

ONLY A DUD.

While he was making his way about his platoon one dark night a sergeant heard the roar of a "G. I. can" overhead and dived into a shell hole. It was already occupied by a private, who was hit headfull in the wind by the non-com's head. A moment's silence—a long, deep breath, and then—"Is that you, Sarge?" "That's me."

"Hot dog! I was just waiting for you to explode."

A Federal prohibition agent, shortly before a big rum raid staged about a week ago, visited a certain Indianapolis coalyard. He was recognized by a colored laborer who hailed him and engaged him in conversation.

"Say, boss, we'll got a new kind o' liquor down heah."

"What kind is that?" asked the agent.

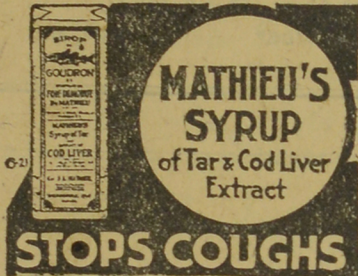
"Why, it's dat block and tackle gin. Ain't you never heard about it?"

"What kind of gin is it?" "Well, it's the kind that you take one drink, then walk a block, and you'd tackle anything."

### Coughing is bad

—it aggravates the irritation besides spreading infection. Few coughs persist after the first dose of Mathieu's Syrup—and relief is always felt at once. Few prescriptions are as effective for coughs and colds.

4-922



If your cold is feverish and your head, back and limbs ache, Mathieu's Nervine Tablets will relieve the pains, allay the fever and help a natural restoring sleep. 25c. a box.

A. E. MORRIS, Distributor for Maritime Provinces. AMHERST, N. S.

## TORONTO FINANCIAL PAPER DEALS WITH CUSTOMS SCANDAL; CANADA HAS LOST MILLIONS

(Financial Post.)

The lid on the greatest and most far-reaching scandal in our national history was not lifted off this week in the House of Commons by Hon. Mr. Stevens. It was raised gently, just enough to show that all was not right in our public service. The fearful, seething mass of corruption, filth, blackmail, wholesale bribery, lewd women and murder, involving men in public life in both parties, was not revealed.

The government was not ignorant. The Prime Minister, Hon. Mackenzie King, was shown enough months ago. The Royal Mounted Police did their duty, as they always do; the Cabinet had their reports. They were called off. Leading business men, well known life-long Liberals brought additional evidence right up to Mr. King and leading members of his Cabinet.

The reports showed how reputable Canadian business was suffering because of the operations of this ring, which the Government, if not technically, was at least practically protecting. They showed, we are informed, where Canada had been actually defrauded of \$30,000,000 revenue. It was a matter of life and death with Canadian manufacturers, workers and merchants. Millions of goods were being smuggled in. Here and there the business papers exposed them, but activ-

ties continued, though with greater secrecy.

There is evidence that merchants as far west as Winnipeg were tipped off. Millions in goods came mainly from Germany and the States without passing through the Customs at all; while others found it to their advantage to clear goods through the port of Montreal and some other special points rather than through other ports in the Dominion. There and in numerous centres throughout Canada honorable importers who refused to handle smuggled goods found their next-door competitors underselling them 15 to 25 per cent. They found scores of new stores springing up dealing specially in smuggled goods. Secret service reports were given by a member of the Cabinet to those under suspicion.

Investigation by a committee of private citizens made up of Liberals and Conservatives is still going on, and they roughly estimate that the Government has been robbed of \$200,000,000, which is to some extent reflected in the unemployment, the migration of Canadians looking for work to the States and in other ways. It explains why we are still compelled to pay sales, income and other war taxes. Notwithstanding this evidence being brought to the attention of certain members of the Government, they clamped the lid down tight, and sat on it. Word went round that nothing

would come out, as several leading Conservatives were also in the mess and that party dared not go back on them.

It was no doubt with this knowledge before them that recent Liberals, some of them in Mr. King's Cabinet, supporter the demand for an appeal to the country last autumn. When Mr. King refused to appeal, they insisted hoping thus to bring about a regeneration of the party.

This need is strongly felt in Ontario and Quebec. It is significant that the Liberal newspapers of Ontario are giving more prominence to Mr. Stevens' exposures than are the Conservative newspapers.

In another column we are publishing a letter from the Liberal leader in the Ontario Legislature, W. E. Sinclair, M. P. P. We are glad to do so. He draws attention to apparent contradictions in The Post when we talk of improving business conditions but criticize national economic conditions. He thinks the average business man should be content to let things work out now, attend to his own affairs and not interfere in national politics. Above he will find enough evidence of the rottenness of our national conditions, not in the Liberal party, but in the way it is being handled by some of those who at present have control.

