

SACKVILLE

Sackville, Jan. 30.—Mrs. Freeman Lake left Monday enroute to St. John. She will attend a provincial meeting of the Daughters of the Empire.

Capt. and Mrs. W. T. Wood left Tuesday for Halifax, where they will spend a few days with Mrs. Wood's mother, Mrs. Unkles.

Mrs. Watto, who has been spending several weeks here with her sister, Mrs. A. W. Bennett, left Wednesday for Oshawa, Ontario, where she will spend the remainder of the winter. She was accompanied by Mrs. M. G. Cole of Port Elgin, who will also stay some time in Oshawa.

Miss Edith Hutton spent the week-end in Amherst, guest of Miss Vivian McLeod.

Mrs. Ernest L. Anderson, who has been spending a few days here, guest of Mrs. and Mrs. Arthur Ford, has returned to her home in Moncton.

Mrs. H. M. Wood was in St. John last week, guest of Mrs. J. W. S. Black.

Mrs. Harold Oulton, who has been visiting in town, guest of Miss Bess Carter, left Tuesday for her home in Lynn, Mass.

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SHEDIAC

Shediac, Jan. 31.—The first month of the year is closing, and the season has been exceptionally mild with the roads in good condition.

A number of our citizens have been confined to the house owing to heavy colds.

The skating rink is well attended, with the Assumption Band present once a week.

The town has been bright owing to the many events which have taken place during the past few days. On the occasion last week, Mrs. F. J. Robitoux was hostess to a number of her lady friends, who entertained at a very enjoyable afternoon tea, at which the tea pouring was presided over by Mrs. W. A. Russell.

Miss Lila Dubois entertained a number of her young lady friends very pleasantly on Thursday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Liddy of Mount Allison University are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, January 28th.

Miss Jean Rainnie entertained at a variety shower on Saturday evening, at her home on Weldon street, in honor of Miss Kathleen Pawcett.

Among those present were Mrs. F. B. Black, Mrs. C. W. Pawcett, Mrs. H. M. Wood, Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. J. W. S. Black, Mrs. Godfrey, Mrs. McCord, Mrs. Melville, Mrs. Robert Duncan, Mrs. Fred Fisher, Mrs. D. S. Campbell, Mrs. Walter Duncan, Mrs. Oulton, Mrs. Lou Ford, Miss Mollie Pickard, Miss Ada and Hazel Ford, Miss Bess Carter, Miss Margaret Black, Miss McLeod, Miss McLean, Miss Stephens, Miss Leslie, Miss Gertrude Borden, Miss Gladys Borden, Miss Minnie Basterbrooks, New York, Miss Marjorie Ayer, Misses Frances and Lila Basterbrooks, Miss Marjorie Taylor, Miss Carrie Cahill, Miss Olive Carter, Miss Edith Hutton, Miss Glenne Hanson, Miss Lillian Pawcett and Miss Constance Smith.

Miss Carrie Atkinson of Beverly, Mass., has been called home, owing to the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Stephen Atkinson.

Miss E. W. Knapp, son of Dr. E. W. Knapp arrived in Shediac a few days ago from overseas. He entered early in the war.

Tuesday evening the meeting called for the organization of a Local Council of Women, in affiliation with the National Council of Women, resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Mrs. B. C. Horden, 1st Vice Pres., Mrs. Freeman Lake, 2nd Vice Pres., Mrs. H. C. Read; Corresponding and Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. H. McCready; Treasurer, Mrs. J. L. Dixon.

Mrs. George Townshend, formerly Miss Mary Hatchford of Amherst, spent Wednesday in town, guest of Mrs. Mortimer H. Smith.

Mrs. and Mrs. Wallace Wry, who have spent several weeks here visiting relatives and friends, returned to Boston on Tuesday.

Many Sackville friends of James Calkin, son of Dr. J. O. Calkin of this town will be delighted to learn that he has been awarded the Military Cross and that he is now a captain.

Capt. Calkin went overseas as a Lieutenant, and has been with the 26th New Brunswick Battalion for some considerable time. He was made a captain early in November, and the Military Cross was awarded him as a result of his gallant conduct around Cambrai. Few Westmorland County officers can show a better record than Capt. Calkin.

Mrs. and Mrs. F. A. Fisher spent Monday in Moncton.

Mrs. C. S. Charters of Point du Chene, was in Shediac this week, guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. W. S. Black.

