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It is to intending purchasers advantage to call or write for quotations before purchasing elsewhere. My staff of clerks are of my own training, and not hired in an underground way from other houses, and will meet you courteously, and at all times try their best to please. Prices will be right and as low as any.

James S. Neill

Fredericton's Big Hardware Store

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Now in Stock. A large quantity of American Corn and Manitoba Oats for sale at lowest prices. Also Ontario Middlings, Bran, Corn and Oats, Etc.

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Why are we So busy

Because we have Best Quality Materials, First Class Workmen, and Fair Prices with special attention given to repairs.

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Make a fine business suit, and are sure to give every satisfaction. I have a fine line of these Tweeds in stock, and am always pleased to show goods. PRICES A S RIGHT.

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100 Assorted English, Scotch, and Irish View for 1 shilling 6 pence.

1000 Assorted Scotch, English and Irish View. Actresses, Songs, Animal, Lover and Comic Cards for shillings.

English and Continental Actresses, cards tinted and Glossy Photographs, 15 hillings per gross. Christmas and New Year Cards, well Assorted areal. 100 Cards for 5 shillings. Value 1 d, 2d, 3d, 4d each, 500 Cards for 20 shillings.

BRITANIA POST CARD CO.

45 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

Fiction

HER GIANT FOLDING BED.

By C. B. LOOMIS.

It was against Mr. Bentley's advice that Cora bought the giant folding bed. They lived on the sixth floor in a small five-rooms-and-a-bath-steam-heated-all-improvements flat, and he said that such a huge folding bed was out of all proportion to the size of the bedroom. But Mrs. Bentley had set her heart on it, and Mr. Bentley has not been husband so long as to feel like thwarting any legitimate wish.

When she went down to the store she found she was just in time to get one at half price. What luck! She had expected to pay \$35 for the bed, and she got it at \$25, although by what process of arithmetic twenty-five becomes the half of thirty-five she did not stop to inquire.

But with the reduced price of the bed her good luck ended, and she entered upon a chapter of annoyances that would have made the bed dear as a gratuity.

The bed people were just moving out and were too busy to send the bed home. Five separate expressmen refused to stir their wagons when they learned that it was a giant. She began to wish that it was a trundle bed. But at last an expressman who was just starting in business and who was therefore inexperienced contracted for \$2 to deliver it.

So she went and waited for the bed with all the ardor of a child. Every time the dumb waiter whistle blew she ran out to see if they were trying to send it up that way, but when it finally arrived after a wait of four hours it came in at the front door.

After ten minutes or so Mrs. Bentley heard mastodontic footsteps on the stairs, the swish of tearing wall paper, the crash of falling globes, and she knew that they were bringing the bed upstairs. So did all the other flat dwellers. When she looked over the staircase there were from three to four heads beneath her, all looking down.

The arrival at different landings was punctuated by the crash of glass and the fall of plaster. And on the third floor the bed fell on one of the men. Luckily he was a fat German, and he escaped with a barked shin and a mild temper.

Long before that there was a string of home returning heads of families separated from their little ones by the Chinese wall of a bed. Those who were athletic enough climbed over and escaped to their apartments, but the rest had to content themselves with throwing kisses to their beloved ones and telling them not to despair.

Mrs. Bentley had not hitherto known there were so many people living in the house. The stairs were black with them, and the bed moved with the deliberation of a glacier. When the men reached the fourth floor they clamored for beer, and Mrs. Bentley, being inexperienced, sent for two bottles, which were brought in by the janitor's son.

The two men sat down, or, rather, up, way up, on the bed and opened a bottle apiece amid groans from the belated flat dwellers who lived above the third. It is probable that they had already solaced themselves with beer, for they became very merry and loquacious after the bottles had been emptied, and many of their jokes would not have been allowed at a variety theater.

There is a saying that there is always room at the top. This did not prove to be the case in regard to the giant bed. The hallway at the top flat was a joint affair, two suits opening on it, and it was the narrowest in the building. When the men finally arrived with their tremendous load they found that it was going to be a Chinese puzzle to get into Mrs. Bentley's. They shattered the last globe and then sat down on the stairs to ponder.

They finally came to the conclusion that they could not get it in unless the door of the opposite apartment were opened to admit of its being slewed around.

