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BUSINESS COLLEGE
Will Open on MONDAY, January 8,
1917. Begin today to prepare for
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mation regarding our courses of study,
descriptive booklet of which will be
sent on application. Address:
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,
Fredericton, N. B.

When Your Clothes
Need Pressing and
Repairing
SEND THEM TO
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And Have Them done in First Class
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with large pleasant rooms with
modern conveniences. Home com-
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boarders.

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The Crumping of Oats has been
found by experience to increase their
feeding value over 25 per cent.
We have recently installed a ma-
chine for this work and are now pre-
pared to give prompt attention to cus-
tom work on the crumping of oats, as
well as the grinding of wheat, buck-
wheat, barley, etc.
Quick returns and satisfaction guar-
anteed.

F. H. EVERETT
Fredericton, N. B.



Scores of men at the front
have written home to friends
and relations asking for Zam-
Buk. They need it to apply to
chapped hands, cold cracks, frost
bites, chilblains, cold sores, stiff
joints, and other similar ailments
incidental to trench life. These
ailments, although not serious
enough to unfit a man for duty,
cause him endless pain, and the
soldier who is supplied with Zam-
Buk will be saved much unneces-
sary suffering. Nothing stops pain
like Zam-Buk; nothing draws out
the soreness and heals so quickly.
For hands, sore and blistered after
trench-digging, Zam-Buk is splen-
did, and applications of Zam-Buk
to the feet before long marches
will prevent the feet from becom-
ing sore and blistered. The letters
below illustrate the soldier's need
and appreciation of Zam-Buk.
Private J. R. Smith of the "Prin-
cess Pals" writes: "Tell my friends,
if they want to help me, to send
Zam-Buk."
Sapper G. T. Webster, 2nd Field
Co., Canadian Engineers, writes:
"You can have no idea how much
we appreciate Zam-Buk out here.
It is splendid for sores, cuts, bruises,
sprains, etc."
Shoaling-Smith McIlwraith, of
the 2nd Argyle and Sutherland
Highlanders, writes from France:
"I have used Zam-Buk for 14 years
in the British Army in South Africa,
India and France, and have never
found its equal. There is no fear
of blood-poisoning from cuts or
scratches if Zam-Buk is applied.
The trouble is that Zam-Buk is too
scarce out here—our friends should
send us more of it."
This applies to you, so be
sure to include a few boxes of
Zam-Buk in your next parcel
to the front! All druggists 50c.
box, 3 for \$1.25, or direct from
Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

It is difficult to say which is the
greater optimist, the man who takes a
drink the moment his headache has
A man never knows how much he
values an umbrella or a woman until
he sees some other man calmly walk-
ing off with one or the other.
A genius is a man who can do al-
most anything but make a living and
keep up his reputation for being a gen-
ius.

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

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FOR SALE—Two cars dry split 16-inch
stove wood, \$2.75 per load. Also wood
suitable for hall stoves. Thos. Fulton,
618 Brunswick street, telephone 303-32.

FOR SALE—First class cooking range,
also bath tub; both in good condition.
Will sell cheap. The above can be seen
at 127 George street, between 6 and 7
p.m. 1-15 61

FOR SALE—My property on Brun-
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dwelling house, barn and sausage fac-
tory. The latter has steam power and
is equipped with modern machinery.
Great opportunity for an enterprising
young man to start business. Reason
for selling, advancing years. Apply
on premises to Timothy Murphy, 575
Brunswick street. 8-22 d-w 11

TO LET—Four large furnished rooms;
can be seen any afternoon. Apply to
Mrs. C. J. B. Simmons, 222 St. John
street, city. Phone 33-41. 1-10

WANTED

WANTED—Second class female teacher
for School District No. 3. Apply,
stating salary, to Charles E. Connors,
Secretary of Trustees, Cork Station,
York Co., N. B. 1-2 61

TIMBER WANTED.

Want to buy standing timber. Give
full particulars in first letter, as for
growth, kind and distance to railroad,
and lowest cash price. Will buy at
once. Apply to
D. M. WOOD,
Armory St., Wakefield, Mass.
1-10 d-w 1wk

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-
ericton, 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,
Dr. T. C. ALLEN,
Chairman. Secretary.

BLACK IS WHITE

CHAPTER XIX—Ranjab takes the
blame for the accidental shooting and
tells Brood that Yvonne, in whom he saw
two women, the dead wife and the living
one, will save Frederic's life.

