

# The Daily Mail

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TELEPHONE 67.

MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1926.

ROBERT BURNS.

Today is the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns the Scottish poet. He was born in the little town of Ayr, Scotland in the year 1759, and departed this life at the age of 37 on the 21st day of July, 1796. Had the poet lived to the present time he would be just one hundred and sixty-seven years old. Today his memory lives in the hearts of countless thousands throughout the world, especially do the Scottish people and their descendants do homage to the memory of this great bard by celebrating his day in song, story and toasting. His works are read more today than ever before in their history. The citizens of our City have evinced great pride in him, by erecting a monument to his memory in Parliament Square. Visitors to Burns' old home number 30,000 annually—no other pilgrimage in the world can equal that.

Upon a lonely hillside near the town of Ayr stands the Burns monument; within it are some interesting relics of the poet together with his bust and portrait. The fact of Burns is above all else, loveable, and Burns was loved, and loved in turn. His sorrows caused him often to seek oblivion in drink, but those blemishes are far more readily forgiven than would have been the qualities of meanness, treachery, and hypocrisy. The former faults sometimes exist together with a noble soul, the latter never. Burns was a real man, he preferred to be called the plowman, rather than receive a title at the hands of the aristocracy. He hated class distinction and wrote as follows:—

"What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin gray and a' that;  
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that."

You see you birkie ca'd 'a lord'  
Wha struts an' stares and 'a that?  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word  
He's but a 'coof for a' that.  
He's but a coof for a' that.

His ribband star and 'a that  
The man o' independent mind,  
He looks an' laughs at a' that

The rank is but the guinea's stamp  
The man's the "gowd for a' that".

\* Coof means blockhead.  
\*\* Gowd means gold.

All over the English speaking world today the memory of Scotland's great poet of humanity will be honored. Not long ago a prominent Canadian speaking in Scotland referred to Burns as "the greatest interpreter of Christianity since the days of its founder." The late Hon. Joseph Howe of Nova Scotia, speaking at a Burns' Centennial in 1859, referred to him as "the man who wrote the Colliers' Saturday Night and put the world to shame". Long live the memory of Scotland's inspired bard.

## THE FIRST SKATERS.

In view of the fact that Saint John is holding the world amateur skating meet this week it might be well to point out that the first person to trust himself upon skates, ice skates, is believed to have been an ancient Norseman, one of those beefy Vikings whose heads were topped thickly with wild blond hair, whose talk was poetry and whose aim in life seemed to be to cut people athwart the midriff with twenty-pound axes.

The earlier skates were of bone, tied upon the feet with multitudinous straps and bandages. But working in iron and hardly more than become an established art in Northern Europe before metal skates appeared. Yet with those who made their own skates, bone was still in use as late as the twelfth century, and possibly later. This is attested by the following taken from a "description of London" published in 1189:

"When the great fenne or moore (which watereth the walls of the citie on the North Side) is frozen, many young men play on the yce as some tye bones to their feete and under their heeles, and

shoving themselves with a little picked staffe do slide as swiftille as a birde flyeth in the aire or an arrow out of a cross-bow."

The English probably derived their knowledge of the sport of skating from the Dutch, the word skates being from the Dutch "schaats." In the same way Britain obtained her first knowledge of golf and adopted the sport of yachting.

The most interesting part of the history of skating has to do, of course, with that bold Norseman who tied bones to his feet and proceeded to skirt the margin of eternity. How did the idea occur to him? There was nothing in nature to suggest it to him. Why did he persist in skating until he got the trick of it? There was nothing to make him think he could learn to keep his feet from flying from under him. What did his uncles and aunts and jeering brothers and cousins say of him? How did it happen that the king, of a notoriously bad-tempered class, failed to cave in his head with a stone-shod club, the custom being to put the seeming mad out of their misery?

