

## A CHEERY HOME

A bright cheery home makes cheer people  
Any furniture of the right sort helps to  
make a home a home.

Let us get together on this house furnish-  
ing question.

**Howard Rogers** Complete House  
Furnisher

FIRE, LIFE ACCIDENT, AUTO  
AND GENERAL ANIMAL  
INSURANCE

**M. BREWER**

LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES  
CLAIMS PROMPTLY PAID  
OFFICE NEXT ABOVE GIBSON  
GROCERY, QUEEN STREET,  
PHONE 334-31

### UNDERTAKER

**J. A. McAdam**  
UNDERTAKER  
REGENT STREET

The best and most modern  
Funeral Equipment in the city

Residence Telephone 70-41

Business Telephone, 113-41.

**JOHN G. ADAMS**

Is Conducting

Undertaking  
Business

AT

600 QUEEN STREET

Phone 26-11

RESIDENCE

Phone 448-11

### EDUCATIONAL

### After the War is Over

financial men say there will be a  
great business boom in Canada.

YOUNG MEN and WOMEN should  
prepare NOW for the many positions  
which will be open for Book-keepers  
and stenographers, by taking a course  
at

**FREDERICTON**  
The Business  
COLLEGE  
W. J. OSBORNE, PRINCIPAL

Write for full information to

**W. J. Osborne, Principal**  
Fredericton, N. B.

### DENTISTS

**DR. J. B. CROCKER**  
DENTIST

Office Kitchen Building

Opposite Post Office

Telephone Office 419-11. House 57-4

**Dr. GREENE** Dentist

Main office and residence, 459 King  
street, opposite Smith Foundry.  
Branches at Stanley and Pokok  
At Stanley office 10th and 11th of  
each month.  
At Pokok 13th and 15th of every  
month.

**W. J. IRVINE**

DENTAL SURGEON

Opp. Soldiers' Barracks  
and next door to Bank of N. B.  
building, Queen Street.

Office Hours—10 a. m. to 1 p.  
m.; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.  
PHONE 137-11

**Dr. Barbour**  
DENTIST

Inches Building

or York and Queen Sts.

**J. Bacon Dickson, LL. B.**  
Attorney-at-law, Notary, etc  
540 Queen St. Opp. Officers Quarters,  
Fredericton, N. B.

*Keep Smiling is Good Advice  
But—*

This is the day of the optimist. The  
"Don't Worry" man is a genial, smiling  
chap who looks forward to a  
bright future of health and happiness,  
—and wealth, too, of course.

The pessimist is scorned. He is  
blamed for a surly and gloomy dis-  
position and receives no sympathy for  
his morbid forebodings.

It isn't altogether right.

Many a man gets the reputation for  
having a sour disposition, when the  
truth of the matter is that he has a  
sour stomach. Nyat's Dyspepsia Tab-  
lets will help that man.

They contain pepsin and diastase in  
scientific proportions. He can eat  
what he likes and what the pepsin  
fails to digest the diastase will take  
care of.

**STAPLES PHARMACY**

Alonzo Staples, Prop.

## The LAPSE of ENOCH WENTWORTH

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Author of "The Woman from Wolverton's"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY F. G. BROWNE & CO.

"Oswald and I were having a  
business talk, Dorry—not exactly busi-  
ness either. You may stay if you  
wish and hear a play. I was just go-  
ing to read to him. If he likes it he  
will star Andrew Merry in it."

"Oh!" A glow of anticipation shone  
in the girl's eyes. She laid her coat  
and hat on the window seat and  
dropped into a low chair beside her  
brother. Once or twice she patted  
him affectionately on the shoulder.  
The Englishman watched her. There  
was vivid admiration in his eyes, but  
Dorcas did not see it. Her only thought  
was of the happiness in store for  
Merry.

Wentworth laid the pages of manu-  
script on the table and cleared his  
throat. Oswald sat ready to bestow a  
business-like attention upon the read-  
ing. When Enoch lifted the first page  
his visitor asked: "May I know who  
wrote the play?"

"I did," answered Wentworth quietly.  
"Ah!" said the Englishman. He  
noticed the startled look on Dorcas'  
face. It escaped her brother, who sat  
turned half way from her.

Wentworth began to read. He was  
an excellent reader; his enunciation  
was slow and distinct. The story  
quickly unfolded itself in strong, vivid  
language. Grant Oswald, who was an  
ardent student of dramatic literature,  
told immediately under its spell and  
listened with intent quiet.

The minds of both men were so  
vividly concentrated upon the drama  
that they were scarcely conscious of a  
movement when Dorcas crept from her  
low chair to the window seat. She lay  
back against a pillow, gathered the  
folds of a silky portiere around her,  
and stared down at the square. She  
heard her brother's voice in fragments.  
Those fragments were always the  
words of the girl, Cordelia, or of the  
father fallen to pitiful estate. She  
clasped her hands together with such  
a grip that it numbed her fingers. A  
strange pain and a horrible suspicion  
were seeping through her body and  
burning in her veins. Outwardly she  
was inert.

