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Phone or telegraph orders shipped
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FREDERICTON
BUSINESS COLLEGE
WILL OPEN ON MONDAY,
AUGUST 28, 1916.
Booklet descriptive of our courses of
study and rates of tuition will be sent
on application. Address
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,
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FOR SALE
JOHN KILBURN FARM
4 000 ACRES of Money Making Land.
Beautiful home, 6 barns, orchard
and small fruits. Fronts St. John river.
Best buy in the county.
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SEND THEM TO
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And Have Them done in First Class
Style—"THE OLD MADE NEW."
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NYAL'S FACE CREAM is delight-
fully cooling, healing and soothing to
the skin and will protect the face,
neck and hands from tan, sunburn and
freckles.
It is delightfully perfumed, perfectly
harmless and is easily applied and im-
mediately absorbed by the skin.
Price 25 cents a jar, at

STAPLES PHARMACY
ALONG STAPLES, Proprietor.
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Save Half Your Ice Bill
This is what the famous
Kalamazoo Ice Blanket
Will do.
IT WILL LAST ALL SUMMER.

I have been appointed sole agent for
this money-saver.

FRED. H. FERGUSON
Corner Brunswick and Northum-
berland Streets.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Rates for Classified Advertising.

1 insertion	\$0.25
3 insertions60
6 insertions	1.00
1 month	3.00

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Fraser dry spruce mill
wood, \$2.25 per load. Also dry split
16 inch hard stove wood, \$2.75 per load.
Green mill wood, \$2 per load. F. Ful-
ton 618 Brunswick St. Phone 308-32.

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TEACHER WANTED—Second class
female teacher for School District No.
3, Parish of Manners-Sutton. Apply,
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tees, Cork Station, York Co., N. B.
7-22 d61 w61

WANTED—Two first class edgemen,
capable of handling fifty thousand feet
per day. Wages 35c. an hour. Two
first class setters for Prescott Steam
Networks. Wages 32c. an hour. Two
first class doggers. Wages 23c. an
hour. Apply to B. C., care of Daily
Mail, Fredericton. 7-24 31

TO THE POLICYHOLDERS OF
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE
COMPANY OF AMERICA.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meet-
ing of the policyholders of The Pru-
dential Insurance Company of
America will be held at the Home Of-
fice of the said Company in the City
of Newark, New Jersey, on Monday,
the fourth day of December, 1916, at
twelve o'clock noon, for the purpose
of selecting fifteen persons to be voted
for by the policyholders' Trustee as
members of the Board of Directors, at
the annual election of Directors of the
Company to be held on the eighth day
of January, 1917.

At such meeting every policyholder
of the corporation who is of the age
of twenty-one years or upwards and
whose policy has been in force for at
least one year last past, shall be en-
titled to cast one vote in person or by
proxy. FORREST F. DRYDEN,
President.

OPERA HOUSE
Thursday, July 27
At 8.15.

KING SOL IN FLOWERLAND
A Pageant-Cantata

Auspices of Daughters of the
Empire.
CHORUS OF SIXTY VOICES—Edwin
N. C. Barnes, Conductor.
SNAPPY SONGS, Pretty Costumes,
Graceful Dances.
ORCHESTRA IN ATTENDANCE—
Led by Miss Palmer.

TICKETS 50 CENTS
Plan open on Monday, July 24th, at
Ryan's Drug Store.

No 8 Field Ambulance
WANT
RECRUITS

A fine opportunity for College and
Normal School Graduates to do their
bit in khaki. Apply to
CAPT (DR.) W. H. IRVINE,
86 Carleton St., Fredericton, N. B.

BOYS! GIRLS!

JOKER'S NOVELTIES
FUN! MAGIC! MYSTERY!

INDIAN FINGER TRAP
A couple can be joined together and
will hold their fingers as tight as a
rat in a trap. The more you pull the
tighter it grips. Price with illustrated
catalog 7c. each, 3 for 15c.

HOT AIR CARDS
Boys and girls, these are the best
out. All funny. Give one to your
friend and watch results. Bunch of
funny circulars and illustrated catalog
with each order. Price 7c. pkg., 3 for
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SONG BOOKS
Containing words and music, form-
erly sold at 25c. Many funny par-
odies. Also contains a Flirtation Sign
Book. Price with illustrated catalog,
7c., 3 for 15c.

F. A. STONE,
Box 474, Fredericton, N. B.

CANADIAN
PACIFIC

FARM LABORERS

Fares and Conditions will be
about the same as in previous
years.

Definite arrangements will be
announced shortly.

