

# CLASSIFIED ADS.

## Municipality of York

TENDERS for 25 tons American Furnace Coal, to be delivered at the County Gaol, and 12 tons American Furnace Coal, to be delivered at the County Court House, will be received at the office of the secretary-treasurer up to Friday, the 22nd inst., at 12 o'clock noon.

ALEX. HAINING,  
Chairman County Buildings Com.  
Fredericton, May 18.  
4 ins.

## Notice

Water consumers will please take notice that the water and sewerage rates for the ensuing term are now due and payable at the Water Office, City Hall.

GEORGE R. PERKINS.  
1 week.

## For Sale

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.

## BARN TO LET

Apply at 368 George street. Good chance for horse and carriage. 3 ins.



**D Company**

"D" Company, 71st York Regt., will meet at the Armory, Carleton street, at 7.30 p.m. each Tuesday and Friday till further notice, for drill, enlisting of recruits and issuing of uniforms and equipment.

H. F. G. WOODBRIDGE, Capt.

## Public Auction

I am instructed by Miss Seery to sell all the household effects at her residence, 61 Carleton St. on Tuesday the 19th inst. at 10 o'clock in the morning.

## COMPRISING

Walnut Parlor Set, Ebony Parlor Set, Marble top table, three section oak book case, round center table, Axminster rug, (4 x 5 yards) English Mantle mirrors, mantle ornaments, (marble) French Parlor Clock, Oak Case Parlor Clock, Oak Mantle Bed, Sacy and Bookcase, Plain Rug, 4 1/2 x 5 yards, Dining Ext Table, Mahogany Sofa six Mahogany Dining Room Chairs, Mahogany Dinner Wagon, Walnut Side Board, Cut Glass Decanter, Wine and Oldret Glasses, Limoges, Dinner Set, (not complete) plain White China Dinner Set With a variety of other useful articles and dining room articles oak folding bed with mirror, hair mattress (2 pieces) Beds, Bedding, Feather Pillows Books, Pictures, Mahogany Lounges and Rocker, Bureaus, Shot Gun, Bagetelle table, and a variety of other useful articles, New Home Sewing Machine, Mahogany Piano.

Terms at Sale.

E. H. ALLEN,  
Auctioneer.

## Novelties

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.

HOT AIR CARDS:—Visiting, Business Liars' Licence, See You Home cards, etc. Get a package and be in strong with the girls. 20 in a package (Assorted) 10 cents.

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

**E. H. ALLEN**  
AUCTIONEER

House, Land and General  
Sales Agent.

All business strictly confidential.  
Reasonable commissions and prompt returns.

Residence 180 Smyth St.

**John J. Cain**

Painter and Paper Hanger

674 King Street

## Mail Agencies

The Daily Mail is on sale each evening at the following places:—

Alonzo Staples-Drug Store,  
York Street.

Robert Embellton-Grocery  
Store, York Street.

Patrick Burns- Grocery  
Store, King Street.

J. E. Saunders- Grocery  
Store Northumberland Street

W. A. Erb-Grocery Store  
Cor. York and Charlotte St.

Miss Quinn-Grocery Store,  
Westmoreland Street.

D. Lenihan-Grocery Store,  
King Street.

W. P. Grannan - Regent St.  
James W. Fanjoy-Grocery  
Store, George Street.

Parent, Bird & Co.-Grocery  
Store, Cor. Queen and York  
Streets.

D.H. Crowley-Queen Street  
Opposite Mail Office

## New Subscribers

339-11—Dunbar, Mrs. W. R., Colonial  
Tea Rooms, Queen street.

240-21—Hatty, Abraham, res., St.  
Mary's.

500—Hoben, Harry G., res., 102 Wa-  
terloo Row.

548-32—Raymond, Thos., res., 313  
George street.

2700-41—Smith, James W., res., Nash  
waak Village.

2500-23—Turney, Harry F., res., Up-  
per Burton.

