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Buzzell's Dye Works

A WAIF'S FORTUNES

(Continued.)

"Mrs. Delarieux means well, my dear, and she could not have meant you to feel like this. It is only that she wants you to understand the gravity of wrongdoing. But she knows, as I do, that you grieve over what is past, and she wants to help you."

"Does she?"

"Yes." She thinks it would be well for you to have work to do and to be supporting yourself honorably; and that is what you wish, is it not?"

"I don't want to take any favors from her," said Rosalie.

"She can help you; and she means to be kind, if she speaks harshly," said Mrs. Annesley. "I do feel how hard things must be for you, but I want you to try and bear your trials bravely. Try to live down the past. It is the only way. Mrs. Delarieux tells me that she has written to an elderly relative of her own about you; and this lady is willing to take you into her house on condition that you make yourself useful. It means a safe shelter for you, and if Mrs. Delarieux is pleased with you, I know she will be a good friend to you always."

"You think I ought to go?"

"I have obtained leave for you to stay with us for a week or two, till you are stronger; but, so far as I can see at present, I feel that you ought to regard Mrs. Delarieux as she wishes you to—as your guardian."

"Why does she dislike me so much?"

"My dear child, she does not."

"She never takes my hand, and she looks at me and speaks to me as if—as if she despises me. No one else ever treated me so. My step-mother used to beat me—I can just remember it. But that was different."

Mrs. Annesley found it difficult to deal with the sensitive spirit, so unfit to combat the trials that must await it.

"You have had no experience of the world, Rosalie," she said, "and I am afraid everything will be strange to you in your changed position. It is better, perhaps, that you should realize at once what that is. Mrs. Delarieux wishes to provide for you and to guard you from danger and care."

"But I am not used to being taken care of, and do not imagine that she despises you because of it."

"I wish I could stay with you always."

"And I wish so, too. You should be my care if we were better off, Rosalie," Mrs. Annesley answered candidly. "But Mrs. Delarieux is ready to provide for all your needs, and you must think of me as your friend."

"I shall love you always," Rosalie answered with fervor. "And I will try to make Mrs. Delarieux like me better, and to do all she wishes, for your sake. How sweet it would be to have a mother like you! I have thought of my own mother so much since I have known you. What a pity you have no daughter."

"I have my boy Wilfrid; and I have a girl who is almost like a daughter to me; the child of a dear friend."

"A little girl?"

"She is nearly seventeen, and will soon be leaving school."

"Seventeen! The same age as I am, and at school!"

The image of Meta Lonsdale rose before Mrs. Annesley. Meta, with her happy, innocent schoolgirl past; her future of fair promise. What a contrast between her destiny and that of Rosalie!

Mrs. Annesley yearned over the desolate girl with motherly tenderness. She had spoken truly when she had said that she wished she could have kept Rosalie with her. And yet, mother-like, she looked forward; and she thought of Wilfred, thrown into the society of this lovely, loveable girl, already sullied.

All Mrs. Annesley's hopes were set on her only son, twenty years old at the time, and at college. The school-girl Meta dreamed of him, she knew; and the boy and girl romance was, she hoped, the promise of a happy union.

The best of women can be selfish where those they love are concerned; and even while she wished she could have kept Rosalie near her, Mrs. Annesley felt it might be best for the girl to be far away from the home where Wilfrid spent his holidays.

There were others who thought of the girl left destitute by the death of Delarieux. Some of the sculptor's comrades wrote kindly and generously, or called to make inquiries. Amongst these were Gabriel Santry and Robert Hardross.

Santry impressed the Annesleys by his charming, polished manners and his fatherly kindness towards Rosalie.

"Remember, there is always a friend to be found here," he said, giving her a card with his address on it, and to Mrs. Annesley he spoke apart, offering pecuniary aid if it should be needed for "his friend's ward."

He contrived to say to Rosalie before he went:

"Come to me if you are unhappy where they send you."

This the Annesleys did not hear, nor did Rosalie think of it sufficient importance to repeat. It was just a variation of what he had said before.

Robert Hardross failed to make so favorable an impression as the painter. Till Mrs. Annesley was talking to him alone, she thought him a plain and unattractive young man. He could write fluently, but it was not easy for him to express his feelings where they lay deep.

"Then there's nothing I can do for her?" he said.

"Nothing, thank you," Mrs. Annesley answered; and then, as it chanced, she looked into his eyes and saw all his honest, faithful soul shining there.

"You knew them well?" she said quickly.

"No; I only saw her once. She won't care to see me now. I'm almost a stranger."

"I think she would like to see you and thank you for your kind thoughts."

"Are you sure? I should like to see her, but—"

"Come," Mrs. Annesley said. She took him to the room where Rosalie sat. Such a different Rosalie to the girl with the radiant eyes and smiling lips, dancing to the music of her lover's violin!

(To Be Continued.)

HINTS FOR THE LADIES

New York, July 22—This nation of wearing veils instead of hats in the evening is rather a pretty one and is one of the summer fads which crop up, no one quite knows how, but which takes possession of the younger element each summer season in some form or other.

The pretty young girls who ride down to the beaches in the breezy open cars all wear over their hair not the ordinary hat which accompanies the daytime costume, but a long chiffon veil in some lacy color tied in two knots which come directly over the ears, the space between the knots fitting over the head like a little round bonnet. The long ends of the veil fall forward over the shoulders like Gretchen braids of hair, and give a youthful look. When the breeze blows the ends of the veil whip about the face or stream backward in suggestively cool fashion the knots over the ears holding the veil close securely on the head.

