

The Daily Mail

Published every afternoon (except Sunday) at 327-329 Queen Street, Fredericton.

THE MAIL PRINTING COMPANY
Subscription Price: \$4 per year by mail.
Carrier: \$3 per year by mail.
TELEPHONE 67.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1926.

CANADA'S CLIMATE.

One hears and reads, says the Toronto Star, about the beautiful skies of Italy, of Southern France, of California and Florida. They show us, in the movies, wonderful pictures of soft climes where the natives pick their food from the trees and wear clothes only to oblige the Missionary. And we see in other pictures, scenes in the far north, where a man gets seal-skin garments sewn on him in his youth and wears them all his life.

The glorious climate of Canada lies between these two extremes—or it varies from one to the other. The weather never gets as hot here as it does along the Equator, and never as cold as it does at the North Pole. And we never have such wet days and weeks here as they have in some damp and soaked parts of the earth.

It must be admitted that right now, these days, our climate is not itself. If we seize upon this occasion to praise our climate, it is because it never stood more in need of a good word than it does at present.

Something has upset the climate. Some say that spots on the sun are the cause of it, and we wouldn't put it past that great orb to be at the bottom of his mischief. Its job of furnishing light for worlds like this for countless ages past must be a monotonous one. The wonder is that it sticks at its job so well. It is stated that sixteen million tons of moisture fall on the earth every second. If so, one need not be surprised if this particular portion of the earth's surface gets now and then a little more or a little less than its due proportion. Here, again, the wonder is that nature does her task so well.

The climate we have is, as a rule, something to be proud of. We have a high average of sunshine per year, an adequate annual precipitation of moisture, an adequate supply of frost and snow, during the period when the fertility of the soil is renewing itself for another effort.

Of course, just now, the weather is a little off, and we wish all visitors to know this—and not all fall into the error of supposing that they are getting an experience of the glorious climate of Canada. They are not. Much of the recent weather has been strange to us. It has been misdirected. It came here, but was surely meant for somewhere else."

PAIN.

If the problem of pain could be solved, there would be no other problem to bother us. So runs the common thought. So run also the speculations and philosophizings of the learned. The why of suffering has baffled all the sciences. A painless world would be a just and perfect world, full of unchallenged beneficence; but what are we to say to all the infinitely minute and endlessly elaborate distress and torment which seem to be wrought into the very fiber and substance of life?

And yet, in spite of all the speculation, the word itself is highly theoretical and dogmatic. Words are the formulation of a long experience, and the word pain, according to the dictionary, is merely the agreement of many ages that suffering is a penalty for wrongdoing. Pain—"a fine, penalty, punishment, suffering or evil affixed as a punishment for a crime." So runs the etymology of the word from old time.

Disease has no such derivation, but it does show the primitive simplicity of our logic. When life is easy we say we are well. When it is not easy—diseased—we are sick. But pain is generic for all suffering, both of body and mind, and it is interesting to note that our latest medicine and psychology go a long way with the oldest experience in expounding the cause. We are now preaching as never before that pain is a clear declaration of violence and wrong. In older days this theory faced all the facts with a bold audacity of doctrine—even earth-quakes and tidal waves and the lightning stroke and wars and torments in the earth and the seas and the heavens above were the workings of chastisement, retribution or revenge.

Medical science, economic theory and most governmental practice are operated on the presumption that when men go right they go well; that when they go wrong they go into all the ills that spread their afflictions in the earth. But that theory contradicts the universal lamentation that flesh is the natural heir to trouble. And there is the problem that is unsolved.

"THE LIFE OF TRADE."

"Advertising," said President Coolidge in his address to the American Association of Advertising Agencies, "is the life of trade." He sees in it "much of the success of the American industrial system," which is founded on mass production. Tracing the links in the chain of trade, he points out that—

... a reduction of costs has come largely through mass production. Mass production is only possible where there is a mass demand. Mass demand has been created almost entirely through the development of advertising.

With these things have come a high standard of wages for labor and a high national standard of living. Goods are made at a low cost to meet a demand stimulated by advertising. This insures employment at high wage rates. It is all a part of the American system in which advertising is by no means the smallest factor.

The volume of American advertising in all its forms is enormous. It has a profound influence upon the public. Its influence and power are so great that, as President Coolidge points out, "there can be no permanent basis for advertising except a representation of the exact truth." His reminder was hardly needed, for Advertising discovered this for itself a long time ago.