Mr. Sinclair next asks us to name a man and party who we think could accomplish our ideals. As things are at Ottawa today with the Liberals in control, we submit, first, the Speaker Hon. Mr. Lemieux; next, Hon. Mr. Robb. We believe that either of these men, or between them, given a free hand, could reorganize the Liberal party and the Government of Canada and carry with them the respect and confidence not only of all good Liberals but of Conservatives as well, and they would have the cordial support of The Financial Post, if they would get about them, as we are sure they would, leading Liberals who, like themselves, would put country before party. We understand that Mr. Robb, in spite of his handicaps, will, if he is allowed to, present this year a financial statement that will be a very agreeable surprise to the nation and reflect great credit on his own political sagacity.

As to the Conservatives, our information from across Canada shows that there is no man more highly respected than Hon. Mr. Meighen. He is able, sincere, absolutely honest, but before he can gain the confidence of Canadians in himself as an administrator or national executive he will have to show a higher capacity for getting the right people about him—men on whom he can rely for sound advice and the capable administration of his important cabinet positions. Given that, we have no fear for the future.

Canada is in magnificent shape basically, but national political conditions have never been at so low an ebb.

## SNAKE-SKIN CLOTHING 1926

### FAD, MARY ASTOR THINKS

Hollywood, Feb. 8.—Sensationalism will be the tenor of women's fashions during 1926, according to the screen stars.

Fur-lined negligee, beaded bathing suits, jingle garters, knee-length pajamas, short mannish skirts, knee-muffs and snake-skin coats are some of the daring innovations which the feminine filmsters are introducing to fashiondom.

A style symposium based on interviews with favorite actresses, whose fads and fineries are copied by women everywhere, revealed the bold trend of the new fashion modes.

"It's the snake's hips," remarked Mary Astor, displaying her original coat creation, fashioned of rattlesnake skins. "Snake-skin makes beautiful clothing, and I plan to have some stockings and shoes, and perhaps a hat, to match."

Leopard-skin coats are popular also with the stars. Renee Adoree has a luxurious coat of leopard-skin, with shoes to match.

Fur-lined negligee is being popularized in the film settlement by Anna Q. Nilsson.

"With fur-lined negligee there's no more lying abed hating to get out into the cold morning air," she said. "The body is kept comfortable until the sun comes up to warm the air."

#### Moleskin Negligee.

Miss Nilsson's favorite negligee is of silver satin, with a lace border. The lining is of moleskin.

Joyce Compton favors the knee-length pajamas for night-wear. The jacket is, as usual, of flimsy soft silk, hanging loosely below the waist. The panties are very abbreviated, ending above the knee-caps, with pink rubber bands at the base.

Corliss Palmer, celebrated protegee of Eugene V. Brewster, millionaire New York publisher of movie magazines, introduced the jingle-garter on her arrival in filmtown.

"It's a French importation," she explained. "Bells, cymbals and clappers are attached to the garter to make a tinkle as one moves."

Majel Coleman, sensational DeMille discovery, favors the jeweled garter. Her stocking supports glisten with sapphires, to match her eyes.

"The jewels should agree with the eyes," she says.

Both Miss Coleman and Miss Palmer wear their garter creations above the knees.

Pola Negri is wearing Russian

boots. "They are ideal for women," she said. "They lend an air of intrigue to the legs and ankles which should prove very popular."

#### Bead Bathing Suit.

Colleen Moore, dainty First National headliner, is popularizing the high heel. She has dozens of fresh designs brought back from Paris—beaded, enameled and embroidered ones.

"The higher the heels the more balanced the figure," she said. "The beaded heel is my favorite, but the enamel and embroidered ones are great, too."

Blanche Sweet, who likes winter bathing, has a suit of knitted beads for beach wear. It is of flimsy French texture, which glistens when wet.

The knee muff is Dorothy Mackail's latest style development. "They're very cunning for early spring wear," she said, "and are lovely substitutes for garters." She wears the muffs "plumb on the kneecaps," mounted on elastic ribbons.

Dolores Del Rio, wealthy Mexico City society girl now playing in the movies, predicts she will make the Spanish comb popular with American women.

"The large back and side comb are ver-ree pret-tee," she drawled. "The señoritas in Mexico rival each other in choosing brilliant colors for the combs. Eet would be a charming custom for A-meerica."

#### Tuxedo For Women.

The "tuxedo dress" for women is being strutted on Hollywood boulevard by Bebe Daniels. "It knocks the props out of the last stronghold of masculine style," she declared. "I wore it down Hollywood boulevard the other day and even the flappers gasped." The dress is of velvet, instead of broadcloth. The vest is of moire, and the shirt broad-plaited white satin with a soft black bow tie.

