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DENTIST
Over 20 Years' London, England,
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Undertaker
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Phone or telegraph orders shipped
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BUSINESS COLLEGE**
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the first of the term. Descriptive book-
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W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,
Fredericton, N. B.

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RAVINE LODGE, Beautiful Summer
Home, water in house, telephone
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24 acres land; 5 miles from city.

CLARENCE L. SYPHER,
REAL ESTATE. INSURANCE.
Residence, 603 Regent Street.
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Need Pressing and
Repairing**
SEND THEM TO

H. L. ROGERS
And Have Them done in First Class
Style—"THE OLD MADE NEW."
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YOUR COMPLEXION

Does it need a little repairing after
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Our LOTIONS and CREAMS are at
your service to remove freckles and
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The assortment is of a high stand-
ard and large in variety.
Drop in and see them. We are al-
ways pleased to see you.

STAPLES PHARMACY
ALONO STAPLES, Proprietor.
Cor. York and King Sts., Fredericton.

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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Containing words and music, form-
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dies. Also contains a Flirtation Sign
Book. Price with illustrated catalog,
7c., 3 for 15c.

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

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.
A safe, reliable regulating
medicine. Sold in three de-
grees of strength—No. 1, \$1;
No. 2, 50c; No. 3, 25c per box.
Sold by all druggists, or sent
prepaid on receipt of price.
Free pamphlet. Address:
THE COOK MEDICINE CO.,
TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Rates for Classified Advertising.	
1 insertion	\$0.25
3 insertions60
6 insertions	1.00
1 month	3.00

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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.

FOR SALE—A number of young pigs.
Apply to Mrs. Darcus, telephone 3300-
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FOR SALE—A number of pullets of
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pure bred Plymouth Rock and White
Wyandotte roosters. Telephone 3300-
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FOR SALE—My property on Bruns-
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dwelling house, barn and sausage fac-
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is equipped with modern machinery.
Great opportunity for an enterprising
young man to start business. Reason
for selling, advancing years. Apply
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WANTED—A girl for general house-
work; may sleep home evenings. Ap-
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"KITCHENER AND THE WAR"—Offi-
cially approved; written specially for
Canadians; profusely illustrated; great
opportunity for man or woman. You
can make \$550 clear in ninety days or
less. Experience unnecessary. Spare
time may be used. Winston Co., Tor-
onto. 9-30 4i wed-sat

TO LET

TO LET—Seven room flat, centrally
located; possession given 1st October.
Apply to 618 Brunswick street, phone
308-32.

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PASSENGER & FREIGHT
SERVICE.**

STEAMER HAMSTEAD leaves
Fredericton for St. John at 6 a. m. on
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRI-
DAYS, calling at all intermediate
points. J. WATSON,
Phone 511. Agent.
J. WILLIAMS, Managing Owner.

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ADD TO YOUR DIRECTORY:
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son.
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405 Finlay, W. H. Res., 461 King St.
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N. B. TELEPHONE CO., LTD.

Colonial Inn

OPPOSITE LEMONT & SONS'

Boarders can be accommodated
with large pleasant rooms with
modern conveniences. Home com-
forts, also special rates to table
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MRS. DUNBAR QUEEN
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CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK BATTALIONS

CHRISTMAS GIFTS are earnestly
solicited for the men of the 104th,
140th, 115th and other New Brunswick
Overseas Battalions, and will be re-
ceived at the Red Cross rooms in the
Parliament Building, until September
30th. Mrs. C. McN. Steeves is spe-
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Battalion and will gladly engage to
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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, Depen-
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for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all
druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of
price. Free pamphlet mailed free. **THE WOOD
MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)**

If we could only live on the advice
that others give us the high cost of
living would lose its sting.

The GIRL and the GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life
By **FRANK H. SPEARMAN**

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING
SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN
DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF
GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOV-
ING PICTURE PLAY OF THE
SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY
THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORA-
TION. COPYRIGHT 1915, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

"I can tell you," blazed Spike,
"you don't get them." Seagruue looked
at his tool in amazement. The con-
vict's face darkened. "The man that
harms that girl!"—he raised his voice
ominously—"reckons with me." He
registered an oath with his threat. "I'll
tear his head from his shoulders!"

