

## CLASSIFIED ADS.

## To Rent

House opposite the Gibson School. Apply to Mrs. A. E. Hanson, St. John Street. June 10th

## Wanted

WANTED—A kitchen girl. Apply at WASHINGTON'S CAFE, York street.

## Wanted

WANTED—Smart girl about seventeen years of age to learn the printing business. Must have fair education. Apply at this office.

## To Let

TO LET—Store at present occupied by A. Murray & Co. Possession given July 1st.

## Lost

LOST—A diamond and pearl pendant. Finder will be suitably rewarded. Please leave at Mail Office.

## BOOK DEBTS

OF THE ALEX. GIBSON RAILWAY AND MANUFACTURING CO. AND THE NASHWAAK LUMBER CO. TO BE SOLD

Tenders are asked for up to June 20th, 1914. Lists of debts can be seen at offices of R. H. Boone, Esq., Fredericton, N. B.

ALFRED ROWLEY Sec. Treas. 184 Princess St. St. John N.B.

## Tenders Cement Street

TENDERS will be received at the office of the City Clerk, City Hall, Fredericton, N.B., until twelve o'clock noon on Friday next, June twelfth instant, for construction of cement pavement between Highway Bridge and present pavement on Carleton street. This work must be laid down in first class cement and corrugated as directed.

Further information on application at office above.

A. B. KITCHEN, June 4 Chairman Roads & Streets

MAGIC TRICK CARDS. — Great Magic Card, 10 cts; Changeable Card, French Trick Cards, 10 cts; Diminish-10 cts. Set for 25 cts.

F. A. STONE, Box 518 Fredericton, N. B.

## For Sale

Desirable residence in good locality upper part of city, suitable for single or double tenement, with barn and outbuildings. Double tenement on George street. Small but good farm in Parish of New Maryland, with woodland, good house and outbuildings, within five miles of city. Good house, outbuildings and farm on Woodstock Road, just outside of city limits. Also other desirable property.

E. H. ALLAN, Auctioneer and Sales Agent. e.o.d., t.d.

## Tenders for the purchase and Removal of Buildings

Tenders addressed to Ald. A. B. Kitchen will be received at City Clerk's office until Wednesday, June 17th, for the purchase and removal of buildings on the Seery Lot fronting on Smythe Street. The buildings to be removed immediately after July 1, 1914.

Signed, J. W. MCCREADY, City Clerk.

FOR SALE—Dwelling House containing seven rooms. All modern conveniences, including electric light, bath-room and furnace. One of the best locations in the city. For further particulars enquire at MAIL OFFICE.—tl.

## New Subscribers

240-12—McKiel, Robt. J. C. res. St. Mary's.  
2500-42—True, Mrs. Howard P. res. Oromocto.

## N. B. Telephone Co., Limited

S. B. EBBETT Exchange Manager.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
**PATENTS**  
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**MUNN & Co.** 363 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 62 F St., Washington, D. C.

## SAW BROTHER IN PICTURUS

United States Consul W.W. Heard, of this city recently saw his own brother in moving pictures taken at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and shown at a local picture-theatre. The picture represented United States bluejackets signalling from the roof of a hotel to the warships in the harbor. Mr. Heard's brother was shown operating the slide of a search-light or projector as it is called in the American Navy. He is chief electrician on the U. S. battleship "Arkansas."

## WEDDING STATIONERY.

The month of roses will soon be here. Let us print your wedding invitations and announcements. We carry a large stock of paper and envelopes and our prices are right. Address, The Mail, Fredericton, N. B.

## The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

—BY—

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British &amp; Colonial Press Service, Limited.

With a frown Mrs. Carrington began to read the letter. It was a long letter, and as she read the frown deepened. When she came to the end she was silent for a moment, and then she said shortly:

"Take the boat out again."

Elsa began to scull towards the entrance. Before she had reached it, her mother gave a short laugh, and said: "What do you think this packet contains, besides your father's letter to me?"

"I don't know," said Elsa. "Father spoke of proofs. Of his innocence? You little fool!"

With something that was almost a sob, Elsa dropped her ear, and turned quickly to her mother, crying:

"Mother! was he guilty?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Carrington, and then, as Elsa buried her face in her hands, she added with a mocking laugh: "I will read you a bit of his last letter to me."

With a snarl on her lips this woman who had called Richmond Carrington husband, read to the girl who was his daughter:

"Elsa believes in me. If it is possible, for that belief to live, I charge you Rachel, not to kill it. She will look to you for guidance. I have told her that the decision rests with you whether the effort to clear my name is to be continued. Give her what reasons you will for ceasing to make the effort. Say that it is hopeless, that the difficulties are insurmountable, that our enemies are too strong—anything—except the truth, that I am guilty. You drove me into guilt; do this much by way of recompense. Perhaps—I know it is only perhaps, but I cling to the slenderest thread of hope in this—perhaps she will believe you."

Elsa sprang to her feet with a cry:

"Stop! That is his message to you? The last wish, which you were to respect?"