Mrs. Cochran was the opposite neighbor. She and Mrs. Bentley had been as distant as such contiguous flat dwellers could be. Their bows in the hall were as icy as the hall itself. Mrs. Cochran thought Mrs. Bentley a foolish little new wife, and Mrs. Bentley thought Mrs. Cochran common.

Still, there was nothing for it but to ask Mrs. Cochran to open her front door and let the man swing the bed into the doorway for just one moment. The fat man rang her bell. She opened the door, with fire in her eyes. She had been trying to get the youngest to sleep, and the constant thumping and crashing and the obnoxious and beery laughter of the expressmen had cooled the not too placid waters of her disposition to a foaming point.

Mrs. Cochran glowered. "Oh!" said Mrs. Bentley, with a hastily made veneer of sweetness. "May the men just swing the bed into your hallway so that they can get it into my doorway? I didn't suppose it was so big. I don't think it was so big in the store."

Mrs. Cochran sniffed at the inanity of the remark, but she said:

"Oh, I suppose I cannot refuse. I hope you'll quit your thumping after you get it in. I can't get my child to sleep while it's going on."

"I'm sure it will only be a minute. You see, the worst is over."

"I should hope so," said Mrs. Coch-

ran, looking at the dents in the wall and the broken globes. And then the two expressmen put their shoulders to the bed and swung it into the doorway with such vehemence that it stuck like a fat cork in a small bottle and refused to budge.

"Well, this is a pretty state of things," said Mrs. Cochran from behind the bed. "How do you suppose we're going to close our front door with that great bed in the way?" "You won't need to close it. No one will come in while der bet is dere. It is besser as a door." And the German laughed uproariously and fatly.

"Oh, but this is too awful!" said Mrs. Bentley, wringing her hands helplessly.

"I should think it was," came the voice of Mrs. Cochran from the other side of the bed.

"Is your husband in there? Can't he help push?" suggested Mrs. Bentley.

"No," snapped Mrs. Cochran. "He hasn't come home yet, and, what's more, he can't until this barricade is removed. How anybody but a fool could have bought such a monstrous thing I don't see!"

At this juncture Mr. Cochran came upstairs, with Mr. Bentley just behind him. Mr. Cochran looked puzzled. Mr. Bentley groaned. He had come home too soon.

"What are you doing to the bed?" asked Mr. Cochran.

"We ain't doin' a thing to it," said the fat German joyously.

Bentley and Cochran laughed, but Mrs. Bentley saw no humor in the remark, and certainly Mrs. Cochran saw no funny side to the bed. Both sides seemed tragic to her.

"Is that you, George?" she called out.

"Yes, it's me. Shall I come in?"

"You can't except by the fire escape," said Mrs. Cochran despairingly.

"What are you doing with it in the wrong door?" asked Mr. Bentley of the expressmen.

"Sure, 'twould have shook as fasht in anny dure," said the Irish expressman, and the German roared sympathetically.

Mr. Cochran is a man of action. "Here; we four men ought to be able to move a little be—a bed. Now, altogether; pull!"

Mr. Cochran is a successful politician, but he had the wrong kind of pull with him, and the only result of the effort was that Mr. Bentley pulled off some of the molding and fell on his back.

Nothing daunted, Mr. Cochran said, "Let's go around by way of the fire escape and push."

The two expressmen and Mr. Cochran made nothing of passing from Mrs. Bentley's parlor to Mrs. Cochran's parlor by the fire escape, but Mr. Bentley is light headed and had to be helped across—by his wife. Then the two entered the Cochran apartments for the first time like thieves in the night.

Now all six combined their strength and pushed, but the bed only laughed at them.

"Well, nothing more can be done now," said Cochran. "The bed is here, and it's got to stay here for the present. Now, you men might as well go about your business. You've done what you set out to do—the bed is up here fast enough."

"How much do I owe you?" asked Bentley of the German.

"Two dollars. I'll sent around a carpenter if you want."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Bentley. "He'll be able to move it."

Back across the fire escape was Mr. Bentley helped by his faithful wife, and then they bade the Cochrans good night. It was such an impossible thing that had happened that everybody felt good natured once more, just as in a blizzard or a period of excessive heat people make light of their misfortunes and passersby joke one another.

Next morning immediately after breakfast Mrs. Bentley went down to the bed company to see whether they could suggest a way of getting the bed out of Mrs. Cochran's doorway.

They had moved, and a big sign in the window bore the legend, "To Be Opened In A Few Days as a Ladies' Lunch Room."

