



### Stop Coughing

Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Extract is a great Tonic and not only usually stops a cough promptly, but also helps the system to throw it off. Equally good for young or old. There should be a bottle of it in every home.

Generous size bottles. Sold everywhere.  
J. L. MATHIEU CO., Props., SHEPPARD, P.Q.  
If your cold is feverish take Mathieu's  
Nervine Tablets. They reduce the fever,  
and dispel the pains in the limbs and head.  
25c. per box. Sent by mail on receipt of  
price if your dealer cannot supply you.

**A. E. MORRIS,**

Distributor for Maritime Provinces.  
AMHERST, N. S.

## BIG SUM IN RUM FINES

Washington, March 5—Nearly a quarter of a million suits have been heard on prohibition since the dry law "went into effect," the Department of Justice reports. Of these 217,000 were criminal cases.

Collections in fines have totalled \$20,000,000. The number of civil cases is due to padlockings and injunctions. Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts, a wet, caustically remarked that "the people don't seem to take to the law particularly, do they?"

### Notice of Legislation

Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next Session of the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick by the City of Fredericton for the passing of an Act authorizing the said City to issue Debentures in a sum not exceeding the sum of Sixty Thousand Dollars (\$60,000.00), for the purpose of constructing permanent streets in the said City.

Dated at Fredericton this 3rd day of March, 1926.

C. FRED CHESTNUT,  
City Clerk.

## THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY MAY BE THE CAUSE OF WAR

The story of the Chinese Eastern is one of the great romances of modern times, says an article written for the Daily Mail. "Rushed through twenty-five years ago by an army of 150,000 Cossacks and a horde of Coolies, whom they terrified by their atrocities it was primarily intended to serve Count Witte's grandiose plan for building up a great Russian Empire in the Far East," the writer declares.

"But the results were amazing. A vast trade in corn and soya beans sprang up, cities rose like mushrooms at Harbin and Mukden, where peasant shopkeepers became millionaires almost in a night, and the whole province experienced one of the most astonishing land booms in history.

"And the new kingdom of 20,000,000 people was not only made by the railway, but governed by the railway. At Harbin the authorities built wide streets and lovely gardens, a theatre and an opera house, churches, schools and hospitals, telegraph lines and courts; and thanks to the railway, the sprawling Chinese village of twenty-five years ago is now a great city of 500,000 people, about half of whom are Chinese and the other half Russians who settled in the town or fled south from Siberia in 1920-21 when the Red tide rolled East.

"Today Harbin is the most tragic city in the world. Its gardens, its cobbled boulevards, its pretty women, its riotously gay cabarets—all these make Harbin the Paris of the East, a Paris in rags and tatters.

"But hungry children glue their noses to the windows as you eat, ex-generals peddle tobacco or drive droskies honored names have been dragged down into the crime and filth of the 'Green Bazaar,' and everywhere you see beautiful Russian girls with haunted eyes walking the streets for bread or riding beside complacent Chinese officers.

"Harbin dances, but it is a dance Macabre. Through all the music and the laughter you hear the rattling of the bones.

"The hideous degradation of the Russian has had a very grave effect upon the position of the white races in China.

"Incidentally, by destroying the prestige of the railway administration

it has given M. Karakhan, the crafty Red Ambassador at Peking, a chance to get control of the Czarist government's half share in the Chinese Eastern, for which he has long been intriguing.

"He recently forced Chang Tso-Lin, in return for certain concessions when the Manchurian War Lord was hard pressed, to recognize Moscow's claim, and the arrest of Boris Ostroumoff, the general manager, and other white officials, and the appointment of Communists, showed that once in the saddle the Bolsheviks would use the spur.

"The outcome cannot be prophesied but the conflict and M. Karakhan's threat of invasion should at least convince the Chinese that the imperialism of the Reds differ from that of the whites only in being more aggressive."

### LITTLE STORIES OF THE TOWN

#### The Charleston.

A New Yorker said on Saturday that he had seen the Charleston danced in many ways but never better than the way Bessie Love danced it in "A King on Main Street" at the Gaiety.

### Let Hot Water Dissolve Your Corns

To quickly end sore, aching corns the surest remedy is the hot foot bath treatment and a few applications of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Full directions in each package. You won't be disappointed because Putnam's Extractor painlessly removes corns, foot humps, callouses, etc., and leaves no mark or scar. Refuse a substitute for "Putnam's". 25 cents at all druggists.

**PUTNAM'S  
Corn Extractor**

## LADY CYNTHIA AVOIDS THE CHICAGO SMART SET

(Chicago News.)

Lady Cynthia Mosley is in the city today, where her mother, Mary Leiter was a belle before she married Lord Curzon and went to India to be co-sovereign of 300,000,000 souls, but society in Chicago will have to content itself with reading of the activities of Mary Leiter's daughter.

The smart set will see none of her. She will not lunch, or tea or dine in the homes of the socially prominent, or take her position in drawing rooms as the city's distinguished guest of the moment. The only persons who will see Lady Cynthia, herress to one of the greatest fortunes in the world, whose childhood was spent in the vice regal palace in India, and who is a member of one of England's most distinguished families, are factory workers, mine operators, the poor in settlements, and such persons who have made the betterment of the poorer classes their life work.

