

Julia Schmidt,
113 Willow St., Silvertown, Oregon.

Does illness keep you from your work?

A GIRL who earns her living—whether in store, office, factory or home—realizes the necessity of regular attendance at her place of employment. For this reason she works on day after day. When she becomes tired out and run-down, she feels that she must keep at her work without taking time to rest.

Thousands of girls have found that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored them to a normal physical condition, and has made them fit for work. These two women testify to that fact:

HEALTHY AND STRONG
Silvertown, Oregon:—"I am writing to tell you how much your medicine has helped me. I was doing cannery work, canning, sealing, etc., but had to quit work when sick as I would be so weak I could hardly walk across the room. A friend of mine told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have found relief when sick and it helps me more each time. Every one says I am a healthier and stronger girl. I am recommending the Vegetable Compound to all my friends." Julia Schmidt, 113 Willow St., Silvertown, Oregon.

LOOK AS YOUNG
Fruitdale, South Dakota:—"I felt badly. It seemed like my back broke all to pieces and I couldn't stoop down to get anything from the floor. Then a friend told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So I did, and it sure has helped me. I can work all day long and I feel so good. I am 38 years old and I look just as young as if I were 20. I am glad to answer letters from any one about this medicine because it has done me good." Mrs. Francis E. Fajardo, Box 31, Fruitdale, South Dakota.

Remember this package. None genuine without the signature of Lydia E. Pinkham.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., CROSBURG, ONT.

HEDGE-HOPPING IS GREAT IF YOU KNOW YOUR PILOT; NEW YORK TO CHICAGO TWO JUMPS

(Mildred Johnson in Chicago News.)

"Ceiling unlimited—visibility good—temperature 40 degrees—strong west wind—weather fair." E. Hopson, who was to be my pilot on the day plane from Hadley field, the eastern terminal of the transcontinental line to Cleveland, O., read the weather report with a nod of his head and an approving smile.

"Good flying weather for a change, if we can duck under that wind," he commented, as he helped me into the passenger cockpit of the great blue bird with silver wings that was to take us and the air mail to Cleveland.

A cheery wave to the inevitable crowd that gathers every time a mail plane departs or arrives and we were taxing across the muddy field and into the air, leaving at exactly 12.30 p. m., carrying 320 pounds of mail, or approximately 12,800 letters, most of them for Chicago.

Into a hilly section almost immediately. This "hedge-hopping," as they call flying close to the ground, is thrilling. I brace myself to hit every clump of trees we come to, thinking in my inexperience, we must surely be touching them.

The air is getting increasingly bumpy as we advance over the mountains. It is much more difficult to manoeuvre a ship and keep it on an even keel when you have little gusts of wind raising the plane at the same time some are doing their best to force it down, but these are skillful pilots, and I don't have a moment of worry, even though I do find myself occasionally looking behind me to see if the pilot is still there.

Difficult Route.

The New York-to-Chicago air route is the most difficult in the country to fly, and it isn't hard to believe as I fly over these great, beautiful mountains that seem to heap one upon another, with great spoonfuls of earth dipped out at the most unexpected places.

The little streams that go wending their way between these mountains are all edged with ice and snow, which makes a very pretty winter raiment. Zoomed down over the field at Bellefonte where the pilot waved an "All's well" to the radio operator, who will wire that news from whence we came and to where we go.

Practically past the mountain district now—the sun condescends to shine again. It glimmers on ice-covered ponds and snow-filled furrows of fields. There is plenty of evidence of snow in this section—almost every fence and three shelters a ribbon of it.

Beautiful sky overhead now—almost to Cleveland. Coming around by the back way, we land at the Cleveland airport at 5 o'clock sharp—thirty minutes behind schedule, due to the strong headwind, but perhaps it can be made up from here to Chicago.

The motor of the fresh plane that "carries on" from here is merrily humming, even as we alight, and the mail and express is quickly transferred from one plane to another. I bid good-by to Pilot Hanson, after a great fight, and fortify myself with a cup of hot coffee for the balance of the flight.

Off again at 5.10, with Harold E. Knoop, the youngest pilot on the transcontinental route, and a right attractive youngster, too.

As twilight comes, the wind seems to calm. This is a glorious time of the day to fly. Lights are streaming from farmhouse windows and occasionally there are road lights. Flickering headlights of automobiles and the sweeping circles of the air-route beacons that are located about every twenty-five miles create a feeling of safety.

The pilot turned on the navigation lights—which consist of a white tail light, a red light on the left side and a green light on the right (port and starboard).

The weather is none too clear, but we are flying low to keep in sight of the beacons. Usually where there is a beacon, there is also an emergency field, and if the weather is bad ahead the ground men sets red flares on the field, which means that the pilot is to land there to await further instructions.

Emergency Stop.

