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

(Continued.)

Silence followed her somewhat abrupt conclusion, and she sat, with anxious eyes, awaiting their verdict on her behavior. Fanchette was respectfully seated behind her, one of Miss Sophia's most cherished afternoon-teacups in her trembling, work-worn hands. Miss Jane was stiffly erect in her straight-backed chair, Miss Sophia gazing abstractedly out of the window, her mind occupied not with the past but with future possibilities. And neither of them was inclined to midjudge the girl.

"Then you don't wish to meet this young man at all," said Miss Jane decisively. "He's been here two or three times to find out whether you had called. He told us that you were in Paris again, although we were scarcely inclined to believe him a, first."

"How can he know that!" cried the girl in renewed alarm. "Oh, I hope you won't tell him a word of me, Miss Jane, Miss Sophia. Please promise me that."

"You may depend upon us, my dear," the sisters assured her in chorus.

"And, to tell you the truth," Miss Jane added with strong conviction, "he isn't altogether a—a nice young man."

"Not by any means a nice young man," Miss Sophia affirmed, recollecting how Seager had glared at her in the course of their first interview.

"And you needn't give us any address," her sister suggested. "If he should call again, as he said he would, we shall simply inform him that we don't know where you are, and beg him to discontinue his visits."

"There's a shabby-looking person staring up at the house at this moment," said Miss Sophia, from her window seat, a tremor in her thin voice. "I hope he hasn't employed a private detective to trace you—although, to be sure, he looked just the sort of gentleman who would do that."

"Stuff and nonsense!" her sister retorted sharply. "Sophia, you read far too many novels. People don't do that sort of thing in real life."

"The man's there, all the same," said Miss Sophia protested, and their gaze rose inwardly much embarrassed.

"I think I'll go now," she said,

anxiously, unwilling to excite further conjecture while she herself knew, only too well, who her unpleasant attendant was.

"Thank you so much for all your kindness and—encouragement. I wish I could have told you—"

"My dear," Miss Jane broke in, kissing her with great tenderness, "come to us when you can, and tell us what you will. We are two poor old women, not very able, perhaps, to advise you. But you may be sure that we'll never advise you otherwise than as your own mother would. Had we believed that there's nothing in this world of more worth than money, we need not have been keeping a boarding-house today. Be brave! You'll see your way by degrees, and if we can help you in any manner, we will, most gladly."

"Poor thing!" Miss Sophia sighed soulfully, as she returned to her favorite post at the window, to watch the two disappear down the avenue, faithfully followed by the lounge she had observed, a fact which she did not fail to communicate argumentatively to her sister. "Poor thing! I hope she'll be happy. She is so strong, Jane. Not many girls would have withstood the temptation of millions, I fear—and the strong suffer most."

"I'm surprised at you, Sophia," Miss Jane returned, still severely. "No right-minded girl would have acted otherwise than she had done, and I don't know what sort of man Mr. Quaintance could have been to plan such a—"

"Then, all I can say, Jane, is," Sophia interposed, "that there are a good many wrong-minded girls nowadays."

Miss Jane was on the point of reprehending her for such a censorious statement when she was balked in that praiseworthy purpose by an exclamation of dismay from her younger sister.

"Dear me! What is it now, Sophia?" she asked aggrievedly.

"Oh, how unfortunate! Jane, they have just met that gentleman with the black beard who was with Mr. Quaintance last time he called—and he's stopped them—and, well, I declare if they haven't all three gone on together."

"Jane, I don't see how she can help herself now. He'll take her straight to her cousin."

DECLARES WAR ON THE HOUSE FLY

Dr. Law of Ottawa will Ask New Regulations Governing Stables, the Favourite Breeding Places. Life Story of Fly Which Should Arouse All to Vigorous Campaign.

An infinitely greater menace to humanity than any wild or domestic animal is the ordinary, every-day house fly. What has long been regarded as nothing worse than a bothersome pest, in the light of modern science is recognized as a carrier of disease and death. Dr. Law, medical health officer, has sounded the reveille for a warfare on flies, a warfare which depends on its success on the householder more than any one else.

