



**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
**Mothers Know That**  
**Genuine Castoria**  
**Always**  
**Bears the**  
**Signature**  
**of**  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
**In**  
**Use**  
**For Over**  
**Thirty Years**  
**CASTORIA**  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## CELESTIAL CAFE

75 Regent Street. STERLING F. LINT, Prop.

Lunches Served at All Hours  
MEAL TICKETS FOR SALE  
EVERYTHING IN SEASON

## NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING IS THE BEST

ALL THE BEST AUTHORITIES AGREE that the most profitable form of advertising is through the daily newspapers. People who have goods to sell must get the fact to the public the quickest and surest way. Local advertisers show their confidence in the Mail and we have every reason to boast that our advertising service is reliable and valuable. A word to the wise.

### DENTISTS

**DR. J. B. CROCKER,**  
**DENTIST**

FREDERICTON - N. B.

#### TELEPHONES

Residence 349-41  
Office 419-11

**DR. GERRARD,**  
**DENTIST**

571 King St., - Fredericton

'Phone :

Office 574 Residence 786

**W. J. IRVINE,**  
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Opp. Soldiers' Barracks and Next Door  
to Bank of N. S. Building,  
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OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.  
2 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
'Phone—338-11.

**DR. G. R. LISTER,**  
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Tel. 232-41. Burchill-Wilkinson Bldg.  
Below Regent

**J. A. McADAM,**  
**UNDERTAKER**

Best and Most Modern Funerals  
Equipment in the City.

Residence Telephone 70-41  
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### YORK HOTEL

S. HOWARD YOUNG, Proprietor  
Cor. Westmorland and King Streets  
Good accommodation and service.  
Coach and Auto Service to all trains  
and boats. Stable in connection.

**CLOTHES CLEANED**

For Ladies and Gentlemen.  
**W. E. SEERY**  
George Street  
DRESSED and REPAIRED

### BARRISTERS

**E. ALLISON MACKAY**  
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#### INSURANCE

CHESTNUT BUILDING,  
FREDERICTON, - N. B.

**J. BACON DICKSON,**  
**LL. B.,**  
**BARRISTER, ETC.**

632 Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.  
'Phone 561. Box 863.

**F. M. O'NEILL, LL. B.**

**BARRISTER, NOTARY, ETC.,**  
**Insurance**

N. B. TELEPHONE BUILDING,  
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#### Cook's Cotton Root Compound

2-yr. reliable remedy for  
coughs, colds, croup, whooping  
cough, etc. Sold in three de-  
grees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3.  
No. 2, 3¢; No. 3, 4¢ per box.  
Sold by all druggists, or sent  
prepaid on receipt of price.  
Free pamphlet. Address:  
**THE COOK MEDICINE CO.,**  
TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

FOR SALE—\$2,500 buys 280 acre farm,  
comfortable house, two barns, machin-  
ery building, six acres intervals, one  
mile Zealand. Owner dead. Apply 96  
Carleton street, Fredericton, or 'phone  
778.

FOR SALE—Second-hand Crown Jew-  
el Stove, but little used; hot water  
tank in connection; will be sold at a  
bargain. Apply at the Mail Office.

### NEWS AGENTS IN CITY.

THE DAILY MAIL IS ON SALE  
In the City of Fredericton at the  
places of business of the follow-  
ing:

D. LENIHAN, 522 King St.  
D. H. CROWLEY, 612 Queen St.  
MISS QUINN, 147 Westmorland  
St.

ALONZO STAPLES, 100 York St.  
E. A. EARDLEY, 704 King St.  
A. J. HANLON, 83 Regent Street.

### OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

#### YOUR MANNERS.

It is Correct

For a gentleman at a dance to ask  
the hostess' daughter for at least one  
dance.

For a gentleman at a dance where  
the hostess or her daughter are en-  
tertaining a house guest, to dance  
with the latter.

For a gentleman at a dance to  
dance with all young ladies who assist  
the hostess' daughter in receiving.

When a lady desires to stop dan-  
cing before the number is finished, for  
her partner to remain with her until  
the music stops.

For a gentleman who has just been  
presented to a lady at a dance to re-  
quest a number and then withdraw  
if he wishes.

It is Not Correct.

For a lady who has an engagement  
to place herself at the beginning of  
it where her partner will have diffi-  
culty in finding her.

For a gentleman to leave a lady  
standing alone on a ball room floor.

For a gentleman to leave a dance  
without excusing himself to all ladies  
with whom he has dances engaged.

For a gentleman dancing with a  
lady to embarrass her by an embrace  
which might be objectionable.