"We really have no time for social activities," Lady Cynthia smilingly said this morning as she and her husband, Capt. Oswald Mosley, for six years leader in the English parliament, left the apartment they have rented for their five day stay, to accomplish a part of their schedule that will include visits to industrial sections of the city, the stockyards and the downstate coal mines.

#### Not Interested in Trial.

Lady Cynthia set aside the rumor that her visit to Chicago was in connection with the legal battle set for March 18, in which her uncle Joseph Leiter, is charged with mismanagement of the \$100,000,000 estate of her grandfather the late Lev. Z. Leiter.

"The general impression seems to be that we are here in the interests of that suit, she commented. "As a matter of fact I shall not even be in the city at the time the suit begins, for we are leaving next Wednesday. The suit was started by my aunt, the countess of Suffolk and I am interested in only a very small way. It has nothing whatever to do with our visit. We came primarily to investigate the conditions of the laborers here particularly of the miners, and to see what new ideas we can take back to England."

#### Wealth Made in Mines.

The visit to the mines, which will be made Monday, is possibly of more interest than perhaps Lady Cynthia herself knows, it was pointed out today as a part of her fortune comes from Illinois mines. Her late grandfather was much hated by the mine workers of the Zeigler mine, which he owned and which was the last stronghold of anti-unionism in Illinois, but the granddaughter, visiting the mines in the interest of humanity, probably is not aware of this personal human angle connected with the proposed visit.

Lady Cynthia is very tall and her blondness affords an effective foil for her dark-haired, dark-eyed socialist husband. She wore a dark coat with a fox collar and small black felt hat with a rhinestone pin thrust in one side. Under the coat she wore the same brown tailored frock she wore yesterday upon her arrival. Her wedding ring was a plain, old-fashioned gold band, and she wore no other jewelry except a strand of pearls.

#### Not Interested in Family Home.

She disclaimed interest in seeing any particular part of Chicago that has any interest to her from a standpoint of family association.

"I don't even know where the old family home is," she said.

A reporter supplied the information that it was in Rush street, but it was her husband, boyishly eager, who added impetuously:

"Oh, we must see that, Cyn."

Lady Cynthia spoke of her candidacy for parliament from the Stoke-on-Trent constituency, of her interest in Henry Ford and in mass production in general, of living conditions among the laboring people as she has seen them so far on her first American visit, and there was warmth in her voice for them all, but even more warmth deepened her tone when she spoke of her two children.

"There are two—Vivien Elizabeth, who is 5, and the boy, 2," she said. "I've been away from them once before, but three months is my limit. That's one of the reasons I must hurry back. I can't stick it without them for more than three months."

## PARLIAMENT LISTENED TO MUCH ORATORY

Ottawa, March 4—Both in number of speeches and in wordage the Conservatives hold a commanding leadership in the House for the seven weeks this Parliament has sat dealing with the Address. Up to and including last night (March 1) there were 65 Liberal speeches, 122 Conservative speeches and 29 speeches from Progressives, Labor and Independents combined, a total of 206 speeches on 36 actual sitting days.

On the first two sections of this session's talk—that on the question of who should govern and on the question of Mr. Meighen's amendment to the Address—did the three parties make anything like fairly proportionate contributions to the discussion. On the initial debate of the session there were 33 speeches, of which 11 were Liberal, 14 Conservative, and 11 Progressive. On the Meighen amendment debate there were 26 Liberal speeches, 27 Conservative, and 12 Progressive.

#### "POOR OLD CROW."

It seems too bad, my poor, old crow, That it is written you must go. Some did their best to get you free, And leave you where you used to be. But all their efforts were in vain, And so you're doomed, and must be slain.

You little knew it was with scorn The farmer watched you thieve his corn.

You should have waited till it grew, And then he could have shared with you.

But scarce a grain was left to grow, All gobbled up by you, Old Crow. How do you think he's going to live Or Johnny cake to his children give, Or feed his stock, or pay his way, Or meet his needs each passing day? And more than that you are accused That singing birds you have abused—Killing their young; robbing their nests.

Till all your tribe are downright pests Had you been wise, and kept your place,

You'd never have met with this disgrace,

But thieves and robbers, just like you Are sure to come to grief, you know We'll miss you much, my poor, Old Crow.

When time is up for you to go, No more we'll see you on the wing, The foremost harbinger of spring. But when you're gone (though it be vain)

Many may wish you back again. Midland. O. K.

## Where An American Hangs His Hat

Once a hat was not just a hat; it was also a badge of sectionalism. That was when the broad-brimmed Stetson and the nobby derby seldom met. When South, East, North, West lived differently, dressed differently, and thought differently. When a traveling American could feel like a stranger in his own land.

Before advertising—

But now Mrs. Green of Boston and Mrs. Brown of El Paso use the same vacuum cleaner, face powder, soap; Adams of Boston and Sims of Seattle are alike in the cut of their clothes. And where an American hangs his hat, within the borders of these United States, he feels at home. Advertising did that.

