You Can Get Rid Of

SORE HANDS

'Chaps' & Chilblains

All Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Cold Sores or Frost Bite should be promptly treated with Zam-Buk.

This super-balm, prepared solely from costly herbal oils and extracts, is so natural and refined that it readily penetrates into the skin to the tissues below. Zam-Buk is beautifully soothing and gives inflamed and broken skin thorough antiseptic protection against poisonous disease germs. Further Zam-Buk grows new healthy skin in an astonishing way.

No gritty mineral ointment or fatty salve can compare with this pure herbal Zam-Buk for dispelling skin troubles.

Zam-Buk

Also a splendid remedy for burns and scalds, window cankers, bad legs, ringworm, poisoned wounds, piles, etc.

You Get Absolute Satisfaction in Quality and Flavor When You Use

Sansom's Kream Krust Loaf

Ask Your Grocer For it.

AN X-RAY OF YOUR MOUTH.

will show the exact condition of your teeth, especially the roots, root canals, etc. If there is any inflammation or abscess at or near the root, our X-ray pictures will find it. We have latest and full equipment for dental work of this kind.

Dr. BRENNAN

Office in McLean Bldg.

"The Only Remedy" Says This Doctor

"The treatment of skin diseases (eczema) and diseases of the scalp is known to be difficult," writes Dr. W. L. Randolph. "However, there is one remedy that is known to be entirely dependable in this distressing and troublesome disease. I refer to D. D. D. Prescription.

If you have never tried D. D. D. for skin disease, whether a small spot, or whether one of the dreaded forms—the torment of eczema or the hard scales of psoriasis—just a bottle at once on our guarantee. Get it! It doesn't relieve you your money will be refunded. $1.00 a bottle. Try D. D. D. Soap, too.

D.D.D. Prescription for Skin Disease

A. McG. MacDONALD, Druggist.

FOR BABY

"Safety First"

Four generations of babies have been kept clean, fresh, fragrant, and free from skin troubles by the use of

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for Baby — Best for You

ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED - MONTREAL

How to Prevent Biliousness

Doctors warn against remedies containing powerful drugs and alcohol. "The Extract of Roots, long known as Father Seigel's Curative Syrup, has no drugs or strong ingredients; it clears away indigestion, biliousness and constipation. Can be had at any drug store." Get the genuine. 50c. and $1.00 Bottles.

SPENT SMALL FORTUNE ON MEDICINE WITHOUT RELIEF

St. John Man Was Troubled for Years With Stomach Trouble and Headaches.

Amazing Relief From Dreco.

"I had been troubled for years with my stomach," said Alexander MacPherson, 36 Douglas Ave., St. John, N. B. "Gas would form in my stomach after each meal, causing dreadful headaches and spots before my eyes. I used to get up in the morning feeling terribly drowsy. My tongue was always coated, my appetite was always poor and I was afraid to eat any meat, as it would lie in my stomach and would not digest. Being in such a state life was really not worth living. My bowels were very irregular.

"After consulting the Dreco expert I decided to give Dreco a fair trial, so I bought 3 bottles. Believe me, I found it really wonderful, the best medicine I have tried yet, because before trying Dreco I spent a small fortune on medicines without relief. Now my bowels are regular. I have no more spots before my eyes, no more coated tongue, or pains in the back. I am also eating everything that is put before me, confident that it will digest properly, thanks to Dreco. I cannot praise Dreco too highly, as it has struck the right spot where other medicines have failed. I can honestly recommend Dreco to anyone suffering as I did. They should start taking it at once."

Dreco is sold in Campbellton by Wran's Drug Store, and by good drug stores everywhere.

WHY FARMERS COMPLAIN.

The Toronto Globe quotes from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics some illuminating figures to show how the farmer has been hit since 1918. Prices which were used in the different years in estimating the value of the total value of crops in Ontario on Dec. 1 are quoted. We may omit all but those for the years 1918 ano 1922, and the comparison cannot but convince any reader that the farmer is confronted by a serious problem, in view of the fact that while that which he has to sell has so greatly declined in value there has not been anything like such a drop in the price of the things he buys. Here are the figures:—

Average Price Per Bushel.		
Crop	1918	1922
Wheat	$ 2.06	$ 1.00
Oats	.78	.40
Barley	1.06	.60
Rye	2.10	.78
Peas	2.24	1.40
Beans	4.66	2.60
Buckwheat	1.40	.70
Mixed grains	1.09	.60
Flax	3.41	1.50
Husking corn	1.72	.78
Potatoes	1.26	.54
Average Price Per Ton.		
Hay and clover	$16.50	$12.40
Fodder corn	5.73	4.35
Sugar beets	10.23	7.88

40 PER CENT OF ELECTORS VOTED

Importation of Liquor.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Jan. 23—From returns so far received, covering over three quarters of the polls, the plebiscite taken yesterday resulted in 7,725 votes in favor of prohibiting the importation of intoxicating liquor into the island, and 2,065 votes against prohibition. The total vote reports about forty per cent. of the registration, Queens and Prince counties making a better showing in this respect than the other.

