

## LEAP YEAR PRESENTS PROBLEMS TO THE BACHELOR POLITICAL CHIEFTAINS AT OTTAWA

According to Mr. H. F. Gadsby an Ottawa humorist leap year has preserved problems for the distinguished bachelors who lead the Liberal and Conservative parties at Ottawa. According to Mr. Gadsby the postman brought to Hon. R. B. Bennett, the following interesting epistles:

### Waited Fifty Years.

My Dear Mr. Bennett:

You will understand that only a Solemn Sense of Duty prompts me to write in this manner. I am not one of those Hoydenish Young Females who regard Leap Year as the King of Sports and make a play for every man in sight, married or not.

Far from it. Fifty summers have passed over my head, and as many winters. A Woman's Heart throbs behind my black satin with jet bangles but it gives heed always to the Towering Intellect, modestly draped by the Prematurely Silvered Hair which is all my own and which I wear bobbed, not for pride of the eye but to save time, precious, fleeting time which can be applied to so many Noble Causes.

One of those Noble Causes, that of a United Empire, we have in common. In pursuance of that Worthy Purpose you sold a match factory the other day to an all-British syndicate at a monetary profit, of course; but that is neither here nor there in the aggregate merit of the transaction. The lustre of your loyalty remains undimmed. Half in jest, but wholly in earnest, and with the deepest conviction that Leap Year demands a certain amount of agility on the part of the Gentler Sex, may I remind you, dear Mr. Bennett that while matches may be made in Hull they are also made in Heaven and that this looks like your best chance.

As I was just saying, when my playful humor led me aside, we share a common deal—the solidarity of the British Empire. From what I can see in the newspapers all your other ideals are of the same High Character and any woman, who has reached Years of Discretion, would be proud to share them with you. I, too, am "doing my bit"—pardon the vulgar phrase—for the grand old Union Jack. I am a Daughter of the Empire, cast, so they tell me, in the Heroic mould of Boadicea, the British warrior Queen, who, you will probably recall, was the first to die for The Cause which we uphold. I feel sure that any Daughter of the Empire would do the same thing today if necessary. Incidentally, I am Regent of the local Chapter which presented me with a moustache cup for Christmas.

I am sure, Mr. Bennett, that we would make a wonderful pair. Our destiny is written on our foreheads, so to speak—an alliance of high ideals and lofty ambitions. We would be the Cynosure of All Eyes. If we have done so much for the Empire singly how much more could we do for it working together! Of course you will not allow the Designing Liberals to part you from all your money. Save a good part of it—say ninety-nine per cent—to help carry on The Cause. With me at your side you need not fear that it would be spent injudiciously.

Do not answer this letter without careful deliberation. I have waited fifty years for the right man. I can afford to wait a little longer—but not much.

Yours sincerely,  
AMADEA WATKINS.

### WAS VERY WEAK NERVOUS AND MELANCHOLY

Mrs. Geo. McKenzie, Campbellford, Ont., writes:—"A short time ago I was troubled very badly with my heart and nerves, the cause of it, I think, was my going through the change of life."

"I was very weak and melancholy, and so nervous I could hardly bear to hear a clock ticking, and I did not sleep well."

"I was advised to try so I sent at once for a box; took them and got another, and before they were all gone I felt good, my nerves are fine, I do not mind any noise, and I can sleep well. I can not recommend them too highly to those suffering as I did."

Price 50c. a box at all druggists and dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



### Another One.

Dear Mr. Bennett:

I am so pleased to learn that you have never drunk a drop of liquor in your life. I am told that you will not allow brandy in the plum pudding sauce, or sherry in the soup, and that you shun the insidious temptation known as "trifle" because of the rum that may lurk in it. I have no doubt that you are opposed to claret in the claret cup and that your views in regard to the brandied cherry, posing as a chocolate drop, are equally sound. Ah, dear Mr. Bennett, we must be ever on our guard against these ruses of the Evil One.

