

## CLASSIFIED ADS.

## To Let

TO LET—Flat of four rooms and bath, \$7.00 per month. Possession immediately or June 1st. Apply to W. T. LITTLE, Mgr., G.T.P. Telegraph School, City.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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 LEI

Apply at 868 George street. Good chance for horse and carriage. 3 ins

## 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 Waterloo Row.  
548-32—Raymond, Thos., res., 313 George street.  
2700-41—Smith, James W., res., Nashwaak Village.  
2500-23—Turney, Harry F., res., Upper Burton.  
142-11—Wandless, Lorne, res., 158 Aberdeen street.  
132-41—Wandless, R. H., Tinsmith, Plumber and Heater, 350 Church street.  
299-11—Wiley, J. M., res., 13 Carleton street.

## N. B. Telephone Co., Limited

S. B. EBBETT

Exchange Manager.

## 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 Liar Licence, See You Home cards, etc. Get a package and be in strong with the girls. 20 in a package (Assorted) 10 cents.

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## 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



## 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.

## JOLT FOR THE ARTIST

Here is one that was told by General Fred J. Fumston just previous to his departure for Mexico, when the conversation at a social affair turned to a high appreciation of art.

One afternoon an artist was sitting in a meadow close to a highway painting a beautiful rural scene when a man in motor garb approached and looked at the picture.

"Say, old fellow," he finally remarked to the artist, "I will give you ten dollars for that picture."

"You flatter me greatly by your offer," was the pleased rejoinder of the artist, "but the painting is not quite finished."

"That doesn't make any difference," was the startling rejoinder of the motorist. "I merely want the canvas to mend a busted tire."

## THERE WAS A REASON

Broadly smiled Congressman Jeremiah Donovan of Connecticut, "the other night when the talk topic in the lobby of a Washington hotel turned to the habit that some people have of using their friends. He said boy."

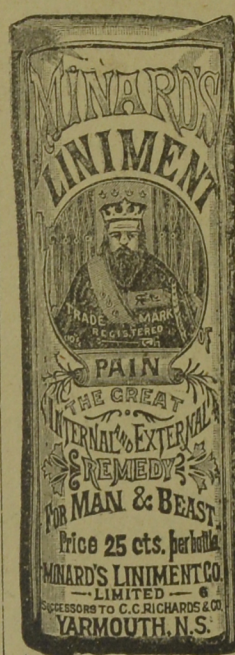
he was reminded of a certain small One afternoon a very stout lady was rambling along a country road when she suddenly noticed a little boy closely beside her. Not knowing the youngster, mother was naturally some surprised.

"Look here, little boy," she heatedly cried, "why are you following me along like that? Go away from me instantly!"

"I ain't doin' nothin', lady pleaded the little fellow. "Please don't send me away."

"You must go away at once," repeated the perplexed woman. "Why do you wish to follow me?"

"Because," was the startling rejoinder of the youngster, "you are the only shady spot along the whole road."



The Original and Only Genuine

Beware Of Imitations Sold on the Merits of Minard's Liniment

## The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

—BY—

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

CHAPTER I.  
A Message in Code

Horace Scarborough was sitting in front of the siphon-recorder in the Instrument Room of the cable station at Ribeira Grande. The faint whisper of electrical apparatus was round him, and the afternoon mist of the Azores had crept into the room and chilled the air. He had been on duty for nearly eight hours, but though he was tired, he was hardly conscious of the fact; for the strain of watching for a message, expected but long delayed, had braced his nerves and driven away all thought of fatigue.

The message for which Scarborough was watching meant peace or war amongst the nations of the world.

For international politics had reached a crisis. A certain diplomatic "note" had been presented, and the answer was expected hourly. If the issue were peace, the public would probably never know that there had been a crisis at all. But the servants of the great cable companies necessarily have greater and earlier knowledge than the rest of mankind; and it is by no means the fact, as many suppose, that the most important news always passes through their hands in unintelligible cipher. Diplomacy is a shy monster, hunting by tortuous paths, and loves to shroud its tracks in obscurity; but sometimes even diplomats speak out, and when they do, their words are apt to be momentous.

In every Chancellery of the world anxious men were waiting for the answer, which an Imperial courier was bearing post haste to the court of St. James's.

Scarborough glanced for the fiftieth time at the ribbon of paper which came from the siphon-recorder, and saw that it registered a plain straight line. Nothing was passing over the cable just now.

He dropped his chin on his hand, and stared at the instrument as though by staring he could force the news from it. There was no hint of impatience in the attitude or movement, rather of a strong patience that would be likely to win its way in life by meeting adversity with a square front, and then calmly wearing it down. He was about twenty-five. The lines on his face were deep for a man of his years; but they were lines given by character, not by experience—by a grave habit of thought, rather than by any knowledge of suffering in the past. He looked like a man who might take life hardly, because he would shirk none of its responsibilities; who would fight, if he had to fight, bravely and victoriously; but who, as yet, had not been called upon to show the grit that was in him. When he smiled—which was often—the lines vanished, and showed the face of a strong, good-humored boy.

