



UNCLE JOE CANNON DEAD

Danville, Ills., Nov. 12.—Joseph Garney ("Uncle Joe") Cannon, leader in many a hot political battle, died today. He was 90 years old last May.

His strength has been slowly ebbing the last 12 months. He failed to vote at the election on November 2 for the first time since he voted for Lincoln in 1860. He was too weak to get to the polls.

In the rambling brick mansion he had built for his bride many years ago, life slowly ebbed away from the old statesman, whose iron-handed tactics in Congress won him the title of Czar of the House back in the days before his fall in 1910.

HIS PART.

The world-wide traveler held his fellow club members spellbound, with the recital of his thrilling adventures. There was nothing he had not done at one time or another, nothing he would not do.

"Yes," he said "up the Ganges one day I happened to see a poor coolie fall in and I noticed he couldn't swim. There were crocodiles after him but I managed to rescue the poor fellow!"

"By Jupiter, how?" came the chorus.

"Well I wasted no time," said the traveler "but dashed off at top speed and brought help."

OH, DOCTOR.

"I say, Doctor did you ever doctor another doctor?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, tell me this: Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor in his own way?"—The Outlook.

A university in Vienna is closed as the result of a bobbed hair riot. Is it possible that the leader of the shorn forces provoked the row by finding a long hair on her best beau's coat?

THE HARVEST HAND.

Youth comes striding over the roads
Like a prideful king.
Youth rides in at the call of the
wheat
For the harvesting;
Burned and gay as he swaggers along
With tales of a world where law is
wrong.

Filling out village streets with a song
That the old gods sing
Our sullen farmsteads hear a voice
That is fresh and young
Our placid horses are ruled by shouts
In an alien tongue.

Our vacant barns are heaped with
gold
But the harvest is over—the year is
old

The ways to the lumber camps unfold
And the song is sung.

The winter is slow on the bitter farm
And the songs so few.

How should we feed our hungry
dreams,

What should we do

If we did not know that the summer's
heat

Would bring the laugh and the dusty
feet

From a glamorous land where sin
is sweet

And the songs are true!

—GWENDOLEN HASTE in Scribner's.

TO TRANSLATE INSCRIPTIONS.

London, Nov. 13.—The bobbies are so tired of answering questions of American tourist that inscriptions on Cleopatra's needle on the Thames embankment are to be translated so that he who runs may read. The stone inscribed, 3300 years ago, was brought from Egypt in the eighties.

Lima Beane says the art of living is like all art, simple and natural.

GET RESULTS

When you join a business school you are after one thing and there is but one thing that will satisfy your yearning for practical training. That one thing we furnish—RESULTS.

FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

Write for full particulars

Address:

F. B. OSBORNE, Prin.,
P. O. Box 928—Fredericton, N. B.

THE AMATEUR SMUGGLER IS EASILY SPOTTED BY EXPERTS; UNABLE TO LIE GRACEFULLY

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

His inability to lie gracefully and easily leads the way to the downfall of the average amateur smuggler, and it is not difficult to discover the reason. On the voyage across the Atlantic each passenger has been given a declaration sheet upon which he has been asked to itemize his purchases abroad, giving the date and plate of purchase and the amount paid. This manifest and his official cap is all that any customs inspector needs.

Of course, being a customs inspector, he is a bit of a detective, and over the years of his service he develops a technique both in questioning incoming passengers and in going through baggage that is all his own, and distinct from that employed by any of his fellows.

One inspector has way of fixing his subject with a steely glare and suddenly barking, after he has looked at the manifest, "Is that all you brought in?" Another has a collection of awe-inspiring stories of similar import to the deathbed yarns of the evangelist or the life insurance salesman, not particularly accurate, but permissible in that, like the stories of the rivalist and the insurance man, they are intended for the good of the listener.

Wife is Goat.

Obviously they concern persons who neglected to tell all until it was "too late." Another, particularly if the victim is accompanied by his wife, examines the manifest and then says, "Is the lady prepared to be searched, sir?" He knows that the average man, if accompanied by his wife, will foist his contraband on her.

There is the other inspector who, out of a clear sky, demands, "Where is that necktie you bought in Paris?" But do not believe that the customs inspector is discourteous. True, it is his business to assume that the incoming passenger is guilty of smuggling until proved innocent, but he does contrive to perform a difficult, distasteful task in a pleasant, courteous manner, and he does resist a tremendous amount of temptation in the light of his salary of \$2,600 to \$3,000 a year. It is when he is going through baggage, however, that the customs inspector is most alert. Seemingly it is impossible for the amateur smuggler to be at ease while his baggage is being examined. Either he is too nonchalant or he is too eager to assist the inspector to go through his effects.

Women Searchers.

There are women inspectors in the customs service, of course, and women suspected of smuggling are turned over to them for examination. It must be admitted, however, that the feminine smuggler no longer has the opportunities for concealing valuables about her person that she possessed in the days of corsets, bustles and many petticoats.

