

The Jig-Saw Puzzle Has Been Returned To Favor Again

England Sees Revival of Fad Which Was Almost Dead.

London.—Listen to the simple tale of the Jig-saw Puzzle.

When first introduced to this country, before the Great War, it caught on quickly, and soon became a definite success, writes the Morning Post. Hostesses introduced it to their friends, who in turn showed their children how to fit the pieces together. For years it was a riot.

But ingenious minds began to devise counter-attractions. For a time one was not in the fashion unless one invested in a Pogo Stick. Then, for wet afternoons, there was always Diabolo. After dinner, too, all the best people played Put-and-Take.

The Jig-saw puzzle, it was firmly asserted, had lost its appeal. It would vanish from the home as practically every other "craze" before it—excepting always the cross-word—had vanished.

The prophets were wrong. At the time when Yo-Yo was the rage, even when fathers were being initiated into the wonders of Bif-Bat by their offspring, the Jig-saw puzzle was slowly regaining its lost ground.

And then came the Master Stroke; the formation of the first Jig-saw Club. The tale can now be taken up by the managing director of a London firm of toy manufacturers.

"The drawback to the Jig-saw was its price," he told a Morning Post representative recently. "The public paid, perhaps 2s. 6d. for a puzzle of 200 pieces, but it was little use once it had been solved.

Last year, however, the idea of joining a club began to catch on. People found that they could hire a puzzle for 2d. or 3d. a week, return it in that time, and take out another one.

"There are now hundreds of clubs scattered up and down the country. We now have 120 Jig-saw cutting machines working at full pressure throughout the year. Some of the puzzles comprise 1,000 pieces.

"The latest have a double purpose. They depict farmyard scenes, and are cut so that the animals can be removed from their setting and used as toys by children."

Let no one in future belittle the Jig-saw. Today, as never before, it is The Fashion.