But though his nerves were tense with excitement now, he had not been able to infect with his own eagerness the man who was on duty with him. A luxuriously elaborate yawn, from a wicker chair behind him, echoed round the walls of the Instrument Room, and caused the quick smile to show itself on Scarborough's face. Scott, the man in the chair, was supposed to be sharing his watch; but he was one of those who take life easily, and his method was to read a French novel in a big chair until Scarborough should give him the word that the instruments were talking. Then he would rise slowly, stretch himself, and take his share of the work.

"What a phlegmatic leggar you are," said Scarborough. "Enormous issues are being decided, and the news may come at any minute, and I don't believe you're even interested!"

"Right, I'm not," Scott answered cheerfully. "Don't care for politics. Don't understand 'em, you see. Don't fathom what there is to worry about." "A European war is generally courted a pretty important thing," said Scarborough dryly.

"Oh, yes, if it comes off! But it won't. Let's talk of something interesting. Going to the circus?" Scarborough laughed.

"What circus?" he asked. "There you are!" said Scott triumphantly. "You're just as ignorant as I am, in your own way. My ignorance embraces European politics—an admittedly unsavory muddle; yours concerns the things that are taking place under your nose. What circus? Val B. Montague's American Circus Combination, of course. The whole island of San Miguel is placarded with it—pictures of beautiful ladies on bare-backed steeds, balancing at extraordinary angles. It's the most exciting thing that has been in the Azores for a year. I went across to Ponta Delgada to see it yesterday."

"Oh? Good show?" asked Scarborough carelessly, keeping his gaze fixed on the ribbon of paper which came from the siphon-recorder.

"Pretty fair," said Scott, whose novel had bored him, and made him want to talk, even though he failed to interest.

"There's a nice little girl who calls herself Mademoiselle Mona da la Mar, and does the bareback business—not like the pictures, but decently enough; and there's a very English-looking cowboy who shoots gleez balls and things with very moderate success. (Isn't a bad show though, on a whole, and Val B. Montague is beautiful."

"What does he do?" Scarborough asked next.

"Nothing in the ring. But he runs the whole show none-the-less and, prevents breaches of the peace amongst his troupe. No easy job that, I gathered. They've been touring the Atlantic Islands and the West Coast of Africa for a year and a half in a two-act

areation scenery, and the clown doesn't murdered the ring-master yet, though Val B. seems to be very much inclined to offer odds that he will very soon. Fine fellow, Val B! Took my whisky and soda with the air of conferring a favor on me, and was graciously pleased to say that he would come over here on Tuesday to have dinner with me and his children—that's what he calls his home—didn't need him. I fear he's nervous about the clown and the ring-master."

"What's the trick between them?" asked Scarborough, more for the sake of continuing the conversation than because he cared. "Is it Mademoiselle Mona?"

"No," said Scott. "I tellers and it it was married a case of professional jealousy. They've been boxed up together on that schooner for eighteen months, you see, with nothing to do but sea except quarrel, and nothing to interest them in the show they give when they're ashore. Come over with me to-night, and make Val B. Montague's acquaintance."

Scarborough did not answer. A message was coming through at last. The ribbon of paper from the siphon recorder showed an irregular, wavy line now, and he read off the message in the hills and valleys of the Morse code as the instrument passed it through.

"Page, Chinelas, Ribeira Grande. Danger—circus."

That was all. It was obviously not the message for which he was waiting; nor was it, at first sight, either interesting or intelligible, unless one happened to know the code by which those two words "danger—circus" were to be interpreted. Scarborough did not know the code; and yet, because of the person to whom it was addressed, the cablegram interested him profoundly. Had he been able to foresee the difference which its arrival would present make to him, his interest would perhaps have been even greater.

"Anything?" asked Scott listlessly. "Private message, in code," said Scarborough, and Scott returned to his novel with a grunt.

Scarborough sent the message through to the Post Office, or deliver it and then rose and went to the window. Through a break in the mist he could see about a mile away a white-washed house, built in the shelter of two great masses of grey volcanic stone that projected curiously from the side of a green hill. The two rocks were called in Portuguese, As Chinelas,—the slip-pers,—from a resemblance, not however very striking, which they were supposed to bear to a pair of rather down-at-heel slippers. The white-washed house took its name from them.

It had been in the possession, for the last two years, of an Englishman, who, having come to the Azores as an invalid seeking for health, had not found that for which he sought, but had stayed, because the place had suited him. His daughter kept house for him at the Chinelas; and in this fact was the explanation of Scarborough's interest in the message which had just passed through his hands.

Scott broke suddenly into his meditations.

"You haven't said whether you'll go with me to the circus to-night," he remarked. He did not believe in leaving matters of real importance unsettled.

Scarborough started. The cablegram had coupled the word circus and danger. A coincidence, of course. It was surely impossible that it should be anything else, and yet Scarborough felt a sudden misgiving. Was danger coming to Elisa Page? Oh, nonsense! code messages often combine words curiously. It was nothing but a rather queer coincidence!

"Can't," he said. "I've promised to play chess with Mr. Page to-night."

Scott pursed up his lips, and looked at his friend doubtfully.

