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We do not hesitate to say that we have the largest and most complete stock of GENUINE EBONY AND PARISIAN IVORY that was ever shown in this town.

Note Some of the Prices Below. They Cannot Be Beaten

NAIL FILES 25c.	CUTICLE KNIFE 25c.	CORN KNIFE 25c.	TWEEZERS 25c.
PUSHERS 25c.	BUTTON HOOK 35c.	SHOE HORN 35c.	MIRRORS,
NAIL BUFFERS,	HAIR BRUSHES,	CLOTH BRUSHES,	HAT BRUSHES,
NAIL BRUSHES,	HAIR RECEIVERS,	PICTURE FRAMES,	COMBS, At All
Prices.	Sponge Holders 50c.		

The McMurray Book & Stat'y Co., Ltd.

High Grade Printers and Stationers

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Has Removed

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Up One Flight.

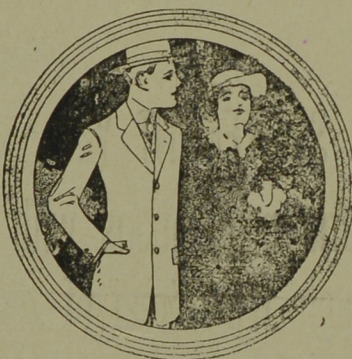
ALL THE LATEST GOODS TO PICK FROM
CLOTHES CLEANED, PRESSED, REPAIRED

Sportsmen and Hunters

Send your Big Game Heads to me for mounting, as I make a specialty of mounting Game Heads to suit individual tastes. For the convenience of American Sportsmen I now have an American Branch which does away with the bother of getting shipping permits, paying duty and entries, etc. All work guaranteed second to none or no charge for the specimens.

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After all—since a Suit is made to wear—the best of all Suits is that which wears the longest.

MacKinnon's Clothing

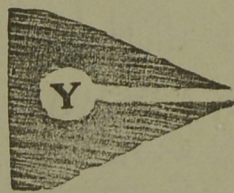
not only wears long past the average Suit is cast aside but yet keeps its appearance for and good looking all the time you wear it.

J. A. MacKINNON YORK STREET
TAILOR and CLOTHIER

Decorate Your Room

WITH

LINNENOLE COLLEGE Pennants



Beautifully Colored. 9in wide by 26in long. Assorted.
8c each. 3 for 20c. 8 for 50c.

F. A. Stone, Fredericton, N. B.

**MAIL" ADDS
BRING RESULTS**

Tobacco Heart

CURED BY

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Tobacco does not seem to affect all alike. Many men enjoy their smoke, live to a good old age, and apparently suffer no ill effects from the use of the weed.

There are others, though, on whose heart and nervous system tobacco produces the most serious results.

It causes palpitation, pain in the heart and irregularity of its beat, makes the hands tremble, sets the nerves on edge, and the breath becomes short.

To counteract this demoralizing influence on the heart and nerves there is no remedy that equals Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

They make the heart beat strong and steady, restore tone and vigor to the nerves, and remove all the evil results caused by the tobacco.

Mr. Nelson Young, Brampton, Ont., writes: "I have had, up to about a month ago, a very weak heart, which I suppose came from smoking cigarettes. When I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as a cure, I immediately gave up smoking, and started using them. It does you justice to be the founder of such a great remedy. They made me feel like a new man."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. M. Burn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SERMONS IN UNGAINLY THINGS

(Christian Herald.)

No, it isn't hard to brighten up your life if you try to see beauty in commonplace things. I fancy there's very little that couldn't seem beautiful, if you pick out the able one. There isn't a swamp that best points hand ignore the disagreeable. Some beautiful flowers growing in it, and there are mighty few up painted weather-stained barns that haven't got a swallow or two keeping house under the eaves. If you open up the dullest gray oyster you may find a pearl in it, and if you look at a buzzing, biting mosquito in the right kind of a light you will see what gauzy, chifony things its wings are.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The proof of Mother Seigel's Syrup is in the taking. That is why former sufferers, whose vitality was being sapped by Indigestion, say it is just excellent for stomach, liver and bowel troubles. Thanks to Mother Seigel's Syrup, they are now strong and well.

