

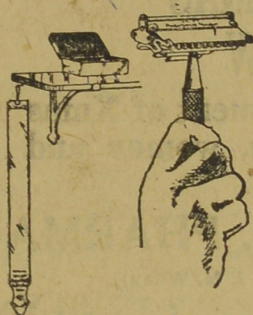
"Then, I Learned How to Shave."

"I had developed the habit, like lots of fellows, of shaving year after year with the same old 'safety'."

"I was out camping with a chap who used a Valet AutoStrop Razor and was very enthusiastic. 'Just try it,' he urged."

"Results! What a difference! It is all in the stropping, I learned."

"I'll never go back to the ordinary 'safety' because I'll never be content with the blade giving only a few shaves, the blade getting duller with every shave. Believe me, those two weeks convinced me that I had been in a rut as far as shaving is concerned."



This is the experience of many men. Maybe you are in a habit rut. Have you tried the Valet AutoStrop Razor which automatically sharpens its blades without removal—cleans too, without removal?

Why keep to old fashioned ways? Just try a Valet AutoStrop Razor. Note its superiority.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

Reg. in Canada

Razor

Sold the world over
Millions of satisfied users

Note:—

Leather strop for sharpening blades is supplied as part of every set.

Prices:—

Complete Outfits, \$1.00
De Luxe Models, \$5.00 up.

A LITTLE THING

THE power called habit is a little thing * * * * but it can pull your eyes open at a certain hour every morning, determine whether you dress the right or left foot first, drop a fixed amount of sugar into your breakfast coffee—free your mind for thoughts that demand actual choice.

The little habit of glancing over these advertising columns daily, checking this and that which appeal to you, frees your mind from any guesswork about the merits of a product; helps you choose wisely when you buy. If you are familiar with newspaper advertisements, you can discriminate merits, weigh one product against another, these truths against those. And the habit of buying only advertised goods takes the hazard out of shopping; puts in a good, sturdy sure.

Start a Friendly Little Habit That Will Pay.

Read the Advertisements in These
Columns today.

THE PORTABLE HOUSE IS COMMON IN SIBERIA; PEASANTS BUY LOGS ALREADY CUT FOR USE

(Junius B. Wood in Chicago News.)

Sulingen, Siberia, U. S. S. R.—"This is a good night to gather up some of the dead wood, build a fire and sleep in the forest," I suggested to the yamshek, who was grumbling that it was getting dark and he did not know the road to the next village. The last peasant we had passed said it was fifteen versts (nine miles) ahead. That was an hour ago, and at the rate of the two ponies had been bumping the kerabok over roots, mud holes and rocks we should have been near it. Peasants ideas of distance are poetic. One says it is five versts to the next village and after an hour of plodding ahead another is met who says it is eight.

"It's too cold tonight," the yamshek (driver) objected.

"It's been dry all day and any way the ground is softer than a board floor. Perhaps we'll have a chance to kick one of those bears you tell about." I'd never kicked a bear in his native habitat and had no particular desire to, except as a substitute for a few deserving acquaintances who were not present.

"We'll find a village," the yamshek declared, cracking his ponies with his latest birch whip. It was all right to talk bravely of kicking bears while inside a log cabin, but building a fire and waiting for them, also wolves who might be hungrier than they ought at this time of the year, was another thing.

Village Asleep Before 9 P. M.

The ponies started into a trot, down a hill as usual, and the kerabok (cart) stopped with a jolt that nearly tossed me over the back. In the dusk we had hit a tree stump. Hitting an obstruction never breaks a kerabok. The harness, a medley of straps, strings and wire, comes apart instead. An elastic harness had advantages. The ponies stopped at a trill from the yamshek. He dug some more string from under his seat, borrowed my knife and started patching. In half an hour it was dark. A long wail came from the distance. The ponies started, but the yamshek jerked them back.

"A wolf," he exclaimed.

