

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. Appl. 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, Chairman Roads & Streets

MAGIC TRICK CARDS. — Great French Trick Cards 10 cts; Diminutive Card, 10 cts; Changeable Card, 10 cts. Set for 25 cts. F. A. STONE, Box 518 Fredericton, N. B.

Beulah Camp Meeting July 3 12th.

Evangelist A. C. Zepp, of Indiana will be the chief speaker, assisted by twenty-five ministers and many lay workers. While this meeting is conducted by the Reformed Baptists it is practically interdenominational. Furnished rooms at 40, 50, 75 cents and \$1.00 per day. Board \$3.50 per week. Beulah is the best equipped camp ground on the continent. For further particulars telephone or write REV. S. A. BAKER, Fredericton, N. B.

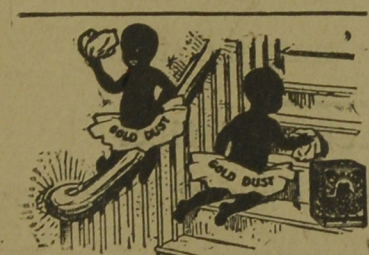
The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy

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

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 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

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.

Notice

The regular quarterly meeting of York County L.O.L. will be held at Cross Creek on Wednesday next, June 17, at two p.m. There will be a public meeting in the evening.—2 ins.

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.

Cows for Sale

FOR SALE—I am offering for sale nine new milk cows, all 'good milkers. May be seen on my farm at Nashwaak Village. Apply to JOHN E. FORBES, Nashwaak Village.

For Sale

Desirable residence in good locality upper part of city, suitable for single or double tenement, with barn and outbuildings. Good house, outbuildings and farm on Woodstock Road, just outside of city limits. Also other desirable property.

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

COMPANY "D"

The armory of D. Company, 71st Regiment, will be open each evening during the present week for the issue of uniforms and equipment and for the signing on of recruits.

H. F. G. WOODBRIDGE, Captain.

New Subscribers

3300-11—Birches, The Camp, Woodstock Rd.
332-11—Burpee, T. C., res., Brunswick St.
24-12—Coburn, Mrs. A. E., res., 255 Westmorland St.
2600-83—Ericson, Emil, res., Maryland Rd.
503—Lyne-Evans, J. H. res., Landsdowne St.
3-22—McAdam, May B., res., 280 George St.
260-21—Parker, Geo. G., Pressing and Renovating Co., 57 Westmorland St.

N. B. Telephone Co., Limited

S. B. EBBETT

Exchange Manager.

The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

— BY —

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

His second reason was that he remembered that, when in the beginning he had himself felt inclined to suspect, Varney had angrily declared that the best cure for that folly was to know the girl herself. Varney had introduced him, and the cure had been complete. Perhaps in Elsa's case too a fuller acquaintance with the girl whom she suspected would be the best means of killing the suspicion.

Val B. Montague had taken a house in Ponta Delgada for the use of his troupe until the Sea-Horse should be ready for them again. Scarborough and Elsa went there, and asked for Mona de la Mar.

She received them graciously, and though Elsa responded to her advances coldly, she refused to see that she was snubbed. Scarborough told her shortly what had happened, explained that they were now working for her, and again put his question about her business on that night.

"I have given up all thought of recovering what was stolen from me," she told him. "Even if you could offer me those diamonds to-day, I am not sure that I would take them."

Elsa smiled faintly, and Scarborough said:

"Then you still refuse to help us?" "No. If it will help you to know what my business was, I will tell you. I would have told you at first, if I hadn't thought that you suspected me of complicity in Mr. Carrington's death. My business was with a man who had written to me that he could recover my property for me, and would do so if I agreed to the terms which he would propose. He asked for an interview."

"You gave it him?" cried Elsa. "Yes."

"And afterwards?" "Afterwards I went for a bicycle ride, and met your father."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Senhor Manoel Bernardo

Elsa turned to Scarborough. "You were right," she said. "The enemy whom my father feared was not one of the circus troupe, if"—she turned swiftly to the other girl, and added:—"If Miss Ryan is speaking the truth."

