

The Daily Mail

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1926.

HOOPS AND BUSTLES.

Further evidence that human nature doesn't change as the years come and go is found in this paragraph, taken from the files of the Ohio State Journal of October 20, 1863, sixty-three years ago:

"Hoops are going out, it is said. The fashion, which resisted for some years the vigorous and pertinacious assaults of the caricaturists, the old fogies, and the class of wisecracks who keep count of the number of people annually burned to death from different causes, of waste perpetrated by the wearing of useless coat buttons and such like statistical odds and ends, has at last succumbed to the decrees of that mysterious personages who invents new fashions.

People still are freely criticizing the fashions, evidently having inherited the tendency from our forefathers. But the editor who wrote the above seemed rather offended at the idea of banishing hoops. He must have had an intuitive feeling that they would be succeeded by something worse, and they were. The bustle followed, as one evil trends on the heels of another. When we feel the urge to criticize the styles of today we ought to think of hoops and bustles, and weep.

BAD TIDINGS.

In the old days messengers bearing bad tidings to the king had their heads cut off. A bit unjust to the messengers, you say. But the idea is not bad. We all know men who are automatic objectors. Their news is always bad news. Ask them what they think about a new idea and they say it can't be done. Everything is either wrong or impossible. They are like the messengers that bear you bad tidings. The world would get along very well—better in fact—if their heads were cut off.

"Get out and send me an optimist," Henry Ford once said to a man who was arguing with him, telling him something couldn't be done. When you get a good job, produce—and produce what the boss wants. He doesn't want argument. He wants results. He doesn't want automatic objectors around him. He doesn't want messengers that bear him bad tidings. This doesn't mean you shouldn't tell the boss frankly when you think he is making a mistake. But say what you have to say briefly and simply. Don't argue and don't whine. If he says to go ahead—go ahead, if you have to burn down the house to do it.

MARTYRDOM.

There are lots of folks who like to give the impression of being reconciled rather than contented. For if they appear merely to be resigned or reconciled to some situation or other, then they rank in their own eyes as martyrs. And the human being craves martyrdom. Probably the happiest people who ever lived were those who were burned at the stake in martyrdom. That experience was the very height of fulfillment. There is something in all of us that makes us love to be pitied. It starts with childhood and grows greater with the years. Self-pity feeds upon itself and grows bigger. Crabbiness and grouchiness are by-products of that dreaded disease.

New York woman suing for a separation claims her husband's failure to show affection for her has put her under the care of a physician who is treating her for indigestion, auto-intoxication, shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, anemia and nervous exhaustion. The husband claims it's all her own fault as she eats heavily, sleeps 'till noon, takes no exercise, has nothing to occupy her mind and that she won't try to bring down her present weight of 180 pounds to conform to her height of five feet, five inches. There's a nice case for a referee to decide. It looks as though a Daniel ought to come to judgment.

Wishing to give his Scotch steward a treat, a gentleman invited him to London, and on the night after his arrival took him to an hotel to dine. During the early part of the dinner the steward was noticed to help himself very liberally to the champagne, glass after glass disappearing. Still he seemed very downhearted and morose. Presently he was heard to remark,

"Weel, I hope they'll not be long wi' the whusky, as I dinna get on verra wel wi' these mineral waters."

Liberty, a magazine published in New York, agrees with Premier King that annexation talk is all buncombe. It points out that a number of the Canadian provinces are under government control and the people will never vote themselves into union with the United States while that country remains under prohibition. If Liberty is right in its views it seems strange that so many individual Canadians should be willing to pull up stakes here and move across the line.

The Grenadier Guards, whose ranks long were filled only with six-footers, has gone back to its traditional height requirement, lowered to 5 feet 10 inches in April, 1925, because of the difficulty of getting six-foot men good enough. The ranks of the Grenadiers are now fully recruited and the standard height has been lifted again to six feet. Many other regiments have raised their qualifications required for enlistment because of the number of recruits coming.

Hon. William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States and a former President is on record as saying that the administration of the criminal law in the United States is a standing disgrace to civilization.

London physiologist's suggestion that men wear "open necks" is all right, possibly, as a health measure, but aesthetically it would prove a peculiarly retrogressive measure. A lot of us object to parking the old Adam's apple in full view of a grinning world.

Leonid Krassin, Red envoy of the Russian Soviet to England, has died of anemia. Krassin evidently suffered from the same disease that has attacked his cause.

Probably the saddest word in any tongue is "furthermore," the one with which the contentious wife reopens the argument when it has languished.

Someone asserts he has discovered a cheap process of turning bituminous into anthracite, but the product won't be cheap when it's put on the market, if ever.

Hon. George McHugh, a Liberal member of the Senate died on Saturday at his home in Lindsay, Ontario aged 80 years.

Columbia professor says the nose is the gate to intelligence. That's old stuff. A nose for news is what makes for intelligence in a reporter.

The trouble with most men who are looking for their ship to come in is that they want it to steam right up into their back yard.

A Cape Cod editor refers to his section as "the sun parlor of New England." The White Mountains, then, must be the attic stairs.

