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A LARGE STOCK TO SELECT FROM. PRICES FROM \$2.50 UP.

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AT FACTORY PRICES TO THE TRADEWe Carry a Complete Stock and Execute all Orders Promptly  
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Queen Street

Fredericton, N. B.

**SLEIGHS, SLEIGH ROBES, HARNESS.**

Our Stock of above goods is large and complete, and will repay careful inspection.

See our \$20.00 Fur Overcoats. They combine durability and good looks with low price.

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to your Husband, Son or any of your Friends, if so place your order with WALKER BROS. for one of their made to order

**FANCY VESTS**A choice line of Patterns to select from.  
PRICES MODERATE.**WALKER BROS.**

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He has a Fine Stock to Select From

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IN ALL STYLES

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**Washington's Cafe**  
YORK ST.

We also have on hand some nice clams in the shell.  
Meals and Lunches at all Hours

**WOOD WOOD WOOD**

Just arriving, 2 ft. and 16 in. long  
Order From Car and Save Hauling.  
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**HERE WE ARE AT THE DAIRY DEPOT KING STREET**

Having purchased the dairying business of Mr. C. I. Bodkin, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the liberal patronage extended to my predecessor. Milk, Cream and Choice Butter always on hand.

**W. P. HAMILTON,**  
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**Wood's Phosphodine,**  
The Great English Remedy.  
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures nervous debility, mental and brain worry, despondency, sexual weakness, emissions, spermatorrhoea, and effects of abuse or excesses. 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 price. New pamphlet mailed free. The Wood Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly Windsor)

**HOW HE MADE GOOD**

(Continued)

The Western Express had not been long on her run before the astonished fireman began to wonder what under the sun had come over "Wild Bill" Godfrey. From the moment that the engineer pulled open the throttle of the "man-trap" locomotive, the work of pulling the train went with a snap and a vim that the coal shoveler had never before experienced. But he had not much time for wonder, for "Wild Bill" kept him on the jump to "squeeze every ounce of steam he could get out of the old teapot."

With his face set and hard, and his eyes blazing with a light of defiance, Godfrey nursed every inch of speed out of the locomotive. Twenty miles out he had a meeting-point with a freight which was still pulling into the siding when the express thundered along.

The engine of the express missed the last car of the freight by a few inches, and "Wild Bill" laughed at the frightened yell of the fireman.

"If they don't want to get banged up they'd better be on time," he said grimly.

The track was soft from heavy rains but Godfrey ignored the bad sections and drove the "man-trap" over good and bad at a rate of speed that no engineer had ever dared venture with the Western Express before.

A dozen miles beyond the point where he had passed the freight-train they came in sight of a little herd of cattle feeding around a culvert. One of them tried to scramble across the culvert: the engine struck it and hurled it fifty feet from the track.

"Culverts ain't no place for a bunch of long-horns," "Wild Bill" growled, as he nursed the lever and throttle to get the utmost power out of the drivers.

He had forgotten all except that he was fighting for his good name, and his blood sang with joy at every additional spurt of speed from the old locomotive. His old iron nerve returned.

Not far ahead there was a mile of trestle to cross—shaky trestle, undermined by the flooded river at one end—and "Wild Bill" determined to make time now while he had a clear right of way.

"We'll take water at the next tank," he called to the fireman over the rattle and roar of the chugging train. "We'll have a clear track right through to Closterville then. Stoke up, son."

The fireman had caught something of the spirit of the whirlwind run and slaved at his fire-box until he was dripping with perspiration; it was not necessary for "Wild Bill" to watch the water-gauge or the fire, for one was as low in fluid as he dared carry it on the rolling grade, and the other hissed and seethed like white-hot steel.

"The old machine can run after all!" he said grimly. "I'll make her burn up fifty-five miles and better before I'm through with her."

But fast running has its penalties.

When they pulled up at the water-tank an axle was found heated on one of the tourist-cars, and the train was delayed half an hour while the "hot box" was being cooled and packed. Godfrey, chafing at the delay, assisted at the work himself.

The division superintendent strolled up from his private car while Godfrey was directing the packing operation, and looked curiously at the engineer, but made no comment on the unusual running time.

