

AUCTION!

I am instructed by Miss O'Connor to sell by auction at her residence, 478 King street, on **THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Dec. 12th and 13th**, all articles remaining unsold from private sale. Some splendid antique mahogany furniture, including antique four-posted bed, bedroom suites, etc., carpets, mattresses, pillows, pictures, framed and unframed, and many other articles, which would make splendid Christmas presents.

ARCHIE MacDIARMID, Auctioneer.

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WANTED—Books and magazines for distribution to returned soldiers en route home, in the Military Hospitals or going overseas. Telephone Mr. A. Murray, care of A. Murray & Co. Tel. No. 159, or leave at store for Military Y. M. C. A.

FARM FOR SALE

The Department of Agriculture wishes to publish a more complete list of farms for sale during the coming winter. All persons having improved farms for sale are requested to communicate with the Superintendent of Immigration, 108 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Prepare for Winter

The undersigned G. W. Holmes, now having some leisure on his hands, is in a position to give prompt attention to odd jobs of mason work, such as topping chimneys and fixing walls and ceilings. I keep stock always on hand and will give all orders prompt attention.

G. W. HOLMES,
192 Northumberland Street, City.

100 YEARS

and more, people with chest and throat troubles have tried to cure them by pouring cough syrups, lung tonics and the like into their stomachs. All a mistake! The Peps way is different.

Peps are tablets made up of Pine extracts and medicinal essences, which when put into the mouth turn into healing vapors. These are breathed down direct to the lungs, throat and bronchial tubes—not swallowed down to the stomach, which is not ailing. Try a 50c. box of Peps for your cold, your cough, bronchitis or asthma. All druggists and stores or Peps Co., Toronto, will supply

Peps**LOVE STUFF ONE OF THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE**

(Chicago News)

"Where do you get all this stuff about falling in love?" inquired the youthful innocent of the worldly old sinner. "Why do they call it falling? Any one would think it was like slipping on a banana peeling."

"People seem to have the idea that all you can do is stroll around and wait until he hits you, like folks at a meeting waiting for the spirit to move them to speak. But lots of times it doesn't strike. Old friends living next door, or having adjoining estates, stick a couple of youngsters together or send them out for a walk in the springtime without getting any results at all. But another fellow comes along, and, bingo! hey hit the pitfall and are trapped. Why is it?"

"My son," replied the hardened old sinner, "love isn't as haphazard as you think. But if it is haphazard, it ought to be a lot more haphazard than it is."

"Take for instance, that red haired girl from the mailing department who has been calling you up by phone for a joke and who contrived to meet you last week and who has had occasion to hang around your desk two or three times lately. If you fall in love with her there will be nothing haphazard about it."

"That kind of girl is good at making fellows fall in love, and it always turns out bad for the fellow. The girls that run after you are invariably fickle and they are sure to be running after some other fellow later."

"Did any of them ever put anything like that over on you?" asked the innocent young man.

"Lots of 'em," responded the hardened old sinner. "But I don't suppose it did me any great amount of harm, because I never married any of 'em, or even flirted with 'em very long. But every now and then that kind of girl does put it over and land a fellow, to his everlasting sorrow."

"How can you tell when a girl is running after you?" inquired the innocent young man.

"You can't. That's the trouble. Unless some outsider tells you about it, you never know what's being done to you. Sometimes you even think you're running after the girl."

"Then what shall I do?" inquired the innocent youth. "Shall I avoid this red headed girl or not?"

"Avoiding does no good," replied the hardened sinner. "It only makes them run after you the more. It's only when they get tired of you that they release you. A man has little chance to escape once the woman starts the game."

TO CENTRAL.

That time you were so slow
And I did twit you,
Central I could not know
The flu had hit you.
Shame on me, malcontent,
Jiggling the instrument!
Hearing your distant sneeze
Filled with pity;
Take, Central, if you please,
This little ditty.
Still gripped by influenza,
Clutch at this kind cadenza.
For, as you convalesce,
I will relapse, I guess.

INDEPENDENT

"Are you married?" asked the landlord to the prospective porter.
"No," replied this dusky person. "Ah earns mah own livin'."



Wood's Phosphatine.
The Great English Remedy.
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures nervous debility, mental worry, 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 mail 1 lb. plain pkg. on rec'd of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly, Wills & Co.)

WHEN THE REDSKIN MET THE PRUSSIAN GUARD

Company of "Millionaire" Indians Routed the Kaiser's Crack Troops in the Champagne—Germans Ran to Save Their Scalps—Indians Reverted to Typical Tactics and were as Cool and Fearless as if Hunting Deer.