Then came a louder wail. It was only the pickled peasant catching up, still singing through the forest at the top of his lungs. We were off on a gallop, leaving stumps to luck, bouncing like a ball over the roots. The yamshek jumped down, opened a gate and closed it without stopping the ponies. We were in a village pasture. A few versts more and the first houses were in sight, all dark and everybody in bed, though it was not yet 9 o'clock. The last house in the village had a light. A man was in the yard behind the high fence. The yamshek went in and talked to him.

"We'll stop here," he said, a moment later. "They have an extra room."

An extra room in this case, as in most, meant that the family had a two-room log house. Log houses are either built on the site or bought ready made; something like a portable house. In the latter, or "sroub," the logs are fitted together in a river village, near where they are cut, are marked so they can be fitted again and floated down to the purchaser. He gets a "sroub" without windows, doors or roof, puts it together calking the cracks with moss and mud, saws holes for windows and doors and puts in a floor, ceiling and roof. The big brick over is built inside, a sleeping platform placed under the ceiling and the one-room house is complete. As prosperity, or the family, increases more houses are added, each meaning an additional room. Our host had reached the two-room stage of prosperity.

No Means of Ventilation.

After the broiling day, it was cold as we stood muffled up in the yard. The wife had hefted the kerabok drive in and knew that it meant strangers for the night. The samovar was going before we got into the house. A little girl was groping on the sleeping platform, tossing down blankets. The house seemed stifling from the big oven. All windows were closed. They could not be opened summer or winter, except by being taken out of their frames.

She was a young but energetic house wife, barefooted, and with a face prematurely aged by hard work. A red handkerchief was tied tightly around her sandy hair, because there were visitors. As we entered, she greeted her husband with a scolding because he had been late taking the wheat to the mill. He was a big, middle-aged man, a war prisoner in Germany, and the old service rifle hung on a nail. Arguing about that flour had provided the Sunday diversion. It was on again at 4 o'clock the next morning when the baking started.

Crops were good this year, but tax-

es were high had been the usual story of the peasants, little variation from the story in every agricultural country. In Soviet Russia, collection of the new peasant taxes started for the first time this month. What will develop is for the future. Every town in the district is filled with soldiers. Possibly there is a connection. This is one of the richest grain districts of Russia. Taxing the peasants caused difficulties before. This particular peasant had no complaint.

If taxes are unpaid, property is seized and sold. It may be a horse, a cow, house or furniture, according to the delinquent's preferences, providing it is sufficient. One house, which was sold for \$125, satisfied \$35 taxes and \$55 court costs and left \$35 for the owner. Other peasants are reluctant to buy houses, apprehensive that the old policy of nationalization, which was applied to landlords and lands, may ultimately be applied to them. Emigrants from west Russia are the chief purchasers in Siberia.

The little girl curled up on a wool coat in the corner and was asleep. The samovar was boiling and with a muttered excuse that she was very tired, the wife was beside her and snoring. She did not have any shoes or stockings to bother with and was not worried about wrinkling her soiled cotton dress. We talked about the war, and drank tea. The peasant looked at the rifle and said it was ready, for the wolves were coming early this year; the shepherds had already seen them in the woods. I yawned, for it had been a hard day. "Maria!" the peasant called, and she was awake and on her feet as quickly as she had fallen asleep.

She spread a homemade woolen blanket on the floor in the next room. In one corner was a high, fat bed, eight big pillows neatly piled on top. Two were tossed on the floor for me and my companion. Nobody slept in the bed, probably kept for the patriarch or Stalin though they will never come to this village. Shelves, covered with a curtain for dishes, jars of honey green Siberian cests criss-crossed with brass, a table with faded photographs in broken frames, communist posters, a picture of the Ramanov family and half a dozen ikons on the walls completed the furniture of the spare room. Peasants do not smoke in the room with the ikons. I shut the door between me and the oven, took off my shoes, blew out the little lamp and was asleep.

DANCERS SPORT BANDAGES IN LONDON

knees are less adaptable to dancing the Charleston than American knees is a question now puzzling physicians following an outbreak in London of a "Charleston knee epidemic."

