

FOR SPORTSMEN

I have been appointed a vendor of game licenses for the New Brunswick Government, and will have licenses for sale on and after the morning of September 15th, I want resident and non-resident sportsmen to buy their licenses from me at I guarantee all a square deal. In addition to licenses I can fit sportsmen out with supplies for a hunting trip, and I can tell you where to go to get the game. I have a full camp equipment, which I will rent at a reasonable price. I can furnish you with lunches at short notice. If you want a lunch put up, just notify me. Patronize a brother sportsman who knows the game and you will be satisfied.

W. A. LINDSAY

King St.

TENNIS GOODS

Rackets Balls, Nets, Presses, etc.

Have a Few Last Year's Balls in Stock at Half Price. These are Practically Just as Good as the New Ones

HALL'S BOOK STORE

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCO, ETC.

AT FACTORY PRICES TO THE TRADE

We Carry a Complete Stock and Execute all Orders Promptly

J. H. HAWTHORN

Queen Street

Fredericton, N. B.

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Furniture Bargains

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HOWARD ROGERS

The King Street Furniture Man

He has a Fine Stock to Select From

Prices Positively the Lowest in the City

I. H. C. GASOLINE ENGINES - 4 H. P.

the power that has been proven by so many in this vicinity to be the right one for running Threshing machines.

We sell also the Moody THRESHING MACHINES that do the fastest and cleanest work.

The DEERING IDEAL REAPER is wonderful for lightness of draft and gives great satisfaction in the harvest field. It will fold for transporting or storing—quite an important feature now that there is so much machinery to be housed.

PRICES LOW. Inquiries invited.

J CLARK & SON

FREDERICTON and ST. JOHN



Semi-Ready

.... SPECIAL

We wish to announce that we will give 20 p. c. discount off all Summer Clothing for the next 30 days. This is a Genuine Offer. Call and be convinced. Semi-Ready Clothing is the King of Ready-Made Clothing. SOLD ONLY BY

WALKER BROS.

ALL THE NEW SHADES IN Greens and Grays for Suitings.

Also an extra fine line of Overcoating for Spring and Fall.

550 Queen St. W. E. SEERY Fredericton

GERALDINE IN SWITZERLAND

(Continued.)

She had to wait a few minutes for her train and stood contemplating the railway up to Caux and the Rochers de Naye beyond. Suddenly the fair man appeared with a porter carrying two Gladstone bags and a neatly rolled-up railway rug.

She was quite vexed. "Perhaps he thinks I am lying in wait for him!"—she almost said it aloud.

But he looked pleased, lifted his hat and hesitated, as if waiting for her to speak.

"Oh," she said helplessly, then recovering, added, "I wanted to see Gilon. Are you on your way to Caux?"

"Yes—are you coming?"

"No, I'm not," she answered with decision, and took a step toward the starting-point of the downward train.

He went through the turnstile and stood watching her—they were both, of course, in the open air. She looked round with a charming expression on her face; the sky above her and the lake low down behind were bluest blue, they made a setting that was beautiful beyond all words.

"I hope you'll enjoy it," she said; and—now strange these things are—he was fascinated. Her face was a delightful shape; there was humor in her eyes, a smile on her lips, and happiness in her voice. This was a woman to love, he told himself; why was she going about the world alone?

She had lingered for a moment. "I wish you were coming," he said.

"I don't want to," she turned away quickly, then looked back again and said, "Good-by."

He wondered if she had taken offense; he had not intended any, though his words were indiscreet. Perhaps it was only that the train had arrived; he watched her slip into it—it went sliding down to Territet. He almost regretted having to go to Caux; but he had telegraphed for a room and ordered his letters to be sent there; it was all arranged.

III.

Geraldine gathered up her things, took the train to Brigue, and in the morning started for Bel Alp. The road up to it was atrocious. She hired a porter to carry her luggage; for she told herself that she "could not run for a mile." It was farther than she had imagined, it took more than four hours; the stones cut her feet and the zigzags were endless. But she didn't mind; for the fair man came into her thoughts and bore her company; she wished he wouldn't, she tried to imagine that she was bored with him; but she did—and she wasn't; she wished it hadn't been necessary to elude him, and wondered if she would ever see him again.

The hotel was crowded, chiefly with clergymen, which is a peculiarity of the Bel Alp. "I never saw so many in my life," she thought—"and a Bishop, too—well!" There were several elderly ladies, mothers mostly of lean daughters, who went on expeditions with the athletic-looking clerics and stray young men interested in climbing feats.