"It seems so," said Mrs. Carrington, smiling. "At any rate I can find no other."

"And this is how you respect it?"

"Yes," she said. "The whole thing is really too absurd."

Elsa gazed at her in trembling anger. For a moment she could not speak. Then with a low moan, she cried:

"You are my mother; but I hate you!"

## CHAPTER XV.

## A Message from "Croesus"

The same two men were again on duty in the Instrument Room at R. B. Grande who had been on duty on the night when the cable message "Danger—Circus" came through. Scarborough again was sitting in front of the siphon recorder, and again Scott was lying in a cane chair, listlessly turning over the leaves of a novel. Specialization of function commonly took this form between these two.

No messages were passing over the cables, and for the last half hour Scarborough had been deep in thought. The task which he had taken upon his shoulders, when he undertook to solve the mystery which surrounded Richmond Carrington's death, absorbed the thoughts of most of his waking hours now; but the solution did not come. That there had been no actual murder had been proved by the evidence of the Portuguese doctor, who had certified that death was due to the sudden bursting of an aortic aneurism of long standing. But the doctor said also that it was impossible that Carrington should not have known of the existence of this aneurism, and that it was very unlikely that he would be ignorant of the fact that any unusual exertion would almost of a certainty be fatal. So much Scarborough could understand; but what he could not understand was why Elsa's father had, by making this exertion, doomed himself to an almost inevitable death. He had little doubt that the risk had been known, and defied with full knowledge. But why? What was the motive which had been strong enough to make Richmond Carrington brave death as the price of a country walk?

Presently Scott, the man in the cane chair, yawned, and threw his book down in disgust. "What awful rot manages to get into print nowadays," he remarked. "Sickening! I'll change places with you for a bit, Horace. A siphon-recorder that doesn't record anything is dull company, but the average modern novel is duller. But you half a crown you can't read through four chapters of this one. Have a look at it, and pitch it into the stove when you've done."

He came to the table and took Scarborough's place in front of the instrument. Scarborough went to the window from which he could see the white walls of the Chinelas in the distance. She knows! he muttered. She knows! he muttered.

Since the morning when she had declared passionately that she no longer desired his help Elsa had told him nothing. They had met frequently, and he had made a point of telling her everything. She knew, for instance, about the hooded woman, and she had in her possession the stone which had been found in the dead man's fingers, with the half obliterated scratches of his last message pencilled on it. But she had not met confidence with confidence. Scarborough knew nothing of the letter which her father had written to her, nothing of her reasons for going alone to the Ring-Rock. He would probably not have known even of the fact, had not the rescue of Mona de la Mar and the others from the stranded Sea-Horse made it impossible of concealment.

He had told Mona that there had been no quarrel between him and Elsa, and in their literal sense the words were true. They met as friends. But

formerly they had met as something more.

Scarborough turned away from the window with a sigh. The jarring note in his love-idyll rang to-day as a very palpable discord, and he longed for the time to come when the harmony would reassert itself.

A message was coming over the cable. Scott began to take it down, and broke off with an exclamation.

"Hullo!" he said. "It's for you."

"For me? Can't be. I'm not important enough."

"Scarborough, Cable station—that's you, isn't it?—Go in and win. Finances arranged. Letter coming. Ambler."

Scott read the message from the flickering of the siphon, and proceeded in due form to write it down. "Why doesn't your friend use code?" he asked. "He's extravagant in words. Is this private, old man? Or may a fellow know what it refers to?"

"It is the answer to a letter I wrote some time ago," said Scarborough.

"Ambler is my uncle."

"The one who, to encourage thrift in the young, puts three sovereigns on the top of every one you show him at the end of the year? That uncle?"

"Yes," said Scarborough.

Scott whistled. "Then 'Finances arranged' sounds as though it might mean something handsome," said he.

"What does 'Go in and win' mean? Stop, I'll guess. The girl at the Chinelas? Right?"

"Yes, right," said Scarborough, quietly.

Scott jumped up with a laugh.

"Then off you go!" he cried; "and good luck to you! I'll get one of the other men to take your duty. Don't waste time. Croesus, in the form of Uncle Ambler, promises over the submarine cable—excellent institution, the submarine cable!—to pay for the fun when you're married. 'Finances arranged' can mean nothing else; and as for 'letter coming,' I shouldn't wait for it. 'Go in and win,' he says. Why don't you go?"

Scarborough had thrown himself in to the cane chair, and showed no sign of wanting to go.

"Lucky beggars some fellows are!" Scott went on, enviously. "It gives a man a pull to be born with an uncle. I've got no relative nearer than a father, worse luck!—and he's as poor as I am. Look here, why don't you do as you're told, and go in and win?"

"Because I don't think I should win if I went in now," said Scarborough simply.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the other man with a laugh. "Did you hint a much to Croesus? His message doesn't suggest that you did?"

"I didn't," said Scarborough.

