

-Use-

St. Charles Milk
and you'll have
better success
my dear

Experienced cooks are successful because they leave nothing to chance. They know their ingredients, mix them carefully and get the results desired.

* * *

Milk is most important in a majority of staple food recipes. But the quality and richness of ordinary milk is apt to vary considerably from day to day and many dishes fail to please because of the milk used.

* * *

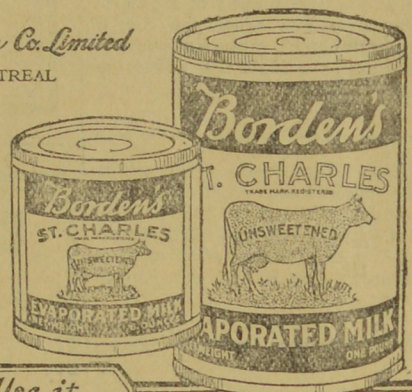
Borden's St. Charles Milk is so widely used by good cooks because it is always of exactly the same creamy richness. It can be depended on to give the dish that appetizing goodness that not only pleases the palate but nourishes the body as well. It can be used in rich recipes just as it comes from the can, or it may be diluted with an equal quantity of water. And it is so convenient. You can buy it at any grocery and it keeps perfectly in the pantry in the unopened tin. Order a few tins today.



Send for Free Recipe Book

Every woman will find the St. Charles Recipe Book helpful. It contains dozens of tested, simple recipes for soups, breads, cakes, puddings, desserts and candy. It is free. Write to

The Borden Co. Limited
MONTREAL



Borden's
ST. CHARLES *Use it Wherever the Recipe Calls for Milk* **MILK**

JOB PRINTING

All work guaranteed **Finest Quality**
and **Artistic Workmanship**
The Largest Plant in the City



LETTER HEADS

PROGRAMMES ENVELOPES CIRCULARS
BILL HEADS WEDDING INVITATIONS
REPORTS POSTERS CARDS BOOKS
BUTTER WRAPPERS HONEY LABELS
LEGAL FORMS AUCTION SALE HANGERS

and all other **JOB PRINTING WORK**

Come in and see our sample of any of the above
Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to

We Aim to Satisfy The Most
Exacting Customer

No Job too large or too small to receive our
immediate attention

MAIL PRINTING CO.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

It Pays to Advertise in the Mail

FAKE STOCK SELLERS STILL FIND PLENTY OF SUCKERS; HOW THE GAME IS WORKED

Despite the constant arrests of swindlers selling fake stock the suckers—and an old honored and wise proverb tells us that one is born every minute—are still being robbed of their poor little tail feathers every hour and minute of the day. Very occasionally one screws up his courage to the sticking point of confession. This is the case with Alexander Duncan McEachern who, in MacLean's Magazine for March 1, exposes the methods of a particularly 'slick' and unprincipled 'con' man, Mr. McEachern thus describes the preliminary weaving of a web which later was to drag in the savings of men who had worked a lifetime to amass them: "I first heard of Mr. A—when I was pending a vacation with some friends in Montreal. Only one of them a man named Robinson had actually seen him face to face, but all had heard reports of his rapid rise to wealth by grain speculation in Chicago and by various stock manipulations in New York.

"Thrill is as native to me as oatmeal and I confess that when Robinson rang me up to say that we were to meet A—for dinner at a fashionable hotel my main interest was simply to have a look at the fellow as a scientific phenomenon.

"Sharply at seven o'clock we met in the rotunda—no less than eight of us—and were escorted by the head waiter to a private table in the corner of the great dining hall, where I had my first good look at the Croesus.

"He was slow in getting into action evidently relying upon the prospect of an elaborate banquet to make us feel at home, and to get us gastronomically prepared. Never in my frugal life had such a menu been presented to me, and we were desperately hungry. Crab Canapes, followed by Tomato Soup with Marrow Balls had just started the gastric juice and the conversation.

"Planked Shad next with radish and parsley and a little further conversation with Jones, a librarian taking the lead.

"Can you tell us, Mr. A—how it is possible for a professional man on a small salary to supplement his earnings by a little judicious investment which might yield him more say, than first mortgages?"

"I would strongly urge you to keep out of speculation unless you have a considerable amount to spare. Stocks are the most sensitive things in the world. They are subject to manipulation. Millions are won and lost every day by purely artificial pressures and only those who are on the inside have any chance. The public get socked in the eye every time."

"This sounded like a true ring, and it evoked plenty of satisfied glances and comments.

"Lobster, Hollandaise; Sauce Tartare; Tomato Fritters; Aspic Jelly; Macedoine; Waldorf Salad. Each order was rendered like a motif in a lullaby when black an anaesthetist, broke silence for the first time with a query:

"You say that the money is made by people on the inside track. Well I know nothing of the stock market and yet I put, on the advice of a friend, five hundred dollars on margin in a distillery stock and in three months I made just seventy-five percent."

"That's quite possible. You happened to buy at the right time. You might have lost it all had you bought three months or later. Your broker was probably honest and friendly, and simply gave you a reliable tip. But the great fortunes are made out of pools, where a group of men decide to get behind a given stock and drive it up a number of points, selling out when they believe it has reached the peak."

