

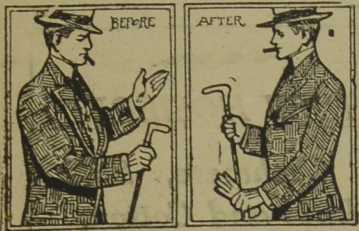
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SOCIAL GOSSIP

As housecleaning is in full swing society is rather quiet this week. Several small affairs have been given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Norton-Taylor who are leaving for their new home in Ontario. Mr. Norton-Taylor has been stationed here as accountant in the Bank of Montreal for the past eleven years and much regret is felt by both social and business friends at his departure from the city. All unite with the "Mail" in wishing both Mr. and Mrs. Norton-Taylor all success in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson have taken rooms at Mrs. Robert Colwells for the summer.

Invitations have been received in the city for the wedding of Dr. Sidney Bridges, brother of Dr. J. W. Bridges of this city. The happy event will take place on April 26th. At Philadelphia. The bride-to-be is Miss Mildred Janey of that place.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Sharpe entertained at carols on Monday evening.

Misses Marion and Minnie Crockett very pleasantly entertained about thirty of their young friends at a dancing party on Monday evening.

Mrs. Daniel Richards made a very charming hostess on Wednesday evening when she entertained sixteen ladies at a most enjoyable bridge. The first prize went to Mrs. Bedford Phillips. Mrs. Jas. Hawthorne won the consolation.

Miss May McArthur who has been spending the past two weeks, in the city the guest of Miss Margaret Tennant, Government Road, has returned to her home in St. John.

On Thursday evening the Sewing Circle of the Ladies' Committee of the Y.M.C.A., were very pleasantly entertained by Mrs. Annie Kilburn, Charlotte St.

Mr. Ewart Atkinson left on Friday morning for Sackville to attend the graduation recital of his sister Miss Marguerite Atkinson at Beethoven Hall Friday evening.

On Friday evening at Mrs. Mary Hatts, Queen St. the pupils of Miss Kathleen Hatt's dancing class held a very pleasant social dance, as a final to the class for the season. Hanton's orchestra furnished a programme of fifteen numbers and there were four supper extras. About forty young people enjoyed the dancing. Among the guests present were Miss Vena Brown, Miss Ethel Mullin, Miss Helen Morrison, Miss Helen Vanwart, Mrs. J. H. Calder, Miss May Ryan, Miss Annie Crockett, Miss Marion Crockett, Miss Gertrude Miller, Miss Edith McMurray, Miss Ethel Scott, Miss Violet Wilson, Miss Margaret Coburn, Miss Jean Campbell, St. John and Mr. Cole McKee, Mr. Carl Brown, Mr. Lloyd Vanwart, Mr. Jim Palmer, Mr. Wilmot Miller, Mr. Jack Giles, Mr. Will Hoytt.

On Wednesday evening Miss Violet Wilson, St. John street most enjoyably entertained at a small dancing party.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Petrie and little son will leave next week for their summer home at Charlott, N.B.

meeting this week. Prospects look The Tennis Club held their annual As the Province Tournament is to be bright for a very successful season. held here, this summer, there should be more playing members than usual in order to have the best available for the contests. It is expected, Mr. Theodore H. Bird will be here sometime in May to prepare for a theatrical entertainment under the auspices of the club.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN

"For God and Home and Every Land"

DRINK EVIL IN BRITAIN.

Mr. Stewart Lyon, of the editorial staff of the Toronto Globe, crossed the Atlantic to send to his paper cable dispatches and mail correspondence during the British electoral campaign. In a letter dated Leeds, Jan. 12, he says:

"The amazing prevalence of public-houses and the very general use of liquor at meals, are features that obtrude themselves at every turn.

she's married, or, what's still more likely, engaged to be married to someone else?" O'Ferral asked gravely.

"She wore no rings," retorted Quaintance. "She's free still, and that's why I am in such a hurry. Let's turn back and get a drink—I'm thirsty."

They faced about, and the Frenchmen, who had drawn closer as they slowed down, suddenly found himself confronting them. They drew to one side, and waited for him to pass.

A wiser man would have gone on his way and avoided their vicinity from that time forward. Their steady stare boded Jules Chevreil no great grace if he should give further offence. But the Frenchman's mind was bemused by the drink he had swallowed in the hot sunshine, and he was in no mood to be brow-beaten. He stopped, and eyed them with swaggering self-assertion. They waited for him to speak. He did so, addressing himself to Quaintance.

"You speak French?" he inquired unceremoniously, in that language, and Quaintance nodded.

"You are no doubt on intimate terms with the lady who sat at your table in Martin's last night during my unavailing absence?"

(To Be Continued.)

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Shantung Silks in all colors, Regular 75c per yd. Special Sale Price 59c per yd.

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There are 87,000 public houses in Great Britain and Ireland, or one to about every 500 of the population. In Toronto the rate is one saloon for 3,000 people, and in all Ontario it is a little less than one per 1,000. But these figures do not tell the whole story. A great deal of the drinking in England is done in workingmen's clubs, which are to a considerable extent displacing the public houses. The clubs are run on the co-operative principle, liquor being bought at wholesale prices and sold to club members at a slight advance. Men engaged in temperance work regard these clubs as a greater barrier to reform than the public-house itself. The drink bill of Great Britain and Ireland is estimated at £167,000,000 last year, a large proportion of this being of course due to the high duties levied on liquor for revenue purposes. Five years of total abstinence in Scotland and England would pay off the National debt. The figures spent by the working class on drink seem almost incredible. Ten shillings a week is often wasted on the liquor by tradesmen earning a couple of pounds. A Sheffield man told me yesterday of an acquaintance who celebrated his birthday by consuming 17 pints of ale, worth a little over a dollar in our money.