Four Years After

BY

Canon F. G. Scott. C. M. G., D. S. O.

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To thousands of men in the Canadian Corps, Victoria Station in London calls up memories of emotions quite indescribable. Who can ever forget the crowded platforms where the trains were ready to take the men back to the battlefields? The multitudes of onlookers, the men pressing into crowded carriages, the sad farewells and the haunting dread that this might be the last visit to old Blighty! Or the arrival of the leave train, joyful sense of security, the thrilling joy of getting away from the war for a ten days leave? What greetings, what partings have sublimed that old station until it has become a mystical shrine of intense emotion. Even to-day to one who was in the war, the iron railings and the platform, the ticket offices and the news-stalls are haunted with the ghostly armies that came and went in the dark days when the hideous cloud overshadowed the world.

As I took my seat in the train for Calais on a bright July morning, a sense of strange loneliness came over me, inspite of the fact that the carriages were full of eager trippers going to the Continent. Once more we sped through the green fields of England's pleasant land, and at last, passing through Folkeston reached the pier at Dover. The day was calm, the channel was beautifully blue, and no destroyers accompanied our boat. We were not compelled to sit huddled together with life belts on in case of a submarine attack, but the strong salt air quickened the imagination, and when we saw the line of the French coast come into view we felt as if we were re-dreaming a dream that had passed. There were the familiar sights and sounds on the Calais landing-stage, the French porters, the crowds pressing up the gangway. But now no longer was there an R. T. O. bellowing out instructions to the troops from a megaphone on the quay. We easily passed through the French Customs and then made our way to the car which General Hughes had sent from Poperinghe to meet us. It was an old one which had done good service in the war, and on the glass shield was emblazoned the Maple Leaf of the Canadian Corps Headquarters. It was delightful to feel oneself in one of the old motors which the Lord so often provided for my weary feet in the war.

There seemed to be something sacred in this first visit to our beloved France. The long dusty roads, the rows of trees, the little whitewashed farm houses by the way, brought back the strangest emotions, and when we reached St. Omer and made our way through the narrow streets to the Grande Place, we felt that we were re-entering a region crowded with some of the richest memories of a lifetime. Of course we had to linger in the old town and enjoy its quaint architecture and watch the citizens carrying on their daily life amid a scene which recalled to us days that had gone forever. We made our way to the cathedral. It stood out beautiful as ever and in its quiet aisles here and there were worshippers kneeling in devotion. The sunlight flooded the building and we were thankful that the hostile air raids of four years ago had not wrecked it. We had tea in a little shop on one of the side streets, where a good woman supplied buns and cakes of a much more elaborate description than we had been accustomed to in war days.

After being refreshed and buying some postcards, we resumed our journey towards Cassel. Down the straight road we sped, the trees flew by us rapidly, because our driver was an old soldier and was not afraid to exceed the speed limit. Soon Cassel rose before us quaintly beautiful on the hill. We mounted the steep ascent till we reached the town and from the Grande Place had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The Hotel Sauvage invited us to enter, but time was pressing, so we went on and made our way down the other side, past the chateau where General Turner had made his headquarters in 1915 and the field where General Smith-Dorion had addressed the 3rd Infantry Brigade before the second battle of Ypres. There was no suggestion now of the presence of war. The green hedges and the waving wheat told no tales of the troops that had passed through the lovely countryside.

One more stop we made at Steenvoorde. The Grande Place was quiet and deserted. The old church with its ponderous tower and spire was resting in calm dignity, as though it had shaken off its memory of the noisy lorries that once parked themselves under its sacred shadow. We paid a visit in passing to my friends at the Chateau where we got a warm reception. I was shown the old garden and the dining-room where I once had made my bed on the floor. The Delobeaus were the first war-friends whom we met, and as we sat in the drawing-room, many were the questions we were asked about General Turner and General Currie and the Highland battalions that had rested in Steenvoorde in 1915.

