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m.; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.
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J. A. McAdam
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REGENT STREET
The best and most modern
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JOHN G. ADAMS

IS CONDUCTING AN
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Business

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610 QUEEN STREET
RESIDENCE
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FREDERICTON
The Business
COLLEGE

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 tui-
tion. Address
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal

NO OPIATES IN
Nyal's Baby
Cough Syrup

Very few Cough Remedies that are
useful for Adults are safe to give to
babies. It is dangerous to experi-
ment. Nyal's Baby Cough Syrup con-
tains neither Opium, Morphine or
other dangerous opiates. It is espe-
cially designed for Babies and just
suits them. It is made so pleasant
they like it, but it does help baby to
throw off the choking secretions. It
loosens the cough quickly and gives
the child normal rest.

A good safe cough remedy for large
or children.
Sells at a quarter a bottle.
STAPLES PHARMACY
Alonzo Staples, Proprietor.

When your Clothes need
Pressing and Repairing
SEND THEM TO
H. L. ROGERS
Have them done in First
Class Style
"THE OLD MADE NEW"
Regent Street

CLASSIFIED

1 insertion 25c
2 insertions 50c
6 insertions \$1.00
1 Month \$3.00

WANTED

WANTED—Man or woman to dis-
tribute War Literature. \$120 for
sixty days work in your own com-
munity. Spare time may be used.
WINSTON CO. LIMITED TORONTO.

For Sale

NOW UNLOADING—Two cars two-
foot furnace wood, delivered from
car, \$6.00 per cord. Also two cars 4-
foot hard wood \$5.00 per cord. T.
Fulton, 618 Brunswick street. Phone
308-32

TO LET

TO LET—House on Woodstock
Road, one mile above the city limits.
Contains eight rooms. Apply to
R. A. ANDERSON,
Lower Kingsclear.

LOST

LOST—A large English setter dog,
answering to the name of Baby. White
black and tan, much spotted. When
last seen was wearing a new leather
collar. Finder will please notify
J. J. McCAFFREY,
Queen Hotel.

LOST

LOST—On December 24th, between
Northumberland street and the I.R.C.
station, a muff. Finder will be re-
warded on leaving the same at
THE MAIL OFFICE

HOME COOKING

Fruit Cake, Doughnuts, etc., for
the holiday season. For further par-
ticulars telephone
No. 3300-42.

LAST NOTICE

Water consumers will please take
notice that the time for discount on
water rates expires December 31st.
G. R. PEREINS,
Collector Water Rates.

REWARD

I will pay a reward to the per-
son who will bring my English
Setter dog to Queen Hotel.
He answers to the name of 'Baby'.
is a large white dog very much
spotted.
He is very shy and he is difficult
to catch.
J. J. McCAFFREY.

Municipality of York

The Annual Session of the County
Council of the Municipality of York
will convene at the Council Chamber
in the City of Fredericton on Tues-
day, the 4th day of January, A.D.,
1916, at eleven o'clock in the fore-
noon.
Dated this 27th day of December,
D., 1915.
By order,
FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Secretary-Treasurer.

New Subscribers

548-21 Howard, Mrs. Allen, Res.,
120 Westmorland street.
2600-13 Lee, Wm. C., Res., Mary-
land Road.
4300-8x Olympia Candy Kitchen,
Queen St., Geo. Apostolos, Prop.
22-31 Palmer, Mrs. Geo. Res., 324
Northumberland St.
4300-82 McGinnis, John B., Res.,
Marysville.
314-41 Scott, W. J., Office, Carle-
ton St.
369 Tingley & Lee, Sanitary Meat
Market, Carleton St.
206-21 Vaughn & Kitchen, Queen St.,
Capital Garage.
338-21 Olympia Candy Kitchen,
Queen St., Geo. Apostolos, Prop.

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ST. JOHN, N.B.

A Romance of
Monte Carlo

CHAPTER I.

The auto taxi was at the door, and
Julia Revell was saying good-by to
Madame Nix.

Pinner at the Pension Nix had been
served half an hour earlier than usual
to facilitate the catching of the P. L.
M. express by the Revells; and the
Spanish girl student of the conserva-
toire, the widow from Bourges, the
Polish count, the art student—all the
menagerie—were crowding the pas-
sage that led to the stairs, and show-
ing their felicitations on the for-
tunate ones.

They were off to Monte Carlo. Think
of it—leaving Paris, and January,
and fog, the Rue Lord Byron, and
the dinginess of the Pension Nix. Off
to Monte Carlo, and the sun, and
the palm trees, and the Casino, and
the croupiers, and the sapphire blue
sea!

Julia looked round her, sniffing for
the last time the steam-heated, stuffy
dinner-scented air of the place.

It was the supreme moment of her
life. All the struggles of the last
two years, the cheap Bohemianism,
her husband's buffers in the struggle
for life as an artist, all the evil
fairies and evil things which she had
conquered by a successful novel just
published and paying in royalties, lay
before her in the place and its people.