IS EXCELLENT FOR

If you are afflicted by Indigestion or other disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels take Mother Seigel's Syrup regularly for a few days; long enough to give it a fair chance to make its beneficial influence felt. Then note the improvement in your appetite, your strength, your general condition.

**HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS
CONSTIPATION
INDIGESTION.**

The bottle of Syrup contains three times as much as the 50c size.

Naturally a red hair girl is expected to have a little fire in her disposition.

A matron is usually more enthusiastic over being married than she is over the man she has wed.

Time improves most things, except women; they of course, have been perfect from the beginning.

Advice is about the only thing the average man will give freely without money and without price.

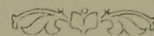
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All Pure Tea—Free from Dust

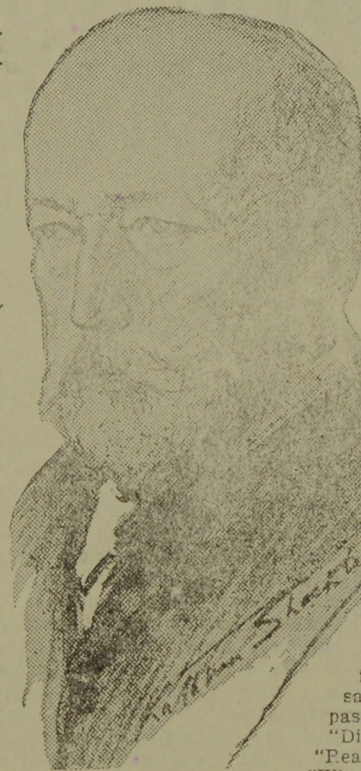
Sealed Packets Only.....Never Sold in Bulk

A Christmas Story

By Order of the President



(Reprinted from Herald Press Graphics)



OF this story the late Sir William Van Horne is the hero, and I shall endeavor to reproduce the scenes as he so cleverly sketched them to me in his home one winter night, the while we smoked the after-dinner cigar. Picture then a Christmas eve in Toronto, crowds of shoppers abroad in the brilliantly illuminated thoroughfares, and Sir William Van Horne walking down Yonge Street towards the station in a magnificent fur-lined overcoat with a sable collar. Yes, he was proud of the figure he cut in that coat—he admitted it. It was one he had bought within the hour in a "Toronto store." He was going back to Montreal and, as often happened in those days, he travelled with the passengers instead of in a special car. When he got on the train, prior to going to the smoking-room he threw off his new coat and threw it over the back of his seat. There he left it.

There ends Act I. And there began the troubles of the evening.

All alone the C. P. R. president's overcoat occupied the president's seat. Sir William did not come near it until the train pulled up at Burketon Junction, and then he only gave it a passing glance as he rushed through the car, in a hurry to get out and see the station agent. When he returned the overcoat was gone. Sir William raised a rumpus. He cross-examined the conductor, and called in the trainmen. They could give no explanation of the disappearance. Sir William was incenseable. His beautiful coat was gone—the handsomest coat he had ever had! The only clue to it that could be discovered was that supplied by a passenger, who said that when the train stopped at Burketon Falls he saw a man passing through the carriage with a coat on his arm.

"Did he get off the train?" asked the president.

"Peally, I couldn't say."

"What sort of a man was he?"

"Home for six months—been railroad back in the bush. She and the little ones are expecting me for Christmas."

"Where do you live?"

"At Peterborough."

"What's your name?"

"Kennedy."

"I suppose you've got four or five little ones looking forward to your coming home Christmas?" asked the president, sarcastically.

"Yes, sir." Tears came in the man's eyes; a choking sob burst from him.

"Shut up, you snivelling coward!" roared the president. To see the man actually in tears angered him beyond measure.

The brakes were already grinding on the wheels. The man put his hand on the president's arm. "Don't do it, sir," he said. "I don't ask it for myself, but for my wife and youngsters. There's no harm done. You've got your coat."

The president shook him off roughly. "You common thieves," he said—and the words cut the laborer like a knife—"you common thieves are always afraid to face the music. You always snivel about your wife and family at home when you're found out. But I've made up my mind to stop your little games on this railroad and by Gum, I'll do it!" "Jump out and get a policeman," he said to the conductor, as the train came to a standstill.