It ws hard to tear oneself away from the charming hospitality of our friends and continue our journey. Not long after leaving Steenvoorde we entered the village of Able. It is quiet now and struck me as looking rather dusty and shabby. We passed the house where General Alderson, and afterwards General Byng, had made their headquarters, and at last, in the early evening, we entered the town of Poperinghe. Our billet was to be the house of Madame Vandermeersche, immediately facing the church whose noble spire sheds its dignity over the landscape and used to be our landmark in days gone by.

The memories of Poperinghe in olden days did not prepare us for the Poperinghe which we entered. A great fair was being held in the town and the place was full of holiday-makers. The streets were no longer crowded with men in khaki but were full of peasants who had come in from all places in the neighborhood to enjoy the festivities. The Grande Place, where the Guards band had played tattoo in the evening, was now filled with marquees and merry-go-rounds, side-shows and shooting-galleries. From morning till night and from night till morning, brass bands and automatic pianos kept up an increasing flow of the liveliest music. Talbot House had once again become a private residence and looked quite chilling with its tightly closed doors shining with new paint. Skindles Hotel and the gardens behind were filled with visitors, and little tables under the green trees were covered with bottles and glasses for the use of those who were listening to the music of a fine orchestra, which was playing in the background. The people were all gaily attired and it was hard to realize that this was Poperinghe. In every estaminet, dancing was indulged in, and I must confess that the scene of liveliness rather jarred on one who cherished other memories of the town.

After dinner we went for a stroll down the Renninghelst road. By this time, the Estaminets in the town were full of dancers, and the mingled sounds of dancing and merry-go-rounds followed us for a long way into the country. The sun was setting low and the evening air was very sweet. The crops were rich and the wellte-nded fields were bursting with life. Every now and then, on the breeze, came faint puffs of the fertilizers, which more than anything brought back memories of old days. The farm houses were deserted, as the attractions of the town had drawn the inhabitants thither.

We found a light railway and turned down it until at last we came to a British cemetery. It was one that had been completed, and a neat stone wall surrounded it. The Cross of Sacrifice stood near the entrance and, laid at its foot, was a large artificial wreath bearing the inscription "With the gratitude of Poperinghe." Opposite was the Stone of Remembrance on which was inscribed the wonderful words: "Their name liveth for evermore." The neat headstones ran in long rows, and out of the green sod were bright flowering plants. We took off our hats and entered the holy ground with feelings too deep for words. Once more we were among the ranks of our old comrades. Under the green grass was all that remained of men who had come there in strength and manhood to defend the right. In the silence, old memories came into our minds. It was not the place of the dead. It seemed almost the place of the living. The courage, the laughter, the songs of old days, the strength of manhood, the nobility of sacrifice, all these were lingering in the emotions that thrilled us. One felt almost impelled to speak to the men, to tell them we had come, to tell them that their names were living for evermore. We passed from stone to stone and read the inscriptions. Every now and then a stone was marked with a Maple Leaf, and we read the name of a Canadian and the number of his battalion. Many men of the Cadadian Railway Troops had found their last resting place there, and on one of the stones we found the name of Colonel Baker, of the 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles. I had known him well and remember first meeting him, on his arrival in France, at Petit Moncque Farm near Ploegsteert. Nothing could be more touching in its peaceful simplicity than that little cemetery, and far away in Canada we knew that human hearts would be comforted by the thought of their loved ones resting in so fair a place. There was nothing in it suggestive of the horrors of war. It was a garden consecrated by lives that flowered in chivalry. Life's fitful fever was over, and side by side they waited for the dawn. We could not leave without a prayer that in the keeping of God they might rest in peace. It was the first war-cemetery we had entered and we left it comforted and filled with a message of hope for the bereaved ones far away.

It was good to be straying down the road, so we continued our walk and, cutting across some fields, made our way back from the direction of long set and fleecy clouds streaked the Hoograaff. By this time the sun had set and fleecy clouds streaked the pink horizon, against which stood out as old the graceful spire of Poperinghe. We passed the wood where the nightingales used to sing so sweetly as I went that way. Then, crossing the railway track, we re-entered the streets of Poperinghe, no longer dark but lit now with electric lights. On our ears once again came the sounds of music and merry-making. In Turongs of people passed along the winding streets, and the cobblestones made walking difficult.

Before retiring for the night we had a long talk with our host and hostess and were shown photographs of Canadian officers who had been billeted in the house during the war. We felt completely at home among people who cherished grateful memories of our troops.