For a gentleman dancing with a  
lady to allow other couples to collide  
with her.

#### BLOUSE STYLES.

Blouses for the season are of crepe  
de chine and georgette both the reg-  
ular blouse and the slip-overs, and  
with fillet lace in the trimming. The  
report of the revival of Irish lace is  
said to be improbable because of the  
difficulty of obtaining it. Practically  
all the fillet lace now comes from  
China and there is an unending source  
to draw upon for the material. Owing  
to the decorative and wearing qual-  
ities of the fillet it is likely to be pop-  
ular for a good time to come.

#### COMPLEXION HINTS.

The woman who wishes to keep her  
skin in condition should not allow it  
to become dry. Never go out in the  
sun as the sun has a drying effect  
on the skin. The face, neck and arms  
should be gone over every once in a  
while with a piece of lemon. Don't  
wipe it off but let it dry on the face.  
Then wipe off with a little cold cream.

One of the very best things for  
whitening the skin is buttermilk, ap-  
plied at night with a soft cloth or a  
silk sponge. Dip the cloth in the but-  
termilk and pat the face, neck and  
arms. Wash it off in the morning. This  
should be done every other night for  
a while and then when it seems neces-  
sary.

The juice of one lemon may be beat-  
en in with any good cold cream and  
then used on the face. Lemons ground  
up very fine, skins and all, and then  
added to a little cold cream are also  
good to keep the skin white and in  
good condition. Of course the lemon  
must be ground very fine so as to be  
able to beat it into the cream. Don't  
wipe it off until the next morning.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The vinegar in which pickles have  
been preserved is excellent to use in  
salad dressing.

Very good wash cloths are made  
from white stockings cut open and  
their edges crocheted.

Hot sliced tongue served with boil-  
ed rice and glazed carrots make a  
good one-dish meal.

If pearl buttons have been spoiled  
in the laundry, rub with olive oil and  
polish with flannel.

The guest chest should contain a  
night gown, a bathrobe, slippers and  
even a new toothbrush.

Make white collars and cuffs separ-  
ate from wash dresses, so that the  
color will not run into them.

#### SPHINXOLOGY.

In silence sits the chiseled sphinx  
And people wonder what it thinks,  
Although it has a head of stone  
Instead of merely one of bone.

Many people are good at making ex-  
cuses because they began at an early  
age and have kept in practice ever  
since.

### IF STRENGTH DECLINES AS AGE ADVANCES, FOLLOW THIS SUGGESTION

So many women grow old before  
their time, perhaps your wife or sis-  
ter. A little while ago, buoyant, full  
of vigor and activity—she enjoyed life  
and imparted pleasure to the whole  
family; but now in a few short years  
she has faded and lost color and  
strength. She is just ready to develop  
some disease that will further weaken  
and debilitate. You remember how it  
began, failure of appetite, tired in the  
morning, found housework burden-  
some, always nervous and a little ir-  
ritable. It's a shame to let her go  
down hill further when you can build  
her up so quickly with Ferrozone. The  
change this nourishing tonic makes in  
a weak woman is surprising. It gives  
great zest for food, increases appetite  
and digestion enormously. The blood  
gets richer and stronger and adds new  
life to every organ in the body. A re-  
building process works through the  
entire system. The first week will  
show an improvement and a month or  
two will fatten up the thinnest, most  
run-down woman you can think of.  
Take Ferrozone for lost color, for ner-  
vousness, for weakness,—use it when  
run-down and feeling poorly—it will  
do you more lasting good, keep you in  
better health, than anything else. Just  
as good for men and children, too, be-  
cause Ferrozone is harmless and safe,  
50c. per box or six for \$2.50, at all  
dealers, or direct by mail from the  
Cattaraugus Co., Kingston, Ont.

### LAST WORD IN FASHIONS FOR WOMEN

(Cross Atlantic Newspaper Service.)

London, Nov. 5.—By Mail—Why  
are thin, angular women the rage at  
one time, and small, plump, round-  
faced, innocent-eyed damsels at an-  
other?

Artists have always inspired wom-  
en to a change of appearance. The  
Venus of Milo and the art of Phidias  
and Praxiteles probably made the  
dressmakers and hairdressers of an-  
cient Greece do the best they could  
with impossible customers. No woman  
of her own accord could have dream-  
ed of looking like a Botticelli. You can  
trace the smooth banded hair of Mid-  
Victorian days (a fashion resuscitated  
since— to the adoration of Raphael,  
just as we owed to Burne-Jones the  
elongated lady with soulful, lack-lus-  
tre eyes; to Millais, the open-eyed  
damsel; and to Alma Tadema, the  
pseudo-classical ladies of every sub-  
urban dance. All these were to be  
seen in London society a decade or so  
ago. Then there were the statuesque  
women of Du Maurier. Every woman  
who could looked like one of his  
drawings.

