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It is the business of this school to
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Write for booklet describing our
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SEND THEM TO
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Next
Sunday
You will need some good Perfume
with that new hat and gown. If
you really want the Richest and
choicest Perfume, you will come
to Staples' Pharmacy and get
some of one of our many lines.

STAPLES PHARMACY
Alonzo Staples, Proprietor.

HEAD AND NOSTRILS
STUFFED FROM COLD

Don't stay stuffed up! Quit blowing and
sniffing! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound"
taken every two hours until three doses are
taken will end gripe misery and break up a
severe cold either in the head, chest, body or
limbs.
It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and
clears passages; stops nasty discharge or nose
running; relieves sick headache, dizziness, fever-
ishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and
stiffness.
"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest,
surest relief known and costs only 25 cents
at drug stores.

BRONCHITIS

COMES FROM A
NEGLECTED COLD.

Bronchitis starts with a short, painful,
dry cough, accompanied with rapid
wheezing, and a feeling of oppression
or tightness through the chest. At
first the expectoration is a light color
but as the trouble progresses the phlegm
arising from the bronchial tubes becomes
of a yellowish or greenish color, and is
very often of a stringy nature.

Bronchitis is usually at its worst in the
morning on account of the phlegm be-
coming lodged in the bronchial tubes
during the night, and it very often takes
some time coughing and gagging before
you can get the throat clear of the phlegm.
When this happens you may be sure
that if the bronchitis is not attended to
immediately it will sooner or later de-
velop into pneumonia, or some other more
serious lung trouble.

The best remedy for cure the cold is
DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.
Mrs. Roy Conner, Greenwood, Ont.,
writes: "I must tell you what Dr.
Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for me.
Whenever I got a cold I would be troubled
with bronchitis, and sometimes I would
almost choke to death. After taking
two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine
Syrup I was cured."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is
25c and 50c. per bottle. See that you
get the genuine.
Manufactured only by The T. Mil-
burn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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WANTED—Man or Woman to distri-
bute War Literature. \$120.00 for sixty
days work in your own community.
Spare time may be used. Winston Co.,
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\$120.00 SURE Congenial
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ong church people. Man or woman.
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used. No experience required. INTER-
NATIONAL BIBLE PRESS, Toronto.

TO LET

TO LET—House on King street, be-
tween Regent and St. John, containing
seven rooms; possession given imme-
diately. Apply 710 King street.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Dry split hard maple
stove wood, 16 inches long; also 12
inch wood, suitable for coal stoves,
\$2.75 per load; 16 inch mixed wood
\$2.50 per load. F. Fulton, 618 Bruns-
wick street. Phone 308-22.

NOTICE

ALL housekeepers should attend the
three demonstrations in Domest-
ic Science being conducted in the
High School by Miss Saunders, a
graduate of Mt. Allison.
Lessons commencing at 7.
Monday Evening—Desserts.
Tuesday Evening—Pastry.
Wednesday Evening—Cooking for
invalids.
A small sum of 25c. is charged to
defray expenses.

Hotel Porter Wanted

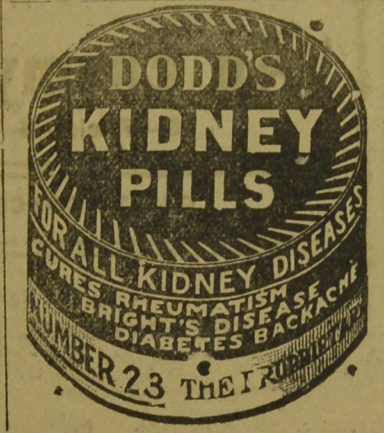
A thoroughly reliable man to act as
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Apply at once to

J. J. McCaffrey
Proprietor.

FUN ! MAGIC ! MYSTERY !

This big bargain package
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Visiting Cards, 3 Amusing
Circulars, 1 Finger Trap,
1 Song Book (words and
music) 2 Dandy Whistles,
1 Imitation Gold Tooth, 3 High Grade
Post Cards and 1 Swiss Warbler Bird
Call. Also Free Fountain Pen offer
and Novelty Catalogue. All sent post-
paid for 15c.

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



Miss Phoenix

(Continued.)

IX.

The two women had retired again
to Gertrude's boudoir, where Miss
Leslie was putting on her hat and
gloves, preparatory to taking her
departure, when the sound of hasty
footsteps and presently a loud pound-
ing on the door came to delay their
plans.

"Gertrude, Gertrude!" shouted
Timothy from the hall.

"Well?" drawled Mrs. Gray.

"Please come downstairs. I must
have a few words with you."

"All right, I'll be down," and as
Timothy could be heard descending
the stairs, the two women looked at
each other in silence and Gertrude
whispered:

"I wonder what's up now?"