"You fool," stammered Seagruue. "No-
body means to hurt her. We'll carry
her off and take the contracts from
her. When the thing blows over we'll
let her go."

"Leave me out of the job," growled
Spike bluntly.

Seagruue sprang to his feet—he was
a powerful man—and grappled with
the convict. The two struggled. Not
a word was spoken. Only the grun-
ting and gasping of a life-and-death
grapple, the slipping, gripping and
scuffling of two enraged men, with Lug
and Bill looking on, broke the silence
of the room. Spike gradually bore his
enemy backward and downward. Lug
and Bill jumped in to help Seagruue.
Spike, shaking himself free from the
three, whirled into a corner and caught
up a chair. Lug jumped for a gun.
Spike, with the strength of a giant,
smashed the heavy chair across the
table, shivering it to splinters and
raising a piece of it as a club, sprang
for the door. "I'll brain the one that
lays a hand on me," he cried. "Stand
back!"

Helen, next morning in her office,
was getting ready to take the train.

Seagruue overnight had outlined his
scheme to his two men, and, directing
them how to work, told them that after
they had secured Helen he would pick
them up with his automobile at Mile
Post 149. With this understanding, he
drove away in his car. The two men
went to the train.

Had they been more alert as they
walked down the street, they might
have seen Spike lounging on a corner.
Reaching the station, where the train
had already arrived, they decided to
make the hind end of the observa-
tion car. But as the train started a
party of people came out on the ob-
servation platform, and the two men
slunk around to the other side of the
train.

As soon as they had got their bear-
ings, Lug, taking a coil of rope that
Bill had brought, threw it over the
top of the car, where it caught and
hung on one of the gas cocks. Test-
ing the rope carefully, the two be-
came satisfied it would hold and, one
following the other, they climbed from
below to the top of the train. When
the train reached Arden station they
were relieved to see the people at the
end of the car leave, and when the
train was once more under way and
the station disappeared from view,
Seagruue's master appeared on the
desert.

Lug lowered himself down the side
of the car. Inside, Helen was reading
quietly when Lug's hand, holding a
handkerchief saturated with chloro-
form, was thrust through the window
and despite her struggles Helen soon
was overpowered.

With a quick word to Bill, above,
Lug scrambled into the car. He placed
Helen, now unconscious, in a sitting
position and ran to the hind end to
look for the machine. It had over-
hauled the train and was speeding be-
side it along the highway. Lug waved
to the driver to come on. Returning
to the car, he motioned to Bill to help
him carry Helen out. The two men
picked her up and took her to the plat-
form. How to transfer her to the mo-
torcar was a problem that might have
given pause to more clever men. Lug
intended at first to throw the helpless
girl from the platform into the ma-
chine, but this he discovered would
never do—the distance was too great.
Bill, an old sailor, came to the rescue
with another arrangement. In a
jiffy he had lashed Helen into a kind
of cradle in the middle of the long
rope, and, throwing one end to the
driver, shouted to him to make it fast.
The latter, when he caught the line,
hitched it to the side of his car, and
with the motor and the train still at
high speed, Lug, on the rope, went
hand over hand down to the motorcar.
Loosening the hitch, he then drew in
the rope, while Bill, on the platform,
carefully paid out and Helen was
transferred, uninjured, from the train
to the machine.

Once within the motorcar, Helen
was unceremoniously dropped to the
bottom and left there, while the ma-
chine was turned around and her cap-
tors whisked back for Las Vegas with
her.

Storm, by this time, had left the con-
struction camp and was waiting at
Baird for the train bearing Helen. The
train drew in and stopped. To Storm's
surprise and disappointment, not a so-
litary passenger got off. He accosted
the conductor: "Helen Holmes was
coming up today. Where is she?"