Just flew over Bryan (O.) field, which is the emergency stop between

Cleveland and Chicago. It's a great sight from the air, to see the entire field outlined with boundary lights, red lights to indicate the dangerous approach and green lights to indicate the safe approach, the hangars flood-lighted and the "wind-sock" (to show the direction of the wind) waving furiously beneath a safe-flying.

Now the little towns are all lighted and they cast a glow against the clouds that is a strange and fascinating sight from the sky. From the sky, the city is known by its lights.

There is a solid bank of clouds above us, but a ceiling light not far back at an emergency field threw a stream of light skyward at a 45 degree angle to indicate the ceiling to the pilot and there is plenty for safe-flying.

I beckoned to the pilot to take a trip above the clouds, and we immediately headed upward. Our green and blue navigation lights on the wings made a subdued, mellow light as though the globe were frosted as we went blindly through the clouds. Coming through, I beheld above me the most glorious peppering of twinkling stars that can be imagined. You may think you see the stars in the heavens when you're out on a dark road where nothing dims their brightness, but for every star you can see from the ground, there are a hundred at least from our vantage point above the clouds. In all my life I have never seen anything more inspiring. It seems almost unholy for this roaring plane to intrude in the sacred beauty of the heavens up here.

Down again, so I wouldn't freeze, we came plowing through the clouds, to the warmth of the earth air, and beheld a breath-taking sight in a huge red flame shooting skyward. I guessed it was Gary, as it proved to be, when I asked the pilot later, and then rows and rows of lighted streets that could be no other city than Chicago.

Zooming up to make a perfect landing, we came upon the greatest landing field in the world—the Chicago municipal airport—I wish you might see from the sky its great boundary-lighted lanes, stretching in every needed direction, its great beacon, its red danger lights, its green safety lights, and then the greatest sight of all—the billion candle-power flood-light that turns on as the pilot turns on his landing lights beneath the wing to indicate that he is ready to land and we came down to land in the brightness of day.

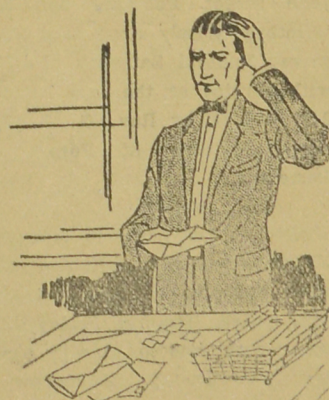
We arrived at 7.40 p. m. and not one minute of the entire flight was tiresome or uncomfortable. I do not say that I was not cold, or that my ears didn't hum a little, but the warmth of the hangar fixed that.

The engine had hardly stopped before the mail and express truck was backed up to the mail pit, and was relieving the plane of its mail cargo to hasten to the postoffice with it.

We covered a distance of 750 miles in seven hours and thirty minutes, and we were but five minutes behind schedule with the mail and express. So much for winter airmail schedules.

The good in children is a legacy from their parents; the orneriness is what they pick up from the neighbors' brats.

BLUNDERS

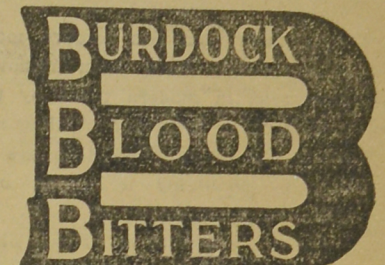


WHY IS THIS WRONG?

It is unwise to guess the weight of a letter to determine the amount of postage required. Such guessing often results in "Postage Due," which may cause delay in delivery and, in the case of business letters, often results in a dissatisfied customer.

For Six Years PIMPLES Covered Her Face

Mrs. Albert Stubbs, Newbury, Ont., writes:—"My face was covered with pimples and was so bad I was ashamed to be seen. I suffered in this way for six years, until one day a friend told me to use



and after I had used two bottles the pimples were all gone and my skin was as clean and smooth as ever."

Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

TRADE BALANCE FAVORABLE LAST YEAR

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 31—Canada's total trade for the calendar year of 1927 was nearly \$2,326,000,000 and the favorable trade balance slightly over \$130,000,000, but as compared with the previous year there was a subtraction from the favorable trade position of nearly \$130,000,000, the increase in imports being \$78,776,019 and the decrease in exports \$50,245,203.

Imports from the British Empire in 1927 increased by \$25,774,517 and exports to the Empire decreased by \$54,917,653 while imports from the United Kingdom were higher by \$17,327,225 and exports to the United Kingdom were less by \$49,684,246. Imports from the United States showed an increase of \$38,523,197 and exports to the United States showed an increase of \$9,382,625.

Imports of liquor into Canada jumped near \$14,000,000 to a new high of \$42,306,482 and exports of liquor increased over \$2,000,000 to a total of \$26,992,472. Imports of raw cotton declined over \$1,000,000. Imports of fruits increased nearly \$4,000,000.

R. J. Prof. Eng'r N. B. Lem. R.A.I.C. Associate Mem. Eng'r Inst. Canada

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