

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

Between York Street school and Regent Street via George. A Waterman's Fountain Pen. Finder please confer a favor by leaving at Mail Office.

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, 1941. 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.

WE WILL PAY YOU \$120 to distribute religious literature in your community. Sixty days work. Experience not required. Man or woman. Opportunity for promotion. Spare time may be used.

International Bible Press, 182 Spadina Avenue, Toronto. 8 ins. every Wed. & Sat.

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 Chairmen Roads & Streets

MAGIC TRICK CARDS. — Great ing 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.

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

Then Mrs. Jones, one afternoon, dropped in, at a time most opportune. An optimist, she knew the wiles of household work—its sighs and smiles. She told of how she polished floors and woodwork and the endless doors, until when Hubby saw them, too, reflections said: "Why, howdy-dol!"

"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 ev'ry 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

The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

—BY—

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

"Not it?"
"Why not?"

"Because I don't count that you owe it to me. I've explained all that. Besides, hang it all, you know, I had another plan in my head! But," he added doubtfully, "there's no good of mentioning it now. I've had my loss. As I told you, I shall take my profit out of the advertisement I shall turn it into." "I don't think you can do that," said Mona quietly. "I told you not to reckon that in your estimate, you know. You won't be able to do it, because I give you notice now that I shall not perform again. A month's notice or a month's wages on either side were our terms, weren't they? I will pay you the forfeit now."

Montague looked at her with twitching lips.
"You mean that?" he asked quietly.
"Yes."

He broke into a short laugh.
"Then," he said grimly, "you have ruined me after all."

CHAPTER XIII.

A Suggestion of Partnership

"Since I've settled that I'm to be ruined," said Val B. Montague gloomily, "I may as well tell you about that other plan at which I hinted just now. You'll laugh. I was thinking of a partnership. Now smile!"

Mona de la Mar did not smile. She gave him a quick look, and asked:
"A partnership? You and I? On what terms?"

"Marriage, and pool the profits," said Montague simply. "Ridiculous notion, wasn't it?"

"What put it into your head?"
"Dunno! Expect I've got kind of fond of you in the last two years. Say, why don't you blaze out at me?"

"Why should I?"

"Don't you feel you want to?"

"No."

Val B. Montague looked relieved. "That so?" he said. "Then I guess you don't think I've insulted you by mentioning it. I was afraid you would. When a woman's rich enough to throw cheques about—which seems to be your case, though I don't understand how it's happened—she generally thinks an offer of marriage from a man like me pretty insulting. I don't speak from experience, mind you; but I've taken notice of other cases, and it's generally so. Sure you don't want to blaze?"

"Certain," said Mona, and then she added, smiling: "I've never had an offer of marriage before; perhaps that's why."
"Oh, you'll get plenty, now that you are rich!"

"But not from Val B. Montague?"

"Well, no. Not from Val B. Montague," said the circus-man, grinning. "Thought I was that sort of skunk, did you?"

"I think," said Mona quickly, "that you are one of the best fellows I have ever known. Now tell me why you said I had ruined you."

"It's pretty plain, isn't it? My capital isn't big, and isn't distensible; I'm too small to swallow a loss of four or five hundred pounds without choking, and it won't stretch to the bite. I thought I could get my own back by booming you in the West Coast town, but you've put a stopper on that. No, since we came here, there's Varney now. I expect he'll be giving me a month's notice soon; or more likely, taking a wrinkle from you, and handing me a month's pay instead. The Combination is breaking up. I've said so pretty often lately, and thought I was only telling a lie. But it's the truth."

His tone was as mournful as if he spoke of the demise of a pal. The hushed voice suggested the gloom of funerals. Mona had difficulty in repressing a smile.

"Why should Phil Varney leave you?" she asked. "Has he threatened to do so?"

"Threatened, no! I'd know how to talk to him if he did. But he's developed a sudden and suspicious interest in fruit farming. He'll stay in San Miguel, marry the Davis girl, and grow pine-apples for export to Covent Garden. You know as well as I do, that he's up at the Casa Davis every day. I had hoped that Davis would show him the door, but instead of that the old man seems to have taken a fancy to him. No, no; it's no good disguising the thing. My family's deserting me."