BOOK REVIEW

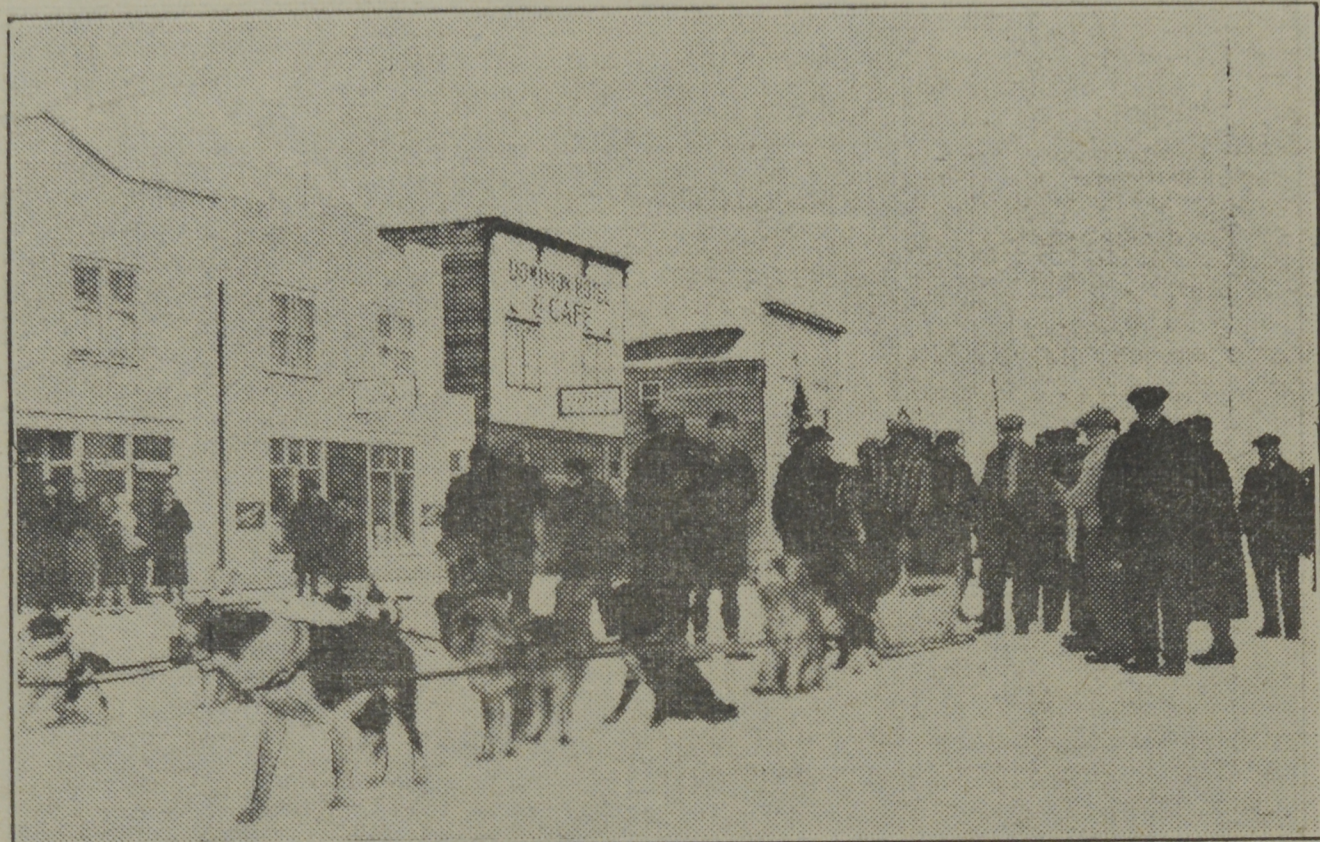
THE BIRTH OF WESTERN CANADA

By GEORGE F. G. STANLEY

This book is a study of the problem of the frontier, the clash between primitive and civilized peoples, as illustrated in Western Canada by the Riel Rebellions of 1869-70 and 1885. Here the problem presents two aspects: the impact of Canadian expansion upon the half-breeds—the mixed blood descendants of the fur traders—and upon the aboriginal population, the Red Indians.

The volume is divided into two sections. The first deals with the half-breed rising at Red River (Manitoba) in 1869-70, against the transfer of the North-West from the overlordship of the Hudson's Bay Company to the Dominion of Canada. The French half-breeds, led by Louis Riel, expelled the Canadian Governor-designate and for nine months dominated the situation through a provisional government. Finally a settlement was arrived at conceding the greater part of the half-breed demands, but this settlement was jeopardized by the execution by the French half-breeds of a Canadian Orangeman from Ontario. The Federal Government were seriously embarrassed by the alleged promise of

SETTLERS FROM DROUTH AREAS FIND NEW HOMES



Settlers from Saskatchewan's drouth areas are having a happy time in the newly developed northern districts where they have settled. Here we see a 60-mile dog derby at Meadow Lake, Sask., which attracted

some of the best mushers in the northern Saskatchewan hinterland, preparing to start on the long trip. Dog-racing on the main street, and big "derby" dances, help the new settlers to enjoy life with new comrades.

SMILES



"Does your husband give you an allowance?"

"I should say not. He gives me his salary, and I give him an allowance."

MOURNFUL

Smith—"What did he look like during the fire at his shop? Was he upset?"

Jones—"Well, you never saw such a smile of despair on a man's face."

TERRIBLE

"I'm not going to that barber shop again; there's a rude fellow there, don't you know?"

"What did he say?"

"Why he looked at my moustache, and asked me if I would

have it sponged off or rubbed in."

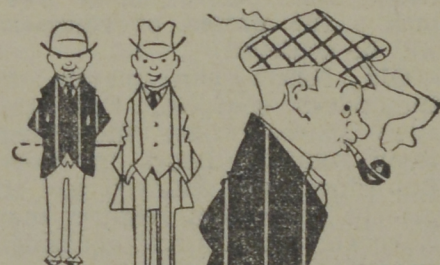
MISUNDERSTOOD

When the preacher called for women to stand up and promise to go home and mother their husbands only one little woman arose, and when he told her to go home at once and mother her husband, she said, "Mother him? I thought you said smother him!"

FIRST A COOK

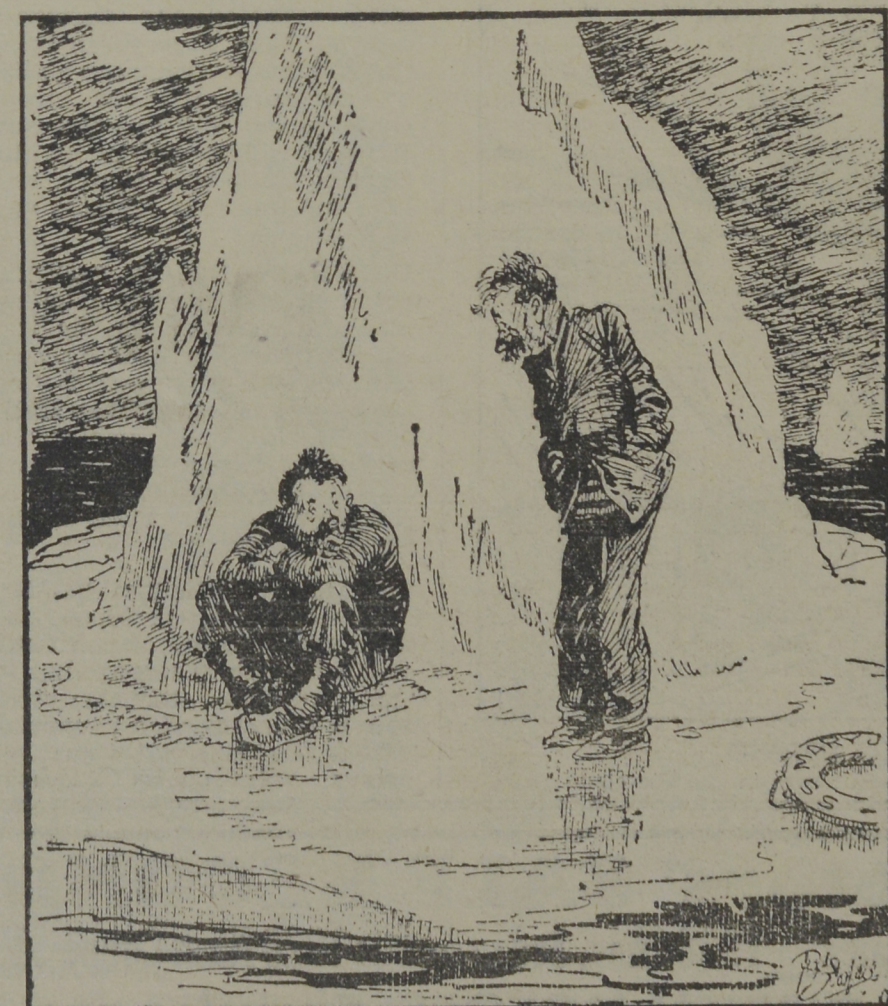
Negro Woman (applying for a position as cook)—"I see you advertise in de newspaper, lady."