"But you've taken to doubting lately? Do you know, a countryman of mine once put the thing rather neatly. 'He either fears his fate too much, or his deserts are small.' You know the rest."

"Yes," said Scarborough. "The man who wrote that was hanged. I don't think Graham of Montrose is quite a safe guide, though he was your countryman. I'm not going."

"Then you fear your fate too much?" said Scott.

"Or my deserts are small. Have I, which way you like. And suppose we drop the subject."

When Scarborough wrote the letter to which this cablegram was an answer, Richmond Carrington was still alive, and the note of discord had not yet sounded in the love idyll. He had told his uncle that he meant to ask Elsa to be his wife, and he had not suggested that there was any doubt.

But a mere clerk in the Cable Company is not in a position to marry, and the reason of Scarborough's letter was that he wanted to know whether his uncle's former offer of a place in his city house was still open to him. He had stated his reasons frankly, saying that he had no newly-developed desire to spend his days on a stool in a City office, but that he had a very pressing need of the £200 a year which his uncle had offered as a commencing salary if he agreed to sit on that stool.

If the offer was still open, he would close with it, because on £200 a year he thought that Elsa and he could manage, especially as his uncle had hinted that, given good work, the salary need not long remain at that somewhat modest figure.

This, then, was the answer. And had other things not happened meanwhile, he would have looked forward with eager hope to the letter which was coming; for from past experience he knew that his uncle's generosity, at the least, was not likely to fall short of his promises. "Finances arranged" would mean all that he had asked for, and probably more. It was a highly satisfactory answer. But then other things had happened meanwhile.

One of the station servants came into the room with a note. Scarborough read it, and got quickly out of his chair.

"Who is next on duty?" he asked Scott.

Scarborough turned to the servant.

"See if you can find Mr. Mason or Mr. Davitt," he said. "Ask one of them to be good enough to relieve me a once. Say that it is important."

The man went out, and Scott looked up with a grin.

"That puts it not unto the touch to win or lose it all," he quoted again. "Changed your mind, Horace? Go on to put it to the touch, after all?"

Scarborough looked at him with a frown, which slowly changed into a smile.

"Really, I don't know," he said. "There's just a chance that I may. But I don't think so."

"I would if I were you," said Scott with decision. "Think of 'Finances arranged!' Why, man, it would be worth it if she were an ogress! And she isn't that."

(To Be Continued.)

We Will Open Our New Store

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 12

in the premises lately occupied by Tennant & Holder which we have remodelled, newly painted and rearranged.

We invite your attendance on our opening day.

Special Values in Every Department

A. MURRAY & CO.

## PERSISTENCY IN ADVERTISING

One stroke of a bell in a thick fog does not give a lasting impression of its location, but when followed by repeated strokes at regular intervals the densest fog, the darkest night can not long conceal its whereabouts. Likewise a single insertion of an advertisement—as compared with regular and systematic ADVERTISING—is in its effect not unlike a sound which, heard but faintly once is lost in space and soon forgot—

Printing Art.

TRY AN ADVERTISEMENT IN

THE DAILY MAIL

If your Stock of Stationery is getting low Telephone

THE MAIL PRINTERY

THE MIGHTY HAAG SHOWS

FREDERICTON  
THURSDAY  
JUNE 18

THE MIGHTY  
HAAG  
CIRCUS

Bigger than Ever. Wait for Nothing or Nobody. SEE THE ONE YOU ALL KNOW.

DON'T MISS the FREE  
STREET PARADE.

This one feature alone costs more than the entire production of many so called shows. All Free.

Remember the Day of the BIG Show  
F'ton, Thurs. June 18

THE MIGHTY HAAG SHOWS

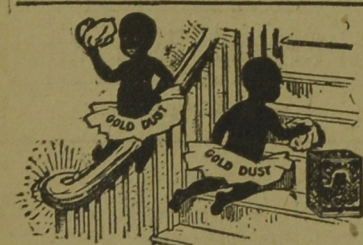
## The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy

THE floors and doors appear to wait until the dust germs congregate; the housewife hails each dawning day with grim and harrowing dismay. Says she: "My work will NEVER end; o'er dusty stretches I must bend, until, with aching back and hands I finish what the day demands."

The "Floor-and-Door-a" Girl

work and the endless doors, until when Hubby saw them, too, reflections said: "Why, howdy-do!"

"The Gold Dust Twins," said she, "I find, help leave the woes of dust behind. Each mark of sticky hands on doors, each tread of muddy feet on floors, all fade before the slightest touch of Gold Dust, and the work is such that, when the woodwork has been done, I find said work was only fun." This line of reasoning must show that those who've tried it OUGHT to know. If you, in one day's duties, find that there's a Grouch in every Grind, invite the Gold Dust Twins to share such tasks as tire and fret and wear.



From kitchen floor to bedroom suite, these tireless little chaps make neat, and best of all, the sum expense is measured up in meager cents. They put both dust and dirt to rout and run the last old microbe out.

The Gold Dust Twins