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Best and Most Modern Funeral
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FREDERICTON
The Business
COLLEGE
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal

Our Winter Term Begins on
TUES., JANUARY 4th, 1916
Students desiring to enroll earlier
may enter on any school day dur-
ing remainder of present term.
Write for booklet descriptive of
courses of study and rates of tuition.
Address

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal
When Your Clothes
Need
Pressing and Repairing
SEND THEM TO
H. L. ROGERS
And Have Them Done in First Class
Style.
"THE OLD MADE NEW."
83 REGENT STREET.

NEILSON'S
The Chocolates That Are DIFFERENT
Saturday
Only

We have secured a new line of
Week-End Chocolates from the Wm.
Neilson Company, including Nuts,
Creams and Hard Centres.

39c Pound
STAPLES PHARMACY
Alonso Staples, Proprietor.

BOYS! GIRLS!
To Introduce Our Catalogue.

15c BIG BARGAIN OFFER 15c
ALL FOR 15c.

1.25c. Song and Flirtation Sign Book,
words and music, 1 pkg. Ajax Comic
Cards, 2 Funny Circulars, 1 Rogen
X-Ray, 2 Amusing Whistles, Free
Fountain Pen Offer, also Novelty Cata-
logue.

F. STONE, Fredericton, N. B.

DR. DEVAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable
medicine for a female complaint. Is a box
worth ten dollars at drug stores. Mailed to you
on receipt of price. The "Scissors" Drug
Co., 1000 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DOXYPHONOL FOR MEN Restores Man
to his normal state. Increases "grey matter."
Will build you up. \$3 a box, or two for
\$5. Mailed to you on receipt of price.
The "Scissors" Drug Co., 1000 St. Catharines, Ontario.

A PAIN IN THE BACK COMES FROM THE KIDNEYS.

When a pain asserts itself in the back you may rest assured that it comes from some derangement of the kidneys, for were there not something wrong with the kidneys the back would be strong and well, and would be without a pain or an ache.

For backache, lame or weak back, there is no remedy to equal Doan's Kidney Pills.

They take out the stitches, twitches, and twinges, limber up the stiff back, and give perfect relief and comfort to all poor, suffering women who suffer so much from a weak, lame, aching back.

Miss Iva A. Ferris, Mill Cove, N.B., writes: "I suffered for two years from pains in my back. I tried several kinds of patent medicines, and was almost discouraged until I noticed your advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills. I thought it would not hurt to try them. I had only used two boxes before I noticed a great difference, and after I had taken four boxes I was completely cured. I would not be without them in the house. I can recommend them to all I know."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25; at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

CLASSIFIED. ADVERTISEMENTS.

Rates for Classified Advertising.

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

FOR SALE

WOOD FOR SALE—Good dry mixed hard and soft 4 ft. wood, \$4.00; dry soft wood, \$3.50 per cord, cash. Arthur Quartermain, phone 78-32.

FOR SALE—Two cars dry split 16-inch maple stove wood, \$2.75 per load. Choice furnace wood, \$6.00 per cord. Four-foot hard wood, \$5.00 per cord. T. Fulton, 618 Brunswick street, phone 208-32.—tl

WANTED

WANTED—Boys to sell The Daily Mail. A good chance for well rested boys to make some easy money.

WANTED—Small flat of 4 or 5 rooms with bath, by May 1st. Address T. V., care box 474, City.

WANTED—A small flat of four or five rooms, by a family of two, by May 1. Care L. B., Daily Mail.

TO LET

TO LET—From May 1st, Upper flat of house corner Waterloo Row and University avenue, now occupied by Canon Smithers. Apply to Judge Wilson.

