

## Cradle-Crib Bed

The Cradle-Crib Bed can be changed from a cradle to a crib.

Rockers are detachable and replaced with ball-bearing castors. You save money when you purchase the cradle-crib bed.

**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

**EDUCATIONAL**

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

**OUR FALL TERM**

OPENS ON

**Tuesday Sept. 1st.**

NOW IS THE TIME TO WRITE  
FOR FULL PARTICULARS

Address:  
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,  
Fredericton, N. B.

**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

**610 QUEEN STREET**

Phone 26-11

RESIDENCE

Phone 448-11

**DENTISTS**

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

Office Kitchen Building  
Opposite Post Office

Telephone Office 419-11. House 57-43

**Dr. GREENE** Dentist

Main office and residence, 459 King  
street, opposite Smith Foundry.  
Branches at Stanley and Pokiook.  
At Stanley office 10th and 11th of  
each month.  
At Pokiook 18th and 19th 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.

**Cheer Up!  
Brace Up!**

Nyal's Digestive  
Tonic will bring relief  
at once. It's a tonic  
that run down systems  
need.

Price \$1.00 per bottle

**STAPLES PHARMACY**  
Alonzo Staples, Prop.

**J. Bacon Dicks on, LL. B.**

Attorney-at-law, Notary, etc.  
540 Queen St. Opp. Officers Quarters,  
Fredericton, N. B.



## SECRET SERVICE

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

### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Mrs. Varney, wife of a Confederate general, has lost one son and has another dying from wounds. She reluctantly gives her consent for Wilfred, the youngest, to join the army if his father consents. The federals are making their last assault in an effort to capture Richmond.

CHAPTER II—Edith Varney secures from President Davis a commission for Capt. Thorne, who is just recovering from wounds, as chief of the telegraph at Richmond.

CHAPTER III—Capt. Thorne tells Edith he has been ordered away. She declares he must not go and tells him of the commission from the president. He is strangely agitated and declares he cannot accept.

CHAPTER IV—Thorne decides to escape while Edith leaves the room to get the commission, but is prevented by the arrival of Caroline Mitford, Wilfred's sweetheart.

CHAPTER V—Mr. Arrelsford of the Confederate secret service, a rejected suitor of Edith's, detects Jonas, Mrs. Varney's butler, carrying a note from a prisoner in Libby prison. Arrelsford suspects it is intended for Thorne. The note reads: "Attack tonight. Plan 3. Use Telegraph."

CHAPTER VI—Edith is indignant when Arrelsford tells her of his suspicions regarding Thorne. He declares the latter is Lewis Dumont of the Federal secret service and that his brother Henry is a prisoner in Libby. Edith refuses to believe and suggests that Thorne be confronted with the prisoner as a test.

CHAPTER VII—Edith detains Thorne while the prisoner is sent for. An order comes from General Varney for Wilfred to report to the front at once.

CHAPTER VIII—Edith is forced to carry out her part in the test of Thorne. She gives him the message taken from Jonas, which he reads without betraying himself. He suspects that he is being watched.

CHAPTER IX—The prisoner is thrust into the room alone with Thorne, who recognizes him as his elder brother, Henry Dumont. They put up a fake fight. Henry implores his brother to shoot him in the leg. Thorne refuses and Henry accidentally kills himself. Arrelsford rushes into the room with the guard. Thorne nonchalantly says: "Corporal, here is your prisoner, we had a fight and I shot him."

"Don't shoot, for God's sake!" he whispered, and then shouted desperately: "Here's your man, corporal, that's the matter with you?"

"Give me that gun," said Dumont, and in spite of himself his voice rose again. "There was nothing suspicious in the words, it was what he might have said had the battle been a real one; as he spoke by a more violent effort he wratched the weapon from the holster and away from Thorne's retreating hand. The latter sought desperately to repossess himself of it. "Look out, Harry! You'll hurt yourself!" he implored, but the next moment by a superhuman effort Dumont threw him back. As Thorne staggered, Dumont turned the pistol on himself. Recovering himself with incredible swiftness, Thorne leaped at his brother, and the two figures went down together with a crash in the midst of which rang out the sharp report of the heavy weapon. Instead of shooting himself harmlessly in the side, in the struggle Dumont had unfortunately shot himself through the lung.

Not at first comprehending exactly what had happened, Thorne rose to his feet, took the revolver from the other's hand, and stood over the body of his mortally wounded brother, the awful anguish of his heart in his face. Fortunately, they were near the far end of the room, next the wall, and no one could see the look in Thorne's eyes or the distortion of his features in his horror.

"Harry!" he whispered. "My God, you have shot yourself!" But Henry Dumont was past speaking. He simply smiled at his brother, and closed his eyes. The next instant the room was filled with light and sound. From every window and door people poured in; the soldiers from the porches, from the hall, Mrs. Varney, Arrelsford and Edith; from the other side of the hall a hubbub of screams and cries rose from behind the locked door where the sewing women sat. Martha brought up the rear with lights, which Arrelsford took from her and set on the table. The room was again brightly illuminated.

As they crowded through the various entrances, their eyes fell upon Thorne. He was leaning nonchalantly against the table, his revolver in his hand, a look of absolute indifference upon his face. His acting was superb had they but known it. He could not betray himself now and make vain his brother's sublime act of self-sacrifice for the cause. There was a tumult of shouts and sudden cries: "Where is he? What has he done? This way now!" Most of those who entered had eyes only for the man lying upon the floor, blood welling darkly through his gray shirt exposed by the opening of his coat which had been torn apart in the struggle. Three people had eyes only for Thorne, the man who hated him, the girl who loved him, and the woman who suspected him. Between the soldiers and these three stood the corporal of the guard, representing as it were, the impartial law.