Mrs. Walter Duncan entertained a few friends very pleasantly last evening in honor of Miss Margaret Duncan of Dundas, P. E. I. Among those present were Mrs. Frank Knapp, Mrs. Robert Duncan, Mrs. Melville, Mrs. Daman, Mrs. E. P. Smith, Mrs. Carey Robinson, Miss Lillian Pawcett, Miss Alice Hanson and Miss Ivy Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Miller have returned from a pleasant trip to Halifax.

Mrs. H. H. Woodworth spent a couple of days in Amherst this week, guest of Mrs. Elliott.

Lieut. Robert Norman of Moncton, spent Wednesday here, guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Basterbrooks.

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While the thing was soft along one edge, on the other edge, which seemed to be semicircular in shape, it was harder and dryer. With infinite care Mr. Gubb withdrew the thing from the shelf and carried it into the better light of the laboratory. It was one half of a lemon meringue pie!

The half pie was now moist on top, but not so moist as it would have been if the dark closet had not been well ventilated. It lacked something of its pristine freshness. Bits of green showed here and there on the brown top, and the crust was not as crisp as it had once been, but it was still pie; and more than that, it was a clue.

Mr. Gubb placed it on his tray among the celluloid muffins and took out his pocket magnifying glass. Holding the pie, he examined it with the utmost care. There could be no doubt that it was a lemon pie. Along the edge, along the broken edge of the pie still remained the indentations made by a set of teeth—the teeth that had bitten the pie. Mr. Gubb looked at these scapings and then at Epaminondas.

The detective's attention lay on his bed in deep and sleepless sleep, his mouth wide open, breathing the deep, full breaths of a first-class sleeper. With the utmost care Mr. Gubb took the pie in two lumped and some one of Epaminondas. Carefully he poured the scalloped edge of the pie toward Epaminondas's mouth until one of the scalloped edges rested against Epaminondas's row of strong white teeth and the strong white teeth seemed to fit exactly, but before Mr. Gubb could quite verify this, Epaminondas's head lifted a little, he took a large bite of pie and muzzling in his sleep, masticated the pie with every evidence of intense pleasure. Mr. Gubb looked at the fresh toothmarks in the pie's edge. They were precisely similar to those already lauded.

With a sigh Mr. Gubb placed the pie on the tray again and stared at Epaminondas. Somewhere, locked in that mass of fat stupidity lay the secret of the mystery of the dark closet! Wiggling his nose, which the hair of his red mustache tickled, Mr. Gubb studied Epaminondas.

Somehow, doubtless while Epaminondas was wrapped in deep sleep such as now surrounded him, some one had entered the laboratory and had climbed through the small transom in the dark closet. Evidently the thief had taken a pie. Epaminondas had been eating, and for some reason yet unknown, had carried it with him through the transom into the dark room. Then suddenly, as such things come to great detectives, Mr. Gubb seemed to hear the question: "But side-show, that is the answer of the solution to the mystery?"

Slowly, as Mr. Habington grasped the fact, Mr. Gubb's words, a smile spread over his scarred face. Then he chuckled with amusement, and his eyes sparkled.

"Gubb," he said, "I ought to have 'Watson! Wake up!' Mr. Gubb repeated, shaking Epaminondas again.

Mrs. Fleetwood of St. John, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. White, Main street.

Mrs. George Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Atkinson, Boston, and Mr. Fred Atkinson, who recently arrived home to be present at the funeral of the late Mrs. Capt. Atkinson, returned this week to the United States.

Mr. J. M. Lyons was in Sussex during the week.

Mr. Paul Legere has recovered from his recent illness of pneumonia, and is able to be out again.

Mrs. John McMenow, who was recently called to Foxcroft, Me., owing to the death of her daughter, Mrs. Cullen, has returned to Shediac.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchings, after a month in Halifax, arrived in town this week.

Rev. Dr. Weddall, pastor of the Methodist Church, Shediac, was in town this week, guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Lennox, who recently met with an accident at Moncton, when he sustained injuries which resulted in a broken hip, has been conveyed from the Moncton hospital to Shediac, where he will convalesce at the home of his niece, Mrs. J. W. Livingston. His many friends here are hoping to learn of his recovery in the near future.

THE CORRESPONDENCE
SCHOOL DETECKATIVE'S
LATEST ADVENTURES

(Continued from page 1, 2nd Section.) but rested rakishly on the bridge of that feature, giving his face a bizarre effect seldom seen. His nose, requiring air, protruded through the mouth opening of the beard, which covered his mouth and the lower portion of his face. When the ladies noted this, they giggled. Mr. Gubb's nose and he wrinkled it, the ends of the mustache arose and mingled with his eyebrows.