Geraldine felt a little mild excitement the first evening when she took

her place at table. She had put on a white blouse; round her neck she wore a thin gold chain with a singular charm attached to it; she looked dainty and eager, as if she were lying in wait for happiness, but doubtful as to the form it would take. The assembled guests looked at her critically, they were interested, but no one spoke to her. They carefully avoided anything that might lead to it.

In two days she felt like an alien and didn't quite know what to do with herself. There was the sunrise, of course—she made a point of seeing it; and the sunset, which sent her into the raptures that came rather easily to her. "It makes me feel as if I could kneel down and say some prayers, which I don't do often," she told one of the mothers. The good lady sat outside knitting while her daughters were being conveyed about on the Aletsch glacier by a parson in tweeds with a green veil round his hat. "You ought to say them very often," the matron answered with a kindly smile. It provoked a charming one from Geraldine, and resulted in a few minutes' talk about the weather and places and a morning and evening salutation.

But that was all.

The people had mostly been there some time and made up their sets; they didn't want to know a stray young woman. The girls realized that she was pretty and considered her in the way; the mothers looked at her askance. She went for various walks and learnt (from maps and the guides) the names of the mountain peaks; but they were nothing more than names to her. She walked up to the Tyndall chalet and stood looking at it for a few minutes; it was obviously empty, and she couldn't remember how long it was since he had died, or what precisely he had done. One morning she went down, by the corkscrew way, as it was called, to the glacier, but it wasn't fun. A happy party from the hotel overtook her—young people of both sexes with a couple of active mothers thrown in—going across to the Eglishorn, with sandwich boxes and picnic baskets. They stared, almost as if she was trespassing. She gathered courage and followed them at a distance, ventured on to the glacier and went toward the moraine. But she saw the crevasses and was afraid to go far; the other girls had steps cut in the ice for them, or found strong hands to steady them, but there was no one to help Geraldine.

She went back with her nose in the air and a little unconscious resentment in her heart. She heard there was a wonderful precipice to see an hour or two off at Nessel; she walked half way there, then felt that she couldn't be bothered with it. A great tea-party was made up to go to it one afternoon, but she was not included. One of the curates cast longing glances at her as they departed, then looked as if he remembered a text, and turned away. A sandy-haired girl with a freckled complexion walked beside him.

(To Be Continued.)

PAINFUL STITCHES IN THE BACK

No one but those who are afflicted with the dreadful Kidney Disease knows what this means and you who are so afflicted will forget all about it in a few days if you are only wise enough to take FIG PILLS. FIG PILLS are guaranteed to cure you. If not, your money back.

25c a box, at all leading drug stores. Ryan's drugstore special agent

RECIPROCITY WARNING

Opposition by Conservatives Would be Only Shortsightedness

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 22.—The "Colonist" (Conservative) protests against the shortsightedness of the Conservatives who would oppose reciprocity. It says "The Liberal party has been in power in Canada for fourteen years, and will remain in power during the life of this parliament at least. This party has remained in power because the people have supported it. We do not think it worth while to inquire into the reasons for this support, and we may be very sure that the people of the United Kingdom will not trouble themselves to do so. All they will have in mind is the fact that this party whose policy and practice are alleged to be hostile to the United Kingdom and favorable to the United States has been kept in power year after year by the votes of the people of Canada, and that the only way in which the natural results of this—namely, the disruption of the Empire—can be prevented is by a preference of Canadian wheat. We tell these over-enthusiastic Imperialists that this way danger lies, not danger in Canada, for Canadians pay no attention to such misrepresentations, but danger in the Mother Country."

BOOK NOTES

THEODORE ROBERTS' NEW STORY.

"Comrades of the Trails" by Theo. dore Roberts, is a rousing story of adventure, the scene of which is laid somewhere in the Canadian hinterland, where the great outdoor stretches for league on league and game is to be found on every side (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.).

Mr. Roberts has always been rather daring in the selection of his characters, and in this new novel he has ept up his reputation. The hero is Dick Ramsey, an English youth looking for adventure in Canada. His omrade is Sam an Indian trapper and guide. There are only two other characters of importance; Joe Banks, a demented sailor, who seems something less than human, and Bill, a trained panther that appears something more than an animal. Bill and Joe are mates and hunt together and their clashes with the other two hunters furnish the chief interest in the story. The action is very rapid in places, and the interest so well maintained that the narrative becomes a thrilling one. Touches of the weird and ludicrous are added by mention of old Sam's Indian superstitions and a description of his fight from what he regards as a pair of evil spirits.

The contrasting elcts noticeable in the character-drawing in some of Mr. Roberts' other works is lacking here, but one character—that of old Joe—stands out very clearly. The whole story has an air of freedom and spaciousness about it. It is such a tale as would appeal to any healthy boy.