One sees these knotted veils also in sail and motor boats, and they are most popular for evening motoring for the hair is kept trim and tidy under the little knotted cap, while the whole head covering is delightfully light and cool.

There are, also, chiffon motor hoods shirred on reeds which are becoming as well as comfortable for warm weather use. Persian printed chiffon is used for these bonnets with a lining of plain colored chiffon harmonizing with the Persian design and the light chiffon is run in half-inch tucks through which pass flexible reeds. These reeds are caught together in a group over each ear, and a big rosette of the chiffon covers the stitches. Sometimes a little frill is added at the back of the bonnet. Pale buff automobile veils are the fad this summer among fashionable

women, and this color has the satisfactory quality of holding its tone under summer suns, while the laven-ders, which were so popular last season, fade sadly after one or two wearings. Even when a close fitting and coquettish little motor bonnet forms a part of the automobile wardrobe, it is well to possess at least one chiffon veil, for frequently occasions arise where one must travel by motor car, toggled out in one's best frock and hat and some protection for the latter is imperative. And just a whisper about this automobile veil. The canny woman always buys it plentifully long, and plentifully wide, too, knowing that chiffon is a flimsy thing, but a beautiful thing when whisked about by the wind; and that nothing is so bewitching as yards and yards of the delicate stuff blown about the face and over the shoulders when the car is in motion.

The arrangement of the lace veil is exactly the opposite of last summer, when all these veils were pinned up under the chin snugly—and, it must be confessed, uncomfortably—on the hottest days. Now the lace veil falls loosely and gracefully from the brim of the hat, being held only at the back of the brim, the two corners of the veil hanging somewhat lower at the back on the shoulders, while the front comes well below the chin. A pretty face is double pretty through the mystery of one of the flowered chintilly veils, and the white lacer lace veils are also most becoming and most dainty with light colored hats. Worn with the small close-fitting turbans of the summer, the long veil trailing down the back and thrown off the face over the turban in front has something the suggestion of a widow's veil, and is rather piquant above a fresh young face.

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No matter how simple the frock, the petticoat is a thing of luxury. Extravagantly beautiful petticoats are seen under quite inexpensive little lawn and dimity dresses; and the woman of fashion often wears beneath her morning frocks of extreme simplicity petticoats from Paris that are worth many times the price of the little frock made very likely by her own maid at home.

Embroidered petticoats are by far the most fashionable for everything, but occasions where very dressy costumes are in order. With the dancing frock and the elaborate bridge or other afternoon costume beautiful petticoats of fine mull with flounces of Val. lace are worn and often these skirts have as many as three Val. edged flounces, one over the other, in fluffy, frou-frou effect which show when the gown is lifted to mount a stairway or enter a limousine. The embroidery petticoats have deep flounces, also, and the deeper and wider the flounce the handsomer the petticoat. But these handsome flounces are very soft, and are ironed almost without starch, in order that the skirt above the petticoat may maintain its correct, unflaring lines. Eyelet embroidery flounces are satisfactory for wear beneath the short frock worn in the street, for the embroidery seems to launder with special success and lasts a long time. The French embroidery in imitation of hand scalloping and dotting on sheer mull is most beautiful in petticoat flounces, but these skirts are rather perishable, and do not last when subjected to the weekly laundings necessary for an every-day petticoat.

Many women, when buying a new petticoat, select one several sizes too long and cut the skirt in two above the knees, shaping and fitting the upper portion by means of gores, with a ribbon heading making an ordinary inexpensive petticoat appear like one worth several times as much.

Summer Drinks

Someone has said that the first draught a man drinks ought to be for thirst, the second for nourishment, and the third for pleasure. When one and the same draught satisfies all three claims, that, presumably, is a beverage worthy of patronage. It is one, too, the knowledge of which is of timely acceptability. For when are throats so parched, or when does taste so crave some delectable potation, as now, when the temperature soars high, and idle holiday hours plead excuse for the eating of sweets and the quaffing of appetizing concoctions? The lovely Hebe, who dispensed nectar and ambrosia in the garden of the gods on Mount Olympus, could not have been more appreciated than the housewife who prepares the refreshing glass for the household of ordinary earthly mortals.

What this glass shall contain is a question that perplexes more than one or two. When expense and easy making are points to be considered the following preparations, will be found to admirably fill the contingency, being healthful, quickly concocted, capable of slaking the most aggressive thirstiness, and, above all, pleasant to the palate.

To begin with, there are East India Lime Juice, of the purest quality obtainable; and Raspberry Vinegar, made from fresh, carefully chosen berries, fine malt vinegar and granulated sugar, a production that will rival the best home-made beverage turned out. In addition to these are Lemon Kall, or Sherbet, an effervescent powder, ready sweetened, and free from any medicinal properties, also "Ye Olde Lemonade," Lime Juice and Soda, and Lemon Squash Crystals, for carrying to picnics, or packing in small space on any occasion of transferring provisions from one spot to another.

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At End Passenger Bridge

- F. S. WILLIAMS -

In man the temperature of the blood is 98 degrees; in sheep 102; in ducks 107; in ague it falls from 98 to 94; in fever it rises to 102 or 105.

According to an official estimate, there were in England and Wales last year 1,225,055 more females than males.

E. A. Mackenzie, a deaf and dumb student, has taken a degree from Cambridge University.

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Windsor Hall under the new management will make a specialty of serving Sunday dinners beginning July 24th. Charges moderate for same.

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