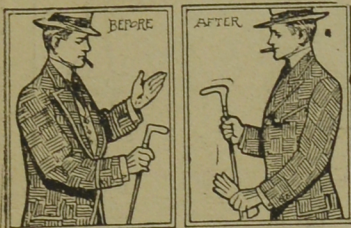


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Children's Opening

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.)

"I'm older and uglier than I was this time last year, but I can't help that. Thereby wags a tale—which I'll tell you presently.

"What's this, hey? Sparkling Burgundy—and a full bottle! Seems to me that you're wasting the mercies nowadays, Steve. I can remember the time when a single teaspoonful of that would have been worth more to us than your rose-diamonds were then."

He spoke conversationally, whiffing at a black cigarette, giving Quaintance time to recover from his manifest astonishment.

The latter's brain was still in a whirl, but he was, none the less, overjoyed by O'Ferral's most unlooked for appearance. There was that between himself and the quick-witted, volatile newspaper man which formed an unbreakable bond, and he knew that he could not have gained a more congenial companion or stauncher comrade at such a juncture.

"That bottle's gone flat long ago. We'll have another," he answered, and once more signalled to his still expectant waiter, who gleefully whisked away the almost untasted wine and brought back a fresh supply.

"Gad! I'm glad to see you again—although I can't altogether commend your method of introducing yourself. It's a good thing I didn't get up to bounce me before you gave me the cue. I took you for a high-class gold-brick artist at first. I couldn't imagine how you had got hold of my old—my name."

O'Ferral raised quizzical eyebrows. "Your old—your name," he remarked. "What's the game? Let me in on the rules at least. I'm close as an oyster."

"Have you changed your name? Why? What's the new one? We'll get along more understandingly once we've swapped stories."

Quaintance thought for a moment before replying. He had not intended to take anyone into his confidence, but, indifferent as he was to other people's opinions, he would not have had O'Ferral misconstrue his motives if that could be helped. He promptly made up his mind to trust his friend fully.

"My story's a somewhat tangled one," he at length returned. "Let's hear yours first."

"Mine's soon told," said O'Ferral readily. "After we parted company on the Congo I went still further upriver. Got a bad go of fever at a village there, and was laid low for close on three months. Then orders reached me from Newspaper Row I was to cross country to the coast, picking up pointers by the way about the alleged slave-trade in the Free State and Portuguese West Africa. I came out at Mossamedes, where I found a cable waiting to hurry me home. Here I am."

Thus simply did he epitomize a twelvemonth of the severest travail a man might well undertake, and Quaintance, reading between the lines, understood all he had left untold.

For the two had been more than friends. They had endured together in darkest Africa, and there was also a debt between them. The scar on O'Ferral's right hand had been left there by a spear aimed at Quaintance's heart, and which had come very near to achieving its object.

But Quaintance's recollections of the correspondent had been a big, stalwart man, moustached and bearded, fair-haired, tanned face half-hidden beneath a broad mushroom helmet, smoked glasses hiding its kindly, humorous eyes, a veil of mosquito netting enshrouding all. Small wonder, then, that the sight of the slender, elderly elegant in evening dress had not recalled to his memory the unkempt traveler, booted and belted, rifle on shoulder, revolver and machete on hip, confronting fearless, the manifold risks of a cruel death in the desert.

He eyed his fellow-adventurer, escaped from that death at such cost and but by a hairbreadth, with grave approval. They were both of the same type which bases all its beliefs upon scant speech and lavish performance.

O'Ferral refilled both glasses, and glanced inquiringly at him.

"Don't tell me anything you'd rather not," he begged. "I'll take you on trust—if you'll just let me know what name I'm to call you by."

"I'd rather you heard the whole story," Quaintance assured him, "but it's such a long one I don't quite know where to cut in. I'll have to start way back to make it more clear to you. Try one of these ci-

VETO RESOLUTION PASSED BY 106 VOTES

Asquith Refuses to Make Definite Statement—Thought Nationalists Will Gain Their Point.

London, April 4.—In the Commons today the government obtained a majority of 106 on Sir Robert Finley's amendment in connection with the veto resolutions.

"Wait and see," was Premier Asquith's answer to the questions of several opposition members who endeavored to obtain enlightenment regarding the government's immediate program and possible alterations in the budget.