Sometimes, of course, a famous wo-  
man will set a fashion, but in her turn  
she has generally been inspired by an  
artist. Of recent years Bakst and the  
Russian ballet have evoked the at-  
tenuated lady with the lure of strange  
angularity and a love of violent color.  
As to fashions in dress, there is no-  
thing new under the sun.

This is being written beneath the  
portrait of a lady who is represented  
as wearing a low dress in the day-  
time. It is not cut low enough to show  
a bare back of the vogue now passing  
but it is quite low enough to excite  
American bishops to a protest. The  
dress is actually slipping from the  
shoulders—and in broad sunlight too.  
It is not the picture of a shameless  
baggage, but of a dignified mother  
seventy years ago—a Madonna in a  
low morning dress.

Some women are so modest that  
they won't even own up to their faults.  
No girl ever stammered so badly that  
she couldn't say "Yes" almost instan-  
taneously.

### BOILS SO BAD HAD TO GIVE UP WORK

From the days of Job up to the pre-  
sent time, boils have been one of the  
afflictions of the human race.

All the poulticing and lancing you  
may do will not prevent them from  
breaking out again.

Boils are simply caused by the bad  
blood bursting out; and the bad blood  
must be made pure before the boils  
will disappear.

Burdock Blood Bitters, which has  
been on the market for over forty  
years, is well known as the greatest  
blood medicine procurable.

It purifies the blood by removing  
every particle of foul matter from the  
system and when this is done the boils  
vanish and you should never be trou-  
bled again.

Mr. James Fahey, Newport Island,  
Que., writes: "I was troubled with  
boils on my back and neck, so bad that  
I was obliged to give up work. I tried  
several remedies, but got no relief.  
Finally I went to a doctor and he  
treated me for several weeks, and all  
without benefit. At last a friend told  
me of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I de-  
cided to give it a trial. I got three  
bottles, but before I had taken two  
the boils were all gone. It is eight  
months now, and I have had no return  
of the old trouble, and have never felt  
so well."

B. B. B. is put up only by The T.  
Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

### A LITERARY CHAR-WOMAN

(Cross Atlantic Newspaper Service.)

London, Oct. 25.—By Mail—Follow-  
ing Little Daisy Ashford with her  
"Young Visitors" and six-years-old  
Opal Whiteley with her diary, comes  
the literary charwoman of Bayswater  
London.

A tall, gaunt, woman of sixty, who,  
with the modesty of many notable  
literary folk, demands that her iden-  
tity be concealed, this bookworm of  
Bayswater reads a book a day and  
acts as a collaborator to her employ-  
er who is a busy reviewer.

She opened the door to a reporter  
who called to interview her yester-  
day but promptly disappeared, and  
details had to be supplied by the re-  
viewer. She insists upon being given  
a book to read every day. Some time  
ago she declared she would not stay  
if this were not done.

"No trash will do," said her employ-  
er. "I have a weakness for detective  
stories, but I dare not offer them to  
her. We have given her Tolstoy and  
Tchekoff. Thomas Hardy she likes,

### "Diamond Dyes" Take No Other

Don't Spoil or Streak Material  
in a Poor Dye

Each package of "Diamond Dyes"  
contains directions so simple that any  
woman can diamond-dye a new, rich,  
fadeless color into worn, shabby gar-  
ments, draperies, coverings, whether  
wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed  
goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind  
—then perfect results are guaranteed  
even if you have never dyed before.

though she considers him too "peet-  
smistic."

"It is my lot to review a certain  
number of books. I find that I can't  
do better than hand them to her. Her  
judgment is always sound, and is  
swayed by no weight of a name or  
popularity."

One day Bayswater's literary char-  
woman was reading "Beauly" by H. G.  
Wells. The next she was busy with E.  
F. Benson's "New Dodo."

### STUDENTS' RESIDENCES

(By Stephen Leacock.)

When I was a  
student at the  
University of To-  
ronto thirty years  
ago, I lived, from  
start to finish,—  
in seventeen dif-  
ferent boarding  
houses. As far as  
I am aware these  
houses have not,  
or not yet, been  
marked with tab-  
lets. But they are  
all still to be found  
in the vicinity of  
of McCaul and  
Darcy, and St.  
Patrick Streets.  
Anyone who  
doubts the truth  
of what I have to  
say may go and  
look at them.