142-11—Wandless, Lorne, res., 153  
Aberdeen street.

132-41—Wandless, R. H., Tinsmith,  
Plumber and Heater, 350 Church  
street.

299-11—Wiley, J. M., res., 13 Carle-  
ton street.

**N. B. Telephone Co., Limited**  
**S. B. EBBETT**

Exchange Manager.

## THIS DATE IN HISTORY

MAY 20

1775—Declaration of independence  
adopted at Mecklenburg, N.C.

1791—Governor Telfair of Georgia,  
welcomed President Washington on  
his visit to Augusta.

1814—W. H. Steeves, of New Brun-  
swick, one of the "Fathers of the  
Confederation," born. Died Dec. 9,  
1873.

1857—Delhi was captured from the  
mutineers by Sir Archdale Wilson.

189—The French defeated the Aus-  
trians in the battle of Moncello.

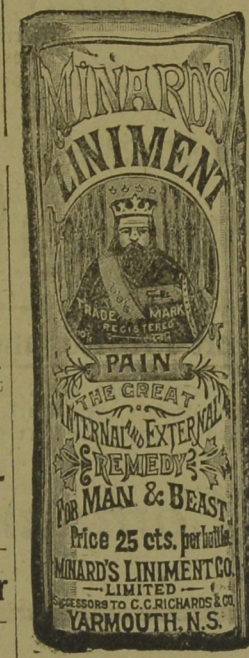
1863—J. Sandfield Macdonald again  
became premier of Canada.

1867—First stone of Royal Albert  
Hall laid by Queen Victoria.

PLEASE DO.

Do ask your visitors if they have any little likes and dislikes. Ask them straight out what their fads. Some people must have hot water to sip at intervals, others will bless you from their hearts if you give them a cup of hot milk the last thing at night, some can't enjoy life at all unless they get an hour's rest in the middle of the day, and so on.

It's easy enough to gratify these little fads and if they remain ungratified the poor possessors of them suffer perfect tortures. Take pains to find out about them at the start, and then any one who stays with you will have a really good time instead of an uneasy "just missed."



The  
Original  
and  
Only  
Genuine  
Beware  
Of  
Imitations  
Sold  
on the  
Merits  
of  
Minards  
Liniment

# THE PRICE OF SILENCE

—BY—  
Mark Darran

With quick hands Inspector Blake-land jerked the cushions away, and an ejaculation broke from him as he saw that several of the parquet blocks were loose.

Vashti, squatting by the fire, buried his right hand in his robe.

Taking a knife from his pocket, the detective quickly wrenched the blocks up, and thrust his hand through the hole formed. The next moment he had brought into the light several jewel cases. He snapped one open, showing a great necklace of diamonds within, but the light that came from them was not particularly dazzling.

With a wild cry, Prince Rani Singra leapt for the door, but the detectives standing there met the charge and hurled him back.

Then Vashti jumped from his crouching attitude, was at the officer, who fell back with a knife wound in his shoulder.

All this happened so quickly that there was no time to prevent it, nor stop the prince's leap over the body of the prostrate man. But close behind him followed John Smith, and at the top of the broad flight of stairs he collared him. In his desperation the Indian was not giving in easily, and with a trip he brought John Smith down. For a moment they struggled at the head of the stairs, then they went rolling and bumping to the bottom. John Smith with his head buried well in the other's body for safety.

Down the stairs Inspector Blackland came hurrying, and he gave a sigh of relief as John Smith struggled clear and seated himself on the prince's back.

"You'd better get the bracelets on him, Inspector," John Smith said coolly, "as I fancy he's suffered no more damage than having the wind knocked out of him."

As a matter of fact he proved to be stunned, apart from having a nasty cut across the head, but it was some minutes before he was able to stagger to his feet. When he did so he stood gazing down foolishly at the steel manacles on his wrists, as if not understanding what they were doing there. Ayasha, looking perfectly stolid, had already been brought down into the hall.

