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EMPEROR YOSHIHITO OF JAPAN PASSED AWAY ON SATURDAY; WAS A VICTIM OF PNEUMONIA

Tokio, Dec. 27—While Tokio waits in silence for the arrival of the dead Emperor today, the Imperial Diet which convened yesterday, prepares to pass a funeral budget amounting to \$1,453,000.

Sunday in Tokio, usually one of the busiest days at this period saw few people on the streets and the shopping districts were deserted. Between the Imperial hotel and the houses of the Imperial diet and along other roadways leading to the government buildings, government officials, all wearing their bands of crepe in honor of the late Emperor Yoshihito passed quietly.

Except for the speech from the throne, usually read by the prince regent heretofore, the business at the opening of the Diet was unimportant. Premier Wakatsuki, in reading the message of the new Emperor, who had been known since his boyhood by many of the men who heard the speech, stressed the last paragraph which provided for a period of mourning.

Elaborate Funeral.

The budget for the funeral, which will be one of the most elaborate affairs in Japan since the burial of Emperor Mutsuho, will be considered by the Diet Tuesday and probably will be passed quickly without comment.

A great pavilion will be erected at Yoyogi parade ground, scene of Tokio's annual military manoeuvres, for the funeral ceremonies which will be held about Feb. 10. It is customary for

foreign governments to send special representatives to this service.

His Passing Mourned.

Tokyo, Dec. 26—The land of the Rising Sun put aside the spirit of Christmas to mourn the passing of its 123rd Emperor. Yoshihito Haru-No-Miya, and to hail the advent of his successor, Hirohito, with whose reign will begin with the era of Showa—(Peace and enlightenment.)

Yoshihito died early Christmas Day at the Imperial villa at Hayama, near here, after a prolonged illness climaxed by an attack of bronchial pneumonia. And while the nation was hushed in sorrow Hirohito, his son, ascended to the throne, in conformity to the custom which requires that it never shall be vacant.

The ceremony of ascension to the throne took place at the villa before the royal personage was removed from the death chamber bed, and the new Emperor remained there with the body of his father. Hirohito will return to Tokyo Monday, when the body of his father will be removed to the Imperial Palace.

Mourning Period.

The era of Showa was proclaimed by the cabinet immediately on ascension by the cabinet immediately on ascension of the new ruler. It will prevail during the lifetime of Hirohito. Prince Kanin today was named head of the funeral commission but details for the ceremony will be in the hands of the household minister. The period of mourning will last a year.

ANTI-FASCISTS HELD MEETING IN PARIS; SOCIALIST CALLS ITALY'S FOREIGN POLICY A BLUFF

Paris, Dec. 24—"Italy has become a prison." It was with these words that Filippo Turati, leader of the Italian Socialist party, began the only interview he has granted an American correspondent since he escaped to Corsica in a motor boat a few days ago.

Turati received the writer at luncheon in a big, bare dining room of a Paris apartment to which he had been welcomed by a group of his comrades in exile. Pine tables, paper napkins, modest fare, all bespoke economy—almost poverty.

Turati sat on an old sunken in red sofa. Although wearied by his long voyage—fourteen hours in a motor boat and then the trip from Corsica to Paris—he carried his 72 years with energy. Around him were gathered some twenty exiles, all of whom had formerly played an important part in Italian politics.

"Italy is a prison," Turati repeated. "I can find no other expression to define the present situation. The country is stifling under a tyranny, unprecedented in history. It is impossible to express a free thought whether by pen or word. It is impossible even to make a gesture without authorization from the police."

Economic Pressure.

"A detective slept outside my door and followed my every step through the streets. Every letter I sent or received was opened and read. I could not communicate with my friends without exposing them to the gravest danger."

"Not only has open political opposition been suppressed, but material life is made impossible to all who refuse to surrender their pride."

"I was a lawyer and journalist," put in Claudio Treves, one of the leading Socialist writers of Europe. "Our newspapers were suppressed. Thrice my office was invaded by Fascists, who burnt my files and those of my clients. The police were always bothering me. My landlord evicted me. I should have died of hunger if I had remained in Milan."

"One after another," continued Turati, "the leaders of the Socialist, or even of the Liberal parties, are condemned to enforced domicile. They are not put in prison, but sent to little island near Sicily, with convicts—thieves and murderers."

"All children are forced into the Fascist organizations. Those who do not give the Roman salute are driven from school and their parents are visited by Fascist hands."

Foreign Policy "Bluff."

"What do you think," the correspondent asked, "of Italy's military preparations on the French frontier?"

"In my opinion all of Mussolini's foreign policy is a bluff," said Turati. "He is preparing for war because he knows all the European powers, especially France, want peace. He hopes that to safeguard that peace they will make concessions to him. But any dic-

tator is always obliged to bluff more and more, and the moment comes when he is no longer master of his own actions. That is what makes the situation dangerous. But if such a misfortune befall him it would end Fascism. At the first blow, Mussolini and his regime would fall."