A conservative is one who accepts a "fresh paint" sign at its face value; a radical insists on putting his fingers on it to learn whether it's true.

The Association for the Relief of Overworked Words has been asked to consider the plight of "Absolutely!" meaning "yes."

SPECIAL ATTRACTION AT GAIETY THEATRE

"The Waning Sex" is the photo play at the Gaiety for Monday and Tuesday.

Norma Shearer and Conrad Nagel come along and play motion picture parts in a way that will tie them up strong to all who have hitherto enjoyed these two stars.

Miss Shearer sparkles with a surprising box of tricks, out of which no one can tell what's coming next.

The cast has able support, including Mary McAllister, George K. Arthur, Charles McHugh, Tiny Ward and Martha Mattox.

This is another of the better than ordinary productions of this year from Metro-Goldwyn.

Death in Devon.

Archibald M. Hanson a well known resident of Devon died at an early hour Sunday morning at his home in Neill street, Devon, aged fifty-six years. The deceased is survived by his widow and by two sons Frederick of Oshawa, Ont., and Osborne at home also by one sister Mrs. George Wyse, in Ontario. The funeral will take place Tuesday with service at 2 p. m. by Rev. Mr. Gough. Interment will be made in the Rural Cemetery Extension.

THROUGH OUR SIEVE

SIEVE . . . N . . . N Never mind the weather. The kingdom of heaven is within you, not in the almanac.

Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills seem to be the only ones who can't prove an alibi.

Not much ambition is required to want but little here below.

Loss of sleep may improve the brain but it makes a wreck of the disposition.

Winter weather is here. The honey suckle vines have surrendered to Jack Frost.

Radio fans are beginning to think it is the stockyards spirit that moves Chicago to hog the air.

"I'm not saying virtue isn't its own reward," remarked the Man on the Car "but I've seen people so good they were good for nothing."

That "we do fade as the leaf" doubtless is a good thing. Otherwise we might strut to the end of our days and never know humility.

We have a notion, foolish or otherwise, that a man who has never been called "Babykins" or appeared in a black headline ought to feel that he has lived a rather quiet, normal life, and be as happy as obscurity will permit.

RUM RUNNING IN THE WEST

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 28—First-hand information in regard to the rum running business was presented to the Royal Commission investigating the administration of the Department of Customs and Excise here Saturday. Two ship captains, one of whom is now engaged in loading a ship with thousands of cases of liquor for a Mexican port, described to the commissioners their voyages of the past.

DEATH OF MRS. C. S. BRANNEN

Last Member of Her Generation of Roberts Family—Funeral on Wednesday.

The last member of one generation of a well known Fredericton family passed away this morning when Mrs. Agnes Kelland Brannen wife of Chas. S. Brannen, died at her home, 148 Argyle street, aged seventy-nine years. The late Mrs. Brannen was a sister of the late Mrs. John Robinson who died a few weeks ago and also of the late Rev. Canon Roberts for thirty years rector of Fredericton.

The deceased was the wife of Chas. S. Brannen, retired member of the Provincial Civil Service. She is survived by her husband, one daughter Adelaide and one son Sterling, also by two grandchildren Charles and George Brannen.

The funeral will take place Wednesday afternoon with prayers at the home and service afterward at the Parish Church. Interment will be made at Forest Hill Cemetery.

DIED

PICKARD—At the home of her niece, Mrs. Harry Slipp, Queensbury, November 29th, Mrs. Margaret S. Pickard, aged 76 years. Funeral Tuesday afternoon. Service at the home at 1 p. m. by Rev. Mr. Moore. Interment at Pickard Cemetery, Keswick.

BRANNEN—At her home, 148 Argyle street, November 29th Mrs. Agnes Kelland Brannen, wife of Charles S. Brannen, aged 79 years. Funeral Wednesday afternoon. Prayers at 2.30 at home and service at Parish Church at 2.50 by Rev. A. F. Bate. Interment at Forest Hill Cemetery.

HANSON—At his home in Neill Street, Devon, Sunday, November 28th, Archibald M. Hanson, aged 56 years. Funeral Tuesday, Service at 2 p. m. by Rev. Mr. Gough. Interment in Rural Cemetery Extension.

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Mrs. W. R. Bennett, 2307-14th St. West, Calgary, Alta., writes:—"Over a year ago, before my twins were born, I had an attack of pneumonia which left me with a very bad cough. Being under the doctor's care, he tried first one thing and then another, but I coughed day and night. A friend brought me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

for to try, and after coughing for two months and taking four six ounce bottles of cough medicine, I got rid of my cough with one and a half bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup."

Price 35c. per bottle, large family size 60c.; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Pop, what's a frozen asset?" "An icehouse in January. Now study your lessons."

We are in a new architectural period. It will be known to posterity as "20th Century Gas Station."

NOTICE!

From December 1st (1926) milk will be sold in Marysville at 12 cents per quart, until further notice.

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PATHE REVIEW FELIX

Wed. Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots" Thur.

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