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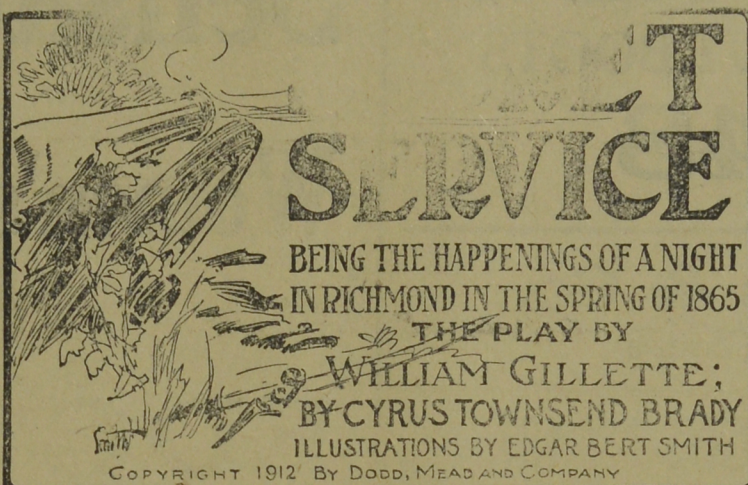
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THE GOLD DUST TWINS

BEING THE HAPPENINGS OF A NIGHT
IN RICHMOND IN THE SPRING OF 1865

THE PLAY BY
WILLIAM GILLETTE;
BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

"What? Oh, nothing; it is only—
say, mother, have you written that let-
ter yet?"

"No, my dear, I have been too busy.
I have been trying to write it, though,
since I came down, but I have had one
interruption after another. I think I
will go into your father's office and do
it there." She gathered up her paper
and turned to leave the room. "It is a
hard letter for me to write, you
know," she added as she went away.

Wilfred, evidently much relieved at
his mother's departure, took the pack-
age from under his coat, put it on the
table, and began to undo it. He took
from it a pair of very soiled, dilapi-
dated, gray uniform trousers. He had
just lifted them up when he heard
Caroline's step on the porch, and the
next moment she came into the room
through the long French window. Wil-
fred stood petrified with astonishment
at the sudden and unexpected appear-
ance of his young beloved, but soon re-
covered himself and began rolling the
package together again, hastily and
awkwardly, while Caroline watched him
from the window. She coldly scruti-
nized his confusion while he made his
ungainly roll, and, as he moved toward
the door, she broke the silence.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Varney," she
said coolly.

"Good evening," he said, his voice
as cold as his own.

They both of them had started for
the hall door and in another second
they would have met.

"Excuse me," said Caroline, "I'm in
a hurry."

"That's plain enough. Another party,
I suppose, and dancing."

"What of it? What's the matter
with dancing, I'd like to know."

"Nothing is the matter with dancing
if you want to, but I must say that it
is a pretty way of going on, with the
cannon roaring not six miles away."

"Well, what do you want us to do?
Cry about it? I have cried my eyes
out already; that would do a heap of
good now, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, I haven't time to talk about
such petty details. I have some im-
portant matters to attend to," he re-
turned loftily.

"It was you that started it," said the
girl.

Wilfred turned suddenly, his man-
ner at once losing its badly assumed
lightness.

"Oh, you needn't try to fool me," he
reproached her; "I know well enough
how you have been carrying on since
our engagement was broken off. Half
a dozen officers proposing to you—a
dozen for all I know."

"What difference does it make?"
she retorted pettily. "I haven't got to
marry them all, have I?"

"Well, it isn't very nice to go on
like that," said Wilfred, with an air
into which he vainly sought to infuse
a detached, judicial, and indifferent
appearance. "Proposals by the whole
sale!"

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Caroline,
"what's the use of talking about it to
me. They're the ones that propose, I
don't. How can I help it?"

"Oh," said Wilfred loftily, "you can
help it all right. You helped it with
me."

"Well," she answered, with a queer
look at him, "that was different."

"And ever since you threw me over-
board," he began.

"I didn't throw you over, you just
went over," she interrupted.

