

"What School for My Daughter?"

THE MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE

BECAUSE

It is the Largest Ladies' College in Canada.
It is in a Healthful Town.
It Has Specialists for Teachers.
It Offers Literary Courses.
[University Graduates as Teachers.]
It Offers Music Courses
[Staff, Educated Abroad]
It Offers Oration Courses
[Teachers of Talent and Training]
It Offers Household Science Courses
[Certificate is Qualification for Teaching in New Brunswick Schools]
It Offers Fine Art Courses
[Director an R. C. A.]
Its Aim is True Education, not Surface Culture.

Free Catalogue on
application to
DR. B. C. BORDEN
Sackville, N. B.

SEND

WRITE FOR
FREE CALENDAR

THAT BOY OF YOURS

MOUNT ALLISON ACADEMY

FOR a General, Special or Mat-
riculation Course, Leading to
Colleges of Arts, Engineering,
Medicine, etc.

J. M. PALMER, M. A., Principal Sackville, N. B.

MOUNT ALLISON COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

FOR a Course in Business, or
Shorthand and Type-writing.
Comfortable Residence—Excel-
lent Staff of Teachers.

W. BUTCHER

PRACTICAL CONFECTIONER.

Has prepared rich cake mixtures,
which he is offering to the public at .20
cents per bag. No experience required.
Simply mix with two eggs and half cup of
milk, then bake. These unsurpassed cake-
in mixtures will keep good any length of
time.

Cakes Iced and prettily decorated at
moderate charges.

Success guaranteed by using Cakein
Mixtures.

Three kinds; Plain, Coconut and
Fruit.

Hotels and Boarding Houses should
use Cakein.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

W. Butcher.

TENNIS GOODS

Rackets Balls, Nets, Presses, etc.

We Have a Few Last Year's Balls in Stock at Half Price. These
are Practically Just as Good as the New Ones

HALL'S BOOK STORE

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCO, ETC.

AT FACTORY PRICES TO THE TRADE

We Carry a Complete Stock and Execute all Orders Promptly

J. H. HAWTHORN

Queen Street Fredericton, N. B.

ATTENTION
HOUSEKEEPERS.

When in need of something New
and Nobby in the Furniture Line,
call at my warerooms on King St.
I have a large and well assorted
stock to select from, and my Prices
cannot be discounted in this city.

Come in and look over some of the Bargains we are offering.

HOWARD ROGERS, King St. near N.B. Foundry

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale his val-
uable farm at Tay Settlement, York
County consisting of 150 acres nearly all
of which is in a high state of cultivation.
Buildings in good repair. Never failing
water supply. Will be sold with or
without crops. Full particulars on ap-
plication.

JOSEPH HAWKES,
Tay Settlement
York Co., N.B.

In 1834 the first railway in Ireland
was opened—from Dublin to Kings-
town.

HOTEL

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

HER LAD

Inside the barely furnished garret
darkness had come again. All that
day the frail little old woman had
lain fever-stricken and helpless on the
bed. Like a sick, uncomplaining ani-
mal she had crept to her corner the
night before, since when no living
creature had been near her. The
ways of the other dwellers in the
tenement were not as hers. It was
understood amongst them that she
was "not quite the thickest," and
they learned to take her comings and
goings unconcernedly.

Somehow, despite all vicissitudes,
she had contrived to find the weekly
sum demanded for the rent; but the
tiny grate had seldom served its
purpose, the darkness of the nights
had rarely been dispelled by light,
and of food the cupboard was often
quite bare. In all the teeming build-
ing, no creature was poorer than
this gray-haired old woman, with the
smooth face of a young girl and the
simple mind of a child.

Not one of the kindly hearted peo-
ple whom she visited in regular turn
could have said where she lived. Some
had known her for many years; that
she was miserably poor was but too
evident. For that reason, a meal
was generally assured her, and at in-
tervals, on the pretext of a service
rendered, a little money.

There were refractory children who,
perforce, must submit to her tuition
at the piano; on occasion she would
be requested to rattle off the mazur-
kas and polkas she had learned as a
girl; or, maybe, to mind the house
and bairns while the parents went to
theatre or concert.

The good folk on her visiting list
had learned to know her ways. They
were aware of the obsession that held
her, and would listen with kindly in-
terest when she talked, as she often
did, of the lad who was coming back.

