

To our Numerous Customers and the Public
We invite all to call and examine our large
range of Clothes in all the latest shades. Fit-
Workmanship and Style cannot be surpassed.
If you get your suit made by us you will be
satisfied.

WALKER BROS.,
Importing Tailors
Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.

NEW WORK

is our specialty, and we are prepared
to use the newest and latest improv-
ed sanitary fixtures as soon as intro-
duced because we keep up with the
times.

Estimates for plumbing work in
new and old houses cheerfully given,
and carefully prepared. Only the best
work done at lowest prices.

D. J. SHEA, Carleton St.

DOMESTIC SANITARY ENGINEER

EDUCATIONAL

THE FALL TERM

— at —
FREDERICTON
The Business
W. J. OSBORNE
PRINCIPAL
COLLEGE.

opens on

**TUESDAY,
SEPTEMBER 2nd.**

If you have not already had a cata-
logue, send for one at once. Address,
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,
Fredericton, N. B.

UNDERTAKER

J. A. McAdam
UNDERTAKER

REGENT STREET

The best and most modern
Funeral Equipment in the city

Residence Telephone 70-41
Business Telephone—118-41

JOHN G. ADAMS

Is Conducting

**Undertaking
Business**

AT

610 QUEEN STREET
Phone 26-11

RESIDENCE

Phone 448-11

We Are Headquarters

— FOR —

**COLGATE'S TOILET
ARTICLES**

A full line of Talcum Powder al-
ways in stock.

The best Spring Medicines in the
market always on hand.

Soda Water and Oils our spec-
ialty.

STAPLES PHARMACY
York Street

CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

"No, no!" she answered. "I guess
if you folks come all the way from
Bayport I can stand it as fur's the
Center. But hurry all you can, won't
you? I'm kind of 'fraid of the
springs."

The widow's stop at the Atwood
house, which was in the immediate
rear of the Atwood store, was of a
half hour's duration. Bailey refused
to leave the seat of the sulky and sat
there, speaking to no one, not even
replying to the questions of a group
of loungers who gathered to inspect
the ancient vehicle and professed to
be in doubt as to whether it had been
washed in with the tide or been "left"
to him in a will.

At last Debby made her appear-
ance, her arms filled with newspa-
pers. The latter she piled under the
carriage seat and then climbed to her
former place beside the driver. Hen-
ry, in response to a slap from the
reins, got under way once more. The
axles squeaked and screamed.

"Gee!" cried one youngster from the
steps of the store. "It's the steam
callopie. When's the rest of the show
comin'?"

"Hi!" yelled another. "See how
close they're huddled up together.
Ain't they lovin'! It's a weddin'!"

"Shut up!" roared out the tortured
Bailey, whose hat had blown back
into the body of the sulky, leaving
his bald head exposed to the cutting
wind.

The audience begged him to give
them a look of his hair and added
other remarks of a personal nature
concerning the youth and beauty of the
bridal couple and their chariot. Mr.
Bangs was in a state of dumb frenzy.
Debby, who without her trumpet had
heard nothing of all this, was smiling
and garrulous.

"I found all the papers," she said.
"They're right under the seat. I'm
goin' to look 'em over so's to have
the interestin' parts all ready to show
Miss Dorcas when we get home. Ain't
it nice I found 'em?"

In spite of her driver's remon-
strances, unheard because of the non-
adjustment of the trumpet, she reached
under the seat and brought out the
pile of Blazeton weeklies. With her
feet upon the pile to keep it from blow-
ing away, she proceeded to unfold
one of the papers. It crackled and
snapped in the wind like a loose main-
sail.

"Keep that draft thing out of my
face, won't you?" shrieked the agon-
ized Bailey. "How'm I goin' to see to
steer with that smackin' me between
the eyes every other second?"

"Hey? Did you speak to me?" asked
the widow sweetly.

"Did I speak? No, I screeched!
What in tunket?"

"I want you to see this picture of
the mayor's house in Blazeton. Eva,
my husband's niece, lives right across
the road from him. Many's the time
I've set on their piazza and seen him
come out and go to the city hall."

"Keep it out of my face, I tell you!
Reef it! Furl it, you—you woman!
I wish to thunder the piazza had
caved in on you! I never see such an
old fool in my born days. Take it
away!"

Mrs. Beasley removed the paper, but
only to substitute another.

"Here's Eva's brother-in-law," she
screamed. "He's one of the prominent
business men out there, so they put
him in the paper. Ain't he nice
lookin'?"

Bailey's comments on the prominent
business man's appearance were any-
thing but flattering. Debby continued
to reach for more papers, carefully
replacing those she had inspected in
the pile beneath her feet.

"I know what I'll do," declared the
passenger—"I'll hunt for that missin'
husband advertisement of Desire Hig-
gins'. Let's see, now! 'Twill be down
at the bottom of the pile, 'cause the
paper it's in is a last year one."

She bobbed down behind the high
dashboard.

"Here 'tis!" exclaimed Debby. "I
remember it's in this number, 'cause
there's a picture of the Palace hotel
on the front page. Let's see—'Dog
lost'—no, that ain't it. 'Corner lot for
sale'—wish I had money enough to buy
it. I'd like nothin' better than to live
out there. 'Information wanted of my
husband.' Here 'tis! Um—hum!"

She straightened up and eagerly be-
gan reading the advertisement. A ter-
rific burst of wind tore around the
corner of the bluff. The widow in her
excitement at finding the advertise-
ment had inadvertently removed her
feet from the pile of papers. In an
instant the air was filled with whirling
copies of the Blazeton Weekly Courier.