He knew that when the long trestle was reached the engineer would loose as much time as he had gained, and the additional delay at the water-tank gave the engineer an opportunity to "open her up" again.

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When "Wild Bill" climbed back into the cab his face was hard and white. The sight of the division superintendent had roused thoughts he had been trying to beat back in his mind all day. His jaw was set as he pulled the throttle again and started into the final stretch to the trestle.

"We ain't off schedule now," the fireman ventured to remark as the train began reeling the miles behind faster and faster, speeding through the storm of rain that nearly blinded out the view of the rails ahead. He was thinking of that long stretch of track on stilts that they were approaching, and he began to wonder whether "Wild Bill" under the influence of the strange change that had come upon him, would "take that on the run."

"It's good that long curve's on this side o' the river," the fireman shouted. "We'll know when we're on top of it. Gee! It's thick up front, ain't it?"

"Wild Bill" made no answer. The locomotive had settled down to the final burst of speed, and was splitting the rain like a knife. The excitement of the run and the iron grip he had held on his one thought—of making good in spite of everything—had tired him physically. His mouth was dry, and he took his hand from the "man-trap" reverse-bar long enough to search through his pockets.

"I ain't got a bit of tobacco, Jim," he said to the fireman. "Would ye mind going back and getting me some from the candy-butcher? You can't get any wetter, and that old machine's all right till we strike the trestle. Look out ye don't get spilled off the coal when she strikes the curve. Hello! Hello! Here's old Modoc Jack!" he exclaimed. "Signalin' away like mad, out in the rain."

There was a curious note in his voice that made the fireman turn back and look at him. "Wild Bill" was staring through the window at a giant red image that was sailing past. It was an old Indian totem, set up on the western prairie, holding up its wooden arms in an attitude of wonder or warning. The image fled behind them and "Wild Bill" laughed grimly. (To Be Continued.)

**SOME USEFUL HINTS****ON CHRISTMAS GIFTS**

A divided workbag has advantages. It is made of a yard of ribbon, a pretty Pompadour pattern preferred, about six inches in width, fold it in half and then make two folds on either side making four pockets in all. Sew the salvage edge together, making the four divisions of four and a half inches in depth. Hem the tops of the two outside pockets. Take eight small brass rings, cover with silk in crochet or buttonhole stitch, and sew one to each corner of the four pockets, and run through them a double length of ribbon, which on being pulled will draw the bags together.

Another simple little work-bag that is unusual enough to claim attention has a round woven mat of sweet-scented grass, or sweet hay as it is called, for a bottom. The material is sewed firmly to the edge. This gives the bag a flat foundation. Finish with a drawstring of ribbon. The sweet hay mat can be bought for a few cents, and the top of the bag can be of a piece of tapestry, brocade, or Dresden silk.

**TWO MEN KILLED****IN RAILWAY WRECK**

Saratoga, N. Y., Dec. 17.—In the same manner in which his employer, the late Spencer Trask met his death a year ago, Michael Malone chief of the cattle department at the Trask estate in this village was killed in a railway wreck near Cestleton Vermont last night.

Malone was riding in a caboose of a Delaware and Hudson train when she was struck by another freight train. He and his companion Edward Skeels, a railroad carpenter were so badly mutilated that the identity of Malone was not learned until this morning. Spencer Trask was killed in the rear car of a New York Central train which was hit by a freight train near Crotton December 31 last.

**THE HERO OF ANYWHERE**

(Richibucto Review)

A gallant sport from Anywhere went out one day and met a bear. He couldn't shoot he couldn't run; he stood and shook and dropped his gun; then shook some more and shaking still (His legs would not obey his will) With aching, quaking shaking heart he almost shook himself apart.

The bear observed him with a smile that turned to plain disgust the while; and slowly making his retreat, said: "that thing isn't fit to eat. He's so susceptible to scare, he'd turn the stomach of a bear. Such cowardice I can't endure!" 'twould give me cute dyspepsia sure. Those long legged boots, that brass bound coat, would tax the stomach of a goat. I'd have to eat that sweater too; and I'm not fond of baby blue. A harness shop were dainty food, compared with that poor trembling dude.

The sport returned to Anywhere and his encounter with the bear was noised abroad. He told the folk, the look of his old gun was broke; that he had Bruin on the run, and but for that tarnation gun! he would have brought the bear along for exhibition to the throng.