Suddenly she was awake again, wide  
awake, tingling with life and emotion,  
listening to her brother's vibrant  
voice. The day of release had come  
for John Esterbrook. He stood with  
halting, tremulous steps, fearful at the  
sight of the world he had left twenty  
years before, hiding his eyes from its  
tumult. Then Cordelia ran to meet  
him—young, hopeful, loving and eager.  
Dorcas forgot the horror and doubt  
which had swept her down for a mo-  
ment, she was thinking of nothing but  
the play. It was greater, more human  
than she had dreamed of that day  
when Andrew and she walked home  
over the beach at Juniper Point. He  
eyes grew wet with pity, then he  
smiled happily as life ceased to be a  
problem for Cordelia. Love had come  
and the father turned to work on  
what was left him of a future.

Enoch laid the manuscript aside.  
The Englishman, hearty in his con-  
gratulations and enthusiastic, was  
urging the earliest possible produc-  
tion. He offered unlimited money and  
insisted that the best company New  
York could produce should be engaged.  
The spell of the story was still upon  
Dorcas. She passed out, shaking hands  
hastily with Oswald.

"Dorry," cried her brother. She did  
not answer.

"The play stirred her intensely,"  
said Oswald. He had noticed a trace  
of tears on her cheeks. "Was this the  
first time she heard it read?"

"Yes, I had never even told her of it.  
She has been away while—it was writ-  
ten."

"Is your sister an actress?"

"No—she wants to go upon the  
stage."

"Let her have her way," advised the  
Englishman. "Her every action shows  
that she possesses dramatic talent."

"It isn't my idea of her future."

"Stage life is exactly what one  
chooses to make of it. Curiously  
enough, I have a conviction she could  
play Cordelia."

Wentworth brushed his hand across  
his forehead and stared at the scatter-  
ed sheets of manuscript on the  
table.

"Get Merry here as soon as possible.  
I want a consultation with both of  
you," suggested Oswald while he drew  
on his gloves. "It is now only a mat-  
ter of time and a theater. If I may  
advise now, don't choose anyone on this  
side for Mrs. Esterbrook. I know a  
woman who can play that part to per-  
fection. Again let me congratulate  
you. It's a great play, one of the  
greatest I've heard in years. It's bound  
to succeed."

Enoch bowed, but a sudden  
glance at his brother's face arrested  
him.

**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, Depres-  
sion, Loss of Energy, Expiration of the  
Heart, Bailing Memory. 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)

hardened enough yet to accept con-  
gratulations for the brain produce of  
another man.

"Good-by," said the Englishman  
holding out his hand cordially.

"Good-by," murmured Wentworth.  
He moved to the window. A carriage  
stood waiting in front of the house.  
He watched Oswald step into it and  
drive away.

Suddenly he recollected that Dorcas  
had not spoken a single word of praise  
or congratulation on the play. She  
was always enthusiastic and happy  
over every triumph that came to him.  
She must have thought well of the  
play. She had a full appreciation of  
Merry's talents and she had seemed to  
like him while they were together  
during the summer. He paused to  
pull himself together mentally, then  
he called her. She came slowly into  
the room, which had grown dark.

"Dorry," said Wentworth slowly, "do  
you know you have not said yet that  
you like—my play?"

"Your play?"

"Why, Dorry?"

The girl spoke in an unsteady voice.  
"I don't believe, Enoch, that Andrew  
Merry told you of a long talk we had  
at Juniper Point. You remember you  
left me alone with him when you were  
called to Boston. We sat on the rocks  
one afternoon and he told me his plot  
for this play—he had been thinking it  
out for years and years. Why," the  
girl shook her head impatiently, "why,  
Enoch, he had labored on it so long  
that some of the speeches were writ-  
ten in his mind. Sometimes he put  
the story into the very words you  
read!"

During a few minutes Enoch Went-  
worth fought the battle of his life. It  
was the struggle between good and  
evil, which every human being har-  
bors to a greater or lesser degree, in  
one soul, in one body. Wentworth  
sighed. The battle had passed and  
evil had won. It was prepared to  
carry him through the most dangerous  
moment. With it came fresh valor,  
and not only the power to sin further,  
but a mysterious weakening of the  
moral tissues which made it possible  
for him to sin coolly and remorse-  
lessly. He turned on the light and  
with cool composure faced his sister.  
He met her gray eyes without a  
quiver. They asked a question which  
could not be evaded.

"I hate to tell you, Dorcas," there  
was a tone of reluctance in Went-  
worth's voice, "but Merry is down  
again, down in the gutter."

The girl jumped to her feet. "I  
don't believe it!" she cried. "Besides,  
if he were, what has that to do with  
his play?"

Enoch did not answer. Instead he  
asked a question. "Dorcas, do you  
care for—do you love—Andrew Merry?"