For thirty-five years the little wo-
man had been expecting the return of
the man who had won her love in the
glad springtime of her life. The wed-
ding-day had been fixed; in her keep-
ing he had deposited a little pile of
banknotes—savings from his salary—
towards the furniture. Her friends
understood from her babbling that
"money always burnt a hole in
Tom's pocket." And then something
—she knew not what—had occurred in
his life to drive him suddenly abroad.
He had left her with the promise on
his lips that he would return. Hot
on the shock of his going had hap-
pened the tragedy which had unbinged
her mind. In one night she had
been bereft of home and parents by
the awful catastrophe of fire. Out of
the entire household, she alone had
been saved. In the hospital they had
discovered a letter clutched tightly in
her hands—the charge given by the
lover who would return. The memory
of that horror had still power to
cause a fit of shuddering. The sight
of a fire-engine from the day of
her return to consciousness moved her
to faint terror. The intervening
years had marked a gradual descent
to penury.

Physically and mentally, she was
unequal to the fight. She had endeav-
ored bravely to gain a livelihood by
giving lessons; but there came a day
when she was supplanted by a more
efficient teacher, and, possibly, offer-
ed charity. That day marked the
end of her visits. The pride within
her—mistaken, maybe—forbade the
taking of what she had not earned.
Through the darkest days she had
never begged. Even when poverty
had driven her to the slums, she
comforted herself with the belief that
what she received was for services
rendered; and the good friends, who
had learned to know her, generally
contrived to make some trivial obli-
gation.

Every morning she had wakened to
the certainty that today Tom would
come back. Each night she had fallen
asleep with the belief that to-
morrow her lad surely would return.

In her mind's eye, she pictured him
as when he had left her—a clean-built
handsome fellow of laughing eyes and
ready tongue. Imagination had sup-
planted fact as his coming. She only
knew that henceforth life would be glad.

For some days she had felt ill, but,
despite the aching body, she had de-
gaged herself out on the round. How
she reached home on the previous
night she could scarcely remember.
Leadon-limbed and pain-racked, she
had stumbled to her bed, hopeful that
the morrow would see her better.
Sleeplessly she had heard the tolling
of every passing hour the long night
through. All day she had lain help-
less and unattended, while the con-
suming fever drove her ever nearer to
delirium. And now night had come
again.

The little woman was very near the
Valley of the Shadow.

The office, save for a solitary figure
was deserted. The usual closing hour
had long passed, but, on the pretext
of clearing up back work, Tom Rob-
inson, the cashier, had remained. Still
and white-faced, he sat at his desk,
trying to see a way to avert expos-
ure and its consequences. The plea
of arrears was an invention. His
books should have been handed to
the auditor that day; but, on the
excuse of a missing voucher, he had
withheld them. On the morrow it
would be necessary to produce the pa-

per, and he dare not do it. The mis-
appropriation, applied by him in a
certain cut to fortune, with the usual
result, was a happening of two
months back, and week by week since
he had manipulated the accounts, hop-
ing before the financial year-end to
be in a position to produce the bal-
ance disclosed. Forty-five pounds still
remained, and he saw no way of rais-
ing it.

His service with the firm dated
from his youth. He had come with
excellent credentials, and, by marked
ability, had reached his present posi-
tion of trust. In appearance he was
clean-built and handsome; in disposi-
tion he was sunny and frehanded to
a fault. "Tom could never keep mon-
ey," his friends said of him.

Still sad and despairing he sat,
gazing blankly before him. Ruin and
worse, stared him in the face, and he
could find no escape. Amongst all
his friends there was no man who
could help him, even had he dared to
ask. In the morning the auditor would
insist on the production of the sheet,
and he could expect no mercy.

He rated himself for a blind fool.
Self-recrimination held him, clenching
his hands. The future had promised
bright for him. There was a certain
lovable girl, whose heart was in his
keeping, and who believed in him.
The thought of her grief at his dis-
grace added to the poignancy of his
torment.

His boyish recollections were of a
worthless father, who had died a fel-
low in Sing Sing, and of a mother
whose heart had broken. For that
reason he seldom spoke of America
because of it he had taken another
name.

The memory of his father held him
in bitter musing. He knew that he
had fled from England, as a young
man, to escape the consequences of
some speculation.

