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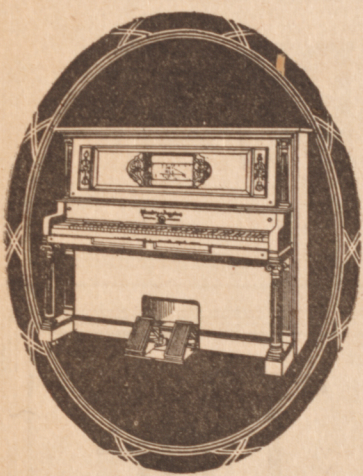
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BEFORE STOCK TAKING SALE

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.

THE MISSES YOUNG**BEAUTY'S MISTAKE**

When Peggy went to visit her Cousin Estelle, who lived in the city, she felt that she was going to have the most wonderful time of her life. Peggy had always lived in a village and it was really a great undertaking for her to go to the city alone. Estelle met her at the station and took her to the house where she lived—one of a long row of houses very close together and looking much alike. The first night Peggy hung out of her window for hours too excited to sleep. She watched the arc-lights blink and listened to the noises of far-away traffic. In the morning the clatter of hoofs on the pavement awoke her early.

"Estelle," she said at breakfast, where Estelle appeared in a kimono and Bob seemed to be conscious of nothing save the stock reports in the morning paper, "there's a perfectly beautiful lady in the house next door. Who is she?"

"Why, I'm sure I don't know," Estelle answered, smiling. "I don't know any of my neighbors except Mrs. Bard, who lives around the corner. That's the difference between country and city life, you see. We live very close to strange people sometimes, only we don't know it."

"She doesn't look strange," persisted Peggy. "There she is now!" Estelle did look. On the tiny length of lawn between that house and the next a woman was slowly walking. She was tall and charmingly shaped and she held her blonde head regally.

Peggy was very much interested in the beautiful woman who wore party dress all day long. She watched the house next door whenever she had the opportunity. Before the day was over she had seen the lady's husband. He was heavily built and dark with a square, grim face. After the lights were lit and the shades were drawn, Peggy saw them going through the rooms together, he with his arm about her waist.

As the days went on, Peggy saw that he was at home from morning till night with his wife, and that though he came to the windows some times and looked out, he never seemed to go out of doors. They were lonely people, thosetwo. Nobody but the delivery clerks ever went there, and their way led to the back door. One day an agent rang the front door bell, but she was not admitted.

Cousin Estelle made it very pleasant for Peggy. Besides the sight-seeing Cousin Estelle was always having folks in to lunch or dine or play bridge, and when they were not entertaining they were being entertained at other houses. The October weather had mellowed suddenly until it was as warm as June. Peggy had brought two or three of her summer frocks and she was glad to put them on. One afternoon Estelle left Peggy to rest at home while she went across the city on a matter of business. Peggy read until she was tired, and then she got up off the couch and began to walk about. Presently she walked out of doors and began to pace up and down the bit of lawn under Estelle's dining room windows all the time keeping watch for a sight of the beautiful woman about whom there seemed to be so much mystery. Suddenly, a side window opened and there, leaning upon the sill, was the woman herself. She had on a gown of black lace and a necklace of amethysts was clasped about her smooth, bare neck. She looked at Peggy and smiled.

"That's such a dear little frock you have on," she said, "and it suits you so well. I love pink cotton frocks. I wish I had one to wear."

Peggy gasped. "But surely what you have on is far more beautiful," she replied. "You have such splendid gowns! I just envy you. Why, I never had a silk gown in my life."

"Didn't you?" said the lady. "I don't happen to have any other kind. And it is very inconvenient, especially mornings when I'm trying to get breakfast. My husband got me two big kitchen aprons which cover me up pretty well. He's away today and I'm very lonely. Won't you come in? I'll show you all my things if you will."

The house had an oddly unhome-like look. There were no curtains as Estelle had said, and only a little furniture and nothing but large rugs to cover the bare boards of the floor. It looked as if the occupants were just getting ready to move or had not had time to get settled, though Estelle had told her that they had lived there for months. The lady, who said her name was Mrs. Wilson, took Peggy to the front parlor, which was emptier than any of the other rooms. But in it were some rare and beautiful things—a case of coins, some wonderful embroideries and books and costly bindings, and a couple of little dark canvases with a famous name sketched in the corner of each. Mrs. Wilson showed them all to her. Her husband, she said, was fond of rare things like these. Presently she took Peggy up to her chamber, where she brought out some beautiful frocks and laces. She had a jewel case, too, but there was nothing in it save a bracelet of amethyst to match the necklace she wore. Mrs. Wilson sighed a little over the

jewel case and fingered the clasp thoughtfully. She left Peggy to admire the things while she ran downstairs a moment. When she came back she had in her hands a tray laden with cups, cream, hot tea, and rich, black fruit cake.

