

# Spring Millinery

Magnificent Display

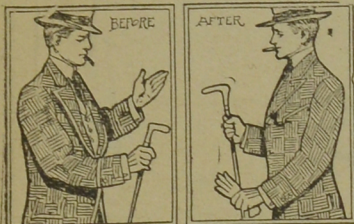
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## MISS S. C. KELLY

QUEEN STREET.

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the City.....



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Canadian Sunbeam Lamp Co's. Tungsten, Mazda,

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Any Voltage. All Candle Powers.

Wholesale - - and - - Retail.

## Children's Opening

Miss Morgan will hold a Children's Opening on

**THURSDAY, APRIL 7th.**

A Grand Display will be on Exhibition on that day.

## MISS MORGAN

## A MILLION A MINUTE

A ROMANCE OF MODERN NEW YORK AND PARIS

BY HUDSON DOUGLAS.

(Continued.)

She had intuitively adjudged him a gentleman, and had been by so much the more ashamed that he should see her in such a plight. The first swift glance in which her eyes had met his for a fateful moment had carried to him an appeal for compassionate surmise. And he had but partially understood. . . . And there was so much more he might wholly misunderstand.

The exotic atmosphere of Martin's was a strange one to her. She could not but know that she must be conspicuous in it, and yet, but for the consciousness of his regard, she might have left it unmoved by the thought that the throng there had been witnesses of her discomfiture.

She had remained unconcerned enough outwardly during the meal, but felt sure that, none the less, everyone must have seen what she was suffering. And when at last it came to an end she rose with a sense of relief inexpressible, only to be left standing among all those men and women who seemed to have no faintest scruples as to staring out of countenance. She was much inclined to refuse the courtesy Quaintance proffered her, and seek safety in instant flight.

But, as it turned out, she would not have had time for that, and the grave-faced young man in the blue serge suit did not venture to address her, as she had half feared he might. Her bemuddled escort came back to her almost immediately. She rose, and followed him out of the room.

She had stipulated ere entering the restaurant that they were to part at the door, where her car was waiting, but the wine he had imbibed had rendered him quarrelsome, and when she reminded him of his promise he contradicted her flatly. She saw that any further sacrifice she might make him would be in vain, and was all in order to escape open rupture with most desperate. But she silently took the left-hand seat at his order, and he went forward to set the engine in motion.

At sight of him stooping over it, a sudden, rash resolution inspired her to slip to the wheel. She laid one hand on the horn, and, as he rose, his purpose accomplished, squeezed out a single loud blast which caused him to spring toward the pavement. Ere he could understand what had happened, she had set the lever, with trembling

fingers, and backed away a few yards. Broadway was less busy at that hour.

She took her foot off the brake and moved forward, wheeling as he made a rush at her, striking him full in the face as he strove to make good his footing on the off step.

He stumbled and fell, letting go his hold of the hood with a howl of rage. She put on speed, dashed safely over the cross street in front of a loaded truck which further delayed him, and, having thus made sure of her distance slowed down to a more sensible pace, and so fled from him.

Her scarlet lips were tightly compressed and a single furrow on her white forehead bespoke a depth of determination which boded ill for any one who might seek to interfere. She was steeling herself against a conscience which whispered that it had been very unladylike, and undignified. She had actually assaulted the man. If anyone stopped her on that account she would be in a worse case than ever. She made up her mind that no one should stop her, and steered with nice dexterity through Herald Square.

A few blocks further on she turned west as far as Eighth Avenue, ran down to Twenty-seventh street, and, facing inward again, with an ever increasing sense of security, held for the East River and Thirty-fourth Street Ferry.

At the dock there she had five minutes to wait ere creeping on to the boat, and that interval she spent somewhat fearfully in disguising herself as well as she might in a motor costume. Duster, cap and goggles she donned in haste, drawing the collar well over her dimpled chin, knotting a close veil over the silken glory of her heavy crown of hair. But, try as she might, she could not hide from the eyes of men all trace of her beauty, and many inquisitive glances were centred on her as she sat immobile in her place, the lights gleaming warmly against the wild-rose of her cheeks, her curved lips rather tremulous now that the tense strain she had been under was somewhat relaxed.