For the space of two days that bed stood in the doorway while carpenter after carpenter came and looked at it and shook his head and went away.

Then came one who said: "I've seen those beds before. They ain't worth bothering with. The company's failed that made them. Now, next door to my shop is a vacant lot, and if I cut the bed to pieces I guess you can dump it there and the owner of the lot won't mind."

Mrs. Bentley hailed the scheme as a heaven sent proposition. Mr. Bentley was downtown, and Mrs. Cochran, who was on the other side chatting with her—for in spite of what had come between them they were now quite friendly—seconded the plan.

The carpenter borrowed an ax of the janitor, and in a half hour's time, with the exception of the mirror, which was preserved intact, there was not a square foot of the bed unbroken. The carpenter sent the pieces down to the dumb waiter and then took them away and presumably dumped them. Mrs. Cochran spent five minutes shutting and opening the door. It was so pleasant to be able to do it again.

Then Mrs. Bentley invited her neighbor into her flat and apologized for making so much trouble.

"It was no trouble at all, my dear. It has made something to talk about."

Now, Mr. Bentley seemed to think that \$25 for the bed, \$2 for delivery and \$10 for damage to the hallways, together with the charge of the carpenter for the time it took him to destroy the bed, was rather a large amount to pay for a subject of conversation. So he isn't saying a word about it.

MR. EMMERSON'S ATTITUDE

M. P. for Westmorland Opposed to Sale of Intercolonial.

Toronto, Dec. 24.—Hon. H. R. Emmerson, M. P., ex-minister of railways and canals, spent Monday in Toronto. Interviewed by The World respecting the rumors about the sale or lease of the Intercolonial Railway, Mr. Emmerson said:

"It is all news to me. I have been south for some days, and the first I have heard of the rumors was upon reading the Toronto morning papers when I came into Canada this morning."

"I may say, however that I am unreservedly and unalterably opposed to the sale or lease of the Intercolonial to any road or roads, or to permitting any company, or companies, to acquire such running rights as will permit it or them to handle local traffic."

"Of course," he continued, "if the government should determine to turn the road over to any private corporation, then—as a choice of evils—I would prefer to see it leased to a company whose interests would be

centred in the maritime provinces."

"Has any such company been formed?"

"Not that I know of. And how long could it resist the trunk lines? If the government is not strong enough to do so how could such a company succeed in doing so?"

Mr. Emmerson said that so far as he knew the intentions of the government, they leaned towards expanding rather than abandoning the I. C. R.

"Confederation," he continued, "was brought on a partnership basis. The Dominion Government is no more justified in turning over the government railway to private corporations than it would be justified in turning over our canals to private corporations. Whether public ownership and operation of all railways would benefit Canada is a question which I am not called upon to discuss. It is not a financial possibility for us to acquire them. But what we have we should hold."

HARVEY STATION

Dec. 26—Among those who are visiting relatives and friends here during the holidays are William Atchison of Houlton; Rev. R. A. MacDonald of Richmond, Miss Elizabeth Little of Springfield, Mass., Misses Jamie Little and Daisy McCulloch of Waltham, Mass.

Mrs. S. Allen Robison has gone to Boston to visit her sisters and other relatives and friends there.

Mrs. DeWitt is very ill of pneumonia. Dr. Atherton arrived last night from Fredericton to consult with Dr. Keith in the case.

William Hunter, son of Mr. S. B. Hunter has been ill for some weeks from an internal abscess, he was taken to the Richard's hospital in Fredericton last week, where he is under treatment by Dr. Atherton, and his speedy recovery is hoped for.

On Thursday evening the Board of Church Managers went to the manse and presented Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson with a purse of thirty-five dollars as a token of good will and of appreciation of his ministry by the congregation. Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson and his amiable and talented wife although settled here scarcely six months, are doing good work and are held in high esteem by the congregation.

WHISKY MEDICINES

The temperance press is emphasizing the danger to the home in the use of "medicines" which are loaded with whisky or alcohol. In this respect as well as in the remarkable character of their cures, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and bowel derangements, and "Favotite Prescription" for woman's derangements and weaknesses, contain no alcohol. Their full ingredients are printed on the bottle wrappers, therefore they are not secret or patent medicines. Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet giving list of medicinal roots from which these remedies are extracted by the use of triple-refined glycerine; also the eminent medical writers who recommend their ingredients for the cure of the diseases for which these medicines are advised.