CHAPTER XX—Yvonne tells Brood
that she is the sister of his dead wife and
married him to be revenged on him,
knowing that her sister was innocent and
that Frederic was Brood's son. She in-
tended to induce Frederic to go away with
her and telling him the truth, leave Brood
to believe that they had eloped together.

CHAPTER XXI—Yvonne shows Brood
proof of his dead wife's innocence and
confesses her revenge a bitter failure. She
has learned to love Brood.

CHAPTER XXII—Brood goes to see his
wounded son.

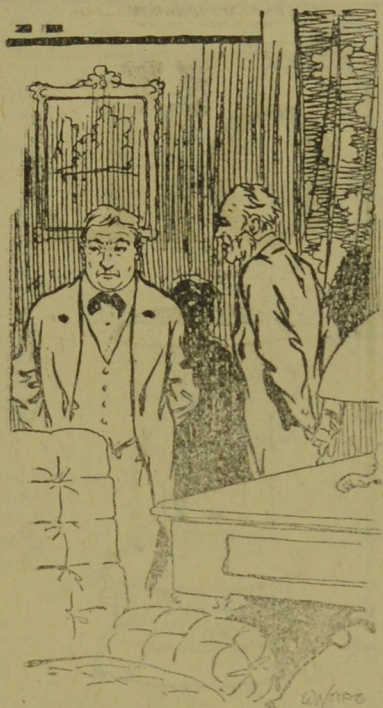
CHAPTER XXIII—Frederic recovers
and he and Lydia plan to go abroad with
Brood. The young couple endeavor un-
successfully to reconcile Brood to his
wife, whom he plans to leave alone in the
home.

CHAPTER XXIV—On leaving, Brood or-
ders his wife to remain at home until he
returns. She consents. Six months later
a "wildcat" comes from him, calling him
to him, but she tells Briggs and Dawes
"I shall not go to him." "Send him a cable
saying . . . I cannot come to him."

figure in his present despite the past
was proof, even to him, that she was
and always would be the controlling
force in his mind if not in his heart.

Now he was ordering himself to face
new complexities. He was confronted
by the most improbable of hallucina-
tions. It was not an intangible shadow
that he now had to contend with but
something definite, something that
took shape and mocked him. In his
bitter indictment against circum-
stances, he argued that his brain was
momentarily unbalanced following the
shock caused by the shooting, and that
in its disordered state he had pictured
things that did not exist. It was only
reasonable to assume that he had suf-
fered from the effect of a startling,
vivid hallucination, and yet there was
a strange, insistent voice somewhere
in his clearing mind that persuaded
him against his will that he had actual-
ly seen the face of Matilde.

Admitting that he had been deceived
by a trick of the imagination, there
still remained certain indisputable
facts to confound him. First of all,
the absolute conviction that Yvonne
had the power to preserve the life that
hung so precariously in the balance



Two Old Men, Shaking as With Palsy,
Roamed About the Place.

He could not overcome the amazing
belief that she, and not the skilled
surgeon, would check the sure progress
of death. Something told him that she
represented a force even mightier
than death and that she would prevail,
no matter what betide.

He had refused to see the news-
paper men who came. Doctor Hodder
wisely had protested against secrecy.
"Murder will out," he had said freet-
fully, little realizing how closely the
trite old saying applied to the situa-
tion. He had accepted the statements
of Yvonne and Ranjab as to the ac-
cidental discharge of the weapon, but
for some reason had refrained from
asking Brood a single question, al-
though he knew him to be a witness
to the shooting.

Yvonne saw the reporters and later
on an inspector of police. Ranjab told
his unhappy story. He had taken the
weapon from a book on the wall for
the purpose of cleaning it. It had been
hanging there for years, and all the
time there had been a single cartridge
left in the cylinder unknown to any-
one. He had started to remove the
cylinder as he left the room. All these
years the hammer had been raised; it
death had been hanging over them all
the time that the pistol occupied its in-
secure position on the wall. Somehow,
he could not tell how the hammer fell
as he tugged at the cylinder. No one
could have known that the revolver
was loaded. That was all that he
could say, except to declare that if his
master's son died he would end his
own miserable, valueless life.

His story was supported by the de-
clarations of Mrs. Brood, who, while
completely exonerating her husband's
servant, had but little to say in ex-
planation of the affair. She kept her wits
about her. Most people would have
made the mistake of saying too much.
She professed to know nothing except
that they were discussing young Mr.
Brood's contemplated trip abroad and
that her husband had given orders to
his servant to pack a revolver in his
son's traveling bag when the time
came for his departure. She had paid
but little attention to the Hindu's

movements. All she could say was
that it was an accident—a horrible,
blighting accident. For the present, it
would not be possible for anyone to
see the heart-broken father. Doubt-
less, later on, he would be in the mood
to discuss the dreadful catastrophe,
but not now, etc., etc. He was crushed
with the horror of the thing that had
happened.