You can almost invariably tell a man's social and active standing among his fellows in an office by their attitude when he returns from vacation. There is a big difference between being welcomed with a smile of relief and a frown of regret. It's up to the man himself which one he receives.

It has been figured out that the recent Florida hurricane caused 250 pounds pressure to the square inch, which makes even the pressure exerted by a Florida real estate agent seem very weak and ineffectual.

Lake Forest University co-eds have rejected a plan to adopt a baby for their course in domestic science. They are probably acting on the old principle of refusing to trouble trouble 'till trouble troubles them.

Henry Ford is in a position to play both ends against the middle. Reduction of the work days in his factory will give his employees just so much more chance to wear out Henry's chief product.

After reading several speeches by Professor Irving Fisher of Yale we have a pretty fair idea what our dollar will buy, but it's what it won't that worries us particularly.

It's got so now that a man who is in doubt as to what form a woman's fancy will take next plays safe by keeping his extra pair of pants at the presser's.

Except in very isolated instances a woman's hair is no longer her crowning glory. In fact, except in isolated cases a woman's glory has been bobbed in other respects, too.

Curves, we read, make a woman more attractive, but apparently the younger generation hasn't yet grasped the idea.

Dean Inge says America has degenerated because of its prosperity, and England for lack of it. There seems to be no pleasing that kind of man.

Dietician says there are more calories in cake than in bread. No wonder we prefer it.

It has been our observation that the School of Experience develops very little college spirit.

Soviet Russia isn't so much Soviet when it needs more capital.

What this country seems to need is more wreckless driving.

What most people object to in some men's politics is the kind they employ.

U. N. B.—Mount A. Dance.

The Memorial Building of the University was a scene of an enjoyable dance Thursday night when the members of the visiting Mt. Allison University and Academy football teams were guests of the U. N. B. undergraduates. Music was furnished by the U. N. B. orchestra.

DIED

LYNCH—At the home of his parents, 276 King street, November 4, Arthur Ernest, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. William Lynch. Funeral Saturday afternoon with service at 2.30 by Major Hiscoe and Rev. F. H. Holmes.

THROUGH OUR SIEVE

We have begun putting off our Christmas shopping.

Little boys are like many politicians—they like to play in the dirt.

It is easy or the person on trial to call prosecution.

If silk hose could be made of cotton the problem of relieving the South would be solved.

It is well there is always something to be done in this world. Nobody need fear he will work himself out a job.

There is no demand for child prodigies. If the baby is normal the chances are in favor of it fulfilling the purposes of life.

A good many people are reaching the age of 90 and the remarkable thing is that they lived their allotted three score and ten before there were any specialists to tell them how to do it.

GREATEST MICROSCOPE SENT TO U.S.

London, Nov. 4.—The world's greatest microscope, capable of adjustments to a millionth part of an inch and able to magnify an object 12,000,000 times, will be shipped to the Rockefeller Institute in New York next week as a gift of British science to American science.

It is the ultra-microscope, invented by J. E. Barnard, which photographed the filter-passing organism said to be the cause of cancer and which made possible the amazing discoveries made by Dr. W. E. Gye in cancer research last year.

The power of this microscope, as well as the infinite complexity of its structure, is almost beyond belief. It represents the life work of Mr. Barnard, a strange figure in British science who formerly was a hat manufacturer, dabbling in optics as a hobby.

Only Duplicate.

The instrument being sent to America for a nominal fee through Mr. Barnard's generosity is the only duplicate extant of his original creation and, in fact, is a distinct improvement in many respects on the first model—the model which made possible Dr. Gye's epoch-making work.

Mr. Barnard took the correspondence through the remote laboratory at Mill Hill, Middlesex, where he and Dr. Gye now are working together on final experiments under the patronage of the Royal British Medical Council and exhibited the great instrument, which stood on a black table in a black painted room.

By a simple turn of the thumb-screw, the microscope utilizes ultra-violet rays, directs them on a quartz slide and photographs objects. It takes pictures of objects beyond the power of any other microscope to see; in a word, objects one-quarter of a millionth of an inch in diameter.

Barnard hopes eventually to photograph objects as small as one three hundred-thousandths of an inch. This uncanny exactitude was made possible by Mr. Barnard's harnessing of the ultra violet rays.

"It is the final optical instrument in the world," said the inventor, patting it lovingly.

Eagerly Awaited.

He is eager to send it to America and use, himself, his older model, in order to give American bacteriologists the chance they are avidly awaiting to operate with the new machine.