Irish Moss For Invalids.

Those who suffer from stomach or intestinal trouble where the mucous membrane is irritated will find Irish moss soothing and palatable.

It should be boiled until it produces a thick, nourishing jelly. It can be boiled with milk or water, although the former is better. If one wishes it sweetened or flavored, any fruit juice that the palate will stand can be added to it.

Coffee or chocolate prepared as for the table is preferable to the juices and extracts and is better for the health.

When making it for an invalid who has chronic stomach trouble it is best to use the smallest amount of sugar.

Tasty Luncheon Dish.

An Americanized version of an Italian cabbage dish is this: Boil the cabbage tender, drain it, cut it into pieces and arrange it in layers in a buttered baking dish with grated Parmesan cheese and buttered crumbs separating the layers. When the cabbage is all used turn into the dish some beef stock or hot water flavored with beef, cover the top with buttered crumbs and bake until they are brown.

To Keep Meat Warm.

Place the dish containing the meat on a pan of boiling water, cover over with a metal dish cover, and over that place a cloth. The latter will prevent the gravy from drying up and keep the meat moist and juicy.

"I see that Bikins has wooden signs all over the district saying he's the best man in the field."

A PAINLESS CORN CURE.

Easily applied—costs but a quarter—that's Putnam's Corn Extractor—fifty years in use. Insist on "Putnam's" only.

SHIP OF DEATH

Five Immigrants Die Within an Hour of Each Other

The Great Central Railway Company's steamer Ashton, which arrived in the Humber on Sunday from Antwerp, anchored off Grimsby and signalled for the medical officer of health to come on board.

Dr. Simpson went off to the steamer immediately, and Captain Millward informed him that five of the six steerage passengers had died within an hour of each other that morning.

Dr. Simpson at once placed the ship in quarantine, and gave orders that no person was to leave the vessel without his permission.

The bodies were brought ashore and taken to the mortuary. On Monday afternoon the inquest was held.

James Harland, the ship's steward said that the immigrants were two men, named Perach Lieb Ronin, aged thirty-five, and Schafe Kuperstein, aged thirty-two and two sisters, Marien and Blume Woloff, aged respectively nineteen and fifteen, with their brother Michel, aged eleven.

Harland told a graphic story of the discovery of four of the immigrants dead in their bunks and the fifth in a dying condition. The party came on board at Antwerp, and on Sunday morning at breakfast time the witness went to see how they were getting on.

"When I reached the immigrants," he said, "I saw Blume Woloff with her face buried in her hands. All of them were in their berths. I touched her hands and found them stone cold. I sent for Captain Millward, and when he came we found that she was dead. We proceeded to the next berth and found Marien Woloff with her back towards us. Turning her over, we found she was dead also. We next found the little boy dead, and Kuperstein whom we next examined, was also dead. I went to Ronin. He was alive, but in a bad way. I got about half a glass of brandy down his throat and we then carried him on deck. We walked him about, but he suddenly collapsed on the deck and died."

The Ashton was not freed from quarantine until Tuesday, when Dr. Simpson announced at the resumed inquest that a bacteriological report made it clear that the immigrants had died from ptomaine poisoning.

WHY COUGH SYRUPS FAIL.

They slip quickly over the sore irritated membranes, drop into the stomach and do little else but harm digestion. It's different with Catarrhazone—you inhale it. Every breath sends healing balsams to the inflamed tissues. Tightness, soreness and inflammation are cured by healing pine essences. The cough goes away, throat is strengthened, huskiness is cured. Nothing so simple, so convenient, so certain to cure as Catarrhazone. Try it. 25c and \$1.00 sizes. Sold everywhere.

They say you're going to marry a man to reform him, dear?

Yes, that is true.

Who is it may I ask?

It is Mr. Gosha Golde.

Golde! Golde, the old millionaire!

But I didn't know he had any bad habits.

Yes; his friends inform me he is miserly.

HAVE YOU A HORSE?

If you want to keep him in shape, never let him suffer pain. Rub on "Nerviline" it is noted for curing strains, swellings and stiffness and sore muscles. For internal use in curing cramps and colic, Nerviline is a perfect marvel. In every good training stable you'll find Nerviline, because it keeps horses in trim and reduces the veterinary bill. Farmers, stockmen and all horse owners should buy Nerviline and prove how powerful it is. Good for man or beast. 25c for bottle at all dealers.