Thorne did not glance once at the girl who loved him, or at the man who hated him, or at the woman who suspected him. He fixed his eyes upon the corporal of the guard.

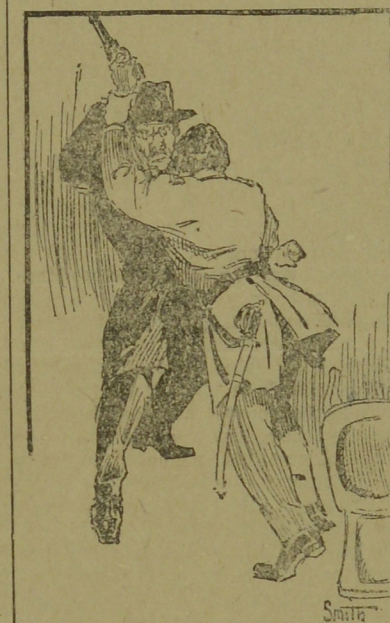
"There's your prisoner, corporal," he said calmly, without a break in his voice, although such anguish possessed him as he had never before experienced and lived through, but his control was absolutely perfect.

And his quiet words and quiet demeanor increased the hate of one man, and the suspicions of one woman, and the love and admiration of the other.

"There's your prisoner," he said slipping his revolver slowly back into its holster. "We had a bit of a struggle and I had to shoot him. Look out for him."

### CHAPTER X.

Caroline Mitford Writes a Dispatch. "The war department telegraph office had once been a handsome apartment one of those old-fashioned, heavily corniced, marble-manteled, low-wind dowed, double-doored rooms in a public building. It was now in a state of extreme dilapidation, the neglected and forlorn condition somehow being significant of the moribund Confederacy in which practically everything



"Look Out, Harry! You'll Hurt Yourself."

was either dead or dying but the men and women.

A large double door in one corner gave entrance to a corridor. The doors were of handsome mahogany but they had been kicked and battered until varnish and polish had both disappeared and they looked as dilapidated as the cob-webbed corners and the broken moldings. On the other side of the room, three long French windows gave entrance to a shallow balcony of cast iron fantastically molded, which hung against the outer wall. Beyond this the observer peering through the dusty panes could discern the large white pillars of the huge porch which overhung the front of the building. Further away beyond the shadow of the porch were visible the lights of the sleeping town, seen dimly in the bright moonlight.

The handsome furniture which the room had probably once contained, had been long since displaced by the rude telegraph equipment and the heavy plaster cornices and moldings were sadly marred by telegraph wire which ran down the walls to the tables, rough pine affairs, which carried the instruments. There were two of these tables, each with a telegraph key at either end. One of them stood near the center of the room, and the other against the fine old marble mantel, chipped, battered, ruined like the rest of the room. For the rest, the apartment contained a desk, shelve with the batteries on them, and half a dozen chairs of the commonest and cheapest variety. The floor was bare dusty, and tobacco stained. The sole remnant of the ancient glory of the room was a large handsome old clock on the wall above the mantel, the hands of which pointed to the hour of ten.

But if the room itself was in a dingy and even dirty condition, the occupants were very much alive. One young man, Lieutenant Allison, sat at the table under the clock, and another Lieutenant Foray, at the table in the center of the room. Both were busy sending or receiving messages. The instruments kept up a continuous clicking, heard distinctly above the buzz of conversation which came from half a dozen youngsters, scarcely more than boys, grouped together at the opposite side of the room, waiting to take to the various offices of the department, or to the several officials of the government, the messages which were constantly being handed out to them by the two military operators.

(To Be Continued.)

## Advance Showing of New Fall Goods

**LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS  
DRESS ACCESSORIES, FANCY GOODS  
AND NOTIONS.**

Ladies' Misses' and Children's New Fall Coats  
New Cloth Dresses, Silk Dresses, Underskirts,  
Dress Skirts, Waists, Corsets, Blankets,  
Dress Goods, Viyellas, Stiks, Coatings,  
Ribbons, Buttons, Frillings, Neckwear,  
Smallwares, Gloves, Flannelettes, Flannelette Blankets, Sheetting, Pillow Cotton, Bed Spreads, Prints, Towels, Towelings, Sweaters, Queen Coat Foundations, all sizes.

Our Fall Shipments have all arrived and there will be no advance in prices.

**A. MURRAY & CO.**

## The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy

THE floors and doors appear to wait until the dust germs congregate; 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 ev'ry 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.

*The Gold Dust Twins*

**Go To Hawthorn's**

Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc.

WE HAVE A WELL ASSORTED STOCK ON HAND  
LOW PRICES TO THE TRADE.

**J. H. HAWTHORN**

When You Want an A 1 DINNER for 35 cents

CALL AT  
**WASHINGTON'S CAFE** YORK STREET  
EVERYTHING UP-TO-DATE

LUNCHEES SERVED AT ALL HOURS  
OYSTERS Served in All Styles

When you want any work done in the  
Plumbing Line call on

**"The Plumber"**

When selecting a Furnace call on

**"The Furnace Man"**

Our KITCHEN RANGES are the best.

**D. J. SHEA** Heating Engineer Phone 563

## Colonial Tea Rooms

COURT HOUSE SQUARE

Dinner Served from 12 to 2

Lunches and meals served at all hours.  
Ice cream parlor in connection.  
Rooms for private parties for luncheons or dinners  
Orders taken for sand wiches, cake and salads.

ORCHESTRA EVERY TUESDAY,  
THURSDAY AND SATURDAY

PHONE 339-11