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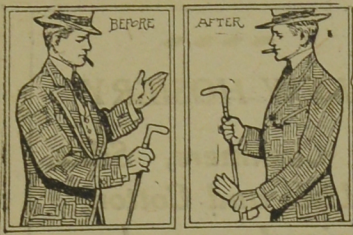
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MISS MORGAN

YORK STREET

A MILLION A MINUTE

A ROMANCE OF MODERN NEW YORK AND PARIS

BY HUDSON DOUGLAS.

(Continued.)

Quaintance stepped very quietly up to him, while O'Ferral remained in the background unmoved, contentedly puffing at his Havana and noting with satisfaction that there was not likely to be any crowd.

"See here, my man," Quaintance said, in quick, nervous English, "I'll give you one chance to go on unhurt though you don't deserve it. Another word in that strain and I'll man-handle you."

The Frenchman apparently understood him perfectly, but ignored the warning and went on in his own tongue.

"I want her address."

"What you want and what you're going to get are two very different things," said Quaintance, his lips compressed. "Put your hand up—I'm going to begin."

"I want her address," the Frenchman repeated obstinately. "And you will do well to beware what you are about. If you are abetting her in—"

Quaintance's fist shot out, but the vicious eyes were too wide awake to encounter that, and he had to spring back with all his agility to escape a dangerous boot-heel which had appeared where his enemy's head had been and within an inch of his own chin. The Frenchman was minded to fight with his feet, and was no mean exponent of la savate. He had indeed counted on that inelegant science to save him from a bout of fisticuffs, and was the more dismayed to find his opponent also a past-master in all its arts.

Quaintance had caught at his ankle and closed in so quickly that a savage kick from the free foot, which would otherwise have disabled him, no more than grazed his knee. He grasped it also, and, tucking both under his left arm, seized the struggling Frenchman by the coat-collar, plucked him off the ground altogether. He hung, helplessly clutching and clawing, in mid-air, while Quaintance, breathing heavily, carried him to the water's edge and cast him seawards with all the swing of two muscular arms.

It was high tide at Rockaway and the human projectile came down with a squelching splash, greatly to the amusement of the few spectators whom O'Ferral had been keeping in the background and who now acclaimed Quaintance's tour de force with that pleasant impartiality for

which American audiences are so justly famous.

The Frenchman rose, spluttering, all the fight washed out of him. There was to be no further entertainment for the onlookers. He clambered ashore, dripping, hatless, pushed through them as soon as Quaintance had spoken a few low, menacing words to them, and went toward the Inn, swearing blood-curdling oaths to himself but without looking back.

Having rough-dried himself there, and donned a coat he made for Manhattan at speed, planning prompt revenge for the cruel indignity Quaintance had put upon him.

"They are thus indeed intimate, he and she! And it will be safest to strike him through her," said the valiant Jules to himself, his first suspicion as to the stranger's interest in his own quarry confirmed by the incident in which he had perforce played such a shameful part, his whole mind bent on condign revenge. "It will hurt him more to see her suffer, and—I shall always be there, looking on. And Monsieur must play the catpaw for me."

Still chewing the sweet end of such schemes, he reached the St. Regulus some time before Monsieur came in from his afternoon promenade, and tended to all the details of that connoisseur's evening toilet so deftly as to win a word of approval. Whereupon he opened fire on his absent enemy, at long range, from a masked battery.

"I have news for Monsieur tonight," he mumbled, a stud in his mouth. "I do not think that it will be very long now before we strike the true trail."

"Proceed, Jules," cried Monsieur, eagerly as his valet paused to slip the stud into place. "What news? And whence? Is it that you have seen her?"

"I have not seen her myself," Jules lied glibly, "but I have found those who have. It is not in Chicago that she resides, but close to New York, on Long Island."

"Sacrebleu! Then why do you dress me like this?" cried his master excitedly. "Let us go there at once, my good Jules. Why did you not tell me before! She may yet escape us if we lose a moment."

He tore off the white cravat which Jules had just knotted so neatly about his collar, threw it on one side, kicked at his man with the

THIS WOMAN SLEEPS FIVE DAYS OF WEEK

Three Years ago she went into Strange
Trance-like Condition which is In-
terrupted at Intervals.

New York, April 16.—Soon after Mrs. Bessie Hodus, thirty-eight years old, moved with her family from New York to Brooklyn, three years ago, she fell into a deep sleep, and she was still in slumber yesterday. And it has been that way, save for a few hours each week, ever since.

The family formerly lived at No. 7 Ludlow street, occupying the same flat for twenty-one years. There were thirteen months, following a serious illness, in which Mrs. Hodus did not get any sleep at all, either day or night, and her husband, Charles Hodus then decided to move to Brooklyn.

He rented a flat at No. 914 Blake avenue, East New York, and moved in there with his wife and three children—Philip, twenty-one; Israel, nineteen, and Sarah, ten. For a few days after her arrival in the neighborhood, Mrs. Hodus liked it. Its peace and quietness appealed to her.

There came a time when Mrs. Hodus grew drowsy and said she would lie down and get a good sleep. Her first good sleep lasted so long that it was feared she was dying and a physician was called in, but he said he could do nothing for her; that it was a trance or a sort of sleeping sickness for which he had no cure.