The house was in a state of subdued
excitement. Servants spoke in whis-
pers and tiptoed through the halls.
Nurses and other doctors came. Two
old men, shaking as with palsy, roamed
about the place, intent only on worm-
ing their way into the presence of
their friend and supporter to offer con-
solation and encouragement to him in
his hour of tribulation. They shud-
dered as they looked into each other's
faces, and they shook their heads
without speaking, for their minds were
filled with doubt. They did not ques-
tion the truth of the story as told, but
they had their own opinions. In sup-
port to the theory that they did not
believe there was anything accidental
in the shooting of Frederic it is only
necessary to speak of their extraordi-
nary attitude toward Ranjab. They
shook hands with him and told him

that Allah would reward him! Later
on, after they had had time to think it
all out for themselves—being some-
what slow of comprehension—they
sought out James Brood and offered to
accept all the blame for having loaded
the revolver without consulting him,
their object having been to destroy a
cat that infested the alley hard by.
They felt that it was absolutely neces-
sary to account for the presence of
the unexploded cartridge.

Brood, coming between them, laid
his hands on their shoulders, shaking
his head as he spoke to them gently.

"Thank you, old pals. I understand
what it is you are trying to do. It's no
use. I fired the shot. It isn't neces-
sary to say anything more to you, I'm
sure, except that, as God is my wit-
ness, I did not intend the bullet for
Frederic. It was an accident in that
respect. Thank you for what you would
do. It isn't necessary, old pals. The
story that Ranjab tells must stand for
the time being. Later on—well, I may
write my own story and give it to the
world."

"Write it?" said Mr. Dawes, and
Brood nodded his head slowly, signifi-
cantly.

"Oh, Jim, you—you mustn't do that!"
groaned Mr. Dawes, appalled. "You
ain't such a coward as to do that."

"There was one bullet left in the re-
volver. Ranjab advised me to save it
—for myself. He's a thoughtful fel-
low," said Brood. "It has been re-
moved, of course, but—"

"Jim," said Mr. Riggs, squaring him-
self, "it's too bad that you didn't hit
what you shot at."

"Jim," interrupted Mr. Riggs, ignor-
ing his comrade, "I see she's going to
nurse Freddy. Well, sir, if I was you,
I'd—"

Brood stopped him with an im-
patient gesture. "I must ask you not to
discuss Mrs. Brood, Joe—or you, Dan."

"I was just going to say, Jim, that if
I was you I'd thank the Lord that she's
going to do it," substituted Mr. Riggs,
somewhat hastily. "She's a wonder-
ful nurse. She told me a bit ago that
she was going to save his life in spite
of the doctor."

"What does Doctor Hodder say?" de-
manded Brood, pausing in his restless
pacing of the floor.

"He says the poor boy is as good as
dead," said Mr. Riggs.

"Ain't got a chance in a million,"
said Mr. Dawes.

(To be continued.)

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The Great English Remedy,
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Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despon-
dency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the
Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, 25
cts. for 5c. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all
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MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 1

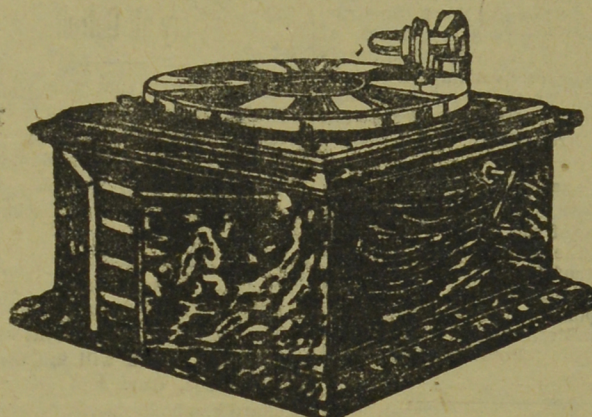


Miss Stenographer

says: "I'm certainly one
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I did not find it hard to pay for—the
terms were so easy, and believe me
the pleasure we get after the continual
rattle of the keys all day is a life-saver.
Some of the new dance records are
simply grand—my latest is 'Cecile and
Millicent Waltz.' You can buy the
very finest dance records double-sided
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their good times for we have them ourselves
and our dances are a delight."



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Phonograph has just arrived.

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as the supply is limited and likely to be sold out in
a few days.

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