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DENTIST
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
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W. J. IRVINE,
DENTAL SURGEON
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It is the TRAINED man who leads.
It is the business of this school to
train young men and women to fill
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Write for booklet describing our
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you how you can prepare yourself
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Pressing and Repairing
SEND THEM TO
H. I. ROGERS
And Have Them Done in First Class
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"THE OLD MADE NEW."
83 REGENT STREET.

Feel Exhausted?
Do you lack energy? Is it an effort
to do things? Yes! Then your system
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
and restore your system.
Begin taking it today.

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

JOKER'S NOVELTIES
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,
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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,
Fredericton, N. B.

She Coughed Day and Night.

Mrs. Fred. Feairs, Cedarville, Ont., writes: "I am sending you this letter telling what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for me. Ten years ago I had a terrible cold. For days I could not speak above a whisper. I coughed day and night. One evening I was so bad I went down to the storekeeper, and when I went in he said, 'You better get something done for that cold of yours.' I told him, as well as I could, that I had just come to get a bottle of the best cough medicine he had. He told me Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was the best he had, and said for me to take a little of it before I left the store. I took some, and in fifteen minutes I could speak as well as ever. I think 'Dr. Wood's' is the very best on the market."

That persistent cough must be gotten rid of immediately, for if it hangs on to you it may develop into some serious lung trouble, such as bronchitis, pneumonia and perhaps consumption.

Get rid of it by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. A remedy that has been on the market for twenty-five years. A remedy that cures when all others fail.

When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see that you get what you ask for as there are many imitations on the market.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price, 25c and 50c.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Rates for Classified Advertising.

1 insertion	\$0.25
3 insertions80
6 insertions	1.00
1 month	3.00

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WANTED—Thrilling stories of the Great War. Large, profusely illustrated, only \$1.00. Men and women working spare time ordering in hundred lots; quick snappy seller; great money maker. Sample free. Winston, Limited, Toronto.

WANTED—A competent housemaid; must be a good cook. Apply any evening to Mrs. W. T. Whitehead, Church street.

WANTED—Man or Woman to distribute War Literature. \$120.00 for sixty days work in your own community. Spare time may be used. Winston Co., Toronto.

\$120.00 SURE Congenial work at home among church people. Man or woman. 60 days or less. Spare time may be used. No experience required. INTERNATIONAL BIBLE PRESS, Toronto.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Pure bred registered Clydesdale stallion, Sir Spencer Jr., 3 yrs. old. Pure bred registered Clydesdale 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 advantage of a half-holiday on Saturdays, as is now so generally done, we, the undersigned wholesale grocers, will close our stores at 1 p.m. on Saturdays from May 6th to September 30th inclusive. We would respectfully ask our customers to co-operate with us in making the movement a success.

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



A Kansas City inventor claims to have discovered a way to change kerosene into gasoline by an electro-chemical process, but we can't see where this hurts the Standard Oil business.

Helping Hersey

BY BARONESS VON HUTTEN

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

(Continued.)

There were flowers in the room; the small hearth was tidy, the blinds were drawn and the electric light glowed softly in little yellow silk bags—evidently home made. It was like her to think of the becomingness of things, and also to choose yellow. Pink would, of course, be too obvious to please her. Again Barnes smiled. There were pretty pillows on the hideously uncomfortable looking sofa and a linen and lace tea-cloth on the tea-table, where a few bits of brilliantly polished silver twinkled in the firelight. On the mahogany table between the windows stood several photographs in modest frames. The pictures were all strange to Barnes—all, that is, except one. The handsome, swaggering man in hussar's uniform was, of course, Gerald Frewen.

Barnes had seen him only once and that was twenty years ago but Frewen's was not a face to be forgotten and he looked at it curiously. The man, he knew, was long since dead. What did her keeping his photograph signify? In one corner of it was written in faded ink, the words: "Yours sincerely, Gerald Frewen, January, 1892."

That was the year before the scandal—probably just after they had met. Poor Violet!

Barnes sighed and turned to the fire and just then the inner door opened and she came in.

"It is good to see you," she said simply, and suddenly all sorts of things that he had forgotten about her sprang into his memory.

Her voice—he remembered it at the trial, and it, at least, had not changed.

But, alas, he saw with a thrill of something absurdly like horror, her eyes were carefully pencilled, and her cheeks glowed with a delicate artificial color, while her lips were redder than God had intended any woman's lips to be.

Ah, well, she had chosen her own road long ago and this was its logical ending. How lovely she had been as a young woman! Of course, his mind went on rapidly, the poor thing still clung to the remains of her beauty.

While she was asking him questions about his own life, his mind worked rapidly and when the first pause came he was saying to himself:

"At least, thank God, she doesn't dye her hair."

He was too inexperienced in European ways to realize that the whiteness of her curly hair was probably a source of the liveliest satisfaction to the lady, or that its style of dressing was what a certain type of Parisianized American calls the "belle Marquise" style.

"How curious it was," she said presently, when the silence had grown rather oppressive.

"Yes, wasn't it? I—I like him. He's a nice boy."

"He is—very nice. Handsome, too, don't you think, Michael?"

"Yes. Where did you meet him?"

"At the house of some friends. The man is a musical critic, and he knew Arthur in the way of business. Ralph Sturge—ever hear of him?"

She pronounced the name "Rafe" in the English way, and Barnes shook his head.

"No, I'm afraid I'm very ignorant about such things."

"Oh, but Sturge—he writes for The New York Sun every week. It was his article on Richard Strauss that made such a fuss two years ago."

"Oh!" cried Barnes. "You mean Ralph Sturge—giving the name the value of several 'I's. 'Of course.'"

She smiled and her smile was very pretty still.

