

**DR. J. B. CROCKER,**  
DENTIST  
OFFICE, KITCHEN BUILDING,  
Opposite Post Office.  
TELEPHONES:  
Office—419-11. House—57-41

**DR. GERRARD,**  
DENTIST  
Years' London, England,  
Experience.  
KING STREET, OPPOSITE BOYLE'S  
PHONES—Office, 574; House 2600-41.

**W. J. IRVINE,**  
DENTAL SURGEON,  
Opp. Soldier's Barracks and Next Door  
to Bank of N. S. Buildings.  
Queen Street.  
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.;  
2 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
PHONE—338-11

**DR. L. R. DAVISON,**  
DENTAL SURGEON  
Graduate of R. C. D. S., Toronto, Ont.  
OFFICE: Inches Building, Queen St.,  
Lately Occupied by Capt.  
F. W. Barbour.  
Telephone 261-21.

**J. A. McADAM,**  
UNDERTAKER  
REGENT STREET  
Best and Most Modern Funeral  
Equipment in the City.  
Residence Telephone . . . . . 70-41  
Business Telephone . . . . . 115-41

**Harry R. Adams**  
SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE  
**JOHN G. ADAMS**  
Undertaker  
610 Queen Street  
Phone or telegraph orders shipped  
on all trains or boats on short notice.

THE WINTER TERM OF THE  
**FREDERICTON**  
**BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
Will Open on MONDAY, January 8,  
1917. Begin today to prepare for a  
good paying position by getting infor-  
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  
**H. L. ROGERS**  
And Have Them done in First Class  
Style—"THE OLD MADE NEW."  
83 REGENT STREET.

**Colonial Inn**  
OPPOSITE LEMONT & SONS  
Boarders can be accommodated  
with large pleasant rooms with  
modern conveniences. Home com-  
forts, also special rates to table  
boarders.

**MRS. DUNBAR** QUEEN STREET  
FOR SALE  
Two Double and Two Single Houses  
in centre of St. Marys. A chance for  
a good investment or a nice home.  
**CLARENCE L. SYPHER,**  
REAL ESTATE. INSURANCE  
Residence, 603 Regent Street.  
Phone 524-21.

**Crumped Oats**  
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 in the crumping of oats, as  
well as in grinding of wheat, buck-  
wheat, barley, etc.  
Quick returns and satisfaction guar-  
anteed.  
**F. H. EVERETT**  
Alderson Street, near C. P. R. Station,  
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 Argyll 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.

**CLASSIFIED**  
**ADVERTISEMENTS**  
Rates for Classified Advertising.  
1 insertion . . . . . \$0.25  
3 insertions . . . . . .60  
6 insertions . . . . . 1.00  
1 month . . . . . 3.00

**FOR SALE**  
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 308-32.

**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 Bruns-  
wick street, Fredericton. It includes  
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 tf

**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 orga-  
nized 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  
seeking employment residing there-  
in are requested to notify the secretary  
JUDGE WILSON,  
T. C. ALLEN, Secretary,  
Chairman.

## BLACK IS WHITE

CHAPTER XVI—Brood tells Frederic  
the story of his dead wife and the music  
master. Yvonne tells Brood he has struck  
a man sleeping, and that his own heart  
needs breaking.

CHAPTER XVII—Yvonne goes to Fred-  
eric in the jade-room and asks him to go  
away with her. He refuses. She taunts  
then tempts him. Brood comes through  
the doorway. Ranjab behind him.

CHAPTER XVIII—Brood shoots at  
Yvonne and wounds Frederic. Yvonne  
commands the situation. Brood thinks  
she is his dead wife, and Ranjab says he  
sees the dead in her eyes.

CHAPTER XIX—Ranjab takes the  
blame for the accidental shooting and  
tells Brood that Yvonne is 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 Brood 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 wireless comes from him, calling her  
to him, but she tells Briggs and Davies  
shall not go to him. "He will  
come to me." "Send him a cable  
saying . . . I cannot come to him."

"God, no—he can't be dead! I have  
not killed him. He shall not die—he  
shall not!" Flinging the Hindu aside,  
he threw himself down beside the body  
on the floor. The revolver was in his  
hand, was caught in the nimble  
hand of the Hindu, who took two long  
swift strides toward the woman who  
now faced him instead of her husband.  
There was a great light in his eyes as  
he stood over her and she saw death  
staring out upon her.

