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THE LINDBERGH  
"BOX - OFFICE"

(London Era)

Flemington where the Lindbergh drama is presented, is a small town of about 3,000 people, which finds it impossible to accommodate all the spectators who have flocked to see something of the show. What the production cost the State of New Jersey is not known, but Flemington is taking at least \$10,000 a week. It is said. Hotel rooms have soared from fifteen shillings to four pounds a week. Shopkeepers and traders have trebled their prices. There is continual food shortage. Barbers charge five shillings for a hair-cut and have a waiting list at that. New York theatres complain of the daily and nightly exodus to the rival amusement centre. The telegraph and cable companies have supplied Flemington with sufficient to cater for a city of at least a million inhabitants. Flemington citizens are "cashing in" on the influx by opening bars, peanut and "hot-dog" establishments, and the local council sees to it that only Flemingtonians receive license to trade. The churches are feeding and sheltering those caught without food or lodging, but many visitors go away hungry. No production on Broadway can compete with the excitement created by the drama staged in this small "colonial" town, and no Flemingtonian will ever forget it. He will hand down the memory of it to his remotest descendant. It is the show of the season. The professional amusement caterers look on and wonder what can be done about it. Assuredly they are not going to take Flemington's easy monopoly "lying down". One press agent, we notice, has announced that one of his clients, a "specialty dancer", has created a new exhibition step, "The Flemington Flamingo", which is "dedicated to the small New Jersey town on which the eyes of the world are focused". This would be the limit in bad taste, were there any point in discussing taste with a country which does not understand it. Is that harsh? These things could only happen or be tolerated in America, because in no other country is there such defiant suppression of the training or tradition

SIX ROMEO'S  
DESIRED FOR JUST  
ONE PARTY

(New York Sun)

Far up Jersey way, in the quiet and contrained region of Ridgewood, Mrs. Bolling was frowning over the invitation list of a party she was planning for her teen-age daughter as she was pretty.  
"We'll have twelve at the table", Mrs. Bolling suggested. "How would that be? Six boys and six girls?"  
"Oke!" agreed Miss Bolling. "But when you're calling up the boys, just pass by Johnny Jones, because he's too short; and miss Billy Brown, because he's too tall; and don't bother about Eddie Eaton, because he can't keep off a girl's feet when he dances; and never mind George Gissing, because his breath's bad; and forget Tommy Tucker, because he'll want to sit out in a car all evening with some girl".  
Mrs. Bolling blinked.  
"Suppose", she said, "that instead of telling me the boys you don't want, you tell me the ones you'd accept?"  
"Oh, goodness!", said Miss Bolling. "I'll accept anybody, just so long as he hasn't any of the faults I've mentioned".  
"I get it", said Mrs. Bolling, and wrote, "Six Romeos", on her party list.  
"There is enough sound public opinion and leadership, to ensure that the things which should be done will be done, and the things which should not be done will not be done". — W. G. Gooderham president of The Bank of Toronto.

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that prevents such things from happening or being tolerated. What the correct comment may be on Flemington's "gross takings" we do not know, but we are tempted to think that the conclusion to be drawn from that spectacle is that the glorious destiny prophesied for Humanity is more remote than the optimistic branch of philosophy would have us believe.

## THE TEA MERCHANT AT EVENTIDE

Called by His Household Gods, An Oriental Tradesman Fares to the Land Where the Sun Rises

NEW YORK, N. Y., Feb. 12—Just the other day mention was made of soy beans as manna for the multitudes forage for the cattle on a thousand hills, bearers of vitamins to people in a thousand cities.

And there was some casual reference to the Chinese merchant of urban manner who sat at his desk in a Mott Street shop and dispensed soy beans at seven cents a pound, treating purchasers and their pennies with the distinguished consideration that one might expect from Mr. Tiffany of Fifth avenue when shopping for matched pearls or pigeon-blood rubies.

Then just another day, within the week, we went again to Mott street for beans, jasmine tea and a jug of soy sauce; but the chair at the desk was vacant, and a bright-eyed Chinese youth advanced to offer service. We asked for the senior member of the firm, with a gesture toward the chair, and the youth said that the old man was gone.

Gone to luncheon, perhaps? Or peradventure he slept, or was on a journey? But the lad shook his head and said that he had gone to China—as he might say that some one had gone to Brooklyn. Then we said, for politeness, that it was well, a pleasant holiday for the old man a business trip across the seas and friendly visits to old haunts and familiar scenes. But the youth shook his head again without emotion, and said the old man had gone home and would not return.

