have every kind either Cut Flowers or Potted Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Tulips, Daffodils and many others.

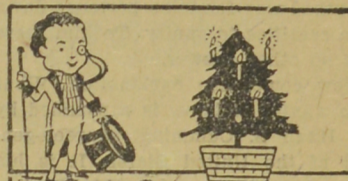
SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

Ada M. Schleyer

326 CHARLOTTE STREET
Phone 217

CAN WED FOREIGNERS.

Constantinople, Dec. 9.—Turkish women hereafter may marry foreigners of no matter what nationality or religion. Under the old Koranic law Turkish men were allowed to marry Christians but Turkish women could wed with Moslems only.



As Beau Brummell would say

A Very Merry Christmas

THE same sincerity that has always characterized our efforts to serve, underlies this wish we hold for you—that this Yuletide season be filled with joy and happiness for you and yours!

"Tailors of Quality"

Walker Bros.,
Phone 276-41. Ltd.

TAILORS
365 QUEEN STREET

TRAP NESTS

If you are in the Poultry business go at it systematically. Keep tabs on your hens by trap nesting them.

It's the only way to pick out the boarders.

I make a complete set of four nests for only \$4.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send me a trial order.

FRED LYONS
260 Aberdeen Street
FREDERICTON, N. B.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Hospital.
- 8 Children's Aid Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 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.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 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.

Start a Friendly Little Habit That Will Pay.

Read the Advertisements in These Columns today.