Mona thought for a minute. Then she said:

"I've changed my mind. If it means ruin to you, I won't be the first to push you over. I'll stick to you."

"You've given me notice," said Montague; but a gleam of hope lighted the gloom of his aspect, and straightened the droop of his mouth.

"I withdraw it. Unless you'll take my £450 to cover the losses?"

Montague shook his head.
"Very well then," said Mona. "I shall stay with you till the end of the tour. But we'd better be clear. About that offer of partnership—"

"I never made it," said Montague, quickly.

"No, but—"

"And I'm not going to make it. What do you take me for?"

"A fool in some things," said Mona, laughing, "and a gentleman in all the rest. Very well, we understand each other. The offer was never made. Now let's change the subject. Mr. Scarborough passed along the street just now, and looked up at the window. He saw me, and took his hat off. I think he's coming here. I wonder what he wants."

Scarborough came into the room almost as she finished speaking, and advanced to the table in the window. Montague rose and held out his hand.

"Mr. Scarborough, sir," he said, in

his usual impassive manner, as if the manner which during his long discussion with Mona had never appeared—"I am very glad to see you. It's a dry day—what may I offer you as an antidote to the atmospheric aridity? Do you know if I were a superstitious man, I should think that your fate and mine were curiously linked somehow? As I am not, I merely remark that life offers strange coincidences. Colares—kummel—whiskey—a soda?"

Scarborough sat down beside the girl.

"Nothing, thanks," he said. "But what is the coincidence?"

"That you and I always seem to meet at a crisis in my affairs. The first occasion was, you remember, when I was making up my mind whether the clown or the ringmaster would have to go; the second, when the Sea-Horse was missing from the harbor yonder, and I didn't know where she was; the third—" he paused. "Ah, well, the third crisis has been safely bridged. You won't drink? I'm in the mood for standing champagne just now."

"No, thanks," said Scarborough again. "Too early, you know. I came up here in the search for information."

"Anything that I can tell you—"

Montague began.

"Miss Ryan possesses the knowledge that I want," said Scarborough.

Val B. Montague rose took his hat from a peg.

"I understand you, sir," he said. "I am the unnecessary unit of our trio. I will go. But if you will allow me to give you a hint—you will—then it's this: if you hope to obtain information of any sort from the lady before you, don't try to bully her into giving it! As we used to say at the Boston academy where, as I have just now told Miss De la Mar, I learned my manners as an extra—experio crede! I have the honor to wish you a prosperous issue to your attempt, and a very good afternoon."

With a bow to Mona, he left them, and went out of the room humming a air. Val B. Montague had passed through his crisis, and was his own man again.

Mona de la Mar turned to Scarborough with a smile.

"Well?" she asked.

"I want you to tell me what sort of person Mrs. Carrington is."

She gave him a steady look, and answered:

"Tell me your reason for wanting to know. Please understand that Montague is right. I give no information on compulsion."

"I don't know whether my reason is one that will appeal to you. I am working for love—to help the girl I love," said Scarborough simply. "Is the reason good?"

"To a woman, the one excellent reason!" said Mona, smiling. "And I think you are clever enough to know that, or you would not have begun like this. How will it help your love to know about Mrs. Carrington?"

"Anything that leads to a solution of the mystery that surrounds Richmond Carrington's death will help me," said Scarborough. "Or, at any rate, I think it will."

"Then, why don't you ask the daughter herself?"

"It would be no use."

"You have quarrelled? I'm sorry, because I like you, and I like Mrs. Carrington. She treated me with a fair amount of scorn on the night when she rescued me from the Ring Road, and I suppose I ought to hate her; but I don't, because she was defending her father. Is he the theme on which you and she have quarrelled, too?"

"We haven't quarrelled," said Scarborough.