(New York Sun)

Some original Americans met the Germans in the Champagne and the Huns found the redskins not a whit less stubborn than their paler brother Americans. In fact the members of the Prussian Guard concerned—those that escaped—probably will go back to Berlin with the story that American Indians are even less "straffable" than the regular sort of Yankee.

Relating the story of this brush the Stars and Stripes says:

It was the Prussian Guard against the American Indian on the morning of Oct. 8 in the hills of Champagne. When it was all over, after the wire protected slopes had been trampled as though they were no more than bramble patches of thorny and leafless berry bushes, and there were no more German gunners left in the earth banked machine gun nests, the Prussian Guards were further on their way back toward the Aisne and going fast, and warriors of thirteen Indian tribes looked down on the town of St. Etienne.

The Indians—one company of them—were fighting with the Thirty-sixth Division, made up of Texas and Oklahoma rangers and oil men for the most part, and with the French this division was pushing away the German menace to Rheims.

"The Millionaire Company" was the title that followed the Indians from Camp Bowie and there followed them a legendary of \$1 checks cashed by Indian buck privates, of buck privates who used to spend their hours or pass in twelve cylinder motor cars, of a football team that was full of Carlisle stars and had won a camp championship.

It was a company full of names that were the despair of the regimental paymaster, who never could keep track of Big Bear, Rainbow Blanket, Bacon Rind, Hohemanatubbe and the 246 other original dialect pronunciations of literal translations. In the company were Creeks and Sioux, Seminoles, Apaches, Wyandottes, Choc-

taws, Iroquois and Mohawks, all of the old James Fenimore Cooper favorites.

Collectively they owned many square miles of the richest oil and mineral lands of Oklahoma, and back home there were thousands of dollars in royalties piling up ever day for the buying of Liberty bonds.

It was a genuine surprise for the Prussian Guard when they found themselves facing this species of American fighter. Intelligence summaries failed to tell anything about them but there were certain Guards who remembered that American Redskins in previous wars had been chiefly distinguished by scalping the enemy, and wearing paint on their faces.

So it happened that when the end of the fight was nearing Prussian Guards could be seen rushing over the hilltops, casting away their rifles, knapsacks, canteens—sacrificing everything for speed.

The Indians had as their first task the reduction of a group of machine gun nests on a slope. They came out of a forest in true woodsmen style and dodged into shell holes that looked up to where the enemy was entrenched.

Then they reverted to typical Indian tactics, showing almost utter contempt for the enemy's machine gun fire, lifting their heads above the rims of the shell holes intent only on one thing—searching with their keen eyes for the exact spots from which the enemy was firing.

Having sighted these points they slung their rifles over the tops of the holes and fired deliberately and as coolly as if they were shooting at deer. In their first hours of battle the Indians encircled and took almost a dozen strong machine gun positions. They did this in spite of strong German shell fire.

NOTHING WRONG

Young Andrews had called upon the young lady of the family. Her little brother Willie came in and offered Andrews a piece of sticky candy. Andrews wanted to make a friend of Willie so he took it and ate it. Willie watched the eating intently, and when it was all finished he said: "Was it all right?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Andrews "Very nice, in fact."

"That's funny," thoughtfully said Willie. "My cat spit it out once and my dog spit it out twice."

You Can't Find Any Dandruff, and Hair Stops Coming Out

Save your hair! Make it thick, wavy, glossy and beautiful at once.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment. A small bottle will double the beauty of your hair.

CAN'T DREAM LONG

I love to sit and dream in fall
Romantic things
Of creepers crimson on the wall
And grapevine swings.
Prosaic problems I abhor
But bless my soul
I must get out and hustle for
My winter coal.

To remove creases from velvet, stretch the cloth over a smooth board and hold the creased portion over the escaping steam from the tea kettle.

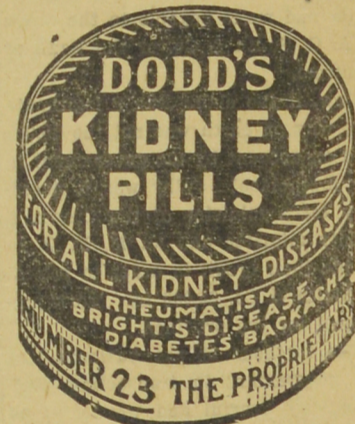
A widow's veil doesn't really give a woman any special charm; it only makes men think that she must have some.

Wherever he may go, that Hohenzollern person will be about as welcome as an attack of the Spanish influenza with complications.

After all, the great war has brought nothing new. There were bolsheviks in ancient Babylon. And Cain probably hated his brother because Abel was bourgeois.

One reason it is so difficult for a woman to keep a secret is because her husband is anxious to hear all the gossip.

Did Ludendorff, Germany's first quartermaster general, quit the country because supplies were low?

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SHOE PACKS

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Palmer's

"Moose Head Brand"

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