Thus disguised, Mr. Gubb went over the entire premises again, searching for clues. In spite of the boast he had made to Epaminondas, he found the whole affair extremely baffling, and little easier of solution now that he had donned a disguise that it had been before. In the cellar he found a number of empty bottles labeled "Tasteless Anti-Fat" and "Tasteless Anti-Thin," but these had evidently nothing to do with the burglary, for if the burglar had wanted them, he would have taken them, bottles and all. For a minute, however, Mr. Gubb stood by the cellar window, reading one of the circulars that accompanied each bottle, and the words in praise of the Tasteless Anti-thin greatly impressed him.

For some time Mr. Gubb had regretted his own leanness, and as he read the circular, hope that he might put a little fat on his bones, but when he climbed the cellar stairs he carried with him six bottles of Tasteless Anti-thin, and these he placed on the small table that stood beside Epaminondas' couch, meaning to pay Mr. Habington what they were worth when that gentleman returned. He then gave his attention once more to the interior of their dark closet.

For a while, as he felt about in the dusk of that enclosure, the place seemed to yield no clues, but when he stood on a box of Tasteless Tonic and put his hand on the shelf that had held Mr. Habington's formulae, he dropped it away again with a suddenness that suggested he had made an important discovery. His hand, feeling along the dark shelf, had struck into something wet and cold and jellylike, and when Mr. Gubb felt there again, and more carefully, he discovered that,

With his eyes still closed, Epaminondas arose to a sitting position and slid his feet to the floor. He sat there, a humped-up mass of fat, and his head nodded. Again Mr. Gubb shook him. Epaminondas opened his eyes.

The fat boy stared at Philo Gubb like one in a dream—as was the case. Stupidly and blinkingly he started, and his eyes fell on the black tray and then looked up at Mr. Gubb again. He saw the white apron and cap of the Muffin Man Disguise No. 68, and the mass of red beard and hid Mr. Gubb's face. His hand reached out as if it were a white apron and cap of the Muffin Man Disguise No. 68, and the mass of red beard and hid Mr. Gubb's face. His hand reached out as if it were a white apron and cap of the Muffin Man Disguise No. 68, and the mass of red beard and hid Mr. Gubb's face.

"I want ten thousand lemon pies!" he whined, and as if the exertion of speech had been too much for him, he dropped back on the bed again and breathed long and deep. Mr. Gubb picked up the red meringue pie and it was in his own pocket. He looked at Epaminondas and then at the small transom, and then at Epaminondas again. He leaned over the sleeping fat boy and with one hand prodded him in the side and the chest. The flesh felt like rubber. Mr. Gubb was satisfied.

Half an hour later, when Mr. Habington returned, the great detective was waiting for him.

"Well, what have you discovered?" asked Mr. Habington.

"My detective researching into this case has culminated to an end, and without any manner of delay whatsoever," said Mr. Gubb, removing the red beard. "It has brought to sight into the light one of the most remarkable cases of human curiosity freaks now existing extant."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Habington.

"By that statement I mean to intend to say," said Mr. Gubb, "that this nephew son of my sister here is what you might term by the name of a reversed androcondia."

"Reversed androcondia?" exclaimed Mr. Habington in surprise.

"The androcondia serpent snake," explained Mr. Gubb, "is a serpentine reptile that can swallow things three times as large as its own dimensions of size. This nephew relative of mine is the reversed opposite of that. He can get through holes three times as small as what his diameter of circumference is. Into other words, Mr. Habington, he is a rubber man like them in the dime museum of the ten-cent side-show. That is the answer of the solution to the mystery."

Slowly, as Mr. Habington grasped the fact, Mr. Gubb's words, a smile spread over his scarred face. Then he chuckled with amusement, and his eyes sparkled.

"Gubb," he said, "I ought to have 'Watson! Wake up!' Mr. Gubb repeated, shaking Epaminondas again.

Old Dutch Cleanser

the great Household Economizer.

The kitchen cabinet that is scoured with Old Dutch is a joy to the eye—wood-work and fittings always clean and bright. Old Dutch cleans everything, and it is more economical than soap or any other cleaning material.



the fat rascal put in jail, but I'm going to let him go! Yes sir, I'm going to let him go! I've seen Perrykins, that my Tasteless Anti-fat and Tasteless Anti-thin were the greatest remedies in the world, because this fat boy took my Anti-fat and got so thin he could crawl through the transom, and then took the Anti-thin and got fat again—as fat as he is there now. And that's nonsense!"

"What did he make a remark of saying?" asked Mr. Gubb.