I am choosing this first day of Leap Year 1928 to make a statement which might otherwise sound indelicate to my virgin ears. It is this—let simple patriotism be my excuse—you are a man after my own heart. My heart sees its mate. My soul recognizes its affinity. Do not speak, Mr. Bennett, at least not yet. Say nothing that you may repent of. Make no hasty denials. Just listen.

As I was about to remark you have all the virtues—I know it. Every one tells me so. You have no bad habits. What a contrast to the ordinary statesman, who sips his whiskey and soda on the polished mahogany table, which eats the varnish, and spills his cigar ashes on your antique Kermanshaw rug. Pigs, I call them! I do love Oriental rugs, don't you? Of course you do. You know how to walk without bruising the nap. You're parlor-broken.

What a wonderful team we would make Mr. Bennett! What a force for good! What a powerful reinforcement to the Cause of Temperance or any other cause in need of advertising! Between us we would have no mercy—not a drop. First we would make beer a crime and after that the other poisonous brew and infusions one by one. We would share this glorious life work together and in death we should not be divided—not for long at any rate. Did I forget to tell you that I am President of the W. C. T. U. in my home town and that the gymnasium is in need of repairs?

I do not mention love in this matter because I have reached a time of life when I am rid of the more turbulent emotions. I have had my chances, of course—many chances. Once an ardent suitor led me to the jeweller's shop and was about to place the engagement ring on my finger but I noticed that the ring was a cheap affair and reflected that if he could not afford a better one he was a bad investment. So I withdrew in virginal confusion. It was a narrow escape and I still like to talk about it. Our union would be on a higher plane—a real mating, if I may say so, of pure reason.

I observe that the Parliamentary Guide is a little vague about your age. You are, I venture to guess, fifty-five years old. I am fifty-six. But what is one year at our time of life? I am an Old Maid—you are an Old Bachelor. What a story of triumphant conflict, of successful resistance to the world, the flesh and the devil, is conveyed in those words! Badges of failure? Nay, rather titles of honor!

They say that you have money—a great deal of money. I shall not dwell on this sordid matter further than to say that I think none the less of you for it. Both of us have souls above money but I advise you to shoulder your cross manfully. Don't let the greedy Grits grab it. I will share the burden with you.

Yours for The Cause,  
SAMANTHA PERKINS.

### Assessment Notice

The Board of Assessors of Taxes for the City of Fredericton hereby require all persons liable to be rated for the year 1928 forthwith to furnish to the Assessors true statements of all their Personal Estate and Income, which is assessable under the City of Fredericton Assessment Act, 1926, and true statements of wages or salaries paid to employees, and hereby give notice that blank forms on which such statements may be furnished, may be obtained at the office of the Chairman of the Board of Assessors, and that such statements must be perfected under oath and filed in said office on or before the 15th day of February, 1928.

Dated this 12th day of January, 1928.  
PETER FARRELL,  
Chairman of the Board of  
Assessors of Taxes.



## Of Interest to the Women

### COCOA PINWHEELS

- 2 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1-2 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoon shortening
- 1 teaspoon shortening
- 1 teaspoon melted butter
- 1-2 cup of brown sugar
- 1-4 cup cocoa
- Milk

Sift flour and baking powder into bowl add the shortening and rub in very lightly with the tips of the fingers add enough cold milk to roll out one quarter inch thick. Brush with melted butter sprinkle with the brown sugar and cocoa; roll the same as jelly roll cut into one half inch pieces; put into well greased pan or pie plate cut side down bake in moderate oven twenty to twenty five minutes; remove from the pan at once before the sugar hardens the cocoa is used instead of the cinnamon because of the food value.

### PRUNE ICE CREAM

Cook one half pound of prunes in one and one half cups of water when tender drain and remove stones and chop prunes fine. Add one half cup sugar the prune juice and three tablespoons of lemon juice. Cook five minutes then cool and add one and a half cups of cream. Partially freeze then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Finish freezing and pack in ice and salt to ripen two hours.

