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Pressing and Repairing
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Style.
"THE OLD MADE NEW."
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Feel Exhausted?

Do you lack energy? Is it an effort
to do things? Yes! Then your sys-
tem is run down—your blood is thin
and watery, your nerves weak, your
muscles lack force.

BEEF, IRON AND WINE

will build you up, enrich your blood
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Begin taking it today.

STAPLES PHARMACY
ALONO STAPLES, Proprietor.
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FUN! MAGIC! MYSTERY!



This big bargain package
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Visiting Cards, 3 Amusing
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Post Cards and 1 Swiss Warbler Bird
Call. Also Free Fountain Pen offer
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paid for 15c.

F. A. STONE,
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Throw Away Your Eye-Glasses!

A Free Prescription

You Can Have Filled and Use at Home—

Do you wear glasses? Are you a
victim of eye-strain or other eye-weak-
nesses? If so, you will be glad to know
that there is real hope for you. Many
whose eyes were failing, say they have
had their eyes restored through the
principle of this wonderful free prescrip-
tion. One man says, after trying it:
"I was almost blind; could not see
to read at all. Now I can read every-
thing without any glasses and my eyes
do not water any more. At night they
would pain dreadfully; now they feel
fine all the time. It was like a miracle
to me." A lady who used it says:
"The atmosphere seemed hazy and
without glasses, but after using this
prescription for fifteen days everything
seems clear. I can even read fine print
without glasses." It is believed that
thousands who wear glasses can now
discard them in a reasonable time
and hundreds more will be able to
strengthen their eyes so as to be spared
the trouble and expense of ever getting
glasses. Eye troubles of many descrip-
tions may be wonderfully benefited by
following the simple rules. Here is
the prescription: Go to any active
drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto
tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in
1/4 glass of water and allow to dissolve.
With this liquid, bathe the eyes two
to four times daily. You should notice your
eyes clear up perceptibly right from the
start and inflammation will quickly dis-
appear. If your eyes are bothering you,
even a little, take steps to save them now
before it is too late. Many hopelessly
blind might have been saved if they
had cared for their eyes in time. The
Valmas Drug Co., of Toronto, will fill
the above prescription by mail, if your
druggist cannot.

A prominent City Physician to whom the above
was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable
remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to
eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed, by them
it can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of
the very few preparations, I feel should be kept on
hand for regular use in almost every family."

THE GARDEN.

Oh, come into the garden, Maude,
And watch me dig.
I'm planning something rather broad
And really big.

I think I'll plant sufficient stuff
To load a dray.
We may, in case we have enough,
Give some away.
I'm planning mighty things to do
I'm feeling fit.
But when I've dug an hour or two
I'll probably quit.

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Rates for Classified Advertising.

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3 insertions60
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ings preferred. Apply to P. O. Box
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WANTED—Thrilling stories of the
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ing spare time ordering in hundred
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must be a good cook. Apply any eve-
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days work in your own community.
Spare time may be used. Winston Co.,
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yrs. old. Pure bred registered Clydes-
dale stallion Dexter, 1 yr. old. Both
from imported stock. Apply to A. C.
Burpee, Burton, N. B.

FOR SALE—Two cars dry split 12 and
16 inch mixed stove wood, \$2.50 per
load; also Fraser's slab mill wood, deal
ends and lath edgings, \$2.00 per load.
F. Fulton, 618 Brunswick street. Phone
308-32.

Saturday Half Holiday

In order to give our employees the ad-
vantage of a half-holiday on Satur-
days, as is now so generally done, we,
the undersigned wholesale grocers,
will close our stores at 1 p.m. on Sat-
urdays from May 6th to September
30th inclusive. We would respect-
fully ask our customers to co-operate
with us in making the movement a suc-
cess.

BAIRD & PETERS
G. W. HODGE
KITCHEN BROS., LTD.
A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

Helping Hersey

BY BARONESS VON HUTTEN

Author of "Fam," "Kingmead," "The Black Patch," etc

(Continued.)

"She is very beautiful," he return-
ed, outwardly irrelevant.

She followed his line of thought
and answered it, disregarding his
words.

"Of course it is perfectly natural
that she should like him—she sees so
few men, and she is very young. He
is attractive, you say, too. But—I
don't want her to marry him, Mich-
ael."

"Why allow the engagement then?"

"She—it is hard to explain. As I
say, we know very few people, and
they are none of them—well, the kind
I used to know. That is natural.
And he is the best of the lot."

"I know, I know. But I don't
quite see how you could let them be-
come engaged. Surely you could
have waited?"