When I got to my room I looked out of the window and saw before me, towering into the starlit sky, the spire of the old church. It was long before I got to sleep for, in spite of the sounds of modern life that filled the town till the early hours of the morning, I felt the haunting presence of great ghostly armies and fell asleep trying to realize that I was in Poperinghe once more.

(To be continued next week.

THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Montreal's palatial new hotel, The Mount Royal, the largest hotel in the British Empire, will be formally opened on Wednesday, December 20th.

The erection of this new hotel formed one of the largest building enterprises of the American continent during the past year. Almost an entire year was required for the work, during which time more than 1500 men have been employed on the site.

The Mount Royal is a most imposing example of Georgian architecture, for which the materials used were granite, buff stone and light buff brick. It is ten stories high and covers a site of 306x227 feet, said to be the largest floor space of any hotel in America. The interior design is in Italian Renaissance [illegible] and decorations.

Some idea of the magnitude of this new hotel may be obtained from a few of the details of statistics as supplied by the architects. The electric wiring for the building required approximately 150 miles of wire, enclosed in 60 miles of conduit. The telephone system has capacity for some 2,000 stations, (equal to the service requirements of a city of 10,000 population). There are several public service rooms, such as the main dining room, lobby, ball room and banquet hall with floor space comparable with that of the largest ice hockey rinks, and the hotel has its own artesian wells with a capacity of 7,200 gallons of water an hour.

A clever idea in connection with the design of the building is the floor arrangement. Above the third floor the building forms a double letter "H", making every guest room an outside room.

HORSE AILMENTS

of many kinds quickly remedied with

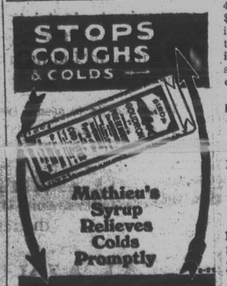
DOUGLAS' EGYPTIAN LINIMENT

The best all-round liniment for the stable as well as for household use. Cures thrush, sprains, bruises, STOPS BLEEDING INSTANTLY AND PREVENTS BLOOD POISONING. Keep it handy.

At all Dealers and Druggists.

Manufactured only by DOUGLAS & CO., NAPANEE, Ont.

STOPS COUGHS & COLDS



Mathieu's Syrup Relieves Colds Promptly

MATHIEU'S SYRUP OF TAR & COD LIVER EXTRACT

SMOKE

OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality

½ LB. TINS and in packages

Phone, Write or Wire for

SAUSAGE
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BOLOGNAS
SHORT ROLL BACON
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Orders Shipped Prompt.

John Hopkins

St. John, N. B.

TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES
PIANOS AND ORGANS.
PICTURE FRAMING
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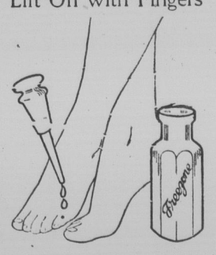
D. F. GRAHAM

WATER ST. PHONE 56.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

One Method.

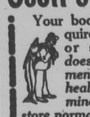
Mrs. A.—"How do you manage to keep your cook so long?"

Mrs. B.—"Oh, that's easy enough. I discharge her every Saturday evening and she stays just for spite."

REVITALIZE!

There are thousands who are ailing just a little, who need a tonic to energize and revitalize, who should utilize the nourishing benefits of

Scott's Emulsion



Your body does not require powerful drugs or stimulants, *but does need nourishment vitalized with health-building vitamines, to help restore normal resistance.*

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 22-38

PROVINCE HAS SURPLUS OF $70,576 ON THE OPERATIONS

Although the year 1922 was one of the worst in the history of the province from a financial standpoint the provincial government was able to show a surplus on ordinary revenue account of $70,576.62. This of course takes no account of receipts and expenditures in connection with the St. John and Quebec Railway. The total revenue for the year ending October 31st, as shown by the government's financial statement in this week's Royal Gazette, were $3,117,445.98, while the expenditures totalled $3,046,869.36. There was a big slump in territorial revenue but it was more than made up by the receipts turned in by the Board of Liquor Commissioners, the liquor export tax, and succession duties.

LIBERALS CHOOSE J. ANDRE DOUCET FOR GLOUCESTER

Name Paquetville Merchant to Succeed John G. Robichaud, M. P. Elect.

Bathurst, N. B., Jan. 24—J. Andre Doucet, merchant, of Jacquetville, and for the last two years a county councillor, was the choice Tuesday of the Liberal convention held at Caraquet as a candidate for the seat in the local House.

Subscribe for the Graphic, $2.00 per year.