LESS WHISKEY AND LESS TO-BACCO.

The annual report of the Canadian Inland Revenue Department for the last fiscal year, contains some interesting items for temperance workers. It shows a falling off of 1,673,715 gallons, or about twenty-five per cent. in the production of spirituous liquors, as compared with the previous year.

Almost without exception the secular press attributes this decrease to the stringency of the times. No mention is made of the extension of local option territory, or the active anti-alcoholic education along medicinal and health lines with which the foremost medical men and scientists in the world are inoculating general public.

There has also been less of the "filthy weed" consumed. During the past year over 8,000,000 cigars less have gone up in smoke, while the number of cigarettes manufactured was 28,304,674 below the former record.

But after all Canada's drink bill for 1908 amounted to \$76,867,649, and 192,105,371 cigars, 356,180,380 cigarettes were consumed. If the money so used could be converted into brain, Observations of a Canadian Journal-brown, clothing and homes, the land of the Maple would scarcely be recognized. Health would not be at a premium as it so frequently now is, and there would not be so many wives and children living on the ragged edge of necessity. Canada has thousands of men who never dream of going without their daily drink and smoke, whose wives and children are not properly nourished because the dollar doled out by the bread winner is not sufficient to go around. We wish the eyes of such men could be anointed with a salve admixture of justice and humanity so that they would be opened to this self-satisfied brutality.

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MONDAY, APRIL 18th, 1910

And extend to one and all an Invitation to Inspect Our Stock and compare prices. It will be a pleasure to show you whether you buy or not. Come anyway.

F. S. WILLIAMS

A MILLION A MINUTE

A ROMANCE OF MODERN NEW YORK AND PARIS

BY HUDSON DOUGLAS.

(Continued.)

The correspondent had his own manifold affairs to attend to, but he had also a noteworthy knack of combining pleasure with business. By a curious coincidence he was called to Rockaway Beach. If Quaintance could carry him thither, and back to the Cornucopia Club, it would be quite convenient to join him. Quaintance could. Quaintance picked him up at Thirty-fourth street from the Third Avenue L. They crossed the ferry together, and headed by way of Jamaica to Lynbrook then took through Far Rockaway and Arverne to the beach, where they drew up at the Inn, alighted, refreshed themselves, and strolled toward the shore.

Jules Chevreil, following at a safe distance, also stopped at the Inn for long enough to absorb two brimming bumpers of absinthe frappe—it is dry work driving a hired car on a hot afternoon—and set out to dog them about.

They turned slowly along the broad walk, discussing the points and performance of Quaintance's purchase, and, these all disposed of, returned to the topic uppermost in the gentlemen's mind, a topic which had already been touched upon at frequent intervals.

"I wish I had got a better view of the roundabout that girl was driving last night," he remarked. "I don't believe I'd know it again unless she were in it herself."

"I should," answered her companion, a quick understanding smile wrinkling his thin face. "It was a Cadillac, two-seated, model Q, '06, lacquered in olive-green without relief, dark canvas Cape-cart hood, three head-lamps. Most of the brass-work had been coated over, to save cleaning. The only thing I couldn't get a line on was the number—but it was too thick with dust."

"You're a marvel," said Quaintance approvingly. "When special corresponding becomes a lost art, you ought to get good pay as a detective. I couldn't have told it off so concisely even if I had seen the car. How did you manage to notice so much in such a short time, eh?"

"The faculty of observation," retorted his friend. "In my trade one has to be as quick as a snapshot and accurate as an adding machine at the same time. I'd have been dead and buried a long time ago if I hadn't learned the trick young. And, besides,

es, I had a good look at the thing. "I'll give you another bit of my mind if you like, Steve. I've figured it out backwards and by deduction, but I'll let you have it right end up. You remember the rat-faced Frenchman?"

"I do," said Quaintance concisely. "And a cheap-looking car we passed just outside the dock gates in Long Island City?"

"I didn't notice it particularly." "Well, the Frenchman was with it. He followed us down here. He's close to us at this moment."

"Where?" asked Quaintance eagerly.

"Keep cool," requested O'Ferral, gripping him by the arm as he would have turned. "Be more circumspect, confound you. What d'ye want to do?"

"I want to spread him to the four winds," confessed his companion. "I want to feed the fishes with him. Last night I offered a girl a seat when he left her standing while he was away wrangling with a waiter about ten cents. When he came back he gave me a scowl that would have earned him a broken neck them if she had not been looking on. Let me have just a couple of words with him, and I'll be as circumspect as an oyster."

"What you're going to do at present is to ignore him," O'Ferral explained peremptorily.

"And the reason why," he continued, as Quaintance reluctantly fell in to step with him again, "is that we want to find out first what his little game is. It's my belief that he's out after the girl too, and, if she's anywhere in the neighborhood, we'll let him find her for us. I have an idea that he thinks you know a good deal more than you do about her. We don't need to deceive him, and while he's hanging out here, she's safe—from him."

"True for you," agreed Quaintance upon cogitation, and frowning. "He's a thoroughly bad egg, that fellow, and—he seemed to have some hold over her. I'd give a great deal to find her again, O'Ferral, and, when I do,—"

"If you do," corrected his friend. "When I do," he repeated stubbornly. "I'll make quite sure what it was and then settle scores with him. Meantime I suppose I must lie low."

"But what will you do if you find