"He said," chuckled Mr. Habington, "that my Tasteless Anti-fat and Tasteless Anti-thin were the greatest remedies in the world, because this fat boy took my Anti-fat and got so thin he could crawl through the transom, and then took the Anti-thin and got fat again—as fat as he is there now. And that's nonsense!"

"It is certainly a surety of nonsense," said Mr. Gubb.

"That is a large amount of money capital," said Mr. Gubb.

"It certainly is," chuckled Mr. Habington, "and do you know what? The reason they are willing to make the deal with me is so they can get control of my Tasteless Anti-fat and Tasteless Anti-thin. That man Perrykins is crazy over them. He's wild about them. Oh! I can laugh myself sick when I think how Perrykins fooled himself!"

"In what kind of manner of way?" asked Mr. Gubb.

"Why, over that rubber fanny of yours," said Mr. Habington joyously. "I knew there was some solution of the dark closet mystery that Perrykins didn't know about. I couldn't guess what it was, but you have hit on it the first thing. That boy of yours stretches like a rubber band. That's

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There is absolutely no sufferer from eczema who ever used the simple wash D. D. D. and did not feel immediately that wonderfully calm, cool sensation that comes when the itch is taken away. This soothing wash penetrates the pores, gives instant relief to the most distressing skin diseases.

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Will Labor's Mighty Forces
Form a New Party?

"Third Parties" in the United States have generally come to grief, but the scope of the movement to organize "hand and brain" workers into a political unit and its appearance in a winter of unrest and discontent convince observers that history is likely to repeat herself in this instance. Samuel Gompers, a consistent opponent of the Labor-party idea, pleaded with New York leaders on the eve of his departure for Europe not to join the new movement, but within a week, as *The Evening Post*, (New York) notes, a New York Central Federated Union, the Brooklyn Central Labor Union, and the Woman's Trade Union League had met in convention and created the most formidable of the local party organizations.

In an enlightening article in this week's LITERARY DIGEST—February 1st—all the particulars of this new political movement are shown. The platform adopted in New York is also presented. A new political labor party directly affects millions of men and women in this country. Don't fail to read about this latest development in our industrial life.

Other articles of great interest in this number are:

Why the Farmer Opposes "Daylight Saving"

The Result of an Investigation Made by "The Literary Digest" Among the Spokesmen for the Farmers—The Editors of Agricultural Papers Throughout the Country.

The Probable Effect of Nation-wide Prohibition
The Railroads' Own Remedy
Germany Votes for Order
Does Finland Deserve Help?
Lichnowsky's Peace Suggestions
To Stop Germany at the Rhine
A Tree Census
Germany's Economic Crisis
Rescuing Stranded Fish
The Diminishing "Mayflowerites"

Teaching Americanism in the Factory
Rostand's Satire of William
A Poet's Horror of War
French and American Praise for the "Y"
The Trenches Against the Church
Slackers in War Prove Slackers in Marriage
Jugo-Slavia
The Best of the Current Poetry
News of Finance and Commerce
Personal Glimpses of Men and Events

Many Striking Illustrations, Together With the Best of the Cartoons

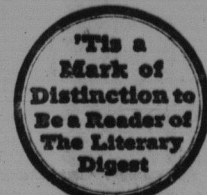
World Opinion on the Peace Conference Your's in "The Digest"

In Paris today an international conference without precedent in history, the enormous task of reshaping the destinies of the world. The news of what is accomplished from week to week by this assemblage of liberal statesmen is perhaps the most important that has ever been given to the public. It will be fully covered in THE LIT-

ERARY DIGEST, as the conference progresses, and compactly summarized for you, as will the view-points of the leading periodicals of all countries, from which quotations illustrative of every shade of opinion will be made for your benefit. If you wish, therefore, to be accurately informed as to what the press of the world thinks of it, your one sure way to knowledge is to read THE LIT-

February 1st Number

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Keep your little Pets healthy, strong and full of play by giving a harmless candy Cascaret at the first sign of a white tongue, feverish breath, sour stomach or a cold. Nothing else straightens up a bilious, or constipated youngster like these delightful cathartic tablets—Only ten cents a box.



TO MOTHERS! While all children detest castor oil, calomel, pills and laxatives, they really love to take Cascarets because they taste like candy. Cascarets "work" the nasty bile, sour fermentations and constipation poison from the child's tender stomach, liver and bowels without pain or gripping. Cascarets never disappoint the worried mother. Each ten cent box of Cascarets contains directions for children aged one year old and upwards as well as for adults—absolutely safe and harmless!