A flush blazed into the girl's face.  
In spite of the telltale color her  
brother believed her.

"Yes, I care for Andrew Merry—  
very much. I do not love him."

Enoch gazed at her wistfully. He  
knew, as she did not, how easy it is  
to cross the bridge from mere friend-  
ship to love.

"Why did you ask me that?"

"I wanted to find out how much it  
would hurt if I told you the truth.  
Merry is not worth your love, he is  
not even worth your friendship."

"It is not true!" There was indig-  
nant protest in the woman's voice. "I  
know better, so do you. Only this  
does not explain about his play, for  
it is his play."

"You remember he left Juniper  
Point suddenly?"

"Yes." She raised her head with  
an eager gesture. "He went away to  
write this play." She pointed to the  
manuscript which lay on the table.

"Yes," said Enoch slowly. "He be-  
gan bravely enough. Then—he went  
under, as he had done so many times  
in his life."

"What was it?" cried the girl.

"Drink or gambling?"

Enoch lay back in his chair. He  
began to marvel at how easily he  
could lie, because a lie had never come  
readily to him before.

"Drink and gambling—and every-  
thing." Her brother shrugged his  
shoulders as if in disgust. "Of course  
he stopped writing. A man could not  
write in his condition. He sent for  
me. I stayed by him night and day  
and—wrote. You see—I wrote it."

He lifted a written sheet from the  
loose pile of manuscript.

"Perhaps—but it is not your play,"  
Dorcas shook her head with obstinate  
incredulity.

"I told him so. I suggested we  
make it a collaborated play."

"It is not even a collaborated play,  
Enoch. Why, every situation, the plot,  
even the very words, are his."

"He wants me to father it."

"He must have changed since he  
said good-by to me. He was on fire  
then with hope and ambition."

"He has changed," acceded Enoch  
gravely. It was a relief to make one  
truthful statement.

"Is he to play John Esterbrook  
when it is produced?"

(To Be Continued.)

### MURRAY'S

### Ready-to-Wear Department

Is displaying the latest styles in Ladies' Coats, Suits,  
Shirts, Waists and Dresses. Also Children's Coats  
and Dresses.

Ladies' Fall and Winter Coats at \$4.50, 5.00,  
6.00, 7.50, 8.50, 10.00 up to 42.00. Children's and  
Misses Coats at \$2.25, 3.85, 4.98, 5.75, 6.50 up to  
10.50. Ladies' Suits at \$9.75 up to 33.00. Ladies'  
Skirts \$2.85 up to 6.75. Ladies' Waists at 69c, \$1.00,  
1.25 up to 5.75. Ladies' Dresses at \$4.50 up to 15.00.  
Children's Dresses 2.85 up to 6.50. Babies' Croched  
Jackets at 35c up to 85c. Ladies' Tea Aprons from  
25c up to \$1.00. Ladies' Silk Underskirts, all colors,  
from \$2.25 up to 5.00. Ladies' Moire and Sateen  
Underskirts, all colors, 98c, \$1.00, 1.25, 1.35 and  
1.50. Ladies' Raincoats from \$3.50 up to 20.00.  
Ladies' Flannelette House Dresses special at \$1.59.  
Ladies' Long Kimonas, all colors at \$2.75, 3.00 up to  
5.00. Ladies' Flannelette Night Gowns in pink, blue  
and white at 75c, \$1.00, 1.25 and 1.50.

**A. MURRAY & CO.**

## Horse Blankets

Great Variety. Low Priced. We  
have them with leather leg straps

WATER PROOF HORSE COVERS

## Shawl Carriage Rugs

Just the weight that you need at this  
time of year. English goods.  
Direct importation

## J. Clark & Son Ltd.

### Oysters! Oysters! Oysters!

FRESH EVERY DAY

— AT —

**WASHINGTON'S CAFE**, YORK STREET

### Go To Hawthorn's

for

**Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc**

WE HAVE A WELL ASSORTED STOCK ON HAND

LOW PRICES TO THE TRADE.

**J. H. HAWTHORN**

WE JOIN

Efficiency as to Plumbing, Steam, Hot  
Water and Warm Air Heating with Low  
charges in view of excellence, labor, pipe  
fittings and other materials and our skill in  
adopting them to your domestic or business  
purposes. Glad to estimate on your work  
anytime, even if you don't favor us with  
your next order.



**D. J. SHEA**

Metal  
Worker Phone 563

### IT TOUCHES THE SPOT

People are talking about our Famous

## CRISPETTES

They are most delicious and go to the right spot  
We make this confection in large quantities with our  
Crispette machine at our factory, 439 Charlotte Street,  
where visitors are invited to watch the process. Crispettes  
are made from the finest pop corn and are in great demand  
Grocers and confectioners in the city and country sup-  
plied at short notice. Give us a trial order. They are  
quick sellers

**The Enterprise Bottling Co.**

Office 414 King St. Factory 39 Charlotte St.  
A.H. Woods, Mgr.