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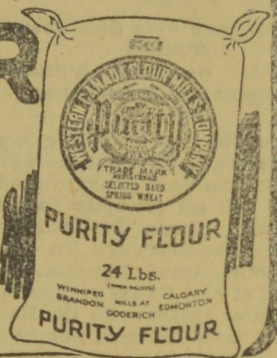
The Purity Maid

PURITY FLOUR

For all your baking

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
Head Office—TORONTO

Branches from coast to coast



ANTIQUATED.

In a cottage in Fife Lived a man and his wife Who, believe me, were old-fashioned folk,

He listened to her, She listened to him Whenever the other one spoke!

Gushing Gertrude—Isn't that sonata lovely? And nothing but minors, too.

Sleepy Escort—'S pretty good for kids.

Harry Dunbar of Woosick is here to attend the Fraser-VanBuskirk wedding this evening.

Nurse—Do you want to see the little brother the stork brought you? Bobby—Naw, I wanna see the stork.

A. D. Taylor, M. P. P., of Minto is at the Queen.

Mr. Harvey Welton of Minto is registered at the Queen.

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EVOLUTION IS NOW SAID TO BE ROBBING SHIPS OF ROMANCE

(New York Sun.)

When the Atlantic lanes are plowed by gigantic automobile liners bare of masts and smokestacks with the insignificant exception of a pole for the wireless, one of the last of boyhood's pet admirations will have been changed almost beyond recognition.

Boyhood's pet admirations used to include a ship with many funnels and masts, a locomotive built like a greyhound with a chimney that stuck up saucily in front, and a stagecoach or carryall drawn by four spanking horses with the stimulating aid of a long whip.

Some of the most eminent of New Yorkers, pillars of commerce and society, cherished a boyhood ambition to be captain of such a ship, engineer of such a locomotive or driver of such a stage. And they can testify to the melancholy fact that ships, locomotives and stages are not what they used to be.

In earliest boyhood the masts of Atlantic liners were square rigged and carried sails when the wind was favorable. Also both masts and funnels were rakish.

A multiplicity of masts was more important in our boyish judgment than a multiplicity of funnels. Four masts and two stacks satisfied our ideal of a floating palace, although we may have longed for a recrudescence of the Great Eastern, with her glorious seven masts and five chimneys and her enshrinement of immortality in a novel of Jules Verne.

Fewer Masts, More Smokestacks.

In later life we managed to reconcile ourselves to the decrease of masts and increase of smokestacks that marked the evolution of the Atlantic liner, although we may have inwardly chafed at the iconoclasm of marine architects in stripping the liner of all its romance of shrouds, crow's nests and snowy, snapping canvas.

Remember the Gulon liners that used to break records from Liverpool to Sandy Hook, with every stitch of canvas drawing and the old single propeller stirring up the salt Atlantic for

all it was worth? Not many of the famous old liners are still afloat. They burned so much coal that when eclipsed by the swift passenger trade their most economical resort was the scrap heap.

Vanished is the graceful Etruria, which captured all the speed laurels of the Atlantic in the eighties and carried all the celebrities of that period. And her sister Cunarder, the Umbria, is seen no more forever in the ports of the world. They and the old, reliable Servia, the first of steel vessels to cross the Atlantic, continued carrying passengers for a decade or two after they had been eclipsed by bigger and faster boats, but at last they disappeared into the discard.

The flying Inman liners with their curving bows and yachtlike lines no longer break records, but a couple of them, once the renowned City of Paris and City of New York, occasionally flit into the North River as quietly as the Flying Dutchman, reminding old watermen of their former glories.

Motor Ship Another Stage

They were the prettiest models hitherto seen in such large vessels, and they started the movement to ward multiplying the number of smokestacks and reducing that of masts. That movement continued until the largest liners were mounting dummy funnels for the sake of leading the fashion, and a steamship needed four stacks to qualify for liner society.

And now, with the motor ship supplanting the steamship, we're threatened with the total disappearance of funnels. The liners of the future will discharge their combustion products through under water exhaust pipes, according to the engineers, and passengers will take the air along an immense sweep of deck as unobstructed as a section of Atlantic City broadwalk.

Well, boyhood has got to learn to stand it, as it has learned to stand locomotives so overgrown that their chimneys had to be sawed off to let them get through the tunnels.