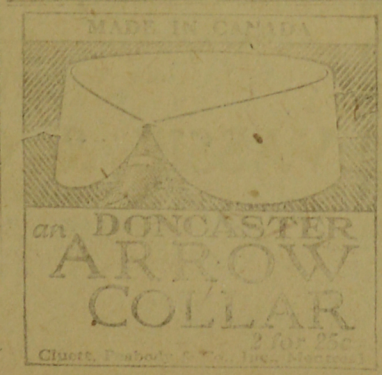
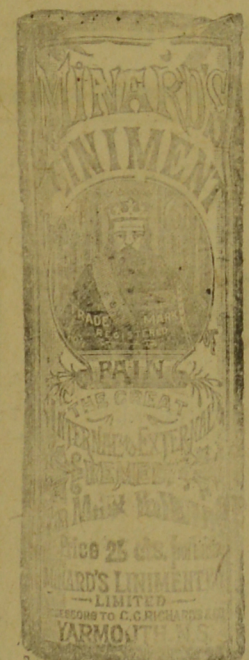
NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

528-31 Belyea, Walker R., Res., 431 George Street.

4300-23 Morehouse, Mrs. Alfred, Res., Marysville.

54-41 Hazelton, Mrs. J., Res., 255 Regent street.

N. B. TELEPHONE CO., LTD.



A Romance of Monte Carlo

(Continued.)

"If I should imagine. You have gamblers enough."

"Oh, yes, and people of all sorts, so that one is constantly employed."

"At what hotel is Monsieur staying?"

"Ah," said Carslake, laughing, "you may be sure of one thing, Monsieur: at whatever hotel I am staying, I have paid my bill."

"Without doubt," replied the representative of the law, also laughing.

"Still, one has one's duty to perform and the duty of the chief of police is to be forever poking his nose into other people's affairs."

Carslake rose to his feet, as did the other.

"Monsieur," said he, "for whom do you take me?"

"For a gentleman very much wanted on the Riviera," replied the chief, raising his voice.

It was evidently a signal, for scarcely had the words left his mouth when three men in uniform appeared on the platform.

The chief stretched out his hand, but before he could place it on the arm of his quarry, Carslake, turning, jumped from the platform upon the metals, sprang to the opposite platform, and, followed by the whole police pack, just as a fox is followed by hounds, made from the station.

He came within an ace of being run down by a goods train, which, however, acted as an obstacle to the others, for the driver, losing his head at having so nearly run over a man, pulled up sharp, and the police found themselves separated from the man they were following by a line of cattle trucks, luggage vans and horse boxes.

Having crossed the metals, Carslake had a vision of a gate where a man tried to stop him, and then he found himself running down a narrow alley, unpursued.

Half way down this alley, which was evidently a pathway between two gardens, Carslake stopped, glanced behind him, saw that he had out-distanced his pursuers, and, taking his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his brow. Then, at a quick walk, he finished the distance, and found himself in a quiet and fashionable street, set on either side with shops, and half deserted at this, the quietest hour in the day.

As he entered this street, he heard a shout from the alleyway. The hounds were giving tongue.

A big confectioner's shop lay a few yards from him, and without a moment's hesitation he turned to it, opened the door and entered.

He found himself in a large room, where, seated about at marble topped tables, a number of people were having afternoon tea. A counter crammed with confectionery and crystallized fruit lay on the left and smart waitresses were serving the guests.

CHAPTER XV.

No one noticed the calm and self-possession looking man who entered the door and strolled to a vacant table, hanging up his hat as he went. Even as he was in the act of so doing, he heard the pursuit in the street. The hound naturally imagined the hare was still running.

The idea that he had entered the quiet tea-shop never entered their stupid heads. The shrill, incisive and vigorous French voices, debating for a moment as to the right or left, suddenly died away and Carslake, turning to the waitress at his elbow, ordered tea and tea-cakes.

He could have laughed at the position, had he been in the humor for laughing. It was sufficiently fantastic. He knew that the road to Ventimiglia was now absolutely blocked. Even were he to wait all night, he could never get out of the place, and it would be impossible to stay more than an hour at the roadside in the place where he was. He would have to go into the street and what would he do with himself? As he drank his tea, he thought diligently in his mind for some method of escape.