"Aha the Fascists divided?" the writer asked.

"Fascism," Turati replied, "is not a coherent party. It is a band. It includes autocratic reactionaries like Federzoni and former revolutionaries like Mussolini. These latter insist that Fascism will finally bring revolution. Some day there will be a brutal conflict between these factions."

"Furthermore, the big manufacturers who used Mussolini to break Socialism and Syndicalism now see that they have been enslaved by him. They want to get rid of a tyranny which is as heavy for them as for their political adversaries."

"Can the Fascist regime last much longer?"

"Who knows? The Italian people are bound hand and foot. In any case, Fascism will not survive Mussolini."

"What do you intend to do now?"

"I have no plans yet. But Italian emigres need organization. Perhaps we can publish a paper in Paris."

Turati fell silent, somewhat wearily. Some one handed him a glass of sparkling wine. And all standing, the exiles, with glasses in hand, repeated: "Next year, in Rome."

TOMMY BURNS STILL SEARCHES FOR GOOD HEAVY

Noah Brusso ("Tommy Burns") must be given credit for singleness of purpose, anyway. The former world heavyweight champion boxer went to England more than a dozen years ago to develop, as he said at the time, a contender for the title then held by Jack Johnson. Now he bobs up in Newcastle-on-Tyne as trainer and manager of Donald Shortland of Sheffield. Brusso, who was born in Hanover, Ont., and played lacrosse in various Western Ontario towns, and afterward in Detroit, before taking up boxing, lost the world title to Johnson at Rushcutter's Bay, in Australia. He has sponsored a number of heavyweights since going to the Old Country, but none ever showed championship possibilities. Burns has been a publican in various parts of England, and is said to have amassed a fortune. Shortland, who recently had a trial at the National Sporting Club is young and raw at present but the former champion expects him to win the British heavyweight crown within a year.

RECALLS DAYS WHEN BIG BONANZA BOOMED; WON OUT IN A DEAL

(Bob Davis in New York Sun.)

News comes from Virginia City, Nevada, that the great gold and silver mines which poured \$90,000,000 a year into the lap of the Government during the civil war have nothing more to surrender of treasure and will close down. Thus Mount Davidson, lifting its dome 9,000 feet above sea level, becomes at last the tomb of America's Golconda. The heart of the great hill, into which shafts, drifts, tunnels, stopes and winzes were made by money hungry mortals has ceased to beat and the golden flood from its mighty arteries is no more.

Virginia, once a city of 30,000 souls and the capital of a thousand belching smokestacks, lies exhausted upon the slope, her fires drawn, her thundering machinery stilled, her engines red with rust. The timbers of the Consolidated, Crown Point, Savage, Alta Best and Belcher are rotting in 3,000 feet of pitch darkness, the silence broken only by the drip, drip, drip of accumulating moisture. The scars made by men with the centuries heal, but the legends, songs and stories of the Comstock Lode will survive.

Mackay, Fair, Flood and O'Brien, the Big Four who ruled in that kingdom, have passed away, but the influence they wielded from that distant Sierra throne ramifies today unto the uttermost parts of the earth. The human equation is beyond obliteration and while human speech and memory and the written word exist the old Comstock will be food for tongues.

Let me recall the story of the rise and fall of Warren Sheffield, Beau Brummell, Croesus, stock broker, miner, pauper. He was one of the few living men who outjockeyed the crafty James G. Fair in a stock deal. When Virginia City was at its zenith Warren was the glass of fashion, the broadcloth prince of the night life, the Aladdin who rubbed the lamp and brought largess out of the air. When he turned a card it was an ace; when he played the wheel thirty-five to one was his portion. He snubbed the great with one gesture and reinstated them with the next. But Icarus flew once too often into the sun and fell back.

Maimed by ill luck and broken in spirit, he stopped Jim Fair on the street and asked for the loan of \$10,000. "I may want to buy a little lunch," "Wouldn't it be better if you took a job and worked up an appetite first?" said the Senator. "We need miners in the Crown Point."

"I've always wanted to be on your payroll, Jim," answered Sheffield, much to the astonishment of the bystanders and also of Mr. Fair. The next morning he appeared at the shaft of the Crown Point in miner's garb and took the cage for the depths. Being skilled in mineralogy he was made a subforeman in a rich drift.

On the third day, while examining a newly uncovered quartz ledge, Warren suddenly let out a terrifying scream and, falling in the arms of a neighboring miner, began to froth at the mouth, his body contorting violently. After a few moments of incredible torture he sank to the floor of the drift and became rigid. The frothing at the lips continued and he was carried to the shaft and sent aloft on a fast cage. His personal physician was called and Warren was removed to a place of quiet in the emergency ward, where the doctor took the case. "Epilepsy," said the M. D. "Nothing serious. Be all right in a moment. Just leave him with me."