THE CHOLERA IN RUSSIA

St. Petersburg, Sept. 22.—The International Cynecological Congress was opened here today.

There were thirty-six new cases of cholera and thirteen deaths in this city today. Among those who are ill is Herr Feislan, a member of the German embassy.

PRICE TALKS

ON NEW AUTUMN GOODS

LEADERS IN NEW FALL DRESS GOODS. Dress Goods in all the popular weaves for the seasons wear in pure wool, all fashionable shades worth 65 and 75c a yd., Our Leader for 49c per yard

GOLF JACKETS' Ladies' Golf Jackets in Black, Navy, Green, Cardinal, White and Grey at \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 up to \$3.75, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

CHILDREN'S GOLF JACKETS, in all sizes and colors at 60c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and 1.75.

LADIES' SUITS AND COATS, Ladies' New Tailored Suits at \$10.00, 12.00, 15.00 up to 25.00. LADIES' NEW FALL COATS, at \$5.00, 7.50, 10.00, 12.00 up to 25.00

SILK WAISTS, Ladies' New Black Silk Waists, open or closed fronts, beautifully made in all sizes, special at \$3.50 each.

A. MURRAY & CO.

AMUSEMENTS

ROLLER SKATING

At the

ARCTIC RINK

To-Night

MUSIC BY THE

Military Brass Band

AT THE

GEM

TO-NIGHT

WILLIE, A TENDERFOOT, goes West to grow up with the country. He grows faster than the country. Come and see him grow.

(Selig.)

A SALUTARY LESSON.

(Biograph.)

A FRONTIER HERO.

(Edison.)

LAZY FARMER BROWN.

(Edison.)

Bijou TO-DAY

"THE HEART OF A SIOUX"

Western

"SHORTY AT THE SEA SHORE"

You'll Laugh.

AND OTHERS.

Bargain Matinee Saturday extra pictures at 2 p.m. Same as at present.

Deal Ends and Slab Lengths 16 in.

MAY BE TAD FROM

R. T. BAIRD

Telephone 413

POETRY OVER THE TEA CUPS.

The hostess who in England sought to amuse her guests by reciting to them would, I fear, have to undergo a good deal of ungracious criticism on the score of either the vanity or the dullness of her entertainment. But in France just now every week sees what is known as a poetique at the houses of gifted Frenchwomen.

A letter which reached me yesterday from Paris is divided equally between a dramatic account of the floods and a lively description of the poetique at the house of a well-known literary artist whose wife, exquisitely dressed, declaimed French, English and Italian verses, not standing in front of the mantelpiece or at the corner of a piano, but walking about her reception room and addressing her poetry to her guests with an entire absence of theatricality and a complete merg-

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Dress'Hats, Tailored Styles and Pressed Shapes every day throughout the season.

Your Consideration Appreciated

THE MISSES YOUNG

JAPANESE CHINA

We have added to our 10c Counter a big line of Japanese China Goods that are worth from 25c to 50c

For only 10c.

Also a Big Line at 25c and 50c.

ST. MARY'S DEPT. STORE

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F. S. WILLIAMS Proprietor.

German Buns

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Small Wares and Pies fresh every day
Scotch Zest, Home Made and Brown Bread.

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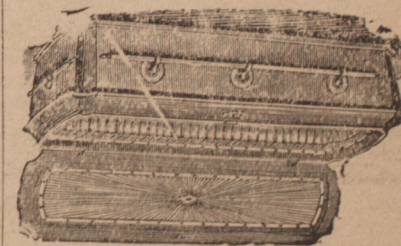
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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

No matter what they drive, uphold our harness. You're the man we're looking for, because we are a bit choice in our way of turning out things for the horse ourselves.

Every strap and buckle of harness we supply is inspected and tested before it leaves our doors. Prices right and so is the harness.

Ask to see our sett of light double driving harness for \$25.00.

A. B. KITCHEN

QUEEN STREET

The Cheapest Harness Store in the City

ing of her own personality into her poems. At home we are either too self-conscious or too little inflamed by artistic passion to pass successfully through such an ordeal. We prefer our afternoon entertainment a great deal of gossip and many to take the form of a "little music, a great deal of gossip and many cups of tea"—the "At Home," that is to say, of convention—rather than to sit, scholar-like, in our chairs, "lending our ears" to a master of thought and imagery. Why, I wonder, does even a gifted reciter produce a feeling of discomfort? Mrs. Humphrey Ward has nowhere come nearer a little bit of national truth than when she made Lady Kitty, fresh from France, roll out a tide of tragic verse, fine poetry and high passion, while the English guests in the great Grosvenor Park drawing-room felt as though the solid frame of things were melting and cracking round them.