Lady (interrupting)—"But I advertised for a Scandinavian." Negro Woman—"I knows dat, lady. But jess so a pusson can cook, what difference does religion make?"



"Isn't Boggs an aimless sort of chap?"

"Aimless? That guy spends half his time wondering what he's going to do with the other half."



"I wouldn't sit there, Jim—you're sure to get lumbago."

—The Sydney Bulletin.

fifty Years Ago in New Brunswick

By GEORGE I. HIGGINS

SUNBURY COUNTY COUNCIL 1886

The Sunbury County Council assembled for its mid-winter session on Tuesday, January 5 (1886). Councillor George A. Perley from Mauderville was elected Warden; D. S. Duplisea of Fredericton Junction, Auditor, and W. E. Taylor, Secretary-Treasurer. The following councillors were in attendance:

Blissville Parish, J. Wesley Hoyt, John Murphy; Burton, James Holden, George E. Armstrong; Gladstone, Jeremiah Tracy Jr., David W. Hartt; Lincoln, Alby Grass, Parker Glasier; Mauderville, George A. Perley, R. W. Foster; Northfield, Robert Linton, John Welton, and Sheffield, Thomas P. Taylor, Charles J. Burpee.

The assessment for the year (1886) was set at \$4,041.95.

Special Session March 3, 1886

A special session of the Sunbury County Council was called for March 3 to vote extra money for the County School Fund, but owing to the roads being blocked with snow, a quorum was not present.

Note—The assessment for the year 1935 was \$26,180. All members of the above Council have passed to the Great Beyond. The last personage was Councillor Parker Glasier, a nephew of the "Main John Glasier" who passed away a few weeks ago.

Carpentier Badly Beaten In His Championship Attempt

(Continued from Page 8)

down the Frenchman's speed and paying no attention to points went about his task in a manner which could have but one ending.

In the third round Carpentier was forced on the defensive. Dempsey was putting force behind his blows and they were starting to hurt the challenger whose speed was going and his confidence apparently ebbing. Dempsey was using his crouching free swinging style and with both fists flaying kept right on top of Carpentier hammering him all over the body. Once in this round he forced him to the ropes and began one of his terrific bombardments of blows which presaged the end. Carpentier was badly beaten. Blood flowed from his mouth and nose and he had a cut over his cheekbone. Frantically he tried to avoid that human killer, but to no avail. When the round ended he was in a semi-helpless condition and almost out on his feet. The gong alone saved him.

In the fourth and final round Dempsey went after his kill and as Carpentier dropped his guard and doubled over to protect his body Dempsey let go a terrific right to his exposed neck and it landed on the vertebrae. Down went the challenger, but gamely he arose to his feet to absorb a short, but powerful right to the chin. The blow travelled only a few inches but was packed full of dynamite and before many of the spectators realized it the Frenchman dropped to the canvas. After being counted out he was half dragged and carried to his corner where Francois Descamps frantically ministered to his crushed idol. The audience seemed stunned for it was hard to realize that this badly beaten, blood marked warrior was the confident challenger who a few minutes prior had seemed like the one man able to wrest Dempsey's title from him. The champion did not have a mark on his face or body when the fight terminated.

"Why so melancholy, old man?" "Miss Brown rejected me last night."

"Well, buck up; there are others."

"Yes, of course, but somehow I can't help feeling sorry for the poor girl."