Many girls and some men are going about with bandaged knees as a result of having strained the ligaments from excessive dancing. Until now this malady has been confined to professional dancers learning intricate steps. One physician is prescribing elastic kneebands.

Montreal, Nov. 30—The Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways resumed negotiations today with the Order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen in an effort to reach a settlement in the matter of the claim of the members of the latter bodies for a 6 percent wage increase. The conductors and trainmen have given a strike vote to their executives for use in the event of no satisfactory solution being found to the difficulty.

The chief executives of the railways conducted the negotiations for their lines themselves, Sir Henry Thornton of the Canadian National and President E. W. Beatty of the Canadian Pacific meeting S. N. Berry, senior vice-president of the conductors, and W. J. Babe, vice president of the trainmen, together with other members of the men's negotiating committee.

Seek Settlement.

Further conferences will be held, but no further announcement was forthcoming from today's meeting.

It is apparent that all parties to the dispute are endeavoring to reach a settlement. The Canadian government through Hon. C. A. Dunning, minister of railways has already conferred both with the railway presidents and with the men's executives. Today the railway heads and the men came into direct meeting.

MAIL CONTRACT

Sealed tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 7th January, 1927, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for a period not exceeding four years as required times per week on the route: Fredericton and C. P. Railway Station from the 1st April next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Fredericton, and at the office of the District Superintendent of Postal Service, St. John.

H. W. WOODS,
District Supt. of Postal Service,
District Superintendent's Office,
Nov. 24, 1926.

MAIL CONTRACT

Sealed tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 7th January, 1927, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for a period not exceeding four years 6 times per week on the route: Fredericton Rural Route No. 6 from the 1st April next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Fredericton, Kingsclear, and at the office of the District Superintendent of Postal Service, St. John.

H. W. WOODS,
District Supt. of Postal Service,
District Supt's Office,

NOTICE OF SALE

To William Leslie, of the Parish of Stanley in the County of York in the Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Augusta L. Leslie, his wife, and to all others whom it may in any wise concern.

Public Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the fifth day of January, A. D. 1924, made between William Leslie, of the Parish of Stanley in the County of York in the Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Augusta L. Leslie, his wife, of the First Part and Benjamin M. Hanson, of the City of Moncton in the County of Westmorland and Province aforesaid, Accountant, of the Second Part, and duly recorded in York County Records in Book 180, pages 564 to 567, under official number 76119, which said Indenture of Mortgage was assigned to the undersigned by Indenture bearing date the fifth day of January, A. D. 1924, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in payment of the principal moneys and interest secured thereby, contrary to the provisions contained therein for the payment thereof, be sold at public auction in front of the Post Office in the City of Fredericton on Saturday the fourth day of December next at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:

"All that certain place or parcel of land commonly called the Patchell lot, situate in the Parish of Douglas in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, it being the lands and premises conveyed to John Patchell by William Patchell and wife by Deed bearing date the first day of April, 1857, and recorded in Book L. No. 2, of the records of the County of York and recorded in said Book pages 133 and 139, reference will more fully and at large appear, containing by J. A. Beckwith's survey in the year 1849 one hundred and ten acres. Being the same lands and premises deeded by the Hon. P. A. Lindsay to the said John S. Scott by deed bearing date the tenth day of August, 1901, and duly registered in York County Records in Book E-5, pages 313 and 314, under official Number 55702, the 24th day of October, A. D. 1907."

Together with the buildings and improvements thereon.

Dated this thirtieth day of October, A. D. 1926.

(Sgd.) RICHARD B. HANSON, (L.S.)

Assignee of Mortgage.



The experience of many years as successful tailors makes it possible for us to purchase the very finest suit materials that the markets offer at prices which are reflections of economy when they reach you.

"Tailors of Quality"

Walker Bros.,
Phone 278-41. Ltd.

TAILORS
165 QUEEN STREET

The guests at the dinner at Tuxedo to Queen Marie had fortunes totaling a billion. In Detroit they could arrange that with just one guest.