Betty Bronson, Hollywood Cinderella, is going in for hats. "My new hats are all very gay with color," she said, "and of felt, which makes them comfortable as well as attractive."

Flaming lingerie for housewear is the current fashion foible of Clara Bow, of flapper fame. "All my negligees are of painted silk, of cubistic design—a helter-skelter riot of colors," she said. "They are trimmed with long fringe, mostly black. More and better negligees is my style hobby. It is no longer a shame for women to be seen out of their bedrooms in negligee. Why not?"

## BUILDING RAZER PLAYS HERO

### ROLE AS NEW YORK CLIMBS

New York, Feb. 8.—New York is in a continual process of rebuilding. Girt about by water, it has only one dimension in which to grow. Constantly increasing land values make the returns from the old low buildings inadequate. Hence, hardly a new building is erected in Manhattan but that an old one is torn down and New York rises daily nearer and nearer the sky.

Thus is the building razer an important part of the economies of the city. He is one who reduces the hovel and the mansion to its component parts that the great sky scraper may take its lace. He is a prosaic, phlegmatic figure in dirty, torn overalls, with grimy face and hands, for the dust of many years flies about him, and being such in unsung in the current annals of the metropolis. Yet in a way, he is a hero, for about him always is death or serious injury.

Disaster comes suddenly and with little warning. Experts are in charge, but even experts cannot always judge the work of age. An ancient beam, seemingly as solid as when it was first hewn from a tree, may be but a shell. A support is removed and in a twinkling there is a roar, a great cloud of dust and then the clanging of gongs of the ambulances, the forming of police lines, the crowding about of the curious, and a quick check of those who have escaped. Follows activity faster and more furious than ever before. The menace still exists, but the toilers burrow into the ruins to rescue their fellow workers. Too often, despite their speed and daring, their work is useless for death has been the victor in the race. But always they persist.

Nor are the firemen and police less brave. Lingers in the mind the picture of a skinny fireman crawling under a mighty mass of bricks and steel which seemed to be swaying as if the shell was breathing, to get what seemed to be only a bundle of dirty, old clothes, the entire wall.

And he brought the man out alive. Swift indeed is demolition in the city of the six million. A row of tenements frowns at the street in which children are shouting. Women lean from the windows and shrill to their neighbors. From below come the cries of vendors. Then there is a great silence, the old building is deserted. First, it goes blind—the windows are removed. Then the front is wrecked and the rooms—once homes—are exposed. The reaction is a curious sense of indecency, as if the residents had wandered into the day-light unclad. Then, seemingly in but a day, naught remains save a hole in the ground to ward which the steam shovels are al ready making their way while the chatter of the pneumatic drill drowns the shouts of the children.

And what was once a hundred homes has gone entirely save for the stain on the adjoining building.

The toil of the razer is not decreased by the consideration that the old builders of Manhattan gave to Time. Recognizing that Time is the greatest enemy of the works of man, to withstand the ravages of man, who withstand the ravages as far as possible, they made the foundations broad and deep and the walls thick. When the Producing Managers' Association was in existence, the quarters were in an old brownstone mansion on West Forty-fifth street. To supply Augustus Thomas, the chairman, with a private office, what was once the parlor of the home next door was leased. Obviously, a door was necessary. When completed, it was one of the narrowest doors in the City of New York—not to vex corpulent visitors, but because of necessity. The old builders, with that idea of permanence firmly fixed, though the two houses touched one another, built the dividing wall of solid masonry and so threaded it with water and gas pipes, that a wide door would have necessitated tearing down the entire wall.

## 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

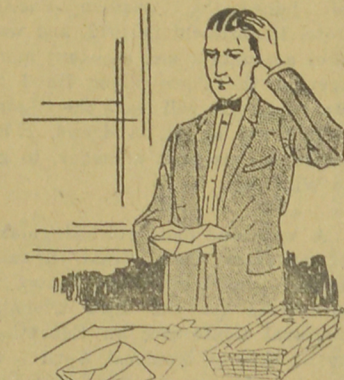
### Freshen Up!

Nicest Laxative, "Cascarets" 10c



Don't stay headachy, bilious, constipated, sick! Take one or two "Cascarets" any time to mildly stimulate your liver and start your bowels. Then you will feel fine, your head becomes clear, stomach sweet, tongue pink and skin rosy. Nothing else cleans, sweetens, and refreshes the entire system like pleasant, harmless candy-like "Cascarets." They never gripe, overact, or sicken. Directions for men, women, children on each box—drugstores.

### BLUNDERS



#### WHY IS THIS WRONG?

It is unwise to guess the weight of a letter to determine the amount of postage required. Such guessing often results in "Postage Due," which may cause delay in delivery, and, in the case of business letters, often results in a dissatisfied customer.