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A Case of New
**American Dress Hats
and SAILORS**

Just Received

LOWEST PRICES in the City.

Miss S. C. Kelley
Queen Street

Items of Interest to Ladies

The scarf cape is made of a single piece of satin a yard and a quarter wide and over twice as long. This is edged with several rows of maribou. When draped gracefully over the shoulders it is most fascinating. Padding is rarely used for shaded satin stitch, though occasionally the lines or bars are run to give slightly raised effect. The work is done in fileselle, taking three strands in a needle at a time. Where mercerized cottons are preferred use long-skinned heavy cottons that correspond to rope silk or Spanish floss in silks. Underwear of cotton crepe is a new fad that will probably become popular, especially as summer advances. It is not the crinkle kind that one associates with the name of cotton crepe, but a softer fabric. For travelling or for wear in places where laundry facilities are limited such underwear should prove a boon, because neither starch nor ironing is necessary. A garment may be washed, hung to dry, and after being well shaken is ready to wear again. The fine cotton nets displaying lace designs in silver thread are exquisite and the prices correspondingly high of course. At the same time there is nothing to prevent one from making such lace at home, for the work could be easily done. Having decid-

Great Savings from the Ready-to-Wear Dept.

This Sale is your opportunity. Greatest Values in Ready-to-Wear Garments. Here are a few of them, better see them at once.

- Ladies' Wash Suits \$3.89 each.
- Ladies' Wash Skirts \$1.48 each.
- Summer Dresses \$5.00 each.
- Girls Coats \$1.98 each.
- White Lawn Dresses \$3.75.
- Ladies' Dress Skirts \$2.98.
- Ladies' Spring Coats \$2.98, \$3.98 and \$5.00 each.
- Ladies' Tailored Suits \$7.50 and \$10.00 each.

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A DIPLOMATIC DIP
will add to the life of any garment occasionally, although it may make a change in its shade. That alone gives it a new appearance, and your friends will think it a new article altogether. We do Cleaning and Pressing in a thorough manner, and are prompt in executing all orders. For the quality of the work there are no prices lower than ours.

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**ELECTRIC FAN MOTORS
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IRONS, TOASTERS, STOVES
ELECTRIC HOUSE FANS.**

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MILLINERY

WE HAVE NOW ON HAND ONE OF THE FINEST DISPLAY OF TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS

ALSO A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF CHILDREN'S HEADWEAR
MISS MORGAN
YORK STREET

A MILLION A MINUTE

A ROMANCE OF MODERN NEW YORK AND PARIS
BY HUDSON DOUGLAS.

(Continued.)

An instant of expectation followed and they heard a dull, grating wrench. Then silence for two or three minutes which seemed interminable till that was broken by a quick creak and a heavy body fell from above at the back of the door. The door opened, noiselessly, which proved that the hinges had recently been oiled, and they pushed hastily in as a couple of pedestrians came round the corner toward them. O'Ferral closed it behind him, and they waited with beating hearts, but those steps also ceased suddenly.

"How did you get in?" he asked Cornoyer, casting the light of his lamp cautiously about him.

"There is a small skylight above. It's bolted inside but I dug the glass out of its frame. I set it back in place as well as I could before I let go."

"Looks all right from here," said O'Ferral in a whisper and took his thumb from the battery button. "Boots off now, boys. We must tread delicately. Take open order, and don't tumble over each other."

As soon as they were thus prepared against accident, they set off, the correspondent leading the way, which took them through the covered passage into the kitchen.

The door from there to the hall-way was closed, and it creaked as they opened it. They stood listening intently in the pitch darkness, until they were fairly sure that no one had heard before moving on. It was eerie work, and each felt glad that the others were there.

The rooms opening off the hallway were empty of all save faded furniture, ghastly of shape in its ragged coverings, but showing no trace of having been touched for years. They crept upstairs, and on the floor above, found a locked door which they could not open. O'Ferral motioned to them to pass in the meantime, and mounted another flight, where there were once more only empty rooms. A third and fourth afforded no more encouragement, and the lamp's faint gleam showed that one more would take them to the top of the house.

ral put his ear to the keyhole, but could hear nothing.

"House seems to be empty," he whispered to Quantance, who help up his hand, got down on his knees, and listened for anything the floor might have to tell. He stayed thus for quite a minute before he got quietly to his feet again.

"There's some one inside," he said, and at that moment steps were distinctly audible above the patter of rain on the roof. From the darkness below came the dull thud of a door closing. The stairs creaked ominously.

CHAPTER XXII.

MAITRE GEORGES IS REQUIRED TO SOLEMNIZE DOMINIC SEAGER'S MARRIAGE.