The conductor looked down the plat-

form. "She certainly was on a
train," he declared, puzzled. "I saw
her just before we got to Arden."

Storm, the trainman follow-
ing, walked hastily through the coach.
Helen was not to be found. A freight
train going to Las Vegas was standing
on the passenger track. Storm ran to
the caboose and explained his anxiety
to the train crew, who were prompt to
make ready to aid him. They pulled
out with Storm in the cab to scan the
right of way.

In Seagruue's machine Lug and Bill
opened Helen's satchel. They found
a big package of letters, and believed
they had in them the contracts.

Helen, in the rush of cold air, had
begun to revive. As a precaution to
prevent her giving any alarm—though
machines were sufficiently scarce on
the desert—Lug took Helen's handker-
chief from her satchel, tied it roughly
over her mouth, laid her on the seat,
cautioned her harshly and covered
her with a steamer rug.

Traveling at a breakneck pace over
the broad expanse of sand, the car
was entering Las Vegas, when, cross-
ing one of the village streets without
lessening speed, the driver almost
knocked a man down. Indeed, but for
a smart jump, the pedestrian would
have been killed. He turned with a
suppressed curse and looked angrily
after the car that had so nearly struck
him. The passengers did not recog-
nize the man, and he did not recog-
nize them. He was a stranger in a
land where he had no friends.

(To Be Continued.)

CITY OPERA HOUSE SATURDAY, Oct 7

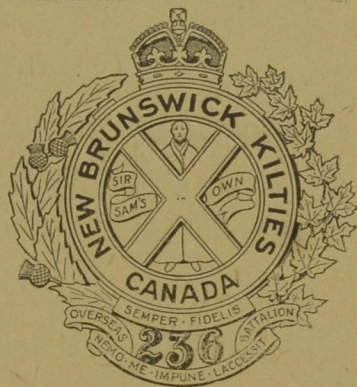
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"When Dreams Come True"

Book and Lyrics by Philip Bartholmae -- Music by Silvio Hein
ALL FUN, MELODY, DANCING,
PRETTY GIRLS, BEAUTIFUL
SCENERY AND COSTUMES.

Seats on Sale Tuesday, Oct. 3, at Ryan's Drug Store.

Prices 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.



WORLDLY WISDOM.

Nobody ever would want to go a-
fishing if, each time, we knew just the
very number we were going to catch.
The news from Greece reads more
than ever like news from Mexico. In
other words the greasers haven't any-
thing on the Greeks when it comes
to a rebellion.

There is no hope for the man who
acts the hypocrite even when he is
alone.

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"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

The old reliable remedy for rheu-
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sprains.

Best Liniment Made
Mr. A. R. LAMBERT, EDMONTON writes—
"I fell from a building and received a very
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told me I must not walk
on it for three weeks.
I got MINARD'S LIN-
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I think it the best Lin-
iment made."

Minard's Liniment
always gives satis-
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ache or pain, it
gives instant relief.

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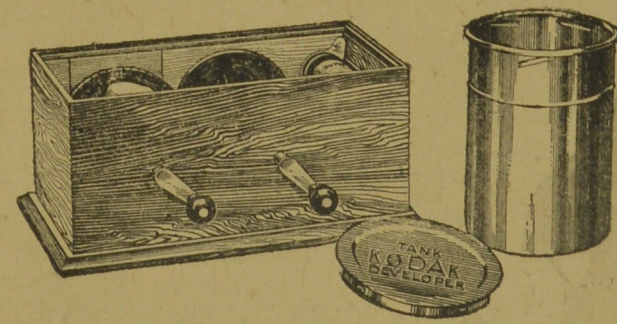
The Big, Good
Laundry

Ask your grocer to weigh a cake of any laundry
soap; then a cake of Gold Soap. When you
see the difference in quantity, please remem-
ber that the difference in quality is just as
great and just as favorable to Gold.



P. & G. products made in the Procter & Gamble
Factories at Hamilton, Canada, include Gold
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A little over twenty minutes after the last exposure has been
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The outfit is self-containing,--There's room enough for it in your luggage.

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