Doctor and patient emerged in a few minutes and the latter insisted upon going back to work. His courage was highly praised and his yearning to labor was gratified.

The Stock Jumped.

The next morning there was a sensational boom in the stock of the Crown Point mine, the shares jumping from \$16 to \$38.50 before noon. A lot of pickers who were not regarded seriously in the speculative market were somehow or other loaded with Crown Point stock and cleaned up. The outsiders were in on the ground floor and the insiders were not. Fair's brokers had to do a lot of explaining.

A month of quiet followed, and Warren recovered his health. Everybody praised him for his brave efforts at honest toil, Mr. Fair even complimenting him. As a reward his transferred Warren to the Consolidated, where the underground temperature was more agreeable. Everything went along swimmingly until one morning the diamond drill brought out on the 1,200 foot level a core of gold bearing quartz that went \$82 a ton. Warren Sheffield caught one flash of the ore with his practical eye and laid his plans accordingly.

The next day Consolidated stock which had been long in the doldrums, opened sluggishly and several thousand shares were picked up through different brokers and in small lots. The trading continued without at-

tracting any particular attention. There was something in the wind but the fireworks were not quite ready. Warren put in five hard days while the shift of miners went on the trail of the diamond drill. At last, arriving in the region of the ledge, they put in a blast. It shook down the rest thing in high grade ore.

Threw Another Fit.

Before the outside world had any information whatever Mr. Warren Sheffield was throwing the most remarkable fit ever staged in any country. He frothed like a beer keg and did some of the greatest contortion stunts witnessed up to that time. The Consolidated foreman became terrified at the spectacle and rushed the foaming, moaning Warren aloft in person. The stricken miner revived at the mouth of the shaft long enough to send for his old medical adviser, who arrived in jig time.

"Everybody out. Give him air!" the physician shouted, taking the case. "Be all right in a minute."

"Doc," said the pallid Mr. Sheffield, after the room was cleared, "that ore may go over three hundred a ton and the ledge is four feet wide and runs from the roof of the shaft to the floor, and no telling how deep it goes. It's another Bonanza. Gimme something to take the taste out of my mouth and then you light out to the stock brokers and load up in Consolidated. I've eaten my last bunk of shavina soap and from now on nothing but champagne froths at my lips. Ecstasy! Poo! It's Jim Fair's turn to have the next spasm."

Sheffield and his alert old family physician cleaned up over \$200,000 with that cake of shaving soap, but Warren never got the taste of it off his lips.

Jim Fair issued orders throughout the Lode that Mr. Warren Sheffield, "in view of his delicate constitution" and his predilection for throwing fits and fainting at critical moments be laid off indefinitely.

BAND!

MONDAY
WEDNESDAY
FRIDAY
and
SATURDAY
Afternoon

ARCTIC RINK

CITY ELECTION

THE ELECTION FOR MAYOR AND ALDERMEN FOR THE CITY OF FREDERICTON for the ensuing year will be held on
MONDAY
the 10th Day of January, 1927

at the Polling Places as follows:
DIVISION NO. 1—For all voters residing or owning property above the northwest centre line of Carleton street, prolonged, at or near the City Hall, in the said City.
DIVISION NO. 2—For all voters residing or owning property in the remainder of the said City, at or near the County Court House, in the said City.

NOMINATIONS

Every candidate for the office of Mayor or Alderman shall be qualified to vote at the election for which he is nominated and shall be nominated by at least TWO ratepayers residing in the City of Fredericton, and qualified to vote at the ensuing election for which such candidate is nominated.

Every nomination paper, with the certificate of the City Treasurer, shall be filed with the City Clerk at his office, and not later than FOUR O'CLOCK on the Afternoon of MONDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF JANUARY, 1927, and the City Clerk, before receiving such nomination paper, shall ascertain from the same that the requirements of the Election Act have been complied with.

No candidate is qualified to be nominated for Alderman unless at the time of nomination he is a resident of the Ward for which he is nominated.

The acceptance of each candidate and the signatures of at least TWO resident qualified voters, who must sign the nomination paper, shall be proved by affidavit attached to the nomination.

In case of a contest, each elector shall be entitled to vote for ONE candidate for Mayor, for ONE candidate for Alderman for Wellington Ward, for ONE candidate for Alderman for St. Ann's Ward, for ONE candidate for Alderman for Carleton Ward, for ONE candidate for Alderman for Queens Ward and for ONE candidate for Alderman for Kings Ward.

Dated this 27th day of December, A. D. 1926.
C. FRED CHESTNUT,
City Clerk.

It Pays to Advertise