The favorite breeding ground of flies is the manure pile from stables where horses are kept. In Ottawa, at present, stables may be erected in any part of the city and the regulations covering manure provide that no more than two wagon loads shall be allowed to accumulate in the summer months. Dr. Law is of the opinion that this is not nearly stringent enough. He is now preparing a set of regulations to be submitted to the board of health covering the locations where stables may be erected and the care of manure. In the summer months in particular, he says, the manure should be kept entirely in covered cans or in places screened off so flies cannot get in. This to a large measure will prevent the rapid multiplying.

COVER ALL FOODS

"Garbage cans should all be tightly covered," continued Dr. Law. "In the houses too, all kinds of food should be covered. One of the strong arguments for the bottled modified milk for infants is the fact that in the average house the milk, though pure and wholesome when delivered, is accessible to flies which carry typhoid and other germs."

It is just at this season of the year that the presence of the fly becomes generally evident and it is from this time to October that it takes its deadly toll. It is at this time, therefore, that the warfare should be carried into the enemy's camp. It is at this time that every householder should become acquainted with the facts and see to it that his premises are not producing the creature that endangers his own family and every other family in the vicinity.

And the life story of the fly is worth the telling. The fly has long been an enigma. Yet it has been regarded as nothing more serious than a bothersome nuisance. A score of years ago the current, how-old-is-Ann query was, "Where do the flies go in winter?" The question is still barely answerable. It is almost impossible to find a fly in March, yet there are billions in September. Here is the story of it.

The cold of the winter kills off the great mass of the flies. There are inestimable quantities of them that perish ignominiously. They all seem to have disappeared. There, is however, an occasional individual that tucks himself away in a snug corner of the garret rafters or down in the furnace room and succeeds in keeping alive. There is an occasional manure pile that is kept warm by fermentation, and here the embryonic flies live. When the first warm days come the fly awakes and finds himself an isolated Robinson Crusoe in a world almost unpopulated with its fellows. Its instinct is to go forth and multiply, for upon this capacity depends the existence of all its kind. The fly lays 120 eggs in a manure pile. In

CHAPTER XV.

PLAISIR D'ARMOUR NE DURE
D'UN MOMENT

But, while events were thus conspiring against the rightful heirs to Miles Quaintance's millions, the dead man's legitimate nephew, indifferent as ever to his uncle's wishes and the reward of compliance with them, had not been idle in the pursuit of his own expensive ambition.

No sooner had Steoben Quaintance seen the girl whom he knew only as Dagmar said from New York than he determined to follow her. Cornoyer and he together crossed by the first available steamer. They landed at Cherbourg and came on to Paris in haste by train.

"You must come to my house to stop," said Cornoyer affectionately, as the last express sped through Clichy-Levallois on its way to St. Lazare. "My mother will be much pleased to see you there."

"Sorry old chap," said Quaintance "but I've got another engagement. You're very kind, and I'd like nothing better, but—some other time."

Cornoyer's face expressed the extreme of dejection, but he said no more at the moment—so much had he learned of Quaintance's character—and presently they rolled into the busy terminus.

(To Be Continued.)

ten days these eggs are mature and there are 120 flies ready to reproduce themselves. Each of these produces 120 offsprings twenty days from the first beginning. That makes 14,040 flies with the same productive power. These breed 1,728,800 in another ten days, and 200,000,000 at the end of a month. The multiplication goes on for five months, and at the end of that time the family has grown incredibly. It makes no difference where the flies go in winter so long as one stays at home to start things again the next year.

DANGER OF STABLES

Flies breed almost no place except in manure piles from stables where horses are kept. The manure from cow stables are not infected with their young. But wherever there is horse manure there is the ideal condition for the rearing of great numbers of flies. Conversely, wherever there are great numbers there is certainly a manure pile in the vicinity. A manure pile in an average degree of infection will, upon scientific examination, show the young of 1,200 flies to the pound. At this rate the refuse of an ordinary stable will produce vast numbers in the cycle of a few weeks.

But the danger of the fly does not come from the manure pile. To be sure its origin does not tend to make it popular as a promenader over the food or face of the fastidious. Yet the filth of the manure pile is not objectionable in comparison with the other places that the fly haunts. The fly goes everywhere. Decaying dead creatures have a fascination for it and the refuse of all the households roundabout are its means of subsistence. There is nothing unclean in a neighborhood that is not visited by the flies. Then, unless due precaution is taken, there is nothing so sacred that they will not bring that filth into it.