Long Island City at night-time confused her sadly, and she went astray more than once in her nervousness ere striking the main road to Jamaica. Had she dared to ask directions she would have saved the delay, but rather than leave any clue to her passing she puzzled it out for herself, in the hope that she might be able to make up for lost time later.

## AGED HEIRESS TO SUE FOR DIVORCE

Prefers Poor Man to Rich Because she  
Can Raise Him to Something  
Higher.

New York, April 8.—Evidently unsuccessful in her quest of a satisfactory husband, Mrs. Jeanette Suffern Hiscock, owner of much land around Suffern, N. Y., which was named after her family, and reported possessor of \$300,000, went to Paterson yesterday avowing her intention of getting a divorce from young Frank Hiscock, an hostler, when he deserted her after six days of married bliss. At the time of her latest marriage the aged heiress is said to have remarked that she would find the right sort of mate even if she had to keep on marrying men until she was 80.

She descended upon Paterson arrayed in a bright red gown, green velvet hat and caracul coat. Her hair was dressed up in the very latest style of puffs and rats. After saying she married a poor man because rich men are rather too likely to develop interest in other women, she had a little fling at Frank Hiscock.

"He discovered that I was a great deal sharper than he thought," she said. "I have property in Suffern, Ramsey and other places and he believed he could control it. But I put a stop to that. Now he has gone away. To think that I bought him clothes and gave him money for drinks! Wasn't that enough for a wise man?"

"I want a husband but I want him to be a gentleman, one who will appreciate it when I feed and clothe him and give him money for beer. I prefer a poor man whom I can raise to something higher. I have no time for rich men."

"Frank thought that I could not dispose of a bit of my property without his signature, but he saw his error when I sold a tract of land in Ramsey the other day to the Rapid Transit Company for a trolley line."

Frank Hiscock and the heiress were married on October 21 last at Greenwich, Conn. It is said his wife planned to marry Joseph Simonds a stable boy, but the match fell through. It was also stated that Robert Tobin, manager of the stable, introduced another hostler to her, object matrimony, after she and Robert the faithless fell out. Apparently he was not skilled in wooing, for he vanished. Thereupon Tobin declared that Miss Suffern had promised him \$250 if he would find her a husband, and sued her for that amount.

### DENNING TO MEET DUNN

Chicago, Ill., April 8.—Earl Denning the Chicago bantam has been matched to meet Danny Dunn at Cleveland next Monday night. The articles call for 115 lbs. at ringside and is scheduled as a ten round affair.

### ONLY AN EDITOR COULD AFFORD TO KNOW HIM.

"The impression that Harvard is a rich man's college is quite erroneous. Statistics show that between one-quarter and one-third of the Harvard students are self-supporting." Yes, indeed. A Harvard sophomore of our acquaintance says he can count on about \$125 a month from poker and about \$40 from casino.—New York Evening Mail.

Her light car was traveling smoothly, but, not long after she had begun to put on speed at an unfrequented part of the road, an ominous discord warned her of coming trouble. It came. She was left with only way enough on to reach the roadside when the power failed her, and she found herself stranded.

The mischance was a most untimely one, and, treading so close on the heels of that which she had just contrived to surmount at such cost to herself, but for which she could have been safe at home long ere now, it was doubly depressing. She knew that Fanchette would be frantic with fear for her. What she should do now she was not quite sure.

There was no train to be counted upon till morning. To travel by train would also double the risk of detection, and it was for that very reason that she had elected to trust to the car and her own ability. It was half-past ten by the clock before her, too late to telegraph.

She bit her lip, and got out, since she had no option but to attempt repair, drawing off her gauntlets, raising her veil, and turning down her coat-collar with business-like haste. The night was dark. She took one of the lamps from its bracket, and, lifting the bonnet, made careful search for the cause of the catastrophe. In that she displayed intimate acquaintance with all the details of the mechanism, but, deft as she was, she could not arrive at any solution of the problem set her.

She was almost in despair when, looking up, she saw two glaring headlights approaching her from the direction of Jamaica, and renewed hope sprang up within her. Surely the occupants of any other car would not pass without offering assistance, she thought.

(To Be Continued.)

## SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

### A. Murray & Co's.

Ladies' Tailored Suits  
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More New Shirtwaists  
Fancy Worsteds Suitings  
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## A. Murray & Co.

