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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**A CANADIAN WOMAN'S ELECTION EXPERIENCES**

Miss C. Richardson of Montreal, writes from London under the date of December 22:—Anyone who cherishes mental pictures of peaceful English hamlets will do well to choose his hamlet and talk to the inhabitants only as the 'masters' approve. It was my good fortune during the election in the staunch Tory shire of Herts, last week, to be the guests of a charming family of Friends keenly interested on the Liberal side. Even the little girls could hardly sit down to breakfast till the returns in the morning papers had been marked in colored chalks on the big wall chart and the five-year-old son and heir could not run to his kindergarten without a handful of Free Trade leaflets to distribute on the way. I tramped 'day after day with my hostess or her friends, through rain and wind and mud, got an idea of the rural beauty when rain and wind and mud are gone, and in the town penetrated into such back yards and hovels as London's East End could hardly duplicate. Out to one village I went alone, towards dusk, and met such a hostile reception as made it seem best to return and wait for daylight. A warning that it was not safe to go alone seemed so incredible that I ventured again the next day, and thought I had 'dropped back several centuries.

The village was one winding street of tiny brick cottages so low that you could almost touch the eaves. Almost every house was ablaze with Conservative placards. A knock at the first door revealed a big dirty girl with a shock of matted fair hair hanging about her ears sitting at a dirty table peeling a painful of dirty potatoes. Three children that would have disgraced a stable. The father was dead, and the mother was away washing. The girl 'did not understand these things' I doubt if she ever understood how to comb her own hair.

In the next a man, young and strong as a soldier, sat on one side of the fire smoking a cigarette. On the other sat the wife and baby. The man between kuffs denounced the Government for cutting down a soldier's pay and leaving the country a prey to the Germans. An older woman perhaps the wife's mother could not read, and apparently wanted no one about who could, for she uttered dark threats about the nurse coming to wash the baby. What was to hinder either grandmother or mother washing the several months' old baby was hard to understand.

Some refused to open the door but stuck their heads out of the window and admonished me to go home to my children. Three blocked one door and shouted that they wanted none of me there, and ordered me not to give any papers to the girl begging for them. Another said 'her man was coming home to dinner' which is equivalent to the conventional 'not at home.'

Another shouted so fiercely, in answer to my knock at the open door, that I turned away, but a loud 'come in I want to talk with you,' brought me back. A young woman, large and strong, and only half dressed, rushed furiously at me, shrieking like a maniac. I thought there might be hair pulling and I shut the door to keep in the noise. That did not please her any better. My next impulse was to protect the baby toddling about the floor—but it was not in the least disturbed. This woman's trouble was we were doing away with religion.

At another door a gentle looking old man asked me in, but the wife and daughter as promptly ordered him out. Then for a quarter of an hour my ears rang with denunciations of the Government for 'wanting to banish religion from the schools, as if any one could have too much religion,' while outside stood another daughter admonishing her mother to 'quit and send that woman away.'

Pushing my wheel up a reeky grade I heard a voice across a stretch of grass, 'Come in here I've got something to say to you.' It was a stout woman with arms akimbo in the door of the public house.

'Come here then, and say it,' I replied cheerfully.

'No I won't, you come here, I don't want nothing to do with you at all was the contradictory invitation. With that she rushed out as if to chase a wild bull, and presently we were the centre of a howling mob of dirty children 'hooin' and shouting 'Good old Blue' (the Conservative color here) while the publican from inside called, 'Take her wheel away.' To a young man who jumped over the fence to see the fun, I said, 'Do the women here always make so much noise?' Three women immediately rushed to his rescue with 'Don't you speak to 'im; tryin' to get 'is vote from 'im. Through it all I heard in excited gasps that Mr. Lloyd George and myself had called them 'Pub crawlers' and 'wanted to ruin the business of us poor brags. I said I should never think of calling her a beggar; that indeed I thought her much too good for such a business. That was fuel to fire. I took myself off followed by a procession of howling young imps from twelve years down to three. I was afraid to mount my wheel for fear they should think me afraid. The women were divided as to what my real mission was. Some thought I was scheming to sell the country to the Germans, while others felt sure I would turn it over to Mr. Redmond and the Pope. All were agreed on one point. We would 'do away with religion.' Religion in their dialect is Church of England doctrine.

In the back yards of the town there was less noise, but the people were more abject. In one little window I noticed a small Liberal poster. Five minutes later it had disappeared. The people 'thought we were ladies.' 'Ladies' means visitors from the church or brewers' families who dispense 'charity'—with a lavish hand before Christmas. Times without number when we inquired if a man was interested in free trade, we were assured that 'the master' was a Conservative.

A fruit seller pointed tragically to a heap of little spotted apples, such as in Canada would be fed to the pigs, and blamed the government for not keeping out Canadian fruit with a high tax so that she might sell that. I quoted what a member of the Royal Horticultural Society had said at the Colonial Fruit Exhibition in Westminster a few days before, that English growers could produce as good fruit as Canadians if they would take the care with feeding and spraying, and she wanted to know 'what I thought her husband would say if she began dictating to him?' A hardware man lamented 'dumping of American goods.' Yet, when I asked him to show me specimens of American and English scissors, he showed me rough, badly made American ones, priced 2s. 6d., while English ones, the same size, but much finer, and better make, were 2s. I asked him why he was afraid of such protected goods, when the home make was better and cheaper? He only replied vaguely that he 'knew that could be answered.'