Home! What a pleasant word! Home at eventide! But come, we are Americans, in America, and there is something reprehensible about it all. These Chinese fellows come here and launder shirts and sell chop suey and tea and pile up a fortune, then draw their money out of our banks and scamper home to live like mandarins.

FR. COUGHLIN  
FEARS F. R. AS  
BANK CZAR

In an attack upon proposed banking laws, Rev. Father Charles E. Coughlin in his weekly radio address, criticised the powers it will give President F. D. Roosevelt and declared it will make him virtually a financial dictator.

"We stand confronted by the unique creation of an impossible economic system", he said. "It gives the Federal Reserve Board more power at the expense of the banks, and gives the President more power at the expense of the Federal Reserve Board".

He charged that President Roosevelt has already indirectly at least endorsed a radical leaning toward industrial socialism and as a result the government has become the chief industrialist of the country.

His subject was announced as "Socializing or Saving America".

As a result of the response of thousands of listeners to his appeal, Father Coughlin said, it will be possible to finance the broadcasts for some time to come. He announced that membership in his "National Union for Social Justice" has passed the 5,000,000 mark, and is on the way to its goal of 10,000,000 members.

Fr. Coughlin charged that certain agents of the present administration were theoretical Communists, while the government itself was wedded to the chief error of capitalism namely that money should be privately owned.

Between the two extremes, the capitalist belief that all things should be privately owned and the Communist belief that all things should be publicly owned, the National Union for Social Justice takes a middle course.

"There are some things which of their very nature must be privately owned", Father Coughlin said. "Among them are homes and the land that men in the past have fought and died for".

Father Coughlin blamed what he called the "Federal Reserve class" for the fact that millions are in want and plenty because they created a scarcity of production to fit their artificially created scarcity of money.

There should be more laws! Any man that doesn't find the U. S. A. as good a place to die in as to live in never ought to be allowed to land here.

But we know a man who has lived in Tientsin twenty years, having something to do with oil, and he has a Chinese villa with a garden in a walled compound and something of a retinue of Chinese servants. But one fine day he is coming home to his homestead in the New England hills to see the arbutus bloom in May and the fringed gentian in October, and to feel the ground of New England beneath his feet. He has done well in China, in spite of wars and depressions, but should he become, then, a Chinese citizen and a Buddhist?

The country old man of Mott street never catered to the rubberneck-wagon crowds and his shop was without gilded ornament or the smudge of incense. He sold at wholesale and retail soy beans, tinned fruits and preserves from China plain teas and vintage teas. Chinese commodities that New Yorkers never heard of, and fine silks, embroideries and pottery. He had the manners of a disciple of Confucius and it follows that he cherished the ethical code of Confucius and if one knows anything at all of the tenets of Confucianism, one knows that they have much in common.

It is true that an Orient, or a native of Southern Europe, who picks up a small fortune in America, may return to his mother country and live, in some respects, like a lord, but it is unlikely that the old merchant will get himself a palace on one of the lakes of the Yangtze delta. No, he will return to the good earth on which his ancestors raised their rice and tea, perhaps in one of the quieter provinces of that still vexed land. Around an ancient tile-roofed house with dragons guarding the portals his garden will flame with chrysanthemums, primulas azaleas and lotus bloom. And though the garden be small, it may be a kingdom in miniature, with little emerald isles, joined by toy bridges in a toy sea of crystal water. Life is simple there, for a man of modest means, away from taxicabs, subways and the machines of progress. He may dwell in peace with his household gods and the sanctified spirits of his ancestors; he may abide, as Confucius counseled, "in the highest excellence".

Bon voyage! Live forever, old gentleman of China late of Mott street!

TELEVISION  
NEXT AUTUMN

A London despatch says: A new form of entertainment will be brought to Londoners' firesides this autumn with the inauguration of the first link of the government's projected national television network.

Merely by twisting a knob fireside "lookers" will be able to see and hear a great variety of entertainment—vaudeville, opera, prize fights, perhaps even tennis matches and small sections of parades and processions.

All television will cost the "looker"—the official term this new genus of spectator-listener—will be the cost of his receiving set. The cheapest, which looks like an ordinary radio, except for its screen will sell for 250.