When Seager and Arendsen left the Blue Rabbit together, and after the latter had induced his half-intoxicated companion to leave the Duncesse alone for the present, had led him away from the postern past Quantance in the shadow of the brasserie door, it was almost four in the morning of the last day allowed by Miles Quantance's will for wrestling his millions from the outstretched hands of charity. And it inflamed Black Direk's mind still more to think that that had begun so ill. Four of its precious hours had already sped, and four more must pass before they could make any further move.

But Seager, still artificially elated by the champagne he had swallowed in haste since Cornoyer and Quantance would none of it, was boisterously optimistic. He clapped Arendsen on the shoulder as they crossed the bridge to their quarters on the Isle de la Cite, and "Cheer up, old man," said he. "The game's yours our way. With two heads like yours and mine behind it, our hand's a winner."

Arendsen looked round at him, evilly, but said no word, and Seager shrank into silence under his glance. They reached their rooms without further speech.

"Go to bed," Arendsen ordered then and Seager, cowed, witless, bemused, threw himself down, dressed as he

THE LONG-LOOKED-FOR DISH-WASHING MACHINE

Although the dish washing machine has not yet been introduced into the bosom of the family it is working successfully in restaurants and nothing more interesting as a sight for a housekeeper could be thought of. Yesterday one of the staff of Woman at Work and at Play happened to find herself in the vicinity of a dish-washing machine, and immediately begged leave to pay it a visit. One imagines a lot of intricate and delicate devices taking the place of a pair of human hands, and of the human capacity to rub and scrape. But nothing is simpler than the dish-washing machine in principle, and if anyone has misgivings about the absolute cleanliness of the dishes that have been through it they may be assured that the mechanical dishwasher can win easily against a large proportion of such human dish-washers as are available in this degenerate age.

The three stages in the dishwashing process are, first, thorough scraping and piling loosely in large wooden baskets (not done by the machine but by a woman in the ordinary manner). This, therefore, is not where the labor is saved, but in the second step, which consists in immersion in a piping hot solution of soap and sal soda.

But the immersion is done by a basketful, and thus cuts down some three or four dozen separate motions to one. The basket, which is open all around to allow the soap solution to penetrate, is attached to a hook in the machinery, which then dips it up and down and moves it about energetically several times.

A sweep of the hand of the muscular young man who presides over this "iron maiden" transfers the basket of soapy dishes to a second hook, which dips it into clean boiling water kept constantly renewed. The rushing motion kept up both in the soapy solution and the rinsing water by the machinery drives the liquid strongly through the basket, and the latter filled with absolutely clean dishes, is in a few seconds, lifted on to a side table.

What about the wiping? There is none—simply piling, as the dishes are immediately dried by their own heat. True, the girl who removes them from the basket and piles them keeps a towel beside her to flick off any drops remaining by chance, but these are infrequent.

The gain by the machinery consists in eliminating wiping altogether, and

was, with no more than a muttered curse. Almost instantly he fell into a sodden sleep. But Arendsen sat up on a chair after Paris was awake—to the last day which stood between him and the loss of that great fortune almost within his grasp, only sixteen hours of it left. He sat immobile, hands clenched, teeth showing, eyes fixed on vacancy, but his brain was very busy, and when he rose stiffly from his straight chair, the frown on his face had relaxed a little. He had formed fresh plans.

At eight o'clock he shook Seager into sulen consciousness, and his accomplice, raising himself on one elbow, glowered over at him out of bloodshot eyes.

"Curse you, Arendsen!" he growled savagely. "Why couldn't you let me sleep? I've a head worse than a menagerie of wild beasts, and—"

"You'll have plenty of time to sleep," the other assured him, with ominous quietude, "after I'm through with you. And I'll be through with you soon after twelve tonight. Get ready quickly. We're going out."

Seager started as he was thus reminded of the flight of time, and, curbing the retort which had been trembling on his tongue, rose obediently, caught up a pitcher of water with which he strove to slake the thirst consuming him.

(To Be Continued.)

Queen Mary's Girlhood

Queen Mary was reared in a mansion which eminently fitted her for the great position which she was destined to occupy. She once said of her childhood that she "was very naughty and very happy." A pleasing augury attended her birth, says The Ladies Pictorial. She was born May 27, 1867, at Kensington Palace, in the room which had been the nursery of Queen Victoria. She had thus the same birthplace and the same birth month as our late revered Queen, who was her principal godmother. Though named Victoria Mary, she was always called May, and it was as the young Princess May that she first won the hearts of the people. She was the eldest child of the marriage of the ever-popular Princess Mary of Cambridge with the handsome Duke of Teck, a descendant of the Dukes of Wurtemberg.