He ordered more tea and more tea-cakes, urged by hunger and the instant for delay, and was in the middle of the second lot when an absolutely brilliant idea occurred to him.

Not to go by rail—go right back to the station and boldly board the train just at the moment of its starting. No one would ever dream that a pursued man would return to the very place so recently most dangerous to him. They would be searching for him in the streets and at the station, and the police would have no notion of him, for the place had been deserted when he was there. No doubt people had seen him pursued, but he knew quite well the fallibility of human judgment. They would not be looking for him at the station, and it would seem an absurd and impossible thing that he should walk calmly into it.

He looked at his watch. It pointed to half past five. The train was due to start in ten minutes. He would give himself four minutes to walk to the station.

He finished his tea, paid his bill and then sat looking at some papers which he took from his pocket. He was, how slowly the time went!

At last he rose, lit a cigarette and left the shop.

He came down the alley, passed along the street leading to the sta-

tion centre, walked boldly in with his hat tilted on the back of his head and the cigarette between his lips and took his ticket for Ventimiglia.

Fortunately for him, there was a crowd. Half a dozen English and American families, with luggage to match, were en route for Genoa. He hung amidst them, not daring to get yet on the platform. He saw a tall and pretty American girl embracing a thin and angular American woman and heard her say, "Well, I'll see you next year, sure, same old place."

He wondered where the "old place" might be, listening passionately all the time for the sound of the now overdue train.

Ah, here it came at last! He moved out to the crowded platform, and there, amidst the crowd, profile turned to Carslake, was the chief of the police.

(To be Continued.)

Look's Joint Root Compound.

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1. No. 2, \$3. No. 3, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

STALLIONS FOR SALE

I have decided to offer my entire stable of Stallions for sale. Their record in the Show Rings is proof that they are good individuals; and best of all, their record as breeders is unsurpassed.

GRESHAM No. 1553—Imported grey Percheron, champion of all the Maritime Exhibitions, 1850 lbs., sound and perfect in every way.

DAY DREAM, No. 12801—Brown Clydesdale, prize winner in Maritime shows as well as in the shows of Ontario. The best breeding Clyde I ever knew; 1825 lbs. and the best looking on the streets.

BLACKBAND SENSATION, No. 9476—Brown Clydesdale, 1850 lbs., a sturdy, heavy-boned horse that will get good business anywhere, and a great breeder.

POTTER PALMER, No. 47432—A Standard Trotter, handsome as a picture, 1225 lbs., and a great show horse and a No. 1 breeder.

TRYFAST, No. 50509—Standard Trotter, the best bred in the land, has a 2-year-old record of 2:24, and can trot as fast as any horse.

Above horses are offered for sale because of no fault. I will sell them with a guarantee they are O.K., and at prices that are right.

H. C. JEWETT,
Fredericton, N. B.

FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that a branch of the Provincial Returned Soldiers' Aid Committee has been organized for the Counties of York, Sunbury and Queens, and the City of Fredericton, as a district, with Dr. T. C. Allen, Chairman and Judge Wilson, Secretary.

All employers of labor in said district willing to give preference to returned 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, Secretary.

Chairman,
January 22nd, 1916.

THREE VITAL QUESTIONS
Are you full of energy, vital force, and general good health? Do you know that good digestion is the foundation of good health? Pains and oppression in stomach and chest after eating, with constipation, headache, dizziness, are sure signs of indigestion. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the great herbal remedy and tonic, will cure you.



At all Druggists, or direct on receipt of price, 50c. and \$1.00. The large bottle contains three times as much as the smaller. A. J. WHITE & CO. LIMITED, Craig Street West, Montreal.

-Woman's Column-

THE WIDOW TALKS ON FEMININE PROPOSALS

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the Bachelor with a shudder. "What chance has a man in this life—with war on the other side of the water and marriage-by-conscription on this side staring him in the face. Leap Year here and every feminist and authoress urging the ladies to propose. What do you think about it anyway? Should a girl do her own proposing?"