"I went over because you walked off
with Major Silsby that night we were
at Drury's Bluff," said the boy, "and
you encouraged him to propose. You
admit it," he said, as the girl nodded
her head.

"Of course I did. I didn't want him

make any difference to you what I do
it doesn't even make as much as that
to me."

"Oh, it doesn't? I think it does
though. You looked as if you enjoyed
it pretty well while the Third Virginia
was in the city."

"I should think I did," said Caroline
ecstatically. "I just love every one of
them. They are going to fight for me
and die for us, and I love them."

"Why don't you accept one of them
before he dies, then, and have done
with it? I suppose it will be one of
those smart young fellows with a can-
nary uniform."

"It will be some kind of a uniform,
I can tell you that. It won't be anyone
that stays in Richmond."

"Now I see what it was," said Wil-
fred, looking at her gloomily. "I had
to stay in Richmond, and—"

The boy choked up and would not
finish.

"Well," said Caroline, "that made a
heap of difference. Why, I was the
only girl on Franklin street that didn't
have a—some one she was engaged to—
at the front. Just think what it was
to be out of it like that! You have no
idea how I suffered; besides, it is my
duty to help all we can. There aren't
many things a girl can do, but Colonel
Woolbridge—he's one of Morgan's
men, you know—said that the boys
fight twice as well when they have a
—sweetheart at home. I couldn't
waste an engagement on—"

"And is that why you let them all
propose to you?" rejoined the youth
bitterly.

"Certainly, it didn't hurt me, and it
pleased them! Most of 'em will never
come back to try it again, and it is
our duty to help all we can."

"And you really want to help all you
can, do you?" asked Wilfred desper-
ately.

"Well, if I were to join the army
would you help me—that way?"

This was a direct question. It was
the argumentum ad feminam with a
vengeance. Caroline hesitated. A
swift blush overspread her cheek, but
she was game to the core.

"Why, of course I would, if there
was anything I—could do," she an-
swered.

"Well, there is something you can
do." He unrolled his package and
seized the trousers by the waistband
and dangled them before her eyes.

"Cut those off," he said; "they are
twice too long. All you have to do is
to cut them here and sew up the ends
so that they don't ravel out."

Caroline stared at him in great be-
wilderedment. She had expected some
thing quite different.

"Why, they are uniform trousers,"
she said finally. "You are going to join
the army?" She clapped her hands
gleefully. "Give them to me."

"Hush! don't talk so loud, for
heaven's sake," said Wilfred. "I've
got a jacket here, too." He drew out
of the parcel a small army jacket, a
private soldier's coat. "It's nearly a
fit. It came from the hospital. Johnny
Seldon wore it, but he won't want it
any more, you know, and he was just
about my size, only his legs were
longer. Well," he continued, as the
girl continued to look at him strange-
ly, "I thought you said you wanted to
help me."

"I certainly do."

"What are you waiting for, then?"
asked Wilfred.

The girl took the trousers and
dropped on her knees before him.

"Stand still," she said, as she mea-
sured the trousers from the waistband
to the floor. "That is about the place
isn't it?"

"Yes, just there."

"Wait," she continued, "until I
mark it with a pin."

Wilfred stood quietly until the prop-
er length had been ascertained, and
then he assisted Caroline to her feet.

"Do you see any scissors about?"
she asked in a businesslike way.

"I don't believe there are any in the
drawing room, but I can get some
from the women sewing over there.
Wait a moment."

"No, don't," said the girl; "they
would want to know what you wanted
with them, and then you would have
to tell them."

"Yes," said the boy; "and I want to
keep this a secret between us."

"When are you going to wear
them?"

"As soon as you get them ready."

"But your mother—"

"She knows it. She is going to
write to father tonight. She said she
would send it by a special messenger,
so we ought to get an answer by to-
morrow."