M. G. MURPHY, D. P. A.,
C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

The BLACK BOX

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal
Film Manufacturing Company

twelve suit seemed to have been turned
inside out. There were no lapels now,
and it was buttoned up to his neck. He
wore a long white apron; a peaked
cap and a chinpiece of astonishing
naturalness had transformed him into
the semblance of a Dutch grocer's boy.

"I'm off, professor," Quest whis-
pered. "You shall hear from me soon.
I have not been here, remember!"

He ran lightly down the steps and
into the kitchen, picked up a basket,
filled it haphazard with vegetables and
threw a cloth over the top. Then he
made his way to the front door, peered
out for a moment, swung through it
on to the step, and, turning round,
commenced to belabor it with his fist.
Two plain-clothes men stood at the
end of the street. A police automo-
bile drew up outside the gate. Inspec-
tor French, attended by a policeman,
stepped out. The former looked search-
ingly at Quest.

"Well, my boy, what are you doing
here?" he asked.

"I cannot answer yet," Quest re-
plied, in broken English. "Ten min-
utes already have I wasted. I have
knocked at all the doors."

French smiled.
"You run along home," he said, "and
tell your master that he had better
leave off delivering goods here for the
present."

Quest went off, grumbling. French
opened the door with a master key
and secured it carefully, leaving one of
his men to guard it. He searched the
rooms on the ground floor and finally
ascended to Quest's study. The pro-
fessor was still enjoying his cigar.

"Say, where's Quest?" the inspector
asked promptly.

"Have you let him out already?" the
professor replied, in a tone of mild
surprise. "I thought he was in the
Tombs prison."

The inspector pressed on without
answering. Every room in the house
was ransacked. Presently he came
back to the room where the professor



With Marvelous Rapidity, the Change
Was Effected.

was still sitting. His usually good-
humored face was a little clouded.

"Professor," he began— "What's the
matter, Miles?"

A plain-clothes man from the street
had come hurrying into the room.

"Say, Mr. French," he reported, "our
fellows have got hold of a newsle
down in the street, who was coming
along 'way round the back and saw
two men enter this house by the side
entrance, half an hour ago. One he
described exactly as the professor
here. The other, without a doubt, was
Quest."

French turned swiftly toward the
professor.

"You hear what this man says?"
he exclaimed. Mr. Ashleigh, you're
fooling me! You entered this house
with Sanford Quest. You will have
to tell us where he is hiding."

The professor knocked the ash from
his cigar and replaced it in his mouth.
His clasped hands rested in front
of him. There was a twinkle of some-
thing like mirth in his eyes as he
glanced up at the inspector.

"Mr. French," he said, "Mr. Sanford
Quest is my friend. I am here in
charge of his house. Believing as I
do that his arrest was an egregious
blunder, I shall say or do nothing like-
ly to afford you any information."

French turned impatiently away.
Suddenly a light broke in upon him;
he rushed toward the door.

"That d—d Dutchie!" he exclaimed.
The professor smiled benignly.

CHAPTER XIV.

With a little gesture of despair
Quest turned away from the instru-
ment which seemed suddenly to have
become so terribly unresponsive, and
looked across the vista of square
roofs and tangled masses of telephone
wires to where the lights of larger
New York flared up against the sky.
From his attic chamber the roar of
the city a few blocks away was al-
ways in his ears. He had forgotten
in those hours of frenzied solitude to
fear for his own safety. He thought
only of Lenora. He paused once more
before the little instrument.

"Lenora, where are you?" he sig-
naled. "I have taken a lodging in the
Servants' club. I am still in hiding,
hoping that Craig may come here. I
am very anxious about you."

Still no reply! Quest drew a chair
up to the window and sat there with
folded arms looking down into the
street. Suddenly he sprang to his
feet. The instrument quivered—there
was a message at last! He took it
down with a little choke of relief.

"I don't know where I am. I am ter-
rified. I was outside the garage when
I was seized from behind. The 'Hands'
held me. I was unconscious until I
found myself here. I am now in an
attic room with no window except the
skylight, which I cannot reach. I can
see nothing—hear nothing. No one
has hurt me, no one comes near me.
Food is pushed through a door, which
is locked again immediately. The
house seems empty, yet I fancy that I
am being watched all the time. I am
terrified!"

Quest drew the instrument towards
him.

"I have your message," he signalled.
"Be brave! I am watching for Craig.
Through him I shall reach you before
long. Send me a message every now
and then."