But she did not quail. She was past  
all that. She looked straight into his  
eyes for an instant and then, as if  
putting him out of her thoughts entire-  
ly, turned slowly toward the two men  
on the floor. The man half raised the  
pistol, but something stayed his hand  
—something stronger than any mere  
physical opposition could have done.

He glared at the half-averted face,  
confounded by the most extraordinary  
impression that ever had entered his  
incomprehensible brain. Something  
strange and wonderful was transpir-  
ing before his very eyes—something  
so marvellous that even he, mysteri-  
ous seer of the Ganges, was stunned  
into complete amazement and unbelief.  
That strange, uncanny intelligence of  
his, born of a thousand mysteries, was  
being tried beyond all previous exac-  
tions. It was as if he now saw this  
woman for the first time—as if he had  
never looked upon her face before. A  
mist appeared to envelop her and  
through this veil he saw a face that  
was new to him—the face of Yvonne  
and yet not hers at all. Absolute won-  
der crept into his eyes.

As if impelled by the power of his  
gaze, she faced him once more. For  
what seemed hours to him, but in  
reality only seconds, his searching  
eyes looked deep into hers. He saw  
at last the soul of this woman and it  
was not the soul he had known as hers  
up to that tremendous moment. And  
he came to know that she was no  
longer afraid of him or his power.  
His hand was lowered, his eyes fell  
and his lips moved but there were no  
words, for he addressed a spirit. All  
the venom, all the hatred fled from his  
soul. His knee bent in sudden submis-  
sion, and his eyes were raised to hers  
once more, but now in their somber  
depths was the fidelity of the dog!  
"Go at once," she said, and her voice  
was as clear as a bell.

He shot a swift glance at the pro-  
strate Frederic and straightened his  
tall figure as would a soldier under  
orders. His understanding gaze  
sought hers again. There was another  
command in her eyes. He placed the  
weapon on the table. It had been a dis-  
tinct command to him.

"One of us will use it," she said  
monotonously. "Go!"

With incredible swiftness he was  
gone. The curtains barely moved as  
he passed between them and the heavy  
door made no sound in opening and  
closing. There was no one in the hall.  
The sound of the shot had not gone  
beyond the thick walls of that pro-  
scribed room on the top floor. Some-  
where at the rear of the house an in-  
distinct voice was uttering a jumbled  
stream of French.

Many minutes passed. There was  
not a movement in the room. Brood,  
beside the outstretched figure of his  
unintended victim, was staring at the  
praying face with wide, unblinking  
eyes. He looked at last upon the fea-  
tures that he had searched for in  
vain through all the sullen years.  
There was blood on his hands and on  
his cheek, for he had listened at first for  
the beat of the heart. Afterward his  
agonized gaze had gone to the blood-  
less face. There it was arrested. A  
dumb wonder possessed his soul. He  
knew there petrified by the shock of  
discovery. In the dim light he no  
longer saw the features of Matilde, but  
his own, and his heart was still. In  
that revealing moment he realized that  
he had never seen anything in Fred-  
eric's countenance save the dark,  
never-to-be-forgotten eyes—and they  
were his Matilde's. Now those eyes  
were closed. He could not see them,  
and the blindness was struck from his  
own. He had always looked into the  
boy's eyes—he had never been able to  
seek farther than those haunting, in-

quiring eyes—but now he saw the  
lean, strong jaw, and the firm chin,  
the straight nose and the broad fore-  
head—and none of these were Ma-  
tilde's! These were the features of a  
man—and of but one man. He was see-  
ing himself as he was when he looked  
into his mirror at twenty-one!

All these years he had been blind,  
all these years he had gone on curs-  
ing his own image. In that overpower-  
ing thought came the realization that  
it was too late for him to atone. His  
mind slowly struggled out of thrall  
that held it stupefied. He was looking  
at his own face—dead! He would look  
like that! Matilde was gone forever—  
the eyes were closed—but he was  
there, going gray and grayer of face  
all the time.

He had forgotten the woman. She  
was standing just beyond the body  
that stretched itself between them.  
Her hands were clasped against her  
breast and her eyes were lifted heaven-  
ward. She had not moved throughout  
that age of oblivion.

He saw her and suddenly became  
rigid. Slowly he sank back, his eyes  
distended, his jaw dropping. He put  
out a hand and saved himself from  
falling, but his eyes never left the  
face of the woman who prayed—whose  
whole being was the material repre-  
sentation of prayer. But it was not  
Yvonne, his wife, that he saw standing  
there. It was another—Matilde!  
"My God, Matilde—Matilde! For-  
give! Forgive!"