Its scanning device is eight by six inches. Sets with nine by 12 screens will cost \$400, but the cost of all television sets, postmaster-general Sir Kingsley Wood said last week, will be halved within a year after mass production is started.

"I'm going to get a divorce. My wife hasn't spoken to me for six months".

"Better be careful. You'll never get another wife like that".

Daughter—"Father, our domestic science professor is teaching us how to spend money".

Father (interrupting)—"Next he'll be teaching ducks to swim".

## Of Interest to the Women

## CONVERT MISOGAMISTS

## NEW CAUSE FOR WOMEN

(By Katharine Baker)

Converting misogynists should be a practical and new Cause for Women's Clubs in 1935. Every woman who handles spatulas and spoons can start in with Cupid on St. Valentine's Day to undermine the cynic's belief that love is a luxury, and marriage a nuisance.

Everyone likes to be liked, and even the gloomiest woman-hater is biased with some evidence of affection. Valentine parties tell the story frankly, and a little extra fuss is needed in every well-regulated family on St. Valentine's Day.

Capids, hearts, and darts are very cleverly and easily introduced into the menu. Tomato aspic is often used for a Valentine Salad but has a too-pale colour. Red Crest Tomato Aspic, however, is sparkling red, and of unusually fine flavour for luncheon, buffet suppers or dinner.

One package quick-setting strawberry jelly powder, 2 teaspoons prepared horseradish, 1 12 teaspoon salt, 2 cups cooked, or canned tomatoes, 1 12 teaspoon scraped onion, dash of cayenne.

Dissolve jelly powder in warm tomatoes—having them slightly hotter than lukewarm. Add horseradish, onion, salt, and cayenne. Force all through sieve. Turn into individual heart-shaped moulds. Chill until firm. Unmould on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 4 generously.

Cocoanut, tinted a delicate pink, gives a Valentine touch to foods. One of those fluffy, downy white cakes, iced with pale pink frosting and covered with shredded cocoanut gives a dainty lace effect—a perfect Valentine for it is good to look at, and delicious to eat.

## Valentine Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour,  
2 teaspoons baking powder,  
Half teaspoon salt,  
2-3 Cup butter or shortening,  
1 cup sugar,  
3 eggs, unbeaten,  
1-3 cup milk,  
1 teaspoon vanilla.  
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together 3 times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating well after each addition. Add the vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch

batter pans in moderate oven (375 F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread fluffy frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Fluffy Frosting—3 egg whites, unbeaten, 2-1 4 cups sugar, half cup water, 2 teaspoons light corn syrup, 1-2 teaspoons vanilla. Combine egg whites, sugar, water, and corn syrup in top of double boiler, beating with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook ten minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire; add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread. Tint delicate pink, and cover tops and sides of cake, and there will be about one cup frosting remaining. Sprinkle all cake, except heart-shaped area in the centre with one can Southern style cocoanut. Build up heart-shaped area with remaining frosting.

A new and more delicious version of Baked Alaska is Cocoanut Ice Cream Tarts.

Cover bottom of baked tart shells with strawberry jam—a jam that has a proper jelly-like consistency is the best. Fill tart with vanilla ice cream. Pile on top, meringue made by beating two egg whites until foamy throughout; add four tablespoons of sugar, two tablespoons at a time, and beat after each addition until sugar is thoroughly blended. Then continue beating until mixture will stand in peaks. Sprinkle meringue generously with Southern style cocoanut. Set tarts on pan covered with four layers of heavy paper; brown in hot oven, (500 F.) one to two minutes. Serve immediately. The paper, tart shell and meringue are poor conductors of heat and the ice cream will not melt but the meringue and cocoanut will be brown and hot.

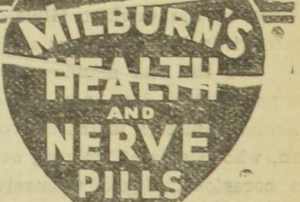
"No government can ever forget that an election is pending and this consideration operates inversely as the square of the distance".—Prof. Alexander Gray.

"The fundamental cause of the trouble in the modern world today is that the stupid are cock-sure, while the intelligent are full of doubt".—Bertrand Russell.

"I do not believe it is simply the bias of a contemporary which makes me feel that the last fifty years have been of unusual significance".—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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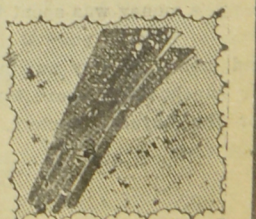
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