To a reader of detective fiction the end is already foreseen: "A" discloses himself as a member of such a pool as he has described. As a great favor he agrees to put his guests' tiny savings in one of his financial undertakings. In their first and second ventures they net phenomenal profits and then:

"How the bubble was picked is a

story in itself. He left the city the following day for—Heaven knows where—possibly for the Orange Free State to stage a dinner to entrap the wealthy Dutch 'burgesses. All I hope it that when he gets to the fish course, the bones will stick in his epiglottis. He hasn't been heard from since. But at least his past career has been sufficiently investigated to show that we had been in the hands of an international crook, clever as the devil, and as black-hearted. There were no pools; nothing but sinks.

"When it came to sheer cold-bloodedness our financial guardian angel was in a class by himself. I firmly believe he would have taken the last cent from a starving man. I know of one woman a widow who upon his artful persuasion, put a three thousand dollar mortgage on her house. He took the whole whack without the slightest indication of compunction and she never saw a cent of it again. He found out that a clergyman had just received a thousand dollars from a matured insurance policy. He got that. As for myself, I was so fascinated by the lure of easy money that when it came to the third transaction I scraped up every cent of my own and my wife's that I could lay my hands on. I've paid for my blindness with the savings of a lifetime. Men and women of the professional classes seemed to be his special meat but he seemed to have an almost uncanny ability to 'get' even shrewd business men. We have ample evidence now to show that his web was so extensive that it caught victims from Quebec to Vancouver.

"Henceforth this for me at the end of each month: 'Here, Mr. Teller, please deposit this sum to my account, Savings M 234.'

TRYING TO HOLD THE CONSUMERS CORDAGE CO.

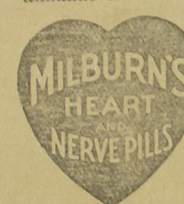
Dartmouth, N. S., March 4—The ratepayers of Dartmouth by a vote of 320 to 158 decided yesterday to extend total tax exemption for a period of seven years and fifty per cent. exemption for an additional seven years to the Consumers Cordage Company, which had previously announced that they were going to close their Dartmouth plant and do all their manufacturing in their Montreal factory. The company previously announced that in consideration of receiving these exemptions they would guarantee to employ 75 men with an annual payroll of \$65,000.

BEER DRINKING CONTEST HAD BAD RESULT

Paris, March 5—Three young peasants met in a winery in the village of Villers Bocage, near Caen, Thursday night and started a beer drinking contest. They decided to find out how much each could drink in a half hour. Georges Laprince, 24, had consumed 24 glassfuls and still had a minute to go when he fell from his chair. He was rushed to a hospital, but died on his way.

Short of Breath Dizzy, Sinking Spells COULDN'T WALK FAR

Mrs. L. A. Oliver, Granville Ferry, N.S., writes:—"A few years ago I had dizzy, sinking spells so bad I could hardly stand up without taking hold of something to support me, and I could not walk any distance on account of being so short of breath. "I had taken a lot of doctor's medicine, but it did me no good, only for the time being, so reading in the B.B.B. almanac about

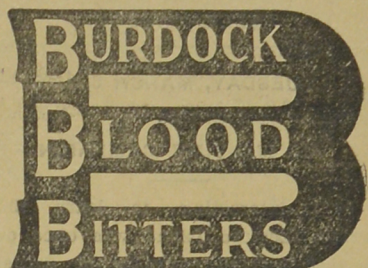


I decided to try them and found them to be just what they are recommended to be, and I feel that I owe my life to them."

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

Dyspepsia Troubled Him for Many Years

Mr. J. Savoy, Loggieville, N.B., writes:—"I have suffered for many years from dyspepsia and could not seem to get any relief. "One day I told my wife I thought I would try a bottle of



and when I had half of it taken I felt a lot better, so I continued until I had taken two bottles, and now have no pains and no coated tongue, and feel that I am completely rid of my trouble."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

YOUTH

You are the spirit of the spring,
Of life, of joy, of blossoming!
Across fair fields of asphodels
The music of your advent swells.
In the wide spaces of the winds
Your shout and elfin echo finds.

You are the hope of earth grown old
Its budding morn, it's time of gold;
You are the poem sages sung—
Sung to the stars when earth was young.

A starry diadem you wear
Of lilies in your wind blown hair;
Within your eyes deep azure glow
Visions celestial come and go.

Pure joy is in your fresh young voice
The song birds listen and rejoice;
While in your wake the wild flowers
say—
"O Youth's bright spirit passed this way!"

Radiant in beauty, strong you stand
The wondrous future to command
No fear, no shadow on your brow;
Life, once was ours, it is yours now.

The Gail you carry in your hands
With bits of myrrh from far off
lands;
While in your heart earth's best hope
lies—
Resplendent there and never dies.

Love, love to speed you on your way
Our vision sees your perfect day
While from our heart of hearts we
sing
"You are earth's springtime blossoming."
—Dorothea Hoaglin Hayden in The
Hartford Post.

A MEMORY.

Four ducks on a pond
A grass bank beyond
A blue sky of spring
White clouds on the wing
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears.

W. J. IRVINE L.D.S., D.D.S.

POST GRADUATE
CHICAGO COLLEGE OF
DENTAL SURGERY

OFFICE—

Corner YORK and KING STS.
'PHONE 398.



A wise man realizes that his clothes do not help him in business if they lack quality and correctness. So he comes to us to be outfitted. And we hold his confidence by creating the finest clothes for him.

"Tailors Of Quality"

Walker Bros.,
Phone 276-41. Ltd.
TAILORS
385 QUEEN STREET