"Pour!" said the Widow airily. "How old is Ann? You don't really take a question like that seriously, do you?" she added as she handed him a cup of tea and patted his shoulder soothingly.

"Well, no; but they are taking it seriously, and you never know what will happen these days."

"Yes," said the Widow; "but there are just two things that will never work—perpetual motion and the feminine proposal. So possess your poor soul in peace, Mr. Weatherby. They are both against the laws of nature."

"But," protested the Bachelor hopefully, "you could propose to me at any minute—er, couldn't you?"

"Yes," agreed the Widow ironically, "and lose you forever. I could ask you to take me out to dinner—but you would never do it again. I have a right to choose my dinner companions as I have to choose my life-companion, haven't I? I have a perfect right to drink tea from my canner and to tuck my napkin under my chin and wear a ring in my nose if I like—but one doesn't do it."

"And my reasons are not foolish, old-fashioned, conventional ones either; they are purely modern and economic. I have read all that nonsense about it being a 'mistake' for a woman to marry her because a man prefers to do his own courting, because no man would ever accept her and because it is so much easier to make a man propose to her, etc., most of which is stupid, foolish, sentimental, fallacious drivel. There is only one real and vital reason why a woman should not propose to a man, and that is because it is impolite. But that is enough!"

"Impolite!" repeated the Bachelor, almost dropping his teacup.

"Certainly," answered the Widow promptly. "Would you consider it polite for one man to propose to another man treat him to a bottle of wine, or pay his car fare? Then why should any girl even think of committing the indecency of asking a man to entertain her for life at his expense? Unless she is prepared to foot the bills, unless she is prepared to tell a man that she will guard, cherish and support him and keep him in good cigars; unless she is prepared to promise him that his life-white hands shall never do another day's work, in the name of heaven, let her have enough modesty and fairness to wait until he tenders the invitation to matrimony!"

"But," suggested the Bachelor, "sup-

pose she is prepared to do all that?"

"What!" The Widow rose so suddenly that she almost turned over the teapot.

"That's their argument, you know," explained the Bachelor. "Not that they want to buy husbands, but that they are man's equal most of the time and therefore should have equal right in choosing a mate."

The Widow smiled sadly.

"A dream!" she declared, "a beautiful dream; but did you ever see two idealists who went into the 'economic equality' marriage dream who didn't wake up with a nightmare. What the average girl wants is marriage—not a scientific imitation of it. She wants a home and family. A woman who does her duty by her home and her family should be, must be and will be supported. And it's a man's economic privilege to choose the particular woman whom he wants to support. And what's more, he always will!"

"Amen!" said the Bachelor as he raised his teacup. "Here's to Leap Year, the Feminine Proposal, and Perpetual Motion! May they always remain our sweet, sweet dreams!"

ANSWERS TO LEAP YEAR QUERIES

Trixy.—The young man you speak of carries a good and safe line of investment securities. He divides his time between St. John and Fredericton.

Amy.—The immigration commissioner is not a woman hater so far as we know.

Triby.—The owner of the little bun-galow on the hill is not matrimonially inclined. Still there is nothing like trying.

Ethel.—We will try and let you know when the good looking commercial traveller mentioned last week comes to town again.

Fair One.—The three men in the haberdashery store, whom you admire so much, are all confirmed bachelors—not much chance there.

Jack.—There are at least ten tall good-looking girls employed in local dry goods stores. We do not think they are all good cooks.

Fairy.—The party you speak about, although he spends much of his time around the dry goods store is not the head of the firm. He drives a fast horse and is a good buyer in the country market.

Enquirer.—The good-looking professional man is heart free at the present time.

Bachelor Girl.—There are only four members of the legal profession in this city unmarried. The last single doctor bade adieu to single blessedness last fall.

OFFICE SUPPLIES

LOOK UP YOUR NEEDS

THE McMURRAY FILE

\$3.75 dozen - 6 for \$2.00 - 35c each

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The McMurray Book & Stat'y Co., Ltd.