"Like father, like son," he mutter-
ed; while all the time he denied the
reproach by the plea that he had
meant to repay—that, given time now
he would right the wrong. There
seemed no way out. He must face
the music. And yet—the thought set
him trembling—was there, after all,
no hope? Someone there had been in
the old days who had known his fa-
ther well, who even now inquired his
whereabouts. He had often seen the
advertisement, but, with no wish to
rake up the past, had refrained from
communicating. What if the inquir-
er, for old time's sake, would extend
a helping hand to the son.

"A forlorn hope!" he muttered, with
his hands pressed to his head. "But
I'll try it—I must!"

The genial policeman standing at
the corner of Cheese Street regarded
the anxious-faced young man with a
queer grin.

"Dook's Buildings?" he said. "Yes.
Up the gullet, half-way down. Look-
in' for trouble?"

Tom turned away with a shake of
the head. The hopelessness of his mis-
sion had become strengthened at
sight of the mean street. Help such
as he needed could not be expected
from any luckless individual com-
pelled to live in this squalid area. At
discovery of the darkness approach-
ing the buildings he stood wavering,
and only curiosity impelled him to
enter it.

The blotchy-faced woman, of whom
he made inquiry for Miss or Mrs.
Jane Joy, could give no information
and referred the question to another
of her kind who chanced to appear.

"You'll find no Joy dahn 'ere, gov'
nor! Nah if it was sorer!"

"My oath!" the first agreed, with
a laugh.

"Perhaps it's the duchess 'e's look-
in' for!" the other remarked. "Wot's
'er nime, Mrs. Shog?"

"Nah you've asked me!" that lady
returned. "Er it is, or nobody. Top
floor, when she's at 'ome. Mind the
'ole on the second landin'!"

Up the dingy flights of stairs Tom
climbed, to stay outside the door of
the garret, with hand arrested in the
act of knocking, as the sound of
labored breathing, cut at intervals by
a feeble moan, came to him. Then,
very quietly, he knocked and listen-
ed. He was conscious that for a spell
the moaning had ceased, but, receiv-
ing no response, he turned the han-
dle. The little doom was dimly illu-
minated by a shaft of moonlight that
penetrated the dingy skylight.

"Tom!" The hoarse, long-drawn
whisper came to him, holding him
inert. Hat in hand, he stood just
within the doorway, staring in am-
azement "Tom!" The whisper had
taken the ring of exultation.

On the disordered bed the woman
looked up at him with ineffable glad-
ness in her shining eyes, and vainly
she tried to lift her wasted arms to-
wards him. In the form and featur-
es of the son she saw again the lover
who had promised to return. He had
come, as she knew he would!

Something, if not all, of the story
was revealed to the lad as he stood
staring. Something of the dread
presence was already in the little
room, and, feeling it, all thought of
his present trouble fled, leaving him
filled with tender sympathy. In the
long ago this gray-haired, hollow-
eyed woman had been a trusting, lov-
ing girl, who had known and loved
his worthless father. Very quietly

BUTTON SALE

2 Cards for 5c.

The biggest button sale ever heard of. Buttons worth 5, 10, 15, 20 and 25c
a dozen, on sale 2 cards for 5c.

Hosiery Sale

Children's Sox, worth 15 and 20c. pair, on sale at 10c. pair, or 3 pairs for 25c

Ladies' black and colored stockings, regular 50c. a pair on sale at 25c. a pair

JUST HALF PRICE

A. MURRAY & CO.

he approached the bed and knelt be-
side it.

"Tom!" came the broken whisper.

"My lad—come back—at last!"

"You knew I should come some day?" he
muttered smilingly.

"Some day!" she whispered. "I've
kept what you gave for our little
home all the years. Under the pillow
—Tom, my lad! Come—at last!"

Gladness urged her to exert her
waning strength in an effort to twine
her arms about him. One moment
she was smiling, the next a spasm
contracted her face, and, with a little
sigh, she fell back heavily. When at
last he rose he knew that she had fa-
len asleep forever.

Gently he groped beneath the pil-
low. His fingers closed on an envel-
ope. He drew it forth, and read the
faded inscription: "Tom Branksome,
my dear lad." For quite a long time
he remained with the packet in his
hands. Then, with trembling fingers,
he broke the seal, and with the con-
tents revealed, he stood crying like a
child.

The letter contained the sum of six-
ty pounds—a dozen five-pound notes—
faithfully held in trust, despite all
privation, for this glad day—held as
a sacred charge for thirty-five years.
By the door Tom stayed and look-
ed back. The dead face was smiling.
THE END.