Barnard has been waiting a few weeks before shipping the machine, in hope a few final adjustments may make it absolutely fool-proof—of such perfect simplicity that not more than one turn of the knob will be sufficient to focus it.

Extraordinary precautions were taken in construction of the instrument to eliminate the possible infiltration of even one mote of dust.

"It's not pretty," said Barnard, pointing, "but it's efficient."

WANTED!

Several Smart Boys to Sell "The DAILY MAIL". Apply at the Office.

Teachers Attending the Institute

will find our store stocked with things full of interest at this season of the year.

Our Ready-to-Wear Department is now showing a full range of Silk Underthings and everything that is new in Dresses and Coats, both for the grown-ups and children.

On the ground floor you will find Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Underwear, Leather Goods, Umbrellas, Dress Goods, Silks, Fancy Work, Linens and Staples of every description.

It is not too early to shop for Christmas. Come in and look around. You will receive prompt and courteous service.

JOHN J. WEDDALL & SON

GOT HER FEET WET CAUGHT BAD COLD

Mrs. Ernest Hall, Cardinal, Ont., writes:—"Last winter I got my feet wet and I caught a terrible cold. I took different kinds of medicine, but none did me any good and I seemed to be getting worse all the time.

One day I was reading about what your medicine had done for others, so thought I would get a bottle. After I had taken a few doses I found it was helping me, so I took a few bottles and was completely restored to health. I cannot praise

Dr. Wood's
Norway
Pine
Syrup



too highly, as I believe that if it were not for it I would be an invalid today."

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

CAREFUL GIRL.

"Hazel is so jealous."
"Yes, she won't introduce Harold to her own sister."

YOUR OLD CARPETS MADE INTO NEW RUGS

Also Oriental and Domestic Rug and Carpet Shampoo Cleaners, until Saturday of this week at Fredericton Phone 102-11 between 7 and 9 p.m., make appointment with Mr. Howes to call at your home to furnish estimates, etc. Saves all freight charges. MARITIME RUG WORKS LIMITED, Saint John.

FLOWERS

We have every kind either Cut Flowers or Potted Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Tulips, Daffodils and many others.

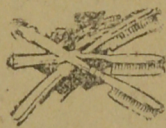
SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

Ada M. Schleyer

326 CHARLOTTE STREET
Phone 217

The Most Used Brush—

No, not a hand brush, or a clothes or a hair brush, but a



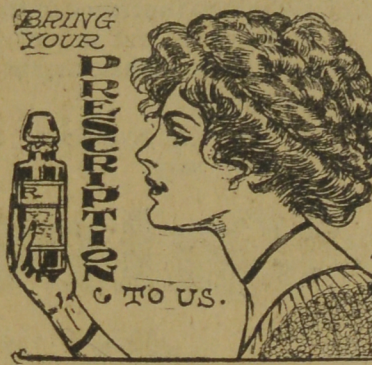
The most used brush should be of the best grade; otherwise it can't give the fullest service and the best satisfaction.

You can be certain of brush quality if you will only buy it here.

Alonzo Staples & Son, Ltd.
DRUGGISTS

99 YORK STREET (Corner King)
Phone 42.

BRING YOUR PRESCRIPTION TO US.



PUREST DRUGS

are used in compounding prescriptions. We co-operate with your doctor to help you get well. Bring your prescriptions to us and obtain best results.

Capital Pharmacy

Successor to J. M. Wiley.
Phone 675 94 York St.

AT THE

GAIETY

FRIDAY—SATURDAY

MARSHALL NEILAN presents

"The Sporting Venus"

by Gerald Beaumont, with

BLANCHE SWEET, LEW CODY and RONALD COLMAN.

The romantic drama of triangle situations, based upon the misunderstanding between a girl of high estate and a commoner, with scenes taken in Scotland, England and France.

Scenario by Tom Geraghty.

Directed by Marshall Neilan

"Fighting Hearts" with Alberta Vaughn

HERE MONDAY AND TUESDAY

Richard Dix in "The Quarterback"

CAPITOL TO-NIGHT

ARLIE MARKS

AND HER COMPANY

PRESENT

"The Little Girl That God Forgot"

AN UNDERWORLD DRAMA

Children under 15 will not be admitted.

COMPLETE CHANGE of VAUDEVILLE

SATURDAY MATINEE AND NIGHT

"The Daughter of Mother Machree"

COMING MONDAY FOR THE HOLIDAY

"THE VOLGA BOATMAN"

Advertise In The Mail