CLAIMS THAT WINTER IS TRYING TO TAKE ON RESPECTABILITY

(New York Sun.)

Seen through a pair of oval windows, rimmed with celluloid, life is a thing of infinite complications. The windows constantly are getting lost or broken, or dirty or something. And nobody will sympathize. Yes, it's a hard life if you wear glasses—especially in the winter time.

Glasses in the summer are merely an annoyance. But given a good cold snap and they become positively a menace, leaving their wearer to stare out, with depressing frequency, into a distorted and foggy world, filled with indistinct shapes, which may be anything except what he thinks they are. For the moment he steps from the cold outside air into a warm room—he might as well be wearing smoked glass. The windows through which he observes becomes covered with steam and the world takes a mean advantage and vanishes in a fog.

When six feet of rising young business man follows his wife blunderingly from the bakery—it is worse in bakeries for some reason—and he finds out that it wasn't his wife at all but a perfectly strange woman who is going over to tell the policeman on the corner, it is all very sad.

Yes, bakeries and those cozy little restaurants are the worst. Ask your friend who wears glasses—he knows. He's been there.

He enters a bakery to buy a loaf of bread. Instantly he becomes thoroughly steamed. He puts out both hands protectively and advances with deliberation.

Advancing to Counter.

Through the fog he perceives a faintly glimmering beacon light. Now that, he reasons, is the reflection of the sun on the glass showcase. If he can get over there without catastrophe, it will be all right. He gropes forward. Suddenly his hands touch something. Before he can stop himself, it has yielded and he is again—outdoors. Instantly everything clears up.

He idles outside, ostensibly examining the window display, but really charting the path from the door to the showcase and waiting until a new set of customers has replaced those who were witnesses to his inglorious sally. Then, clear sighted, he opens the door. At once the curtain falls.

Before him is a shadowy form. Adopting a noncommittal smile and a voice so graduated, he hopes, as not

to disclose the fact that he does not know whether the clerk is a man or a woman, he addresses the shape:

"Give me a loaf of bread, please," he requests. There is no answer. He repeats his order. The form does not move, neither does it speak.

After a few minutes he tries again.

"Er—I wonder if you could get me that bread now?" he inquires politely, but in a clear and rather loud voice. Possibly the clerk is deaf. He reaches out a hand. Perhaps a touch on the arm will pierce that abstraction. After a touch he immediately understands. One cannot expect prompt service from a post. A moment later somebody takes hold of him gently.

Getting Parcel a La Grab Bag.

"We don't let customers come behind the counter, sir," a voice says politely. He is led out. But he got his order in.

"Anything else?" a voice, emanating from one of the several foggy materializations about him inquires. He says no and reaches for his parcel. Gropingly he picks it up.

"Say, where you going with my cake?" a gruffly masculine voice demands. He apologizes. He explains about his glasses. Somebody gives him his bread. He blunders out.

Outside all is clear again. No longer does he see through a glass darkly. In fact, nothing could be clearer than the fact, which becomes evident when he gets home that he got somebody's cream puffs after all.

But what myopic victim of the Storm King got his bread?

ORION IN THE SOUTH.

Orion is low in the south tonight And a drowsy wind drifts by, And stirs the lines of the palms and pines Under the spangled sky.

Orion is low in the south tonight Ranging the crystal air, Poising his arrow's darting flight Hard on the trail of the Bear.

From the Spanish Main comes the old refrain As the wind sets a pipe to mouth And glad are we to be again With Orion low in the south!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

PROBATE COURT County of York

To the Heirs-at-Law, Next-of-Kin, and Creditors of Lloyd Boyd, late of the Parish of Douglass in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, deceased, and to all others whom it may in any wise concern.

GREETING

On the application of Thomas E. Griffiths of the Town of Devon in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Esquire, You are hereby cited and required to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of York at the City of Fredericton on Tuesday the second day of February, A. D. 1926 at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why Letters of Administration of all and singular the goods and chattels, lands and tenements which were of the said Lloyd Boyd, should not be granted to him in due form of law.

Given under my hand this Ninth day of January, A. D. 1926.

(Sgd) ARTHUR L. SLIPP,

Registrar of Probate.

(Sgd) HARRIS G. FENETY,

Judge of Probate.