I was not alone  
in the nomadic  
life that I led.  
There were hun-  
dreds of us drift-  
ing about in this  
fashion from one  
melancholy habi-  
tation to another.  
We lived as a rule  
two or three in a  
house, sometimes  
alone. We dined in  
the basement. We  
always had beef,  
on the table. They used to have a brand of soda biscuits in those days be-  
fore Toronto boarding houses that I have not seen since. They were better  
than dog biscuits but with not so much snap. My contemporaries will all  
remember them. A great many of the leading barristers and professional  
men of Toronto were fed on them.

In the life we led we had practically no opportunities for association  
on a large scale, no common rooms, no reading rooms, nothing. We never  
saw the magazines,—personally I didn't even know the names of them.  
The only interchange of ideas we ever got was by going over to the Caes  
Howell Hotel on University Avenue and interchanging them there.

I mention these melancholy details not for their own sake but merely  
to emphasize the point that when I speak of students' dormitories, and the  
larger life which they offer, I speak of what I know.

If we had had at Toronto, when I was a student, the kind of dormi-  
tories and dormitory life that they have at Harvard, I don't think I would  
ever have graduated. I'd have been there still.

The trouble is that the Universities on our Continent are only just  
waking up to the idea of what a University should mean. They were  
very largely instituted and organized with the idea that a university was a  
place where young men were sent to absorb the contents of books and to  
listen to lectures in the classrooms. The student was pictured as a pallid  
creature, burning what was called the "midnight oil," his wan face bent  
over his desk. If you wanted to do something for him you gave him a  
book; if you wanted to do something really large on his behalf you gave  
him a whole basketful of them. If you wanted to go still further and be a  
real benefactor to the College at large, you endowed a competitive scholar-  
ship and set two or more pallid students working themselves to death  
to get it.

That, as I see it, was about the idea and theory of the Canadian Uni-  
versities as they used to be. In the course of time and through the plain  
teaching of circumstances, we have been getting away from that idea. We  
are beginning to see that the text book and the class room are but a part  
of the student's life. If they are taken by themselves, in undiluted doses,  
they probably do more harm than good. They not only injure the students'  
health but they impair his mind. True education cannot be achieved after  
this fashion, by shovelling in information. The most that this can ever  
give is erudition and pedantry, never capacity and genuine acquirement.  
The typical product of it is the college pedant possessed of a stomach-full  
of fact but with a mind the size of a peanut and the outlook of a child.

The real process of education consists (as the derivation of the word  
implies) in bringing out of the mind the inborn capacity that is in it. I  
think that Horace said something of this sort before. But there is no  
harm in saying it over again.

Since the melancholy days of which I speak, I have had the experience  
of nearly a quarter of a century of post graduate work and of university  
teaching. It is a noble profession, and with the continued aid of the  
Governors of McGill University, I hope to have another quarter of a century  
of it at least before I hang up my morrow board and sink into the arms of  
the trustees of the Carnegie Pension Fund. But as a college teacher I  
have long since realized that the most that the teacher, as such, can do  
for the student is a very limited matter. The real thing for the student  
is the life and environment that surrounds him. All that he really learns  
he learns, in a sense, by the active operation of his own intellect and not  
as the passive recipient of lectures. And for this active operation what  
he needs most is the continued and intimate contact with his fellows.  
Students must live together and eat together, talk and smoke together.  
Experience shows that that is how their minds really grow. And they  
must live together in a rational and comfortable way. They must eat in a  
big dining room or hall, with oak beams across the ceiling, and the stained  
glass in the windows and with a shield or tablet here and there upon the wall,  
to remind them between times of the men who went before them and left a  
name worthy of the memory of the college. If a student is to get from a  
College what it ought to give him, a college dormitory with the life in  
common that it brings, is his absolute right. A university that fails to  
give it to him is cheating him.

If I were founding a University,—and I say it with all the seriousness  
of which I am capable (just think of that), I would found first a smoking  
room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would found a dor-  
mitory; then after that, or more properly with that, a decent reading room  
and a library. After that, if I still had money over that I couldn't use, I  
would hire a professor and get some text books.

We are conducting a campaign,—just now to raise, or lift five million  
dollars for McGill University. I have a notion that we are going to get it.  
And it is the duty of those of us who are in the University to show to our  
generous friends outside what it is that we mean to do with it when  
we have it.

To my mind the greatest of all our needs is the building of college  
dormitories to supply to our students a wider college life than we can  
give them now. There is no nobler object of beneficence than this.  
There is no better way to perpetuate an honoured name or to cherish  
the memory of one who is lost than that the name and memory should  
be inscribed, cut deep in stone, over the gate-way of a College Dormitory  
at McGill.