"But your idyll isn't working itself out smoothly? There is a jarring note?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll help you if I can. Mrs. Carrington is a thorough bad lot, don't know her well, but I know that. Your future wife didn't make a lucky choice of parents."

"Can you give me details?" said Scarborough quietly.

Mona de la Mar shot a quick glance at him. His face looked almost haggard. He was suffering. She did not know how it would help him to hear what she could tell; but he said it would. So she told him what she knew.

"She is a woman of the world, in the worst sense of the word—heartless, extravagant, selfish. When I knew her, she was a woman of fashion, too, and probably the bitterest pill in all the dose she was made to swallow two years ago, was, to her, the necessity of ceasing to play that part. If Mrs. Carrington's father was a thief—I don't know whether you consider that doubtful—I think it was because he had an expensive and worthless wife. He was a criminal, a clever criminal; but it was she who drove him to crime. Her craving for display ruined him, because he tried to satisfy it. I believe he loved her. At any rate he stole for her. His character was weaker than hers; for hers, though shallow, is forceful—strong in its very defects of glittering hardness and utter selfishness. There, that is the portrait of your future mother-in-law, as I saw her! How do you like it?"

Scarborough did not answer.

"There is one thing more," said Mona. "She was wonderfully beautiful. That is the one quality which her daughter seems to have inherited from her."

Still Scarborough was silent. Mona leaned forward and put her hand on his arm.

"I don't know whether I am right in telling you all this," she said. "I don't believe in the doctrine of heredity much myself; but perhaps you do. Are you afraid?"

"Afraid?" he asked.

"Afraid that the daughter may have

(To Be Continued.)

3 Big Bargain Days

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

WIDE CAMBRICS, PRINTS and GINGHAMS, Sale Price 10c. yard.
COTTON HOSE, 2 pairs for 25c.

KID GLOVES in white, tan and black, 59c. pair.

SHANTUNG SILK, natural color, only 39c. yard.

AXMINSTER RUGS, Special at \$2.69 each.

ALL WASH GOODS and DRESS GOODS at CLEARING PRICES.

LADIES' SPRING SUITS and COATS at HALF PRICE.

LADIES' HOUSE and STREET DRESSES REGARDLESS COST.

LADIES' UNDERSKIRTS, WAISTS and WHITEWEAR at CLEARING PRICES.

SERGE DRESSES and SKIRTS at ABOUT HALF PRICE.

FINE WHITE VOILE, Regular 25c. yard, Sale Price 15c. yard.

BIG BARGAINS in EVERY DEPARTMENT in order to reduce the stock before moving into our new store.

A. MURRAY & CO.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS MEET

Montreal, June 9.—Several hundred of the foremost representatives of the industrial life of the Dominion filled the assembly room of the Windsor Hotel today when the annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association was called to order by President C. B. Gordon. The convention will continue in session three days, during which time a wide variety of subjects relating to the welfare of Canadian industries will be discussed. The meeting will conclude Thursday night with a banquet at which Premier Borden, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Hon. George E. Foster and other men of national prominence are to speak.

Spark, Ok., June 8.—Thomas Gilpin, a player in an amateur baseball game was today almost instantly killed by a foul ball which struck him over the heart.

BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS

John L. Shafroth, United States senator from Colorado, sixty years old today.

Eugene Hale, former United States senator from Maine, seventy eight years old today.

Titta Rnffo, world famous baritone, thirty seven years old today.

Charles J. Bonaparte, former Attorney General of the United States, sixty three years old today.

Rt. Rev. James Darlington, Episcopal bishop of Harrisburg, fifty eight years old today.

Rt. Rev. James S. Johnston, Episcopal bishop of West Texas, seventy one years old today.

Rt. Rev. William Ford Nichols, Episcopal bishop of California, sixty five years old today.

Henry U. Mudge, president of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, fifty eight years old today.

James Stillman, head of the National City Bank of New York City, sixty four years old today.

Robert Kerr, former Canadian champion sprinter and Olympic winner, thirty two years old today.

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