"This is English fruit cake," she explained as she poured the tea. "I am English. Sometimes," she said, "I wish I was back in England again as I was before I—knew Cuthbert." She crumbled her cake, not eating it. "I've got to talk to somebody," she said earnestly. "I'm going to talk to you. That's why I called you in this afternoon. I'm homesick unto death!" Her voice broke down. She put her head down in her hands, and though Peggy saw no tears she knew that she was crying. With a quick movement she knelt beside Mrs. Wilson and took her in her arms.

"Don't cry, dear," she said. "Don't cry."

"No," the woman said, with an effort at regaining composure. "I mustn't. For, do you know, Cuthbert is always angry if he finds out I've been crying? But you will not wonder that I must weep when I tell you what I have done. I ran away with Cuthbert from England and my father. There! Go back and sit down, dear child, and I'll tell you how I came to do it."

"Cuthbert was the bailiff upon my father's estate," she went on, when Peggy, looking very much shocked, had obeyed her. "A bailiff in England is about the same as an overseer here. We knew nothing whatever about Cuthbert except that he appeared one morning in answer to an advertisement, and father turned over the management of affairs to him. The old bailiff had died and there was great need to get somebody at once. I remember so well the morning I first saw Cuthbert. He was ushered into the room where we were at breakfast—my father, my aunt and I. I gave him one look and went on with my breakfast. I scarcely observed that father had engaged him. I did not see him again until one day when I was riding past the Cote farm. There I met Cuthbert. We spoke and passed. But after that I seemed always to be meeting him. And then one day he rode with me to see a piece of work that was being done. Something he said before we parted made me think that he loved me—and—and, I believed him. I was unhappy just then and angry with my father because he wanted me to marry someone I didn't like very well. He said I must stop running around on hunters and get married. It was high time. I knew that he would make me marry the man I did not like, unless—well, there was Cuthbert. I did like Cuthbert, though he was only the bailiff, and I told him what my father was going to make me do. We planned to elope. And one night Cuthbert ran a motor right up under the gates, and I went out, laden with some of my favorite gowns, and all my jewels, and got into it. The motor took us to Liverpool, and there the steamship was docked ready to sail next day. We sailed with her, but before that we were married."

She fell into a long silence, memory-full, which Peggy dare not intrude upon. Peggy stayed until she was sure that Estelle would be coming home. Mrs. Wilson—Peggy felt now that her name was not Wilson—let her go very reluctantly. She clung to Peggy's hands a long time, and then she took the girl in her arms and kissed her.

"You have done me good, darling," she said. "You must come again. I can talk to you, and there is no one else—not another soul in America I can trust."

Peggy promised to go again and to bring Estelle. She told Estelle that she had been in to see Mrs. Wilson, but she did not repeat what Mrs. Wilson had told her. And Estelle, whose mind was very much taken up with a bridge party they had been asked to that evening, did not scold her for her indiscretion. It was very late when they returned from the bridge party and Peggy went to sleep immediately. She slept late. But the first thing she did upon rising was to look at the house where Mrs. Wilson lived. The shades were down and all that day Peggy saw nothing of her new friend.

That night at dinner Estelle's husband suddenly laid down his fork and looked across at his women folk. "They say down-town," he said, "that our neighbors, the Wilsons, skipped out last night, bag and baggage. Must have been while we were at that bridge party. It seems there was a detective looking up Wilson, as he calls himself. He's a blackleg and a pretty hard character, I should judge from what I hear. But the woman's his wife all right, and innocent of his doings. She's got a father in England. Probably she'd go back to him if they caught Wilson. But I guess they won't catch him. He's a pretty slick rascal. Why, what's the matter with our Peggy here? Is she going to faint away?"

But Peggy did not faint, for all she had turned so white. She merely put her head down on the table and sobbed.

"Poor Madeline! Poor Madeline!" was all she could say.

MURRAY'S JANUARY WHITE SALE

A saving of 10 per cent. goes with every purchase made during our White Goods Sale, which lasts until end of the month

COMMENCING WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18th

January Whitewear in great variety, corset covers, gowns, drawers, skirts, etc. Staple Goods at reduced prices in cottons, sheetings, table linens, quilts, lace curtains, etc.