"Oh, ah! um! At the Chinelas!" he remarked slowly. "Do you care much for chess?"

"Loathe it!" admitted Scarborough, with a laugh.

"So I thought. And yet you play at the Chinelas every second night or so. Bit risky, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. You know your own business best, of course. Miss Page is a nice girl; pretty too, but—" he broke off.

"But what?" demanded Scarborough, with a quick flash of anger. "Do you criticize her?"

"No," said Scott. "I believe she's as nice a girl as you think she is. And that's giving her high praise, you know."

Scarborough waited a moment, and then said:

"Well? Go on."

"I don't like her father," said Scott, with decision.

"Confound you, did she ever ask you to?"

"She will ask you to, if he becomes your father-in-law," was the retort. "And you won't be able to do it gracefully. The man's a wrong-un, and you know it as well as I do."

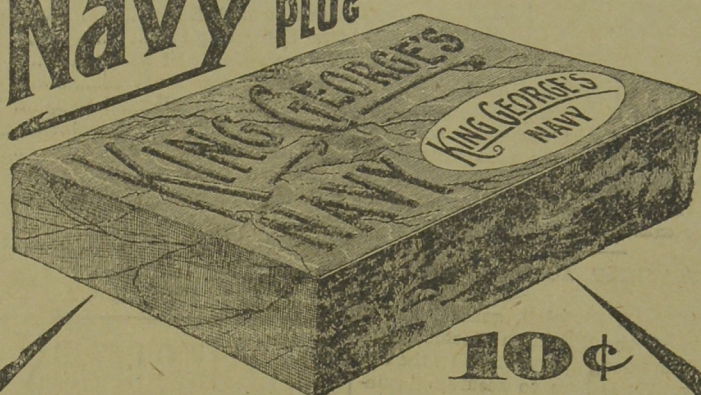
"I know nothing against him," said Scarborough hotly, "nor do you."

Scott nodded calmly. "That's true," he admitted, "nothing definite, that is. But, like you, I've spent odd half hours in his company; not as many as you have, but enough to make me back my opinion with perfect confidence. A man who shakes hands in the way he does, for one thing, can't possibly be straight. But don't lose your temper, old man. The daughter isn't the father, and I'll admit that it's none of my business in any case. To change the subject—look at the recorder. There's something coming over, isn't there?"

Scarborough went to the instrument and read the message aloud:

(To Be Continued.)

## King George's Navy Plug



KING GEORGE NAVY PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

It surpasses all others in quality and flavour because the process by which it is made differs from others.—It is deliciously sweet and non-irritating.

SOLD EVERYWHERE: 10c A FLUG

ROCK CITY TOBACCO Co., Manufacturers, QUEBEC

## WHEREAT MOTHER PAUSED.

The talk topic in the lobby of a Washington hotel turned to domestic infelicity the other night when Congressman James Young of Texas, was reminded of an incident along that line.

Jones and Smith met at the Sign of the Goat one afternoon and after discussing baseball, war, etc., reference was made to the trials and triumphs of wedded life.

"By the way, Jones," remarked Smith, with a sympathetic smile, "does your wife ever give because she threw over a wealthy man in order to marry you?"

"She tried it once," answered Jones, "but the complaint didn't last very long."

"That's funny," reflectively responded Smith. "What do you suppose flagged her?"

"It was this way," smilingly ex-

plained Smith. "Just as soon as she started to grieve about it I grieved too and she wasn't long in finding out that she was on the wrong track!"



Wood's Phosphodine, The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins, Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worries, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

## COUNTRY MARKET

There was a fairly large midweek market today. Prices ruled as follows:—

Butter per lb.	.25
Eggs per dozen	.20
Young pigs each	\$3.50
Potatoes per bbl.	\$1.90 to \$2.00
Maple Honey per bottle	.25
Veal per lb.	.10 to .11

## 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

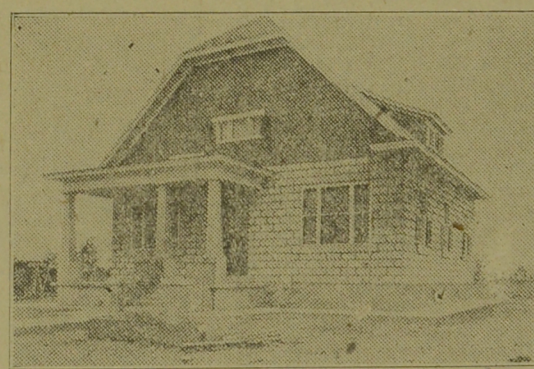
Then Mrs. Jones, one afternoon, dropped in, at time most opportune. An optimist, she knew the wiles of household work—its sighs and smiles. She told of how she polished floors and woodwork and the endless doors, until when Hubby saw them, too, reflections said: "Why, howdy-do!"

"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 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



We will build you a concrete house We manufacture concrete blocks and bricks for houses, cellars, foundations cheaper than lumber, stone or brick. WE DELIVER UNDRIDGED SAND AND GRAVEL from our own pit. Guaranteed free from sawdust, bark or loam.

WM. C. F. RICKARD & Co., Gibson N. B. Telephone 435-11 for prices