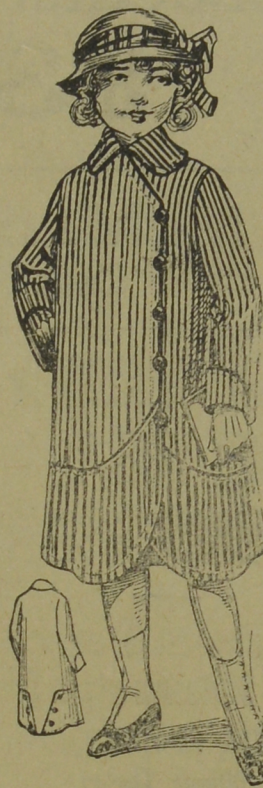
"But if he says no?"

"I am going anyway."

"Oh, Wilfred, I am so glad. Why, it
makes another thing of it," cried the
girl. "When I said that about staying
in Richmond, I didn't know— Oh, I
do want to help all I can."

"You do? Well, then, for heaven's
sake, be quick about it and cut off
those trousers. So long as I get them
in the morning," said Wilfred, "I
guess it will be in plenty of time."

(To Be Continued.)



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Ladies', Misses and
Children's Early Fall
Coats

Just arrived and will be on dis-
play Tuesday morning. Come
early and inspect the goods
whether you intend to buy or not

New styles in ladies' ready-to-
wear garments, suits, dresses,
skirts, waists, etc. See the elegant
new fall coatings, new velvets
and corduroys, ladies' and chil-
dren's new sweaters, now under-
wear and hosiery, ladies' new
underskirts in all colors. New
fall goods arriving daily. We
welcome the opportunity to show
you these goods, even though you
do not come to buy.

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The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy

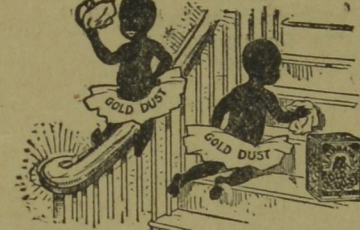
THE floors and doors appear to wait until the dust germs con-
gregate; the housewife hails each dawning day with grim and
harrowing dismay. Says she: "My work will NEVER end,
o'er dusty stretches I must bend, until, with aching back and hands,
I finish what the day demands."

The
"Floor-and-Door-a"
Girl

work and the endless doors, until when Hubby saw them, too,
reflections said: "Why, howdy-do!"

"The Gold Dust Twins," said she, "I find, help leave the woes
of dust behind. Each mark of sticky hands on doors, each tread of
muddy feet on floors, all fade before the slightest touch of Gold Dust, and
the work is such that, when the
woodwork has been done, I find
said work was only fun." This
line of reasoning must show that
those who've tried it OUGHT to
know. If you, in one day's duties,
find that there's a Grouch in every
Grind, invite the Gold Dust Twins
to share such tasks as tire and
fret and wear.

From kitchen floor to bedroom suite, these tireless little chaps make
neat, and best of all, the sum expense is measured up in meager cents.
They put both dust and dirt to rout and run the last old microbe out.



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OVERTAKEN

By R. L. Johnson
The war is on because the Kaiser,
King,
Struts like a turkey gobbler in the
ring,
And fans the fires of Mars to flames
abroad,
While nations rise to smite the great
war Lord.

All men must suffer when such brag-
garts rule
By right divine, and all his subjects
fool.
Why should our brother Germans be
shot down
To keep on Kaiser's head an outworn
crown?

The pompous god of war will meet
his fate

For Pride ascends the throne and is
the State.
When Pity weeps with ashes in her
urn,
Taen tender Grief the Autocrat will
spurn.

Let Britain drive his navy from the
sea,
Then peace once more our heritage
shall be,
Europe no more shall tremble at his
frown,
Nor fear a Monarch crushed without
a crown.

He strutted long and vexed the world
too long,
Alack! that he so long could fear
prolong.
Alas! the Kaiser's lost the grip di-
vine,
His armor's ancient—for the modern
Time.



"Cut Those Off," He Said.

hanging around forever, did I? That's
the only way to finish them off. What
do you want me to do—string a plac-
card around my neck, saying, 'No pro-
posals received here. Apply at the of-
fice?' Would that please any bet-
ter? Well," she continued, as the boy
shrugged his shoulders, "if it doesn't