A Simple Treatment that
Will Make Hair Grow
Now Sold in Canada

Every up-to-date woman should
have radiant hair.

There are thousands of women with
arsh, faded, characterless hair, who
do not try to improve it.

In England and Paris women take
pride in having beautiful hair. Every
Canadian woman can have luscious
and luxuriant hair by using
SALVIA, the Great American Sage
Hair Tonic.

Every reader of The Mail can have
an attractive head of hair in a few
weeks by using SALVIA.

A. J. Ryan sells a large bottle for
50 cents, and guarantees it to banish
Dandruff, stop falling hair and itching
scalp in ten days, or money back.

SALVIA is a beautiful, pleasant,
non-sticky Hair Tonic.

COULD EASILY SQUEEZE
THROUGH THE TRANSOM

Hamilton, Aug 18.—Provincial de-
tective Miller is working hard on the
trail of Moir and Taggart, the two
murderers who escaped from the asy-
lum for insane early yesterday morn-
ing. The detective has satisfied him-
self that Moir, who is slightly built,
could easily have squeezed through a
six inch transom.

It was reported by Superintendent
English that it had come to his know-
ledge that an automobile without
lights was seen or heard in the asy-
lum grounds early yesterday morning.
It was further reported that about 5
o'clock yesterday morning an auto-
mobile without lights passed through
Beamsville. There may or may not
be something in that clue as indicat-
ing how the men made such a good
get-away and inquiries will be made
at the bridge in an endeavor to lo-
cate the car. At the best, the autho-
rities are working on the most slender
clues. That Moir, who was the
ingleader, made his plans well can-
not be doubted. It is believed that
friends with money helped him out,
and that the soldier's cleverness did
the rest.

He was a balmly headed Johnny,
with little cash. She was both pretty
and pert. He said: "Do you know,
Dolly, I am something of a mimic?"
I can take almost anybody off." She
said: "Then take yourself off, old
boy. I'm expecting someone to take
me to supper."

Three generations of the Marean
family of Chevy Chase, Md., climbed
to the top of Mt. Greylock, the high-
est mountain in the state Sunday.
This is the first time that three gen-
erations of one family have climbed
the mountain on the same day.

German Buns Sultana Cakes

Walnut Cakes Plain Cakes

Small Wares and Pies fresh every day

Scotch Zest, Home Made and Brown

Bread.

DUNBAR'S BAKERY

123 Regent Street

Phone 361-41

SALE

Being obliged to reduce our present stock to make room for a
bigger show for the coming season, we have marked down our goods
to a basis that is bound to make them 'go

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY

BY CALLING EARLY

THE MISSES YOUNG

LADIES TAKE
NOTICE

When looking for a Dress Maker just re-
member that Miss Cora Staples' Dress Making
rooms are up stairs over our store, entrance
through store. All work guaranteed.

ALSO

That our Fall Dress Goods and Suitings are
now arriving, and you have the service of ex-
perienced dress makers in making your choice,
and any information she can give.

Remember the place. The Up-to-Date Store.

ST. MARYS DEPT. STORE, ST. MARYS

At End Passenger Bridge

- F. S. WILLIAMS -

: DRIVERS : NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

No matter what they drive, uphold
our harness. You're the man we're
looking for, because we are a bit
choice in our way of turning out
things for the horse ourselves.

Every strap and buckle of harness
we supply is inspected and tested be-
fore it leaves our doors. Prices right
and so is the harness.

Ask to see our set of light double
driving harness for \$25.00.

A. B. KITCHEN

QUEEN STREET

The Cheapest Harness Store in the City.

The assessment roll for the City of
Fredericton for the year 1910 is now
in the hands of the City Treasurer
for collection, and all persons there-
in assessed are hereby required to
pay the amount of their respective
taxes forthwith to the City Treasur-
er, at his office in the City Hall,
Fredericton. A discount of five per
cent. will be allowed on all taxes
paid in, on or before the 18th day of
August next, after which execution
may be issued, and proceedings had
thereon, as by law provided.

Dated at the City Hall, Frederic-
ton, this fourteenth day of July A.
D. 1910.

ISRAEL R. GOLDING,
Collector and Receiver of Taxes.

Our greatest glory is not in never
falling, but in rising every time we
fall.