Mrs. Frewen looked up at him! Her
painted face very wistful.

"There is nothing for us to wait
for," she said simply.
He was touched.

"Are—are things that bad, Violet?"

It was the first time he had used
her Christian name since their inter-
view and flushed under her paint.

view began. She noticed it, he saw,
"Yes, Michael, they are that bad.
There is no use going into details—
some day, perhaps I will, but not
today. But I am quite done for in
that way—socially, I mean."

"If Frewen had lived, I suppose—"

She shook her head.

"Ah, no. Poor Gerald! He did
his best, but—he failed. In many
ways it is a good thing he did not
live."

"You have had a hard time, Vio-
let."

"Yes. And yet"—her face broke
into a sudden irresistible smile that
wrinkled her eyes and yet, somehow,
made her look younger—"and yet I
have so enjoyed life, Michael. And
do still enjoy it, I mean. Things,"
she concluded vaguely, still smiling,
"are so interesting."

She was interesting, he realized.
He had forgotten her charm, and
here it still was, having survived the
shipwreck of her youth and her
beauty, with no apparent domination.

"Yes," he agreed, slowly, "things
are interesting. But—about—Miss
Frewen. By the way, Violet, I sup-
pose she is Jim's little Goldie? I
never knew her real name."

"Yes, but she doesn't know that
Gerald wasn't her father. It—was
his wish."

"I see. And better for her, too.
But it must have been difficult for
you to manage, wasn't it?"

"At first it was. But—we lived in
Paris until she was six, and then,
when he died I came back here, and
no one seemed to—to place me. Peo-
ple forget very easily."

He nodded.

"How old is Miss Frewen now?"

"She is twenty-five, but she thinks
she is twenty-three."

He marvelled at the simplicity
with which she accepted her situa-
tion. The atmosphere of mystery in
which she lived seemed apparently
perfectly natural to her, perfectly
easy to breathe in. Was it, he won-
dered, bravery or merely tempera-
ment?

"So you have lived in London ever
since she was six. Really six, or six
according to her own belief?"

"Oh, really eight. Gerald lived six
years after we were married. Yes,
we have lived here. At first we had
a house in Kensington and then as
time went on we moved to Bayswa-
ter and here. We got poorer and
poorer," she continued blithely.

"Luckily, I had some jewels."

"You mean that you sold them?"

"Yes."

"But you must have a fixed in-
come?"

"Gerald did his best. He left me
with four hundred pounds a year,
but—well, I lost most of it."

Barnes was a man of law.

"Lost it?" he asked sharply.

"Yes. I gambled—speculated, you
know. Thought I'd make money, but
I lost it. I rather think the broker
did me. However—"

She spread out her fingers expres-
sively and made a funny little grin-
nace.

"Why in Heaven's name were you
such a—" he broke off short.

"Because," she returned seriously,
"I wanted to have money for Her-
sey."

Her face had changed but he look-
ed away impatiently. Of course that
is just how she would look at that
particular juncture. She had never
made a mistake in that way in her
life. But her look of exalted devo-
tion did little good to the poor child
of whom she spoke.

A strong sensation of pity for the
girl stirred him. It was dreadful to
think of that glorious young crea-
ture at the mercy of this idiot. Yes,
Violet Barston had always been an
idiot. And suddenly the paint on
her face disgusted him. He rose,
impatient.

"Well, I must go," he declared,
holding out his hand. "I am very
glad to have seen you and I hope—"

"Hush," she said, disregarding his
hand. "There they are, Hersey and
—Alfred. Isn't her laugh lovely?"

It was lovely. Barnes listened and
as he listened his indignation deep-
ened against the woman before him.
Hersey came in, still laughing, her
brilliant face damp with rain, her
fair, curly hair spangled with it.

"It's pouring," she announced,
"and we ran as hard as ever we
could, all the way from the under-
ground! Ugh, I'm out of breath.
No tea, mum?"

"Oh, dear me, I'd quite forgotten
the tea," her mother answered with
a gesture of despair. "I am sorry,
Ducky. Ring, will you, Alfred? No,
no, Michael, you mustn't think of
going. Tea will be ready in a mo-
ment."

While she made it and Hersey and
Cox chatted, Barnes watched the
girl. He was positively oppressd
with pity for her. What a position
for the beautiful young thing to be
in! He thought resentfully of the
foolishly lost four hundred pounds a
year.

Cox suddenly spoke of the future,
and Barnes awoke from his musings
with a start.

(To be Continued.)

Mr. S. S. Kensington—We have
such good news from the front!
Dear Charles is safely wounded at
last.