One of the first decrees of General Pangalos after his open assumption of dictatorial powers directed that women should be permitted to wear skirts that are fourteen inches from the soles of their feet. This is the modification of a law which fixed the distance between the ground and the hem of the skirts at twelve inches, exactly one foot. Well, what is the use of being dictator unless a person can be boss over everything from foreign policies involving the life of a nation to trivialities dealing with matters of custom and taste? A student of big men has said that most of their bigness is counter-balanced by pathetic littleness. General Pangalos, for one, seems to be intent upon proving the truth of the statement.

Catherine the Great, empress of Russia, posted a rule outside her door for the guidance of those coming to her receptions. It read: "Leave your rank outside, as well as your hat and especially your sword." Catherine was a wise woman. She knew that the most agreeable and entertaining people are those who do not take themselves too seriously. And she knew that the people who have charm do not wear swords when they are guests. They aren't ready to fight over every difference of opinion. So few things are worth quarreling about.

Not long ago a noted American clergyman on being asked his opinion of Cardinal Mercier of Belgium who died last week said: "One of the greatest spiritual forces of our day, a saintly patriarch, a Prince of the Church, who has accomplished much for the benefit of man and for the benefit of the world. If he is dying, may the light that falls on his path fall on the path of every believer. I could wish nothing better than that. What a splendid memory coming to us of him."

The undecisive result of the last Federal election appears to have served one good purpose. It has caused the members of all three parties to remain at Ottawa and attend strictly to the duties for which the country is paying them. Proof of this was furnished by the result of the vote on Hon. Mr. Meighen's non-confidence amendment. On that occasion only one member was absent and he was ill in hospital.

Somebody has said that the world will never be mastered by ignorance but betrayed by intelligence. All of which is to say that we need not worry about the greater number of us all, who have few privileges and little education and do not think very much. The ones to worry about are the highly privileged, the educated and the intelligent—who do not care.

Death of Mrs. Catherine J. Murray. Mrs. Catherine J. Murray widow of W. Thomas Murray, died at an early hour Sunday morning at her home, 135 Aberdeen street. She was in her eighty-seventh year and formerly was a resident of Kingsclear but removed to Fredericton some twelve years ago. Her husband died some eight years ago. Throughout her life she was active in duties connected with the Methodist Church. G. Alexander Murray of this city is her only son. The deceased was a daughter of the late Alexander Colter. The late Inspector N. R. Colter of the Post Office Department, Saint John, the late Hon. George J. Colter of Keswick and the late Recorder T. H. Colter of Fredericton were brothers of the deceased. The funeral will take place Tuesday afternoon from the late home with service at 2.30 by Rev. F. H. Holmes. Interment will be made in the Rural Cemetery.

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\* THROUGH OUR SIEVE \*  
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Probably Job never got an accurate account of all his boils.

They call it the mighty dollar because it is mighty hard to get.

Valentino seems to be aging fast. He says women are not worth fighting for.

"Law is a sword," says Mussolini. Not always. Sometimes law is a popgun.

What if Eve had told Adam she wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth?

Like Eliza, we shall probably have to cross February on the ice before we can reach spring.

Probably a sign of approaching age is the feeling that there is no love anywhere like that in fiction.

Roses are blooming in southern Alaska. But town lots, not having been exploited by realtors, are cheap.

People are curious, so naturally there will be public speculation as to just when Irving Berlin's jazz notes begin to sound flat to the bride.

Under Florida's court ruling, that Sunday lasts only from sunrise to sunset, the churches must hold their Sunday evening services on Monday morning.

PUBLIC OPINION

BELMONT.

To the Editor of The Daily Mail:

Dear Sir:

Belmont, situated near Oromocto on the St. John river, was built by the Hon. John Murray Bliss, Chief Justice of New Brunswick, in or about the year 1825. John Murray Bliss was the only son of the Hon. Daniel Bliss, who was a United Empire Loyalist; and a member of the first Council of the first Governor of this Province. The house and estate of Belmont remained in the Bliss family until after the death of the Chief Justice's son the Hon. George Pidgeon Bliss, Attorney General. It then went into the possession of the Wilnot family. The old house still stands. The original property, as owned by John Murray Bliss and his son, included Thatch Island and all such mainland as was later divided into the John, Robert and Henry Wilnot farms. These are now, I believe, the property of Mr. Estabrooks of St. John.