She found Mr. Pitkin standing in
the middle of the room, in a highly
flustered state. He had an open let-
ter in his hand, which he waved wild-
ly as he spoke.

"You're a perverter of truths," were
his first words, as she entered.

"Look here, Timothy Pitkin," re-
ported Mrs. Gray, with some asper-
ity, "what do you mean by talking
to me that way?"

"I mean," replied Timothy, "that
Phyllis and I have been in the kit-
chen, where Phyllis has been put-
tering ever since we had the pleasure of
leaving your precious smallpoxed
company this morning. There were
two letters for Phyllis in the morn-
ing's mail, but she wanted to putter,
and did not open the letters until a
few minutes ago. One of them was
from Mabel Moore, who is now at
Dobb's Ferry, and has been at Dobb's
Ferry since Thursday. She left the
hospital Wednesday. Now, will you
please tell me how you could have
spent the afternoon with her at
Roosevelt Hospital yesterday?"

With these words, he presented
Miss Moore's letter to Mrs. Gray.
Gertrude read it calmly, raised her
eyebrows, and, handing it back to
Timothy, remarked:
"I don't see anything for you to
get excited about."

"Were you at Roosevelt Hospital
yesterday afternoon?" asked the
young man sharply.

"I did not see Mabel there, if that
is what you want to know," replied
Gertrude.

"You told us you did see her."

"That was before I knew this
smallpox business was in the papers,"
explained Mrs. Gray blandly.

"But after you found out about the
smallpox," he persisted, "why did
you not tell the truth about Mabel?"
"Because nobody asked me about
Mabel after that. I did not see the
use of making a lot of explanations."

"I desire an explanation," said
Timothy sternly, "as to the motive
which prompted you to deviate from
the truth!"

"You do, do you?" laughed Ger-
trude. "Well, you won't get it."

"It is evident," he continued, "that
you have some secret object in con-
cealing your real whereabouts at the
time you claim to have been at the
bedside of a sick friend."

"That 'sick friend' racket is about
played out, isn't it, Timmy?" smiled
Gertrude.

"Timothy, if you please," retorted
the theological student, with dignity.
"And no levity! I have a right to
demand an explanation."

"Well, keep on demanding," said
Gertrude. "You'll soon get tired of
that. It's none of your business."

"It is my business," asserted Tim-
othy angrily. "If I'm going to mar-
ry into this family I have a perfect
right to know what you are lying
about."

"Well, then, I am lying for my
own edification. And as to your
marrying into this family, nobody
cares."

"Phyllis cares!" shouted Timothy.
"And if I'm to marry into a family
of liars—"

But he was talking to an empty
room. Gertrude had run upstairs,
and, as he spoke, he heard the door
of her room slam behind her. He
stood in considerable uncertainty as
to what he should do. He would
show the letter to Jack, of course,
as soon as Jack came in. Meanwhile
he would return to the kitchen and
consult with Phyllis. But he got as
far as the front door, which the maid
was just opening to admit Doctor
Sterling. The Doctor shook hands
with Timothy, joked him about not
being in church and learned that Ger-
trude was locked in her room and
that Jack had not returned. He
accepted Timothy's invitation to
make himself comfortable in the
library.

"If you have a few minutes to
spare, Mr. Pitkin," the Doctor said,
"I'd be glad if you'd sit down a mo-
ment. I want to ask your advice.
As a man of the cloth, your judg-
ment should be wise and just."

Timothy's chest expanded a trifle
as he sat down stiffly, with the ex-
pression of one who must not fail in
an emergency.

"It is a delicate affair, Mr. Pitkin,"
the Doctor began. "I trust you will
treat what I say as confidential. I'll
put the case hypothetically. Let us
suppose that you have a friend nam-
ed Jones, unmarried, and another
friend, Smith, married. You don't
know Mrs. Smith."

"Don't I?" asked Timothy.
"This is all in the hypothesis,"
repeated the Doctor. "Hypotheti-
cally, you know Jones and Smith,
but you never saw Mrs. Smith. Now,
suppose you go to see the unmarried
Jones one afternoon in his apart-
ments and you find a young woman
in a red kimono lunching with him.
The next day you call on the mar-
ried Smith, and you meet Mrs. Smith,
who turns out to be the young wo-
man of the red kimono, whom you
saw lunching with Jones the pre-
vious day."

"You don't mean to tell me this
is a true story, Doctor?" asked Tim-
othy, puckering his eyebrows.

(To Be Continued.)

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Marys.
117-12 Cowperthwaite, Scott, Res.,
542 George Street.
524-21 Sypher, C. L., Res., 603 Re-
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land
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31 Corner Queen and Regent
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34 Corner Queen and Carleton
35 Corner Brunswick and Carleton
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37 Corner George and Carleton
38 Corner King and Regent
44 Corner Queen and St. John
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54 Gas House
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FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS.