The young princess enjoyed all the privileges of the first baby. The Duchess of Teck's letters reveal the raptures with which she regarded her infant's perfections. "She really is as sweet and engaging a child as you can wish to see," she writes; "full of life and fun, and playful as a kitten; with the deepest blue eyes imaginable quantities of fair hair, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, a lovely complexion (pink and white), and a most perfect figure. In a word, a model of a baby."

The late Duchess of Teck was a large-hearted, regal-spirited woman and had ambitions for her only daughter. Before the marriage of Queen Victoria, she stood very near to the throne herself, and she was patriotically proud of being a Princess of Great Britain, and refused the hand of Napoleon III. rather than quit her native land.

Queen Mary was thus reared in all the stately traditions of the old regime, and had for mentor her grandmother, the stately Duchess of Cambridge. She could not be other than eminently Victorian in her sympathies, and the old time dignity of the throne will be conspicuously maintained under her reign.

Her childhood passed happily in the old palace of Kensington as the companion of her three brothers. Then came a period spent with her parents abroad, chiefly in Florence, and she returned to London a pretty, graceful and accomplished girl, fond of music and singing, a great reader, and intensely interested in social questions, then beginning to take a prominent place in the minds of most thoughtful people.

The scene of her life now changed to the White Lodge, Richmond Park, where her parents settled on their return from abroad. She became her philanthropic mother's great helper and companion, and led a rather quiet life, finding occupation and recreation in working for the Needlework Guild, attending courses of university lectures and heading the direction of Madame Bricks, her governess companion. She had few friendships outside the Royal circle, and did not mingle much in society beyond appearances at drawing-rooms and

doing the washing by the basketful, instead of by the single dish.

But alas, this twentieth century marvel rouses hope in the housewife only to dash it to the ground again. The chief difficulty perhaps appears in the necessity of having on hand a large quantity of strong, hot soap solution three times a day. Even were a hand machine prepared, which would drive the water through the basket with sufficient force, the thrifty housewife would probably demur at the wholesale sacrifice of soap. Secondly, that dish-washing machine would be such a luxury that the woman who needed it most would be the one who would never be able to buy it.

The two hours solid dish-washing after dinner, however, is a dark background against which the virtues of a possible dish-washing machine stand out in truly brilliant tints.

THE MAIL'S DAILY FASHION HINTS



2420. LADIES' DRESSING SACK. Paris Pattern No. 2420.

All Seams Allowed. Flowered dimity or one of the new dot embroidered Swiss materials is pretty and cool looking and make up into delightful little dressing sacks. The fullness of the front of the one illustrated is caught into narrow tucks, stitched to nearly the bust line, those in the back being stitched to the waist line and forming a box-plait. The belt, trimming band and cuffs are of a contrasting material and shade, and the sack may be developed with good effect in any material from lawn to silk. The pattern is in four sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the dressing sack requires 3/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards 36 inches wide or 2 yards 42 inches wide; as illustrated, 1 yard of contrasting material 20 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

THE FILTHY HOUSE FLY

Don't forget for a moment that the fly is born in manure and comes straight from swill buckets, spittoons, etc., to your dining table, if he can possibly get into the house.

He is also the "gysentery fly," having conveyed disease and death to countless children. These are established facts.

Remember that when and where absolute cleanliness prevails there will be no flies.

Look daily where the garbage cans see that they are clean, sprinkled with kerosene oil and effectively covered.

By all means, whatever precautions may be taken or not taken don't let the flies get near the milk.

Don't let a fly alight on the children's food or your own.

State functions. The very warm friendship of her mother with King Edward brought her much into the company of their family, and it resulted in the betrothal to the Duke of Clarence so sadly frustrated by death.

Since becoming the wife of the heir to the British throne, Princess Mary has been noted for sterling qualities of mind and heart and the interest with which she has entered into every scheme for helping and bettering her country. It is thought that her character will impress itself more and more upon the nation as time goes by.

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Working Boots, and Fine Boots always in Stock.

Remember the place. The Up-to-Date Store.
ST. MARYS DEPT. STORE, - - - ST. MARYS
At End Passenger Bridge

- F. S. WILLIAMS -

Two men of West Philadelphia were exchanging greetings the other day when one of them exclaimed:

"Why, Edward, old chap, you're in fine trim! You're positively beaming! I've never seen you look so satisfied with yourself and with the world. Any particular reason?"

"Yes," answered Edward. "The fact is, I've just succeeded in signing up our leading lady for another season." "I had no idea you were in the theatrical business."

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The Pastor—It is very wrong, indeed, to profit by other people's mistakes.
The Parishioner—Then you don't take a fee for marrying people, eh, parson?