It is frequently the bungling of the would-be smugglers rather than the searching abilities of the customs men which leads to the undoing of many persons. J. Sterling Rockefeller, a grandnephew of John D. Rockefeller, walked down the gangplank of the S. S. France on one of the hottest evenings of the summer wearing a light gray overcoat, and thereby attracted the attention of a customs guard who seized undeclared merchandise upon which a fine of \$476 was levied. Similarly, it was the presence of such bulky contraband as liquor that led customs officials to search more thoroughly Pola Negri, the motion picture actress. Eventually she paid \$57,000 to recover possession of a diamond ring, an emerald bracelet and a diamond bracelet which she had not declared.

Tricks of the Trade.

One of the most ludicrous tricks of America's amateur smugglers is that of taking aboard a supply of American garment labels, which are substituted for the foreign labels in gowns, suits and coats purchased in Europe. The customs men who look for foreign-purchased apparel are so expert that they are able to determine whether a garment is of American or foreign manufacture from a casual examination of such details as braids, stitchings and linings. On men's clothing, for instance, a certain small seam which is invariably machine-stitched in this country, always is hand-sewn by the tailors of Bond street, and this fact in more than one instance has led to discovery.

Not long ago a New York woman of social standing, who prides herself upon her good grooming, returned from Paris with several frocks which she declared she had purchased "a year ago in New York," only to be faced by a customs expert who spends his evenings reading the fashion magazines and who calmly assured her that several of the modes had not been brought out by the Paris designers

until a month or two after the date of her departure from America. And there was still another woman who attempted to bring in several Paris gowns of the moment under the labels of a New York modiste who had been out of business more than five years.

The search of incoming ships for contraband is a matter of routine every time the vessel reaches port. The first persons up the gangplanks are a group of customs men, usually clad in dungarees and carrying flashlights, who go through the crew quarters and the engine rooms in a search for illegal articles. The most thorough search of course is for narcotics and stowaways smuggled on board or kept during the voyage by members of the crew. At present the attempt to bring in either "dope" or aliens is at a remarkably low ebb, owing to the vigilance of the customs and immigration services. While a vessel is in port a customs guard is stationed at the gangplank with authority to examine any person or persons leaving the ship.

A Canny Scot's Trick.

Customs authorities in New York do not believe that petty smuggling by ship's crews is of any considerable volume, in spite of the fact that the average New Yorker is a ready victim for the alleged purveyor of contraband goods. The man who sells "smuggled" Havana cigars and "smuggled" Panama hats is in business in New York 365 days in the year without once breaking the customs laws. Perhaps the most interesting character along the water-front is a canny Scot, who is a steward on one of the passenger boats in the New York and Glasgow service. Each trip he brings in six pieces of Scotch woollens, each sufficient for a suit of clothes and of splendid quality, upon which he pays duty. Then he goes ashore, and calling upon a well-established clientele, he disposes of his merchandise, representing it as smuggled. He buys so closely that he is able to sell legally entered goods at an attractive price and in the course of ten years he has built up a trade among merchants of the Lower West Side until, by limiting his importations always to an amount which it is conceivable he might bring in without detection, he actually has a "waiting list" for as many suits as he will import during the next three or four voyages.

Here, a few American citizens are parties to a violation of law—and it is not their fault that they are put upon and no law really is broken—and the motive is obvious. They are getting a few dollars the best of the bargain and after all it is a petty offense.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat
His wife could eat no lean;
But that you bet was before she'd let
Her silhouette be seen.

Sometimes it seems useless to advertise a cold wave. There is so little demand for it.

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.



When a Valet
Auto-Strop
blade gets
dull - you
strop it in
ten seconds

**Valet
Auto-Strop
Razor**
—Sharpens itself

\$5. up to \$25;
Other Models at Lower Prices

HER CHARMS.

Circus Manager—So you want a job as a snake charmer? Much experience along that line?

The Girl—Yes, I've vamped a few lounge lizards.

Latest Ford joke is that one about the Dearborn manufacturer paying all of Queen Marie's expenses while she is in this country.

Dr. Frank Crane finds it impossible to foretell when an earthquake is going to quake but he doesn't seem peeved about it.

DON'T THROW THEM AWAY!

Bring your Safety Razor Blades to me and have them honed. If you have a pair of Rubber Boots or a Hot Water Bottle that needs mending I can do it for you at a small cost.

Fred H. Ferguson

Cor. Northumberland and
Brunswick Sts.

Special Bargains!

LADIES' LISLE HOSE 25c.
LADIES' SILK HOSE 35c.
MEN'S COTTON SOCKS 15c.
MEN'S BALBRIGGAN UNDER-WEAR, per garment 45c.
LADIES' SILK SCARFS 65c.
LADIES' CREPE DE CHENE SCARFS \$1.00
GINGHAM 12c per yard.
CURTAIN SCRIM 10c per yard.

LOTS OF OTHER BARGAINS.

Call and Inspect our Stock.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

THOMAS E. GEORGE

Queen Street West
Phone 358-11.

The amount of satisfaction and pride you take out of your clothes is the important point—Beau Brummell—

You will take 100 p. c. satisfaction and pride out of wearing the garments we tailor for you because our handiwork is created especially for you, and our suits blend with your personality. "Tailors of Quality"

Walker Bros., Ltd.
Phone 276-41.
TAILORS
365 QUEEN STREET

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.