Replying to Austen Chamberlain, however, the premier said he had not authorized Winston Churchill's statement that the budget would be passed without alterations. This is taken as indicating that some objections of the Irishmen will be met.

A new phase of the situation is the recognition by irritated Liberals that Redmond's desire to keep his grip on the budget is inspired not merely by hostility to the lords, but by his distrust of the government, but for what will finally happen the country must wait and see.

The debate on the premier's motion to go into committee to consider his proposals disabling the lords was concluded tonight. Alfred Lyttleton, who opened the debate, warmly protested against Churchill's statement last week that the lords having used the veto to "affront the prerogative of the crown" and invade the rights of the commons, it had become necessary for the crown and commons to act together and restore the balance of the constitution. He declared it "ungenerous and unseemly." Seeley said if the commons had not taken immediate steps to secure effective control over the finance legislation, the self-governing dominions would think the government unfit to manage its own affairs. The argument that there was anything contrary to the colonial policy in the attempt to restrict the heredity of the peers could not be sustained.

The debate concluded with a spirited duel between Bonar Law and Lloyd George, the latter saying the Liberals only asked for fair play. The government eventually got a majority of 106, the vote standing 357 to 251.

Mr. Redmond is boss of the political situation and can hand out what he wishes to Asquith, but Asquith and his ministers have set their minds to carrying out "everything as advertised."

The government will not stand for retaining the final stage of the finance bill in the commons until the lords pronounced on the veto resolutions. As a prominent Liberal remarked it is a case of "Pike's Peak or Bust."

The spring recess will give a breathing spell so it will be June before the lords give judgment on the resolutions, and it is doubtful if another election will produce a materially different house.

The Tories are not expecting to win more than twenty-five seats, which would not give a majority. The Liberals are not anticipating such success in increasing their numbers as to make them independent of the Irish vote. The opinion of some is that Redmond is bluffing and would finally shrink from the responsibility of simultaneously destroying the budget and the government.

Sunday, the 6th, was known in the North of England as "Mothering" Sunday. In many places the girls out at service claimed the right to visit their mothers and take simnel cakes with them.

gars—they're good—and I'll go ahead."

They both lit up, Quaintance prolonging the action a little, and then he began without further preface.

"My story's a somewhat tangled one. It starts with a blood-fued. You know what that means—in the South, O'Ferral."

He paused. His friend nodded assent, without speaking. He went on in a lower undertone, his eyes kindling.

"There's one in my family. In it, mark you, and not with any outsider. My father's only brother, Miles Quaintance, began it—and kept it up—till he died, last Christmas, in San Francisco. He murdered my father. Not with knife or shotgun, but legally and by inches. It would have been easier to put up with the other way."

"I'm the last of the Quaintances living, and—I must carry on the quarrel. My account's with the dead man, Miles."

O'Ferral stared at him, brows bent, listening closely.

"There were more of them and they were better off before the war. But that cleaned them out in more ways than one. My father and Uncle Miles were the only two of the old stock left at the roll-call in '65, and they were very hard pushed after that to make both ends meet at the Manor. Peace and poverty came hand in hand."

(To Be Continued.)

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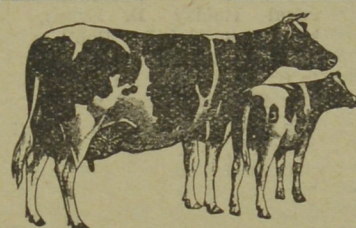
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HAMILTON — TORONTO — WINNIPEG

FOSTER WILL NOT LEAVE PUBLIC LIFE

Says Someone is Getting in "Dirty Work"—Borden Determined to Make Change in Tory Party.

Ottawa, April 4—Mr. Borden is evidently going to run up against a few snags in his spring ploughing and harrowing of his party. This, however, was probably not unexpected when he set his hand to the plough.

Saturday's announcement of his intention to more firmly assert his leadership and effect a party re-organization, in which some of the present sub-leaders would have to give way to newer and more promising men, has been the chief subject of discussion in the parliamentary corridors today. For the most part comment has been in the nature of a commendation of the opposition leader's attitude. "This is what he should have decided on long ago," most of the members say.