Mrs. Hodus even during her trance knows subconsciously that Friday is housecleaning time and that Saturday is the Jewish Sabbath. So late Friday afternoon she awakens and busies herself about the house and Saturday she spends the day in chatting with her children and gleaning the news of the neighborhood. Then she goes back to bed again for another week. While she slumbers her body is rigid, as though she were dead.

In the earlier periods of her strange illness she did not always fall into slumber in her own home. Sometimes it was in the home of her married sister. She was there asleep for three days at one time, and again perhaps in the home of a neighbor. But they know the symptoms, in East New York now, and when Mrs. Hodus says she is tired and yawns she hurries home before she becomes unconscious.

The family occupies three small rooms. Both the father and the two sons work in New York in the daytime, and the home is taken care of by the aged mother of Mrs. Hodus. They say they are too poor to afford the services of a specialist, and cannot even afford to pay the neighborhood doctors. The woman was in the Kings County Hospital for a brief period, her sister told a World reporter yesterday, but they were unable to help her there.

That she will eventually die from her strange slumber she is weaker matter of course by her family. They say that each time she awakens from her strange slumber she is weaker physically.

HEAVY SNOW IN WEST

Winnipeg, April 15.—After several hours steady rain Thursday it turned to sleet at night and snow this morning, and almost the whole of Western Canada is tonight covered with a white mantle with 10 or 12 degrees of freezing. Reports indicate wheat at several points is two to four inches above ground and will suffer if the cold continues.

Sixty-five per cent. of the wheat is seeded in Manitoba, fifty per cent. in Saskatchewan, forty in Alberta. There is also a large increase in flax especially in Saskatchewan.

There being no other rivals to conquer Mr. Barney Oldfield may now be expected to challenge Mr. Halley's comet.

foot whose shoe that sufferer was in process of fastening.

"Ten thousand devils!" said he. "Why did you not tell me before? She may yet escape us."

CHAPTER VI.

CORNOYER ENTERTAIN A
CORPSE AT THE CORN-
UCOPIA CLUB.

"You'd better look out for your rat-faced friend, if you ever run across him again," said O'Ferral, in Quaintance's car on the way back to Manhattan from Rockaway Beach. "You handled him neatly enough, but I felt nervous when he kicked out."

"I learned the tackle for la savate when I was living on Boule-St-Mich," returned his companion indifferently.

"He's lost track of the girl, O'Ferral. That's one comfort. And I am going to find her again before he does."

"I wish you luck in your quest," O'Ferral's tone was dubious. "It will perhaps keep you out of mischief, but—I rather doubt the result."

Quaintance made no retort, but looked steadily ahead of him, his jaw set.

(To Be Continued.)

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GIRL SUICIDE WANTED

PICTURE IN PAPERS

Pittsburg, April 16.—On seeing in the afternoon papers a photograph of her chum who had committed suicide, Miss Naomi Hayslit, a seventeen-year-old High School girl, went home and took poison.

Pinned to her dress when she was found dead was a note chiding a youthful admirer for his fickleness, and a line added under her signature reading: "Put my picture in the papers."

Miss Hayslit's chum was Mildred Brown, who was only thirteen. They were orphans and inseparable. Mildred was disconsolate because her teacher, Miss Nuernhagen, had intimated to her foster mother, Mrs. William Stewart, that she was not getting along as well as she should in her studies. She arose early in the morning and wrote a pitiful note to her mother and teacher, telling them that she feared she could not pass her school examinations and that she would rather die than fail. Then she swallowed carbolic acid.

The girls had a long talk last evening, and it is thought probable that they agreed to commit suicide.

MISS GOULD APPLIES

FOR MARRIAGE LICENSE

New York, April 16.—Miss Marjorie Gwynne Gould and her fiancé, Anthony John Drexel, stood for fifteen minutes in the corridor of the City Hall yesterday waiting to get a license to marry, and were not recognized. After the quarter of an hour had passed, and the line of applicants had moved slowly toward the window of the application bureau, some one told City Clerk Scully the identity of the couple in the middle of the line and he invited the two into his office.

With a man who was addressed as "Mr. Taylor," the young pair entered the rear door of the Hall, and smilingly joined the line of a dozen applicants, who hailed from all parts of the city. They seemed to enjoy the delay. When they were shown into Mr. Scully's room, Mr. Drexel gave his age as twenty-two, his occupation as banker, his address as No. 3812 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

Miss Gould said she was nineteen, and her address No. 1 East Sixty-seventh street. He was dressed in a walking suit.

WOMEN APOLOGIZE

FOR HISSING TAFT

Washington, April 15.—Disclaiming responsibility for the hissing of the President of the United States during his address of greeting to it last night, when he freely voiced his sentiments on the subject of woman suffrage, the National American Woman Suffrage Association today officially expressed its regret to President Taft that "anyone present, either member of our organization or outsider, should have interrupted your address by an expression of personal feeling."

The expression of regret was conveyed to the president in a letter from the board of officers of the organization, which received the unanimous approval of the convention and accompanied a resolution adopted without a dissenting voice by the convention as soon as it was called to order today.

Anna Howard Shaw asked the delegates as a body to stamp the letter of regret with their approval, but when a rising vote was taken one woman voted in the negative. An investigation disclosed however, that she was not eligible to vote.

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