Mother of one of the outstanding Wilnots was a Bliss—a daughter, I think, of the Chief Justice. The Honourable George Pidgeon Bliss married a daughter of the Hon. Thomas Wetmore, Attorney General, of King's Wood.

Yours very truly,  
THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

Inspectors Lose Jobs.

Chatham Gazette: The new chief inspector, W. L. McFarlane was in Newcastle, Saturday and report has it that all the inspectors in that town with the exception of Joseph Manderson have been turned out of office. New appointments will be made shortly, it is said and they will be political in every sense of the word.

SPECIAL ATTRACTION  
AT GAIETY THEATRE

"Cobra" is the photo play at the Gaiety for Monday and Tuesday featuring Rudolph Valentino.

"Cobra" takes its title from the fact that women of a certain type fascinate is hero as a cobra does its victims. The picture is said to tell a vivid story of strong love, dynamic drama and sacrifice. Heading the star's supporting cast is Nita Naldi, famed for her vampire portrayals. Other players include Casson Ferguson, Gertrude Olmstead, Hector V. Sarno, Claire de Lorenz, Eileen Percy and Lillian Langdon.

DIED.

MURRAY—At her home, 135 Aberdeen street, in her 87th year, Catherine J., widow of W. Thomas Murray, leaving to mourn one son G. Alexander Murray. Funeral Tuesday with service at the late home at 2.30 by Rev. F. H. Holmes. Interment in the Rural Cemetery.

## SATURDAY, JANUARY 23rd. LAST DAY MID-WINTER SALE

Don't fail to do your shopping here on Saturday, the last day of our Mid-Winter Sale.

Underwear, Bedding, Hosiery, Ready-to-Wear, Corsets, Gloves.

Remnants in Every Department.

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Constipation Best Overcome by the Occasional Use of Dry Hamilton's Pills.

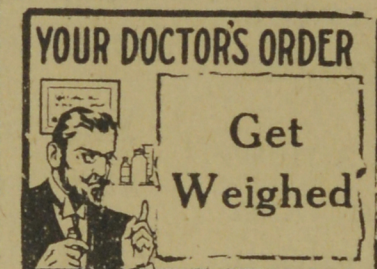
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Thousands of people, young and old, stop habitual constipation by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills. The mild, yet active medicine, is noted for its promptness in restoring the bowels to a condition where they will perform their needful function at a certain time each day.

You'll improve your health, you'll eat well, digest well and look better if you regulate your system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. at all dealers.

R. W. Watson of St. Stephen is in the city. G. S. Wallace of Saint John is at the Barker House. R. C. McCutchan of Winnipeg is a guest at the Queen. H. J. McLure and wife of McAdam spent the week-end guests at the Barker House.



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## GAIETY TO-DAY and TUESDAY

### RUDOLPH VALENTINO

— IN —

## "COBRA"

— WITH —

Nita Naldi, Casson Ferguson, Gertrude Olmstead and Eileen Percy

A modern story of Strong Love, Great Drama and Touching Sacrifice—a story that will write itself indelibly on the mind and heart.

EXTRA TO-DAY, MERMAID COMEDY

## "LICKETY SPLIT"

Wed. LEON ERROL and DOROTHY GISH in Thurs.

"CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE"

## CAPITOL

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY

The Screen Sensation of the Seasons

JOHN GOLDING'S TRIUMPH

## "LIGHTNIN"

— WITH —

JAY HUNT, MADGE BELLAMY, J. FARRELL MAC DONALD

A Romance Of and For the Young and Old

EXTRA

## "FOX NEWS"

Thursday Tom Mix in "YANKEE SENOR"

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