"You will charge them at Bow Street, I suppose?" John Smith asked casually.

Before the inspector could answer there was a disturbance outside, then the door was opened, and Vashti was fairly dragged in by two policemen, one of whom held the man's blood-stained knife in his hand.

Perhaps it was the entry of the man that roused Prince Rani Singra; but, anyway, the dazed look vanished from his eyes and an expression of utter hate took its place. With a frantic effort he made as if to try and snap the manacles.

"I should advise you to come quietly," Inspector Blackland said pompously. "I must also warn you that anything you say may be taken down and used in evidence against you."

Prince Rani Singra uttered a hoarse laugh.

"Warn me?" he cried. "Bah! You had better warn others about what I will say!"

The detective laid a hand forcibly on the man's arm and pulled him towards the doorway. Outside, a car was already waiting.

"Be in court, John Smith, of Daring & Co.," the prince cried wildly. "There when I'm tried—it will interest you."

The door closed behind the detectives and their prisoners, and Sir Charles Minter laid a shaking hand on John Smith's arm.

"I fear that he will carry out his threat," he said, in a voice that trembled. "What has he to lose?"

There was a hard line between John Smith's eyes, and his jaw had become curiously prominent.

"You have my promise, Sir Charles," he said quietly, "and you have no reason to think that I shall not keep it."

But as he lay back in his car, after ordering his man to drive him home, John Smith could not help wondering how he was to keep it. Sir Charles had spoken truly when he said that the arrested man had nothing to lose and it was more than likely that he would risk a longer sentence by deliberately stating in court all he knew about the imitation jewels.

John Smith raised his head sharply. Daring & Co. had never failed before, he told himself, and it was too late for them to begin now.

Back in the house Jack Hansard was waiting impatiently, and he received the news of the arrest with glee.

"By Jove! But there'll be a mighty lot of people glad to learn the news!" he cried.

John Smith shrugged his shoulders as he paused in the act of lighting a cigar, and for once his face expressed doubt.

"It depends what the man says when he is on trial," he answered.

Jack Hansard whistled softly, his expression changing.

"Never thought of that," he admitted. "Can't he be stopped?"

"How?" John Smith answered simply.

"There must be some way," Jack persisted.

For the second time John Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't you think I have tried to find it?" he asked, a trifle bitterly. "Don't you realize what it means to me? I swore to stop this man's infamous work."

"You have done it," Jack Hansard put in.

"Yes, but without keeping his tongue quiet," John Smith added.

The bell of the telephone rang sharply, and he picked the receiver up from his desk.

"Hallo! Yes, I'm John Smith. Oh, it's you, Blackland!" John Smith's face set, as if he feared bad news. "Will I come round at once? Yes, with you in five minutes."

John Smith dropped the receiver back into its place and turned to Jack Hansard.

"It means that the prince has spoken," he said bitterly, "and that Daring & Co. has failed at last."

He touched the bell on his desk that summoned his car round, and within a minute or so a hooter announced its arrival.

"Coming, Hansard?" he inquired.

"Yes."

The two men descended to the car, and John Smith gave his man the order to proceed to Bow Street, for it was from there that Blackland had telephoned. Five minutes sufficed to take them there, and they were promptly shown through to the office where Inspector Blackland was talking eagerly to the officer in charge.

"Most remarkable thing!" the detective cried. "We laid our hands on the man we have wanted for five years."

John Smith shrugged his shoulders and his face showed no interest.

"Surely you could have telephoned that news to me?" he asked, with a touch of impatience.

"But it's the prince," the detective explained. "When he was brought here, we naturally had to search him,

and then we found that he is not an Indian at all, but a white man."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" Hansard ejaculated.

"More likely he will be," Inspector Blackland continued grimly. "There are certain curious tattoo marks on this man's body that seemed familiar to me, and a glance at our list of men wanted soon told me who the man really is."