The people all; with loud acclaim began to shout the hero's name. They shouted loud, they shouted long with voices weak and voices strong, and every stranger coming there was told the story of the bear, until that gallant hero's name was blazoned on the Scroll of Fame.

**Dr. DeVans' French Female Pills**

A reliable regulator; never fails. While these pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system, they are strictly safe to use. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$5.00 a box. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont. A. J. Ryan, Central Pharmacy, Special Agent.

**STORE OPEN UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK**

Every Night This Week for the Convenience of Christmas buyers

**CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES**

Novelty goods specially bought for Christmas Trade. Wonderful Values in Misses and Children's coats. Special values in belts, lace bows and jabots, collars, handkerchiefs, gloves, mufflers, hose, waists, tablecloths and napking, etc. The biggest and best values yet in Dress Goods and Silks. Come early and secure the good values we offer in Christmas Goods. All Xmas Goods done up in fancy boxes. Every customer will receive a handsome calendar.

**A. MURRAY & CO.**

Now is your opportunity to buy Furs, all reduced in price.

**Before Stock Taking Sale**

WE MUST REDUCE OUR STOCK AT ONCE TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR INCOMING SPRING GOODS AND WE OFFER YOU

**This Seasons Fine Millinery**

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

CALL AND CHOOSE A HAT WITH TRIMMINGS AND YOU WILL BE CONVINCED THAT THE SALE IS A GENUINE ONE.

We promise the same care and attention to your work as though goods were sold at full price. Besides the REDUCTIONS made in HATS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, WINGS, etc., all our other Goods have been Reduced.

SALE NOW ON, CLOSES DECEMBER 24th.

**THE MISSES YOUNG.****LOST**

Lost—Boston Brindle (white nose and breast) Bull dog (pup), name Buster. Please advise or return to J. A. Reid  
George St. near Northumberland.

**AUCTION SALE**

I will sell at Auction the Household Effects of Miss Mary Brown, King Street, West End, Tuesday, Dec. 20, commencing at 10 a. m. I parlor suit good as new, parlor carpet, ornaments, lamps, pictures, fancy tables and chairs, oil clothes, curtains and poles, bed room set, bed room carpet, china and glassware, two kitchen stoves, cylinder stove, franklin stove, all kitchen utensils, two chests of drawers, old fashioned rockers, etc.

**Xmas Flowers, Holly &c.**

Our Winter Garden of seven new houses are filled to overflowing with new, up-to-date plants and cut flowers, graceful green smilax, fern, sprays. Also an abundance of fresh cut flowers, holly, etc. Also celery, lettuce, parsley. Come and see the best place to buy.

**J. Bebbington & Son**  
Leading Florists.**NICE WORDS FOR GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC**

A member of a party who journeyed into the Peace River district last July and August, and travelled over the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway between Winnipeg and Edmonton, writes to the company as follows: "I desire to congratulate the Grand Trunk Pacific on its excellent service and I want to go on record as saying that no matter which way one views it, your line has certainly delivered the goods. Our party thought it nothing short of marvellous that in two years' time a railroad should be running as only the G. T. P. runs. The cuisine was as enjoyable as the smooth-running road-bed."

**-- A Golf Coat --**

Makes a useful and sensible gift to a Lady, Miss or Child. We carry a select line and have just received a new lot of Children's Golfers in red, navy and grey. Ladies' Golfers, \$2.00 to \$6.50 Children Golfers, \$1.00 to \$3.00, with special discount for Christmas trade.

Togues, Clouds, Mitts, Gloves, Berlin Hoods, Overalls, Gaiters, Lounging Robes, etc., also make useful gifts. We deal exclusively in Ladies' and Children's Wearables and Novelties.

**R. L. BLACK - York Street.**

—TRY OUR—

**Scotch Zest Bread**

This Bread is wrapped from the oven, ensuring Cleanliness, Purity, Wholesomeness.

The Best Bread in the market.  
Cannot be excelled.

**SPECIAL FOR CHRISTMAS.**

FRUIT CAKE POUND CAKE  
SULTANA CAKE PLUM PUDDINGS.  
Our Team Calls Daily.

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