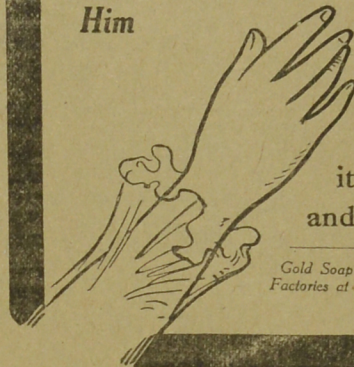
NOTICE is hereby given that a
branch of the Provincial Returned Sol-
diers' Aid Committee has been organ-
ized for the Counties of York, Sun-
bury and Queens, and the City of Fred-
erickton, as a district, with Dr. T. C.
Allen Chairman and Judge Wilson Sec-
retary.

All employers of labor in said dis-
trict willing to give preference to re-
turned disabled soldiers as employees
and all returned discharged soldiers
wanting employment residing therein
are requested to notify the secretary

JUDGE WILSON,
DR. T. C. ALLEN,
Chairman. Secretary.
January 22nd, 1916. tt

Here Comes
the Gold
Soap Man!

Welcome
Him



He has a free cake
of Gold Soap for
you. Notice how well
it works in the laundry
and everywhere.

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

Woman's Column

MORE MATERIAL FOR THE NEW MODES

Striped Silks and Muslins will
be Substituted for Plain
Serge and Gaberdine for
One-Piece Frocks.

The incoming of striped fab-
rics for fashionable clothes is
not an unmixed joy. No dress-
maker, amateur or expert, will
look forward without anxiety
to the irritating problem of
matching stripes at the seams.

The shopkeeper, however,
rubs his hands in glee when
striped fabrics come into fash-
ion, for he knows it takes a
good deal more material for
hem than a frock made of plain
fabric. Not even a cutter with
a geometrical brain and an
economical instinct can avoid
the waste of material necessary
in making a striped gown in
such manner that it will soothe
the onlooker and not make her
think that she sees things as
though looking through a
prism.

When anything as attractive
as these blue and white, red
and white and violet and white
striped silks comes over the
horizon, sailing into the sum-
mer sea of clothes, it is only
fair to look at defects which
their coquettishness hides and
then take them up for a season
with a clear idea of what may
happen.

Nothing in life is really dis-
appointing if we are fully alive
to its disadvantages before ac-
cepting it. It is only when il-
lusions are shattered that one
feels an overpowering sense of
defeat. So if you gamble with
the striped and the checker-
board materials, do so in the
sportsmanlike spirit of a gam-
bler—ready to lose as well as
win with a good will.

After "Manon Lescaut."

Those who go often to hear
Caruso sing in "Manon Lescaut"
talk of the similarity between
the fetching costumes of the

heroine in the first acts and the
new gowns that have come
over from Paris, which are
made of striped and flowered
silk. There is really only a
slight similarity, but there are
strong suggestions of that peri-
od in all the clothes of today.

The French dressmakers do
not copy the clothes of any
epoch; they only take them for
inspiration for a new set of
fashions. So the Manon Les-
caut gowns of today are only
second cousins to those worn
by that alluring and adventur-
ous heroine who ran quickly
through the gamut of love and
came to such a desperate end
in America's only French city.

THE RAG BAG.

Don't look upon the contents
of the rag bag as past and gone.
Hold a resurrection day for the
buried articles within it. Sup-
posedly useless and worn-out
are its contents, and yet handy
little affairs can be made from
them if only a trifling amount
of time and energy will be ex-
pended upon the effort.

Look into it. There is a
stout piece of canvas. Stitch
it into a bag and use it as an
ice-cracking bag. Thrust the
lump of ice in it, fold the top
over securely and hammer it
as hard as you wish.

In such a fashion will come
the end of your ice-cracking
troubles. The chips and shiv-
ers will not fly to all ends of the
house.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine
at any drug store, pour a little into
your hand and rub well into the scalp
with the finger tips. By morning
most, if not all, of this awful scurf
will have disappeared. Two or three
applications will destroy every bit of
dandruff; stop scalp itching and fall-
ing hair.

Ten Leaders of Late Fiction

THE BLOOM OF YOUTH	Dorothy Foster Gilman
HEART'S CONTENT	Ralph Henry Barbour
SEVENTEEN	Booth Tarkington
THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE	Robert H. McLaughlin
THE SIDE OF THE ANGLES	Basil King
DESTINY	Charles Neville Buck
HANDLE WITH CARE	Margaret Turnbull
PERSUASIVE PEGGY	Maravene Thompson
THE FIFTH WHEEL	Olive Higgins Prouty
CLIPPED WINGS	Rupert Hughes

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