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.

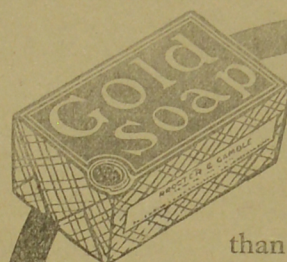
All employers of labor in said dis-
trict willing to give preference to re-
turned disabled soldiers as employees
and all returned discharged soldiers
wanting employment residing therein
are requested to notify the secretary

JUDGE WILSON,
Secretary.

Chairman.
January 22nd, 1916. tt

FREDERICTON FIRE ALARM.

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deen
13 Corner Northumberland and Saun-
ders
14 Corner Brunswick and Smythe
15 Corner Charlotte and Smythe
16 Corner George and Northumber-
land
17 Corner King and Northumberland
21 City Hall
23 Corner York and George
24 Corner Queen and Westmorland
25 Corner Brunswick and Westmor-
land
26 Corner Charlotte and Westmor-
land
27 Corner King and York
28 Corner Saunders and York
31 Corner Queen and Regent
32 Corner Needham and Regent
34 Corner Queen and Carleton
35 Corner Brunswick and Carleton
36 Corner Charlotte and Carleton
37 Corner George and Regent
38 Corner King and Regent
44 Corner Queen and St. John
45 Corner Brunswick and St. John
46 Corner Charlotte and St. John
51 Corner King and Church
52 Corner George and Church
53 Corner Union and Church
54 Gas House
55 Intercolonial Railway Station
56 Lansdowne and Waterloo Row.



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speaks for itself

It is so much bigger
than the next biggest that
the yard stick and the scales are
not needed to make comparisons.
It is so much better than the next best that
the first trial proves its superiority.

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

Gold Soap
The Big Good
Laundry Soap

Woman's Column:

DO YOU SPEND YOUR
MONEY FOOLISHLY?

Try Not to Indulge in Extrava-
gances That Are of No
Benefit to You.

So many girls indulge in
petty extravagances that bring
them no benefit of any kind
whatsoever. As a matter of
fact, a thing cannot rightly be
called an extravagance so long
as benefit is derived from it.

Business girls, whose pen-
nies are earned by hard work;
housewives whose savings are
amassed only with the most
careful scrimping, provide
many who belong to the ranks
of extravagant spenders whose
purses are emptied by petty
trifles.

Practically all of these would
be furiously indignant if any-
one were to call them extrava-
gant. They would probably
protest that they have no means
with which to be extravagant.

But in their small way they
are excellent models of the ex-
travagant woman. And the
worst of it all is that most of
them are quite unconscious of
their failing.

Are you extravagant on noth-
ing a year? Don't deny it
vehemently until you stop and
take stock.

You must take into consid-
eration that all thinks are com-
parative, and that ten cents
wasted out of a \$15 a week sal-
ary is just as big an extrava-
gance as \$100 wasted out of a
\$1,500 a week income.

Perhaps you had not thought
of it in that light. Yet it would
be a safe wager that far more
money is wasted by the girls
who have none to waste than

by those who have all they need
to spend; that is to say, com-
paratively speaking.

A larger proportion of her
income is used for non-essen-
tials by the average poor girl
than by the average wealthy
one.

If you do not believe this,
think back over your own
spendings. That ten cents for
soda or candy bought last week
or only yesterday corresponds
to a hundred dollars spent by a
girl with ten times your in-
come. That dime or 15 cents
for the movies is a compara-
tively big amount out of your
salary.

But of course you are sup-
posed to do without the plea-
sures or joys of life just be-
cause you are a poor wage
earner. No; so long as you are
receiving a proper amount of
benefit—mental, moral or phys-
ical—as the result of an expendi-
ture, you cannot be ranked
as extravagant.

Some working girls banded
together last year and went
once a fortnight to the theatre
in 50 cent seats, and they se-
lected the best plays running.

Was this extravagance? No
indeed! They looked forward
to this night through the whole
two weeks. It was to them
the reward for their hard work,
day in and day out. Because of
this one night they were the
happier mentally and conse-
quently the stronger physio-
logically.

So, save your money for
some purpose which will bring
you real benefit.



Wood's Phosphorine.

The Great English Remedy.
Tones and invigorates the whole
nervous system, makes new Blood
in old veins, cures Nervous
Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despon-
dency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the
Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six
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Anna Katherine Green
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We also have Mr. Douglas Newton's New War Book
"The Undying Story". Mr. Newton is considered in
England to be the greatest descriptive artist discovered
by the war.

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