Advertising is still at work helping to make these states united. Here is a better bed, a handsomer shoe, a more delicious food. Let it be known from Maine to California, from Washington State to Florida! Here's a healthier way to live, another safeguard for your family, a new service of self-improvement. Spread the news everywhere!

Advertisements.

Read them. They are Couriers of Progress and Unity. Without them you'd lack half the comforts you now have. Ignore them and you'll miss many a good thing to come.

TO KEEP PACE WITH THE TIMES, READ THE  
ADVERTISEMENTS EVERY DAY

## THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE AT WASHINGTON IS DESCRIBED AS A CURIOSITY MORGUE

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)  
There is a young man in Brooklyn, Far away to the sea—  
B. O. B. Bob, we call him,  
Oh, letter carrier find him for me.

This cryptogram, used as an address on a letter mailed, apparently, for a joke, instances the difficult problems which confront the dead letter office, a division of the United States Post-office Department, under control of First Assistant Postmaster General John H. Bartlett.

In addition, on the envelope bearing these lines, in lieu of superscription, were only the words "St. Mark's Ave." in one corner. It might have seemed a hopeless puzzle, but not so to a certain woman employee of the dead letter office who is famous for her feats as a "blind reader."

Applying "the cross-word puzzle test," as it might be termed, the "blind reader" looked up St. Mark's avenue, in a Brooklyn directory, and sent a circular to every person named "Robert" living there. As a result, the right one applied for the letter and got it.

#### Many Curiosities.

This branch of the government department, under Postmaster General Harry S. New, to which letters and packages unclaimed and undeliverable are sent from local postoffices, is a defacto museum of curiosities. Yet the dead letter clerks are never astonished at anything, according to Frank C. Staley, superintendent of the division, whose duties include, in addition to overseeing the dead letter and dead parcelpost office here, the supervision of the three other branches in the United States.

When they open a package, it is nothing unusual for them to find a horned toad, a centipede, a chameleon, a baby alligator, a stuffed gopher, a petrified frog, an opium pipe, spirit photographs, coffin plates, poker chips or a set of false teeth.

A story is current in the division about the last mentioned. An old man rushed up to the clerk in charge and claimed a set of false teeth locked up in a glass case.

"Why do you think they are yours?" asked the curator.

"Because I would know them anywhere," said the old man. "I bought them myself ten years ago, and used them until they were lost in the mails when I sent them to the city to be mended."

The teeth were taken out of the case, the claimant popped them into his mouth, and, lo! they fitted. A few minutes later, after subscribing to certain formalities, he walked out of the place perfectly happy.

#### Reptiles Mailed.

Other stories are told of poisonous animals, living as well as dead, being received at the office. Visitors to Arizona have been known to send home a few horned toads as typical souvenirs from regions explored.

Dead letter division clerks who were in the service when the offices were in the old Postoffice Department Building on Pennsylvania avenue, relate accounts of a live Gila monster forwarded at second-class rates.

Before the dead letter and dead parcelpost division moved into its present quarters, west of Union Station, a living rattlesnake with nine rattles, which went astray in the mails is said to have reposed in a glass jar of alcohol, labeled "From Florida."

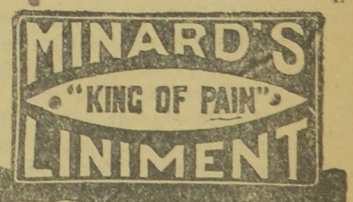
But the most alarming parcel ever received, "interpolated a veteran employee of the office, "proved to contain 17 small snakes, all squirming and wriggly; one of which, by the way, an adder spotted in yellow and black made its escape and crawled out from under a desk a day or two later, to the great alarm of the woman clerks."

#### Rats Eat Mail.

A venerable clerk of the old dead letter office referred to the great amount of trouble made by rats, which ate the contents of packages stored. In those days, he said, all parcels that went astray in the mails were stuck away in big pigeon-holes, a circumstance that offered a fine opportunity to the predatory rodents.



Rub the scalp with Minard's four times a week. It removes Dandruff, stimulates the scalp and makes the hair soft and glossy.



## 2 Years' Backache Subdued by "Nerviline"

"Backache was the bane of my life, and for two years I was so lame as to be unfit for work," writes E. S. Stoen, from Georgetown. "While in Smith Bros. Drug Store, I heard of Nerviline being a wonderful pain-destroyer, so I decided to try Nerviline. Thanks to Nerviline, my two-years' backache was rubbed away, and today I am perfectly well."

All those who suffer from weak, aching backs, those whose muscles are stiff, whose joints are swollen, let them try Nerviline—the liniment that never fails. 35c. at all dealers.

## Salvation Army Notice

A Tableau, "Rescue the Perishing," will be put on in the S. A. Citadel on Thursday evening, March 11th, at 8 p. m. Characters, Faith, Hope, Charity, Religion and an Outcast. This represents true religion in action. Mrs. Major Hiscock will give a reading, "The Starless Crown." This is a splendid service and very effective. Admission 25c.