Then she turned her back on them,
and, followed by her husband, passed
down the stairs to the door leading
to the courtyard, and through the
courtyard to the street where the
cab was waiting. The Rue Lord By-
ron was bleak with fog and as they
turned into the smothered blaze of
the Avenue des Champs Elysees Julia
nestled closer to her husband as if to
impart to him some of the triumph
and warmth of her soul.

Not that he needed it. Jack Revell
was always triumphant and warm.
In the midst of the chilliest day or
the blackest disaster, his temperature
was normal, that is, above normal,
for he was pigenius, drawing his vita-
lity less from food and drink than
from those great sources of force
that lie like lakes of generous wine
in the country of Inspiration. Julia
was practical. Gray-eyed, dove-like,
the daughter of a Dean, she had left
the deanery and the dove-cot to fol-
low Jack.

The wild feather in her wing had

never been suspected till the day she
married Jack clandestinely at a reg-
istrar's office and followed him to
Paris and the delights of the Pension
Bollivard—their first home.

Her name was tabooed at the Dean-
ery, and her epitaph in the Close
was "Shocking." She was consid-
ered dead till she suddenly terribly re-
vived some three months ago and
the daily papers were placarded with
notices like this:

Third edition exhausted, fourth edi-
tion nearly exhausted, fifth edition in
the press.

"THE APPLE"

by

JULIA REVELL.

The book created much sensation—
why, goodness knows. It was clever,
and it dealt fearlessly with certain
phases of Bohemian life in Paris, yet
many books have these qualities with-
out obtaining much success.

Julia heard the hand of freedom
fumbling at her cage-door. A letter
from her publisher indicated that the
book was selling in thousands, not
hundreds and she could have written
asking for an advance on royalties,
but she did not. She waited three
months, not wishing to appear pre-
sented for money, and three days ago
she received her first check for five
hundred pounds.

Instantly on receipt of the check
she had decided on Monte Carlo.

"I want to see the sun," she said,
"and the gambling-tables, and gentle-
folk and wealth. Besides, I may pick
up ideas for a new book."

Jack grumbled. He did not want
to leave Paris and his work. He had
just made plans for starting a studio
of his own; but he gave in, squeezed
the paint out of his brushes, packed
them, and came.

They were in the Rue St. Honore
now, and now they were treading the
mean streets near the Gare du Lyon.

The great station was filled with
fog, that white Paris fog which seems
to come from the Seine by way of the
morgue. The place was filled with
passengers and luggage, passengers
for suburban trains, passengers for
India and the East, Algiers and the
South, Monte Carlo and the Cote
d'Azur. They had bought their tick-
ets at Cook's, and a Cook's man pil-
oted them to the great express, some-
bre and magnificent, drawn up and
waiting for a flight that would not
cease till it touched tomorrow's sun-
set on the far-off Italian coast.

Scarcely had they reached the crowd
surrounding the carriages than Jack
Revell was seized and kissed on both
cheeks by a stout man wearing a
muffler.

It was Bachellry of the Theatre
Italienne. He and his company were
also bound for Monte Carlo and the
Casino, where they were to give four
performances of "Musette." He was
a friend of Jack's, although Julia
had seen him only once before; and
in a moment she was introduced to
the lot; to Madame de Corcieux, the
principal star, looking very much like
a plain old woman in her travelling
get-up; to Marie Milton (otherwise
known as Fatou Gaye), looking like
nothing on earth but an actress; to

Bompard, and Bazin and Jappard—
the whole company, in fact, who,
having shaken hands, completely for-
got her, as though the act had ren-
dered her extinct.

The fuss, the cries, the acclama-
tions, the laughter and the scolding
of a French theatrical touring com-
pany on wing must be heard to be
believed. Jackdaws making their
nests—a reminiscence of the Deanery
garden—was the idea that filled the
dazed mind of Julia as she took her
seat in a compartment which was also
it seemed, to hold her husband,
Bachellry and Mademoiselle Milton.

Jappard and the rest were in the
next compartment—she could hear
their talking and laughing as they
stowed themselves away.

"They're a jolly lot, aren't they?"
said Jack, lighting a cigarette.

"Who is the young woman?"

"Delightful," replied Julia dryly.

"She? Why, she's Marie Milton—
you've seen her acting in 'La Maison
Perdue.' They call her Fatou Gaye."

"Acting? I've forgotten. What was
her part?"

"The Chambermaid."

"Oh, she—Fatou Gaye—why do they
call her Fatou Gaye?"

"From a girl in that book of Loti's
—what's its name? Oh, 'The Ro-
mance of a Spahi.'"

"Haven't read it," said Julia. "I
say, do you know that French actres-
ses, even the best, aren't received in
society?"

"Bother society!" said Jack.

"I have' but society, after all, is
society, and I wish—"

"What?"

"Nothing—I don't want to be a
snob—but I wish we could find some
other compartment."

(To Be Continued.)

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RIGHT WAY

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