"They call it Rafe here," she explained, "and I have lived so long here. One—one of my brothers-in-law was 'Ralph,' too."

After a moment she went on, while he was still wondering how Frewen's people had treated her:

"So Mr. Sturge introduced Alfred to us. He thinks a good deal of Alfred. Says he is really talented."

She paused again, the firelight playing on her delicately tinted face. Then she said suddenly:

"I suppose they told you they are engaged?"

Barnes nodded.

"Oh, yes, Cox told me the day I met him. He's very much in love."

"Yes, very much. It—it troubles me dreadfully, Michael."

He had expected her to be embarrassed when they met. The last time he had seen her had been in very strange, distressing circumstances and he himself felt awkward and constrained. But she, to his surprise, seemed perfectly comfortable in her mind. Nothing could have been less constrained than her manner. Indeed, he almost wondered whether she had not utterly forgotten where it was that they had last seen each other.

She seemed to have gone back in her memory to still earlier days—days before Gerald Frewen had come to St. Mark, and to have taken up their old friendly acquaintance (it had been nothing more) just where

it had been broken off on Frewen's appearance.

"It troubles me dreadfully, Michael," she repeated, in a thoughtful voice. "Of course he is very nice, but you can see for yourself that he is not quite—"

He looked at her. If she wished to take him so matter-of-factly into her confidence, she must at least be explicit. He would not help her out. "Not quite what?" he asked bluntly.

Her answer, as blunt, came softened by the gentleness of her low voice: "A gentleman."

"There was a long pause. Then she went on as he gazed into the fire:

"I don't quite know what to do, Michael."

Barnes frowned. It was like her as he remembered her, gently to throw herself on him for help. People had always helped her, all her life, just because of that gentle way of hers.

(To Be Continued.)

DAD'S ONLY GRIP.

Dear hubby, when my lectures you—Hush! Surely 'tis no lugh—The only thing that you can do Is start the phonograph.

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.

FREDERICTON FIRE ALARM.

- 6 Corner York and Argyle
- 12 Corner Westmorland and Aberdeen
- 13 Corner Northumberland and Saunders
- 14 Corner Brunswick and Smythe
- 15 Corner Charlotte and Smythe
- 16 Corner George and Northumberland
- 17 Corner King and Northumberland
- 21 City Hall
- 23 Corner York and George
- 24 Corner Queen and Westmorland
- 25 Corner Brunswick and Westmorland
- 26 Corner Charlotte and Westmorland
- 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.

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 superlatives 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-

HAPPINESS AN AID TO HEALTH.

The Mind Should Shake the Germs of Fear and be Filled With Healthy Thoughts.

Keeping well and healthy is almost synonymous with keeping happy and hopeful.

The full power of the mind has never yet been fathomed, and it probably never will be. Because its power is really limitless. We have in our own minds the ability to shape our health, our future, our entire lives. By the thoughts we think we make happiness or misery. Nothing on the outside can do this. No condition or circumstance can affect us if we do not let it be reproduced in our minds and so let it in on us.

The idea is simply this: You cannot be well and happy if your mind is constantly filled with sickness, poverty, misery, envy, anger and all the other depressing and degrading thoughts. The only way to find glowing health and real, overflowing happiness is to shut all ugly ideas out of your mind. And the way to shut them out is to keep your mind so full of love and of unselfish interest in others that the other thoughts cannot enter in.

If we could all have a mental fumigation once a week to kill off all the germs of unhealthy thoughts lurking there we would not experience so much physical illness.

After all, the body has in itself no power to act. It is the hand behind the wheel which guides the ship, and it is the mind back of the body which directs its movements and its conditions. Sometimes it is conscious direction and often it is quite unconscious direction.

If we could shake the germs and bacilli of fear out of our minds for good and all, and just fill all our intelligence and all our consciousness with love for our fellow men, the millennium itself would be here. And we can each do our share toward bringing it about by taking care of our own minds and filling them with unselfish love.

You can shape your own destinies if you will by directing your thoughts in proper channels.

If you think of hate, anger, spite and

malice, you harm no one but yourself, bringing depression to your spirit and disease to your body. On the other hand, if you think nothing but love of all men you are helping them, but most of all you are helping yourself.

FOR AFTERNOON TEA.

For the afternoon tea the least expensive of crackers may be deliciously disguised if treated as follows:

Brush them over with melted butter and then dust thickly with either crushed maple sugar or a combination of granulated sugar and powdered cinnamon.

Then arrange them on an inverted baking tin and place in a hot oven until the butter and sugar melts into a crisp dainty crust.

Take from the oven and press into the centre of each maple cracker half of a walnut meat and into the sugar and cinnamon a large seeded raisin boiled until plump or a pitted date treated in the same manner.

THE AWAKENING.

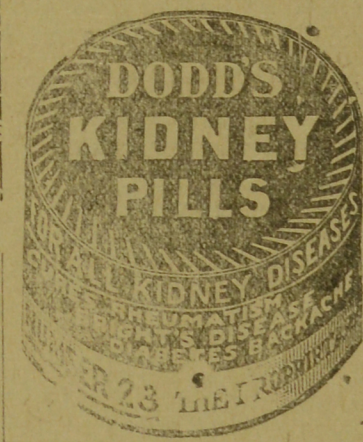
"Before marriage she told me she loved me a little."

"Well?"

"Gosh! If I had only known how little."

SPRING VISITORS.

Quite a few robins are in our midst and appear to be favorably impressed with our city.



New Spring Fiction

JUST DAVID
The Golden Slipper
John Bogardus
Mrs. Balfame
Burkeses Amy

A New Pollyanna Book
Anna Katherine Green
George Chamberlaine
Gertrude Atherton
A New Martha Book

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.

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