COUNTLESS BACTERIA

Some scientists in Connecticut recently captured 414 common flies in a trap for the purpose of experimentation. They wanted to know how many bacteria were on each fly. They put the captives in a sterilized bottle and poured sterilized water upon them. From this process they figured that all the bacteria found could safely be placed to the credit of the flies. They shook the bottle, thus was analyzed. It was found that washing the flies. Then the water each fly had contributed an average of a million and a quarter germs. It is almost inconceivable that so small a creature should carry so many germs. Yet a similar experiment showed a fly in an uncommonly unsanitary community to be carrying 6,600,000 bacteria. Of course all these germs are not objectionable, but they will be if opportunity presents.

The germs that produce typhoid and those that produce dysentery, which is so fatal to children in the summer months, are the diseases most generally carried by flies.

WHERE TO BEGIN

The cradle of the fly is the manure pile.

The first thing to be done is to get rid of the manure or have it handled so that it will not be a menace. Whether or not the board of health takes up the recommendations of Dr. Law, citizens generally owe it to humanity to take his advice. The man who allows one on his premises should be made to know that he is endangering the lives of his own family and all the families round about. If children die in the neighborhood of typhoid fever or dysentery, he should be saddled with the responsibilities for those deaths. The householder should be made to know that if flies are abundant there is a manure pile in the neighborhood and that it is his duty in protection of his family to hunt it out and have it abolished.

KAISER TALKS SWEETLY TO FRENCH MINISTER

Paris, May 21.—A report of a conversation which Emperor William had with M. Pichon in London reproduced here states that the Emperor was exceedingly cordial towards the French foreign minister and told the latter that the Great powers, in the interest of humanity, should remain closely united and form a pacific confederation.

Don't nurse baby. If you accustom baby to be in the cot, or on the floor on a pillow, he will not want to be nursed. Firmness at the beginning will save much trouble later.

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Fine cambric, nainsook, muslin, or lace net are the materials that are ordinarily used for the summer petticoat. The one illustrated, however, is just as adaptable to the petticoat of silk, but if made of this latter material the founce is usually of plaited silk or lace. This founce may be eliminated, if desired, the skirt ending with the dust ruffle of the material. The founce is of deep embroidery or lace edging if the petticoat be of washable material, headed by a row of ribbon-run beading. The pattern is in 8 sizes—22 to 36 inches, waist measure. For 26 waist the petticoat made as illustrated requires 6 1/2 yards of material 20 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide, or 3 1/2 yards 42 inches wide, each with 4 1/2 yards of founcing 21 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards of beading and 4 1/2 yards of ribbon. Width of lower edge of gores about 2 1/2 yards.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Pattern No.

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WHAT TO DO WITH GRAPE FRUIT

A sharp knife is run about the edge of the half grape fruit to separate the pulp from the skin, in preparing it for the table, but a pair of scissors is more easily used in cutting out the centre fibre. Besides if the fruit is at all tough the knife is much more apt to waste the juice, and makes a more ragged hole.

Used as a first course at breakfast, many hostesses prefer not to sugar grape fruit beforehand, for the reason that some guest may enjoy it better in its natural state.

A good test in buying grape fruit is the weight, which seems to disappear when the fruit becomes pulpy. A delicious marmalade is also made either from grape fruit alone or from a combination of grape fruit and oranges.

A very pretty dessert is obtained by cutting the rind of the half fruits in points and garnishing in the centre with maraschino cherries.

DO NOT RUB THE EYES

Never rub the eyes, for this practice causes inflammation of the lids, and however beautiful the expression, if the eyes are red or without lashes they lose their charm. When a foreign substance gets into the eye do not irritate it by trying to force it out. Keep the eye closed for a few moments or until the object is removed by the tears which will flow. If, however, it is impossible to remove the substance yourself have some one (who will perform the operation carefully) remove it for you.

Excitable children should have a thin, dark curtain to their window. They need as much air as possible but not light.

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Ladies' White Waists, New and Natty, for 78c., 98c., \$1.00, \$1.25 \$1.30 to \$1.50.	
	STRAW HATS.
	Children's Straws, your choice for 29c., worth from 35c. to 60c. each.
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