A. MURRAY & CO.**THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY**

Now Open for Traffic

Uniting CAMPBELLTON; at head of navigation on Baie Chaleur, with the ST. JOHN RIVER VALLEY at ST. LEONARDS. At ST. LEONARDS, connection is made with the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY for EDMUNDSTON and points on the TEMISCOUATA RAILWAY, also for GRAND FALLS, ANDOVER, PERTH WOODSTOCK, FREDERICTON, ST. JOHN and WESTERN POINTS. Affording the shortest and cheapest route for FISH, LUMBER, SHINGLES, and FARM PRODUCTS, from BAIE CHALEUR and RESTIGOUCHE POINTS to the MARKETS of the EASTERN STATES.

At CAMPBELLTON connection is made with trains of the INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. An Express train, with superior accommodation for passengers, is now being operated daily, each way, between CAMPBELLTON and ST. LEONARDS, and in addition to the ordinary freight trains, there is also a regular accommodation train carrying passengers and freight, running each way on alternate days.

THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY COMPANY OF NEW BRUNSWICK
Jan. 3, 1911.

Wood's Phosphorine.
The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins. Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worries, Dependence, Sexual Weakness, Emission, Spermatorrhea, and Effects of Abuse or Excesses. Price 41 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 marked free. **The Wood Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.** (formerly Windsor)

RECORD IMMIGRATION FROM BRITISH ISLES

The Canadian emigration authorities in London are exerting themselves to make a record year.

It is estimated that over 120,000 people will leave the British Isles for different parts of the Dominion during the next twelve months.

There was a great "boom" last year in Canadian emigration, the increase being 50 per cent. as compared with the figures for 1909.

According to figures by the Canadian Government Emigration Department, Charing Cross, the number of Britishers who went to the Far West last year up to the 2nd of November was 118,542.

Efforts are being made to out-distance all these figures in 1911. The corps of "farmer delegates" from Canada has been strengthened by new arrivals during the past few days, and now numbers thirty. These are men who, leaving England some years ago have prospered in Canada. They are now touring the districts where they lived at the time of their departure, and in lectures and personal interviews are describing the prospects which now await prospective emigrants to that country.

TAYMOUTH
Jan. 13—Our school has re-opened under the careful management of Miss Alice G. Boyd of Fredericton. This is Miss Boyd's first term with us, but we have no doubt that she will be as successful in her work as her predecessors have been.

Roscoe, the little son of Rev. D. R. Chown, is confined to the house with a bad abscess on his knee. Dr. Moore of Stanley is in attendance and recently put two drainage tubes in the knee.

The many friends of little John MacBean will be pleased to learn that he is convalescent after a serious attack of grippe and intestinal indigestion.

Our Whitewear Sale

Saturday, January 21st.

All Goods Guaranteed of First-Class Workmanship and Made of Good English Cambrics and Muslins.

Corset Covers, 19c., 29c., 39c., 49c., 59c., up.

Night Gowns, 44c., 69c., 99c., \$1.49 up.

Drawers, 25c., 39c., 49c., 55c., up.

Skirts, 39c., 69c., 99c., \$1.49 up.

Embroidered Waists, 79c. and \$1.19.

These Are Snaps, But Not Our High-Class Garments.

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.

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FRUIT CAKE POUND CAKE
SULTANA CAKE PLUM PUDDINGS.

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Oysters in the shell.
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Oysters shelled to order and delivered to any part of the city at a reduced rate for the holiday season

W. A. LINDSAY**Cook's Cotton Root Compound.**

The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effectual Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3; No. 3, for special cases, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: **THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.** (formerly Windsor)

TAYMOUTH.

Charlie Jones of Woodlands, who is working for Mr. R. L. Young is able to be out after a short illness with measles.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Letaus has the whooping cough. This is the first case of whooping cough at Taymouth for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLaggan, Mrs. Alex. McLaggan and Miss Margaret McLaggan were visiting friends at Taymouth yesterday.

Mrs. Albert Johnson spent Thursday with Mrs. Howard Young. Mrs. James MacBean entertained a few friends on Thursday evening. Those present were Mrs. John B. Young and the Misses Chusie and Dora Young. Mrs. Martin MacBean, Mrs. Ernest Bell and Mrs. John Stewart, Jr.