A few minutes afterwards the conductor returned with a policeman, and the man, silent and dejected, was marched off into the dark night in custody.

When the train started off again for Montreal the president rode in the baggage car. He sat on the top of a pile of boxes, quietly smoking a cigar and dangling his feet. His gaze was fixed on a new perambulator, but it was a long time before he really saw it. When the conductor came in he nodded toward the perambulator and remarked: "Seasonable present, eh?"

"Yes, sir, a very useful sort of article," replied the conductor.

"But what I want to know," replied the president, "is why anybody should buy a wheeled baby carriage at this time of the year. A man bought that, for sure. A woman would have bought one with runners at this time of the year."

"Of course she would," replied the conductor. "But the man must have had a busy time shopping, mustn't he? There's a rocking horse in the baby carriage; there's a toboggan; there's a turkey, and, oh—dozen of things. It'll be a pretty happy Christmas wherever that baby carriage and its load is going."

"Yes, a carriage for the new baby, and lots of presents for a pretty healthy little family, by the look of it."

The label on the baby-carriage caught the eye of the conductor. He lifted it with his thumb and forefinger, and bent over to look at it. Then he dropped it as though it burned his fingers, and turned to the president with something like consternation in his face.

"What does it say?" asked the president. "Why man, anybody would think 'twas dynamite with a live fuse attached to look at you. What's on the label, anyway?"

"It says 'John Kennedy, Peterborough.'"

"Holy Caesar!" exclaimed the president, springing to his feet. "Why that's the man who took my overcoat—the man I had arrested!"

"Yes, sir."

The president stood for a long time looking at his cigar. He recalled the pitiful pleadings of the man—his pale, agonized face, the unmanly tears.

"It'll drive my poor wife crazy," the man had said. "I haven't been home for six months—been railroad back in the bush. She and the little ones have been expecting me for Christmas."

Sir William thought of his own wife and family in his luxurious home in Montreal. They were waiting for him this Christmas eve, he knew, waiting and counting up the hours before he would return. Yet he had only been away two weeks. As a contrast he pictured some humble little home in Peterborough where a poor woman, who had not seen her husband for six months, was waiting this Christmas eve for his arrival. She would have scrubbed up the house till it looked as clean as a new pin. She would have a dainty meal ready for her husband and the president's imagination added the domestic touch of a kettle singing on the stove. She would have put clean clothes on the little children, and probably at this moment, was telling them for the hundredth time, "Your father's coming home!" And the little children! Surely they were dancing about the house and saying, "Daddy's coming! Daddy's coming!" He knew what little children were! Lastly came a stinging thought. The baby carriage was probably meant for a new baby that the father had never seen.

The president began to repent. After all, what had the man done! Probably he really thought the overcoat was lost, and had picked it up just the same as a man might pick up a ten-dollar bill on the floor of a hotel, feeling he might as well have it as anybody else.

When the train got to the next station, Sir William jumped out and walked into the little station house.

"Give me that key," he said to the astonished operator. The president had been an operator in his early days, he at once sat down at the telegraph instrument and gave the call for Bethany Junction. When he got through to that place he sent a message that considerably surprised the operator at the other end.

"Get Kennedy, the man arrested this evening, released immediately. His arrest a regrettable mistake. Get out an engine and one car and immediately run a special through to Peterborough. Kennedy must get there to-night."

"By whose orders?" asked the operator at the other end.

"By order of the president, William Van Horne," was the reply.

At Peterborough station that night a woman named Kennedy, with a baby in her arms, and three or four little ones flocking around her, was considerably astonished to hear an important looking gentleman, who stepped from the train on which she had expected her husband, inquiring for her by name.

"Is Mrs. Kennedy here?" roared Sir William.

"Yes, sir," said the woman timidly. "I'm Mrs. Kennedy."

"Your husband is coming along on the next train," said Sir William.

"He'll be here in a couple of hours. Here, let me shake your hand and wish you a Merry Christmas. God bless you, ma'am! God bless you!"

He jumped on the train and was gone.

And in the hand that the president had shaken Mrs. Kennedy found a Christmas present. It was a twenty dollar bill!