"Who is he?" John Smith demanded just a trace of excitement on his face. "John Loring," Inspector Blackland answered triumphantly. "The man wanted for the Littlehampton murder of nineteen-five. We had proof enough against him to convict him a dozen times over, but he just dodged us as the last moment."

There was a little smile on John Smith's lips, and the look of anxiety had left his face.

"There is no doubt?" he asked.

"We are not in the habit of making that sort of mistake," Inspector Blackland answered stiffly.

"Of course there will be no objection to my seeing the prisoner for a minute alone?" John Smith asked.

"Against the regulations," the officer in charge answered shortly.

John Smith shrugged his shoulders and turned to Inspector Blackland.

"Don't you think that an exception might be made in my case," he said, "considering that I gave the information?"

Inspector Blackland coughed slyly, that the rest of John Smith's words were quite inaudible.

"I think we might, Sanderson," he said gruffly. "Mr. Smith gave me some information over this case that I admit helped a little."

Inspector Sanderson looked doubtful, but eventually consented, and John Smith was shown through to the cell in which Prince Rani Singra—to use his old title—sat.

But what a different man! Most of his finery had been stripped from him and where his vest still remained open could be seen the place where the dark skin ended and the white skin commenced. The handcuffs were still on his wrists.

He looked up with a cry of fear as John Smith entered and the door was closed behind him. Beads of sweat were on his face, and altogether he was a pitiable object to look upon.

"I didn't do it," he stammered.

John Smith looked down at the man contemptuously, yet found it in his heart to pity him for the state of terror he was in.

"That remains to be proved," he answered, "though the police tell me there is no doubt about it."

The man shuddered so that his teeth chattered, and he looked a guilty man if anyone ever did.

"And if they do prove it," John Smith continued, "they will hang you!"

"No!" the man shrieked.

"Unless"—John Smith paused to give emphasis to his words—"unless powerful influence is brought to bear to get the sentence commuted to one of penal servitude for life."

A ray of hope came into the man's eyes, and he laid his manacled hands out imploringly.

"Will it be brought?" he cried chokingly.

"On one condition," John Smith answered him, "I will bring to bear the influence that I possess in high quarters."

"What is it? I'll do it!" the man cried.

"You will stand your trial," John Smith explained. "Well, you have threatened to tell of certain things you know. Should you keep that threat the law will take its course; but if you keep silent I think I may promise you that, anyway, your life will be spared."

"I promise!" the man gasped.

The sensational trial of John Loring, alias Prince Rani Singra, had been over a week, and the man had been sentenced to be hanged. That a commutation of sentence was probable few people believed, and yet on the seventh day it was announced in the papers.

John Smith saw it as he glanced at the news while having his breakfast, and the ghost of a smile curled his lips.

"Well, even a murderer cannot say that Daring & Co. have failed," he muttered.

There were others, in high places, who read the news, and wonder d; men and women who had trembled right through the trial, little knowing how it was that this backslider kept so silent. They did not know that it was John Smith, of Daring & Co., who had saved them; and, as for John Smith—why, it was enough for him that he had kept his word.

# STIFF, ENLARGED JOINTS LIMBER UP! EVERY TRACE OF RHEUMATISM GOES!

Even Chronic Bedridden Cases Are  
Quickly Cured

RUB ON MAGIC "NERVILINE"

Nothing on earth can beat good old "Nerviline" when it comes to curing rheumatism.

The blessed relief you get from Nerviline comes mighty quick, and you don't have to wait a month for some sign of improvement.

You see Nerviline is a direct application; it is rubbed right into the sore joint, thoroughly rubbed over the twitching muscle that perhaps for years has kept you on the jump. In this way you get to the real source of the trouble. After you have used Nerviline just once you'll say it's amazing, a marvel, a perfect wonder of efficacy.

Just think of it, five times stronger and more penetrating than any other known liniment. Soothing, healing, full of pain-destroying power, and yet it will never burn, blister or destroy the tender skin of even a child.