Strain and cut prunes into small pieces. Soak the gelatin in the cold water till soft then add to the hot prune juice with the lemon juice. When cool and beginning to set, fold in the whipped cream and the beaten egg whites. Mold and chill well before serving.

### APRICOT SAUCE

1-2 pound dried apricots  
1-3 cup sugar  
6 tablespoons water  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
Soak the apricots and cook slowly until tender. Put through a strainer this amount of dried fruit will yield about three quarters cup of pulp when strained. Add the sugar and water to this pulp and cook slowly for about five minutes. Add the lemon juice and serve either hot or cold and is desired thinner add a tablespoon more of water and mix thoroughly.

### MOCHA TART

Combine in the order given one tablespoon of butter one cup of sugar, one egg, three fourths cup of strong coffee two teaspoons of baking powder and two cups of flour. Bake in a loaf and serve with one half pint of cream one fourth cup of coffee and a little sugar beaten together.

### FRENCH MOCHA CAKE

Cream one third cup of butter and add gradually three fourths cup of brown sugar. Then beat in a few drops at a time three fourths cup of strong coffee. Flavor with one half teaspoon vanilla extract. Place a layer of lady fingers dipped in

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coffee in the bottom of a narrow dish or mold put a layer of the mocha cream on top. (About two dozen lady fingers will be required.) Put a weight on top of dish and leave over night in the refrigerator. To serve slice thinly and serve with ice cream or fruit.

## LORD BYNG'S FEE HAS BEEN REMITTED

By HERBERT BAILEY  
(United Press Staff Correspondent)  
London, Jan. 18—It is understood that the fee of 10,000 pounds demanded for the title of Viscount awarded Lord Byng, former Governor General of Canada, has been remitted by the treasury, although Lord Byng, who is ill with influenza refuses to confirm the report.

Lord Byng, in refusing to pay the official fees asked why he should have to pay for an honor which a politician can get for nothing.

## Corns Drop Out In Hot Foot Bath

Quite easy to take a special kind of hot foot bath. Apply a few drops of a painless remedy, and wake up to find your sore corns have dissolved away. With every package of Putnam's Corn Extractor are special directions that tell you how to do it. For lasting relief from foot lumps, callouses, corns, etc., try the "Putnam" method.

FOR SALE—Several Barred Rock Cockerels from stock with egg records from 225 to 275. Price \$5 each. J. H. Ferguson, Brunswick Street.

### SONG OF A VAGRANT

Give me the road—the open road  
The open road for me  
Whether it leads to the mountains  
top  
Or whether it leads to the sea  
For I'm no man of the busy street  
No merchant of mart or bazar  
I want to live with the God of things  
Where the temples of nature are.

Give me the road—the open road  
A tape like road for me  
To hell with the cramped up life  
you live  
For a vagrant I mean to be  
I will not be walled by city streets  
Nor be housed in a mouldy town  
I want the road and the big broad sky  
And my bed on a moss grown down.  
—GORDON HIGHAM in Detroit News.

Put the hammock in the attic  
It's too cold for it outside  
And its mission is completed  
Lucy Ann is now a bride.  
—New Orleans States

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A. J. HANLON, 83 Regent Street  
W. GRIEVES, Cor. Regent and King Streets  
RAY BARKER, Cor. Carleton and King Streets  
WESLEY ERB, 266 York Street

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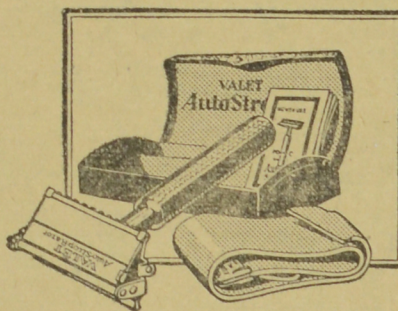
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