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School.

## BLAMES WOMEN FOR LACK OF PROGRESS IN TURKEY

Prof. Hester D. Jenkins Says Turkey  
has no Mothers and its Emancipated  
Women cannot make Homes.

Miss Hester D. Jenkins, Professor of History in the American College for Women at Constantinople, is at present doing a year's work at Columbia College, New York, and incidentally giving occasional illuminating lectures on the Turkish woman, upon whom she lays the blame of Turkish lack of progress.

"Turkey is kept down by its women," says Miss Jenkins. "The Turkish woman isn't in the least stupid but she is treated like a baby by the men, and she behaves like a baby. Of course, this reacts on the men. Men brought up by such mothers can't amount to very much. Moreover, the women of a country, though they may be babies, will dabble in its affairs, and it is a fact that in more than one Turkish crisis the intrigues of the women, ignorant and reactionary, have placed the wrong man on the throne and held back the course of progress."

SKIRTS, NOT SPANGLED BLOOMERS.

"I want to correct one western misconception of Turkish women, however. They don't, as a rule, wear bloomers. In Occidental lands the Turkish woman is thought of either as a gorgeous creature in spangled trousers, or as a frightened little thing—also in trousers—expecting every minute that her husband is going to chop her head off. Both conceptions are quite wrong. As to the bifurcated garments, they are worn now only by women in the villages and the country and by servants. No woman of any social position would think of putting them on. The ordinary well-to-do Turkish woman wears a conventional skirt in the street. Her upper garment is odd—a loose jacket, with large flowing sleeves gathered at the wrists and a hood completely covering her hair. She would think it most immodest to show her hair. A friend of mine has a summer home on one of the Greek islands. It is hemmed in by high walls, so she ventures to sit on her own verandah without anything over her head. But from one window in a distant house it is possible for a man to see her, and her old mother mourns continually.

"My child, my child! Where will you go when you die if you let that man see your hair?"

NO TURKISH MOTHERS.

The gentleman who inquired last June when the Women's Congress was in Toronto whether "the stockings would be darned any better," would be grieved to learn that the very unemancipated Turkish lady is scarcely considered capable of either keeping house or darning socks. The husbands or the servants take entire charge.

"You would think," says Miss Jenkins, "that the Turks would get tired of their baby wives. And many of them do. A little while before I sailed, a progressive Turk said to me:

"The Turkish race has no mothers. We want you to train our girls in your school to be mothers for our race."

"And what do the Turkish women do all day? They sit, sit, sit. 'Sit' is the verb always in their mouths. Ask a Turkish woman where she spent the winter, and she replies, 'I sat in Constantinople.' Their one amusement is to visit. A Turkish call lasts the entire day. Gossiping, smoking, drinking coffee, eating occasionally, they sit together in their close rooms, growing fatter and muddier of complexion by the moment."

Pies and Buns and Macaroons  
and Dainties Neat and Sweet  
Can be had by calling at  
Dunbar's on Regent Street  
We'll have them in the window  
On Saturday for sure  
So call early and see our variety  
of Cakes so good and pure.

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NEW SPRING SUITINGS . . . . .

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Keep a piece of sand paper on the table when working on silk of any kind and whenever one's hands stick to the silk rub them with the sand-paper.

To run a small brass rod through the hem of a curtain, place a thimble on the end of the rod.

To sew hooks and eyes on a dress waist without measuring sew the eyes on the left front the desired distance apart, with the loops out far enough from the edge to admit of hooking easily. Then baste the right front carefully over on the left, lapping as much as you wish to have it when finished. Turn the waist as it is, wrong side out, hook in the hooks and sew them in position. This insures exact correspondence with the eyes.

### NOTICE

The Board of Assessors of taxes for the City of Fredericton in the present year, hereby require all persons liable to be rated, forthwith to furnish to the assessors, true statements of all of their real estate, personal estate and income; and hereby give notice that blank forms on which statement may be furnished under the city assessment law, can be obtained at the office of the assessors, and that such statements must be perfected under oath and filed in the office of the assessors within thirty days from the date of this notice.

Dated this 16th day of March, A. D., 1900.

JAMES FARRELL,  
Principal Assessor.

March 16—d1mo.