You've never yet tried anything half so good as Nerviline for any sort of pain. It does cure rheumatism, but that's not all. Just test it out for lame back or lumbago. See, what a right fine cure it is for a bad cold, for chest tightness even for neuralgia headache it is simply the in-st ever.

For the home, for the hundred and one little ailments that constantly arise, whether earache, toothache, stiff neck, or some other muscular pain—Nerviline will always make you glad you've used it, and because it will cure you, keep handy on the shelf a 50c family size bottle; it keeps the doctor's bill small; trial size 25c; all dealers, or the Catarthozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

# A TORY PAPER ON THE BRIDGE PAINTING CONTRACT

(Chatham World, Con.)

One of the most scandalous transactions any head of a department of the New Brunswick Government was ever guilty of, was the deal with Concrete Constructions, Ltd., a concern that hails from Ontario for cleaning and painting our steel high way bridges. The contract that was given to the concern was something unique in its way. It gave the coterie thirty per cent profit on all the bills it might roll up for railway fares, horses, men, etc., etc. It made it the interest of the contractors to swell the bills all they could because the bigger the bills the greater the take-off. The criminal folly of this is almost beyond conception—that is, if mere foolishness, and not an interests in the profits was responsible for it. When the Minister of Public Works, brazenly declared, in his place in the House in reply to the question, "Who are the President Secretary and Manager of Concrete Constructions Ltd.?" that "Department has no knowledge," and when the contract was secured it and when it was found that the names of John Morrissey, Minister of Public Works, and E. C. Colby, Managing Director of Concrete Constructions, Ltd., were signed to it, the public generally began to inquire "Who are the silent partners in this favored concern?"

The odiferous deal is recalled by a recent letter from E. C. Colby to Mr. Morrissey, the managing director having evidently forgiven the Minister for having professed not to know him, giving the cost of work done by him on some Quebec bridges his purpose being to show that he got as extravagant prices in Quebec as in New Brunswick. He trusts that the information will be useful to you (Mr. Morrissey) if any criticism is made of the work which we did for you last year.

Mr. Colby's information is no answer at all to the charge that an improper contract was given to him for bridge painting, that he was allowed to roll up bills at will that he was permitted to go on painting

in freezing weather and that in some cases he was paid nearly as much for painting a bridge as it cost to build it.

**Terribly Afflicted  
With Lame Back.  
Could Not Sweep The Floor.**

When the back aches and pains it is almost impossible for women to do their housework, for every move and every turn means an ache or a pain.

Women are beginning to understand that weak, lame, and aching backs from which they suffer so much are due to wrong action of the kidneys, and should be attended to at once so as to avoid years of suffering from kidney trouble.

On the first sign of anything wrong with the back Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken.

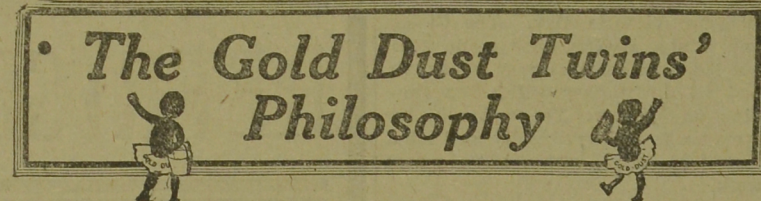
They go right to the seat of the trouble. Mrs. Wilfrid Jolicoeur, Nouvelle, Que., writes:—"I take pleasure in writing you stating the benefit I have received by using Doan's Kidney Pills. About three years ago I was terribly afflicted with lame back, and was so bad I could not sweep my own floor. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I only used three boxes, and I am as well as ever. I highly recommend these pills to any sufferer from lame back or kidney trouble."

Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Toronto, Ont.

If ordering direct specify "Doan's."

## VISITING CARDS.

We have lots of them, and will supply them to you neatly printed. Fifty cents per pack. Send along your name and the money and we will pay the postage. Be up to the times.



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 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*