A leather merchant said 'Free Trade? Yes, I'll talk to you on that, but I thought you were a Suffragette.' 'What difference would that have made?' I inquired. 'I don't believe in it.' 'Why?' 'It's against nature.' 'Why?' 'If two people ride a horse one must be in front.' 'What is the horse?' 'Why, that's a metaphor! Don't you know what a metaphor is?' 'Yes, sometimes; but what is this horse?' 'Well, if you must know, this house and shop.'

'What is there about leather selling that specially trains a man to vote?' 'Get out. It's work and all that. A man works.' 'Is not cooking and sewing and keeping house for you and the children work?' 'No!' 'What is there about it that so unfits a woman to vote?' 'Get out!' 'What can you do that makes you specially fit to vote?' 'I can make you look like a fool!' 'Get out please.' 'Get out!' He ran at me brandishing a yardstick. I backed out, choking with suppressed laughter and the door slammed.

He was derided later by a neighbor as 'rather an odd man.' This was the only 'Freak Liberal' met. Again and again through those backyards and hovels we would come across a better house, cleaner and with a higher type of inhabitant. Almost invariably these were Dissenters. One little woman, suffering from lung trouble, had her house as clean as a new pin. Even if 'the master' (the farmer for whom her husband worked) was a Conservative, she pointed with glee to her two canaries as Liberals. (Yellow means Liberal in Herts.) Taking it all in all the reduction of the Conservative majority by six hundred in Herts represents more work than many a Liberal victory.

Every day come tales of intimidation. In the north a few weeks ago a Church of England curate lost his post for his 'Liberal tendencies.' The men paying his salary stopped their contributions. A woman who announced her engagement to a Liberal was forthwith notified to leave the house where her family had lived for three generations. In this morning's papers is a paragraph describing the first of the series of winter smoking concerts organized by Rev. Chas. Hutchinson, rector of Rayne, Essex, for the men of his parish. 'Glasses of beer were served every half hour to the laborers, and for the farmers there was a bottle of whiskey. Tobacco was also provided, and there were tea and coffee for such as preferred these drinks. The rector presided, and explained that his object was to promote good feeling between all classes of his parishioners. Experience had shown that nothing but good resulted.'

With that kind of practice in castle and hall, with that kind of practice representing 'church' and 'religion' cession of howling young imps from twelve years down to three. I was afraid to mount my wheel for fear they should think me afraid. The women were divided as to what my real mission was. Some thought I was scheming to sell the country to the Germans, while others felt sure I would turn it over to Mr. Redmond and the Pope. All were agreed on one point. We would 'do away with religion.' Religion in their dialect is Church of England doctrine.

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.

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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, Despondency, Sexual Weakness, Emissions, Syphilis, Rheumatism, 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., formerly Windsor, Toronto, Ont.

is not even a Conservative gain with a majority reduced by six hundred 'significant of much'?

Last month the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches issued an election manifesto, calling the attention of all Free Churchmen to 'the gravity of the present crisis as it affected such great questions as national education, disestablishment in Wales, temperance and social reform.' The Free Churches, the manifesto said, were not partisan, but were pledged to the above-mentioned great issues, and 'a way must be found whereby the will of the people shall become the final and dominant factor in our constitution.'

If a reduction in one overwhelming Conservative shire is significant, how much more so is the return of the government for the third consecutive time, this time with a majority of one hundred and twenty-six? This too, on the old register, with the scandalous piling up of the plural vote where most peers and most 'cheers' may in their swift motors scour the country from John o'Groats to Land's End and each east from ten to twenty votes?

C.R.

LAME BACK, PAINFUL STITCHES Cured in Ten Days, or Your Money Back

The moment you suspect any Kidney or Urinary disorder, or feel Rheumatic pains, begin taking

FIG PILLS

Fig Pills are sold with a guarantee to cure all Kidney, Bladder or Liver trouble, Indigestion and all Stomach Disorders.

FIG PILLS are sold at all leading drug stores at 25c. a box, or five for \$1.00. A. J. Ryan, Central Pharmacy.

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.

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Of Children's Dresses, Coats etc.

Children's Dresses in Panama, Lustre, Serge, Flannelette, Cashmere, etc., in various colors and styles, for Children from 4 to 14 years of age, at about one-third less than regular prices.

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Children's Coats at greatly reduced prices.

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All New and Stylish Goods.

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A dainty baby pillow is made in this way: A plain centre of the material is left quite large enough for the baby's head and a circle of oval eyelets worked which are run with pale blue or pink ribbon, tied at the top in a soft bow of loops and ends. A wreath of small flowers worked solid can also be embroidered just beyond the circle of eyelets if one wishes a more elaborate pillow. Finish the pillow case with a hemstitched hem, on the edge of which fine narrow Valenciennes lace can be whipped.

Not being able to scare up a street car riot, Westmount is doing her best to crowd into the spot light with her mayoralty contest.