Quest again took up his vigil in
front of the window. Once more his
eyes swept the narrow street with its
constant stream of passers-by. Then
suddenly he found himself gripping the
window sill in a momentary thrill
of rare excitement. His vigil was
rewarded at last. The man for whom
he was waiting was there! Quest
watched him cross the street, glance
furtively to the right and to the left,
then enter the club. He turned back
to the little wireless and his fingers
worked as though inspired.

"I am on Craig's track," he signalled.
"Be brave."

He waited for no reply, but opened
the door and, stealing softly out of the
room, suddenly confronted Craig in
the deserted hallway. Before he could
utter a cry Quest's left hand was over
his mouth and the cold muzzle of an
automatic pistol was pressed to his
ribs.

"Turn round and mount those stairs,
Craig," Quest ordered.

Craig turned slowly round and
obeyed. He mounted the steps with
reluctant footsteps, followed by Quest.

"Through the door to your right,"
the latter directed. "That's right!
Now sit down in that chair facing
me."

Quest closed the door carefully.
Craig sat where he had been ordered,
his fingers gripping the arms of the
chair. In his eyes shone the furtive,
terrified light of the trapped crim-
inal.

(To be continued.)

Gold Soap

is the *biggest* cake of
laundry soap you can
buy.

Gold Soap is the *best*
cake of laundry Soap
you can buy.

Nothing but superla-
tives can do justice to
the size and quality of
Gold.

Get a cake from your
grocer.

Gold Soap is made in Canada in the Procter &
Gamble Factories at Hamilton.



WOMAN'S COLUMN

CARE OF HOT WATER BAGS.

A few precautions taken with a
new hot water bag and continued
throughout its life will greatly pro-
long its days of usefulness. To be-
gin with, buy the bag from a reli-
able dealer. Most bags are guar-
anteed, and new ones are refund-
ed if there is any defect. These
guarantees, of course, are not good
if you get a new bag home, fill it
with hot water, screw on the top
and look it over carefully to see
that there is no leak and no other
invisible imperfection. If there is
none and if the bag is of good
quality, it is your own fault if you
cannot tear up the guarantee as
useless.

Always fasten the stopper to the
bag neatly with a piece of string,
so that it cannot get mislaid or
lost.

Hang the bag neck down.
Never put really boiling water
into a hot water bag.

Fill the bag not more than two-
thirds.

Press out the steam before put-
ting in the stopper.

Have a flannel bag with which
to cover the rubber bag when it is
in use. This bag should be made
of white cotton flannel or pink or
blue, so that it can be easily wash-
ed.

WORTH KNOWING.

Never warm a child's milk im-
mediately before the child takes it.

Salad should never be mixed
with dressing until you are ready
to use it.

Orange gelatine served in the
orange hull makes a most attract-
ive dessert.

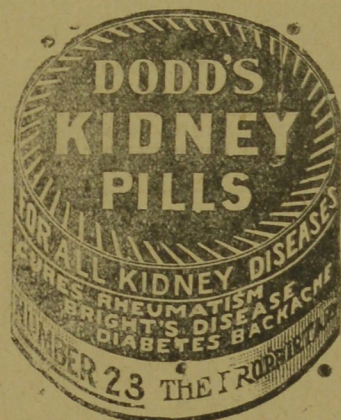
Add a little apple to the rhu-
barb pie; it will be less tart and of
delicious flavor.

Charming footstool covers are
made of gray linen worked in
cross-stitch design.

When punching eyelets for em-
broidery hold the material over a
cake of soap.

Green peppers stuffed with fresh
green corn and baked, make a
good luncheon dish.

Twice as much oil as vinegar
should be used in Roquefort cheese
salad dressing.



WORLDLY WISDOM.

Some men work harder to get even
than to earn money.

Many a self-made man tries to blame
the job on his wife.

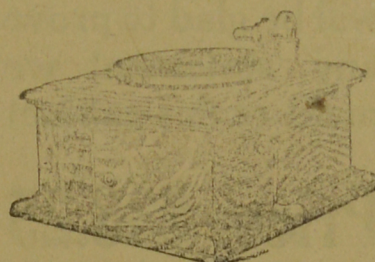
When a man pays his way in he
seldom has to pay his way out.

Good deeds speak for themselves,
but we do not always hear them.

Experience will teach a man a lot
if it doesn't worry him to death.

The World's Greatest Bands Parade Before You! On The VICTROLA

Sousa's Band, Fryor's Band, Vessella's Band, Conway's Band, U. S. Marine Band,
Black Diamond Band of London, Band of H. M. Coldstream Guards, Garde Republicaine
Band of France, Police Band, of Mexico City—the greatest bands and orchestras in
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them.

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