THE COOK MEDICINE CO.
TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

NOTICE OF SALE

NOTICE is hereby given, that pursuant to the provisions of the Fredericton Assessment Act of 1907, there will for the purpose of satisfying the arrears of City Taxes for the years 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924 and 1925, inclusive, made and assessed against Henry Simmonds or Simmon and amounting in all to \$281.94 unless the said sum together with the costs of this notice are sooner paid, be sold at public auction in front of the City Hall, Fredericton, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Saturday, the thirteenth day of February, A. D. 1926, all the right, title and interest of the said Henry Simmonds or Simmons in and to the lands and premises following:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the County of York aforesaid, and bounded as follows: Beginning on the Westerly side of Brick Kiln Road at a stake placed 'at the intersection of the Lower or Easterly side line of a tract of land owned by William H. O'Dell, Esquire, thence running North 41 degrees West along said dividing line, seven chains and twenty links, until it strikes the 'South East side line of a tract of land owned by the said William H. O'Dell, thence North Easterly along the said last mentioned line until it strikes the 'South Westerly line of another tract of land fronting on the said Brick Kiln Road owned by the said William H. O'Dell, thence along the said line, South Easterly to the Brick Kiln Road above mentioned, thence along the said Brick Kiln Road, to the place of beginning, containing thirteen acres more or less, being the same lands and premises mentioned and described in the Deed

"Also all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the rear of the Town Plat of the said City of Fredericton and more particularly known and described as Lot No. 44, surveyed and laid out in the Fifth Range of pasture lots abutting and bounded as follows: Beginning at a marked stake on the South West side of a reserved road, between the Fourth and Fifth Ranges of said pasture lots, thence running by the magnet, South 44 degrees west 25 chains of 4 poles each or less, a reserved road between the fifth and sixth ranges of said lots, thence North 45 degrees West 7 chains and 57 links to a reserved road, between said pasture lots, hereof from Patrick Donnelly and Wife to Thomas Temple, bearing date the fourteenth day of February, A. D. 1865, and duly registered in York County Records in Book 0-2, at pages 744-745 under official number 17000."

"Lots and the Globe land, thence running along the said last mentioned reserved road North 44 degrees, East until it strikes the South West side of the first mentioned reserved road, lying between the Fourth and Fifth ranges of said pasture lots, thence running along the said South West side of the said last mentioned reserved road South 45 degrees East to the place of beginning, the said lot of land above described, and hereby conveyed being a part of the lands heretofore conveyed to one Patrick Donnelly by the Chancellor, President and Scholars of King's College at Fredericton by Deed dated the Tenth day of October, A. D. 1857 and registered in the Records of the said County of York in Book H-2, pages 567-568."

Dated at Fredericton this second day of December, A. D. 1925.

(Sgd.) C. FRED CHESTNUT,

City Treasurer.

NOTICE OF SALE

NOTICE is hereby given, that pursuant to the provisions of the Fredericton Assessment Act of 1907, there will for the purpose of satisfying the arrears of City taxes for the years 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924 and 1925 inclusive, made and assessed against Arthur Gray (and owned by Henry Montgomery-Campbell and Herbert Montgomery-Campbell) and amounting in all to \$189.45, unless the said sum together with the costs of this notice are sooner paid, be sold at public auction in front of the City Hall, Fredericton, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Saturday, the thirteenth day of February, A. D. 1926, all the right, title and interest of Arthur Gray and of Henry Montgomery-Campbell and Herbert Montgomery-Campbell in and to the lands and premises following:

"All that certain lot of land situate and being in the City of Fredericton, bounded as follows: Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly side of York Street, distant 141 feet measured South Westerly from the intersection of the Northwesterly side of York Street and the South Westerly side of the reserved street between block 'H' and 'G' in the plan of Messrs. Campbell's lands made by Baird and Howie, thence North 38 degrees 30 minutes West 141 feet; thence South 51 degrees 30 minutes North 47 degrees South 38 degrees 30 minutes East 141 feet to York Street, aforesaid and thence along York Street 38 degrees 30 minutes East 47 feet to the place of beginning being known as Lot No. 4 in Block 'H' in plan of survey of Campbell lands prepared by Baird & Howie."

Dated at Fredericton this second day of December, A. D. 1925.

(Sgd.) C. FRED CHESTNUT,

City Treasurer.