Henry, the horse, jumped sideways.
The reins were jerked from the driver's
hands and fell in the road.

"Mercy on us!" shrieked Debby,
clutching her companion about the
waist. "What?"

"Let go of me!" howled Bailey, push-
ing her violently aside. "Whoa! Stand
still!"

But Henry refused to stand still.
The flapping paper still clung to his
agitated head. He reared and pranced,
jerking the sulky back and forth, its
wheels still wedged in the rut. Bal-
ley sprang to the ground to pick up
the reins. He seized them, but fell as
he did so. The tug at his bits turned
Henry's head, literally and figurative-
ly. He reared and whirled about. The
sulky rose on two wheels. The
screaming Mrs. Beasley collapsed

against its downward side. Another
moment and the whole upper half of
the sulky—body, seat, curtains and
Debby—tilted over the lower wheels,
and the rusted bolts, failing to hold,
slid with a thump to the frozen road.
The wind, catching it underneath as it
slid, tipped it backward. Then Henry
ran away.

Miss Dawes, left alone in the house
at the foot of the hill, had amused her-
self for a time with the Beasley lib-
rary, which partially filled a shelf in the
sitting room.

Sitting there, she was a witness of
the alarming catastrophe on the hill-
top and reached the front gate just in
time to see Henry go galloping by,
dragging the four wheels and springs
of the sulky, while sprawled across
the rear axle and still clinging to the
reins hung a familiar howling and
most wickedly profane individual of
the name of Bangs.

The upper part of the sulky, with
its boxlike curtained top, lay on its
side in the road. From somewhere
within the box came groans and
screams, greeting Phoebe, who ran to
the spot.

The panting and alarmed teacher
stooped and peered into the dark shad-
ow between the dashboard and the
back curtain. All she could make out
at first were a pair of thin ankles and
"congress" shoes in agitated motion.
These bobbed up and down behind the
overturned seat and its displaced cush-
ion.

"Oh, Mrs. Beasley!" screamed
Phoebe. "Are you hurt?"

The rescuer pulled the seat forward
and with an effort tumbled it clear of
the curtains. Debby raised herself
still higher.

"Oh!" she groaned. "Talk about—
Land sakes! Who's comin'? Men, ain't
it?"

She scrambled out of her prison on
hands and knees and jumped to meet
feet with reassuring alacrity.

"I'm a sight, ain't I?" she asked
"Haul this bunnet straight, quick's
ever you can."

Miss Dawes, relieved to find that the
accident had no serious consequences
and trying her hardest not to laugh,
assisted the widow to rearrange her
wearing apparel. The blacksmith and
his helper came running up the hill.

"Hello, Debby!" hailed the former.

"What's the matter? Hurt, be you?"
Mrs. Beasley, whether she heard or
not, did not deign to reply.



"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."
(To be Continued)

Electric Restorer for Men
Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body
to its proper tension; restores
vitality. Premature decay and all sexual
weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will
make you a new man. Price \$3 a box, or two for
\$5. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug
Co., St. Catharines, Ont.
Sold in Fredericton by A. J. Ryan.

McCluskey
can give you

Heinz, sweet and sour pickles in
bulk. Welch's grape juice, also lime
juice and fruit syrups. Jell-o pow-
ders and ice cream powders. New
salt shad and mackerel.

Phone 365-11

The Royal Pressing Co.
528 King Street

Clothes pressed and cleaned by the
latest sanitary invention.
Ask for monthly terms.

ALBERT R. O'HARA PROPRIETOR

THE DUTCH ROOM

Oysters served in all styles. Coffee
and Tea. Sandwiches of all kinds.
We make and deliver Coffee and
Lunches to Parties and Dances. Also
Ice Cream and Fancy Ices in any
quantity.

Prices Reasonable

WEST END DAIRY

R. T. BAIRD



**OUR CLEARANCE SALE of
High Class Whitewear and
Ready to Wear Garments**
begins Saturday August 2nd and Lasts for One Week.

Ladies' and Children's Dresses, Wash Coats and Suits, Silk
Waists, Fancy Waists, Wash Skirts, etc., to be cleared in many
cases, at less than half-price.
We will also give 400 PONY VOTES for every DOLLAR you
leave us during this weeks sale.

R. L. BLACK - - - **York St.**

E. O. MacDONALD

560 QUEEN STREET

Sells HIGH GRADE PIANOS AND ORGANS

Agent for the famous SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

Latest and Most Popular Songs. Fancy Post Cards.

If you are in need of Millinery
or Millinery Goods, we would
solicit an inspection of our stock,
the balance of which we are
clearing at startling reductions.

The Misses Young

Specials for Friday and Saturday
August Clean-up-Sale

6 ONLY LADIES CLOTH SUITS, CLEARING AT \$7.50 EACH. BLACK
AND COLORED DRESS GOODS, SPECIAL AT 39c PER YARD. LIGHT
WEIGHT DRESS GOODS, CLEARING AT 29c PER YARD. BLACK AND
COLORED SILKS, SPECIAL AT 39c PER YARD. REMNANTS OF
SILKS, CLEARING AT 25c PER YARD. LADIES HANDKERCHIEFS,
6 FOR 25c. LINEN TOWELLING at 8c PER YARD. LADIES COTTON
HOSE, 2 PAIRS FOR 25c. CHILDREN'S HOSE, 10c A PAIR, 3 PAIRS
FOR 25c. REMNANTS OF FLANNELETTES AT 8c PER YARD.
GREAT BARGAINS IN THE READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT.

A. MURRAY & COMPANY