Slowly her eyes were lowered until  
they fell full upon his stricken face.  
"Am I going mad?" he whispered  
hoarsely. As he stared, the delicate  
wan face of Matilde began to fade and  
he again saw the brilliant, undimmed  
features of Yvonne. "God in heaven,  
it was Matilde! What accursed trick  
of—"

He sprang to his feet and advanced  
upon her, actually stepping across the  
body of his son in his reckless haste.  
For many seconds they stood with  
their faces close together, he staring  
wildly, she with a dull look of agony  
in her eyes, but unflinching. What he  
saw caused an icy chill to sweep  
through his tense body, and a sickness  
to enter his soul. He shrank back.

"Who—who are you?" he cried out  
in sudden terror. He felt the presence  
of Matilde. He could have stretched  
out his hand and touched her, so real,  
so vivid was the belief that she was  
actually there before him. "Matilde  
was here—I saw her, before God, I saw  
her. And—now it is you! She is  
still here. I can feel her hand touch-  
ing mine—I can feel—no, again. I—  
I—"

The cold, lifeless voice of Yvonne  
was speaking to him, huskier than ever  
before.

"Matilde has been here. She has  
always been with him. She is always  
near you, James Brood."

"What—are—you—saying?" he  
gasped.

She turned wearily away and pointed  
to the weapon on the table.

"Who is to use it, you or I?"

He opened his mouth but uttered no  
sound. His power of speech was gone.

She went on in a deadly monotone.  
"You intended the bullet for me. It is  
not too late. Kill me, if you will. I  
give you the first chance—take it, for  
if you do not I shall take mine."

"I—I cannot kill you—I cannot kill  
the woman who stood where you are  
standing a moment ago. Matilde was  
there! She was alive, do you hear

(To be continued.)

**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  
for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all  
druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of  
one. Non-proprietary medicine. THE WOOD  
MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Widdowson.)

THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 2

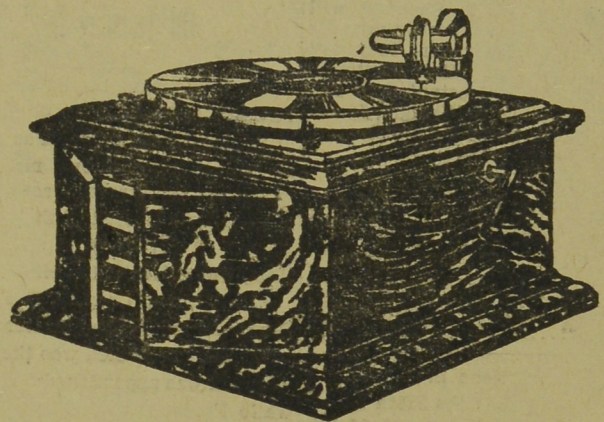


## Miss Stenographer

says: "I'm certainly one  
happy girl since the Vic-  
trola came to our house.

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  
for only 90 cents.

"None of my friends can talk to me now about  
their good times for we have them ourselves  
and our dances are a delight."



**Victrola VI \$33.50**

With 15 ten-inch double-sided Victor Records (34 selections,  
year's own choice) \$47.00

Sold on easy terms, if desired.

Other Victrolas from \$21 to \$255 (on easy  
payments, if desired) at any "His Master's Voice"  
dealer in any town or city in Canada. Write for  
free copy of our 450-page Musical Encyclopedia  
listing over 6000 Victor Records.

**BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE CO.**  
LIMITED

168 Lenoir Street, Montreal

DEALERS IN EVERY TOWN AND CITY

Be sure and look for this trade mark.  
Victor Records—Made in Canada—Patronize Home Products

Sold by McMurray Book and Stationery Co., Ltd

## FURS! FURS!

NO NEED TO SUFFER WITH THE COLD when FUR COATS  
can be bought at such low prices from us.

WE HAVE REAL GOOD FUR COATS FOR MEN, none better  
to wear.

SOME GOOD VALUES IN LADIES' COATS. LADIES' NECK  
FURS AT BARGAIN PRICES.

**J. Clark & Son Ltd.**  
Corner York and King Streets

## JUST OPENED! The Stewart Phonograph Improved Model 8.50

The first shipment of the new model Stewart  
Phonograph has just arrived.

Place your order early for one of these machines  
as the supply is limited and likely to be sold out in  
a few days.

HEADQUARTERS FOR VICTOR GRAMOPHONES AND RECORDS

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