There are, however, a considerable number of recalcitrants. In the first place, Mr. Foster, with returning health, does not seem disposed to quietly retire into comparative oblivion and thus relieve the situation, which for obvious reasons is embarrassing to his leader.

In a statement issued today, Mr. Foster declared that he intended to resume his place in the house next week and did not intend to give up political life, "unless the Lord takes me."

In reference to the report of his intended retirement, Mr. Foster is quoted as saying: "Someone has been getting in his dirty work." He takes the ground that as long as he represents a constituency in parliament only his own electors can demand his retirement. At the same time, however, he says he has no official position as first lieutenant to his leader to whom he professed full loyalty. But, although he will come back to the house and resume his parliamentary duties in a few days, it is certain that he will no longer be regarded as the deputy leader after Mr. Borden.

Mr. Foster, himself, says: "I am getting better, but I have been advised to keep quiet. I propose to do so for some months. I have not the least intention, however, of giving up public life."

Between the lines of this much may be inferred.

As to the forecasted retirement of Mr. Monk, there is also some objection raised by his fellow Conservatives of Quebec who follow his lead on the naval policy in opposition to Mr. Borden. The latter's decision to replace Mr. Monk by Mr. Doherty, or possibly by T. Chase Casgrain, ex-M. P., of Montreal, will not be carried out without a family squabble.

The whole situation presents some decidedly interesting features, and from the Liberal standpoint it is edifying and entertaining.

Stranger—"I'm from Noo York, Amurrica." Waiter—(who has not been tipped)—"Right yer har, sir. I'll warn the other guests."

Visit Our Parlors and be Convinced that Our Hats are the Correct Style

The opening days passed off with great success. The throngs that visited our show rooms were loud in their praises of our display. Our Prices are extremely moderate, and our Styles exclusive.

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THE MISSES YOUNG

DO YOU WANT GOOD BREAD?

Hardly necessary to ask that question—everybody wants good bread, that's sure! But when buying bread, besides being good, it should be pure.

To be pure, it should contain no foreign substance, such as ALUM, GLUCOSE, ETC. These only tend to induce ill health, and it is wise when buying bread to know just what you're going to eat.

Now! There is a bread called

SCOTCH ZEST BREAD. It's Pure

made from pure flour, pure yeast, pure shortening and salt (all any bread should contain) by clean bakers, in a clean bakery. See that the bread you buy has the little Scotchman label on. That's the guarantee for good bread.

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COMING DISCOVERY FOR WOMEN

Some day some woman is going to discover that the calling now followed by our Celestial fellow citizens and certain large and flourishing companies in this corporation is a most remunerative one. Also that it is a truly woman vocation—oh, most womanly, much more so than selling behind a counter or typewriting or any form of teaching but that in the than almost anything. For what can primary grades or writing magazine articles or advertisements—in fact be a more feminine line of activity than keeping humanity clean, except perhaps hearing its prayers?

After this first feminine pioneer makes the discovery there will be a rush to the gold fields, and "women's laundries" will be popping up all over town from Eglington to the Bay.

In the meantime the women are doing the work and the nobler, and I must say more enterprising "sect" (according to Samantha), are pocketing the gold.

A woman in Staten Island, N.Y., had already found out some years ago that there was an income in "fine laundry"—embroidered handkerchiefs, linen blouses, lace trimmed underwear and muslin dresses. Many dainty

HER EXCUSE.

"Why—er—yes," Miss Goodley admitted, "perhaps you did hear me telling the minister I was only twenty-two."

"Oh, I'm surprised," exclaimed Miss Gaddie: "and you a Sabbath school teacher too!"

"But," Miss Goodley protested, "the minister himself has told us it is always better to understate a thing than to exaggerate."

girls are familiar with the pleasure of wielding a skilful flatiron and having their little handworked accessories turned out just as they like them crisp yet not starchy, neither yellow nor blue, but white, with the corners and edges properly pressed out and the design not flat but in relief.

Two college women in Boston have chosen to manage a laundry in preference to teaching, office work or philanthropy. They are making it pay. Their patrons are delighted. The two partners say, however, that women going into the business must be prepared to work for their success as they will not be allowed to sweep everything before them just because they are women. As for their social relationships, these have not been affected in the least by their occupation.