Mona flushed angrily, and then broke into a little laugh. "Mona de la Mar, Equestrienne of the haute école in Val B. Montague's American Touring Circus Combination, can only refer you to her employer for her character," said she, with a mocking little curtsy. "Miss Ryan has merged her identity in that of Mademoiselle Mona. Shall I ring for Val B. Montague to come and give me a testimonial of veracity?"

"I think we shall get on faster if we take it for granted," said Scarborough, quietly. Why, he wondered, did Elsa go out of her way to say such things?

"No doubt," said Mona. "Still—?" She went to the bell rope, and put her hand on it, turning to Elsa with a smile of questioning.

"I beg your pardon," said Elsa. "I think you are speaking the truth." Mona waited a moment, with the smile, half mocking, half angry, playing around her lips. Then, with a sudden movement she let the rope drop, went to Elsa and took her hands.

"Why can't we be friends?" she asked, gravely. "I like you, and I think I can make you like me, if you will let me. I want to be your friend. Won't you let me?"

Elsa drew her hand away; but Scarborough, watching the pair, thought that Mona's impulsive action had in a few seconds done more to make Elsa believe in her than argument would have done in an hour.

"I don't think friendship is possible between us," she said; but she said it as though she were sorry.

"Why not?" said Mona. "There is only one thing that can make it impossible. It is impossible if you still believe that I had anything to do with your father's death. But I don't think that you can really believe that."

"I told Mr. Scarborough this morning that I still believed it," said Elsa relentlessly.

Mona drew back. "You are honest!" she said, and there was resentment in her tone.

"But if he asked me the same question now," Elsa went on, "I should give him a different answer. I believe now that you had nothing to do with it. But I don't think we can be friends."

Mona laughed. "If you won't, of course we can't," she said. "But I shall try to make you. I liked the way you defended your father against me, the other night in the fog. I think you are brave, and I know you are loyal. I think I even know why you say it is impossible that we should be friends. May I guess? It isn't because I am a common circus girl, earning a monthly wage?"

She paused, waiting for Elsa to answer.

"Of course it is not," said Elsa. "Because, after all, I don't think I am very common! Is it because you have got into the way of regarding me as your enemy, and don't feel that you can change round all at once?"

"No."

Mona nodded, and laughed again. "I didn't think it was that either," she said. "Now I am going to tell you what I do think it is. It is because your father did me an injury."

There was a moment's silence, and then Elsa said quietly:

"Yes."

That was the difficulty that stood in the way, and Scarborough marvelled at the quickness with which the girl had seen it. An elemental law of human nature was involved, for if you

can never afterwards stand in the relation of perfect friendship with that person. The injury may be forgiven, even forgotten, by the one who has inflicted it, but the one who has suffered it does not forget. Elsa was not guilty of the injury, but her father was, and loving him as she had done, she could not wholly disassociate herself from what he had done. Scarborough had not thought of this, but Mona de la Mar's sensibility was more acute, and she had been able to enter into the other girl's feelings with a perfect understanding.

"I think I know what you feel," she said. "I see the barrier which you have set up between us. I will go on trying to break it down. Meanwhile, if we can't be friends, we can be allies. To prove that, I will tell you what I know."

She went on at once to say that on the morning after the arrival of the Sea-Horse at Ponta Delgada she had received through the post the letter of which she had told them. The writer asked her to meet him at the last house on the road which led out of town to the north. She was told to inquire for Senhor Manoel Bernardo, and the hour of the appointment was a quarter to five. Immediately after the afternoon performance, at which Elsa had seen her ride the big hunter in the circus ring, she took a bicycle, which she had hired, and went to meet the man.

The house to which she was directed was a "venta" of the common type, an open-fronted wine-shop, with no windows, but, to compensate for their lack, a doorway that took up the whole breadth of the shops frontage. Above this door hung a bunch of bog myrtle, the sign to the illiterate thirsty that wine might be had there, and a bough of box added the additional announcement that if the wine were not enough there were spirits also. The legend in white letters "Tobacco e Vinhu habui tado," was meant for the further information, to those who could read, that the venta was duly licensed to minister to their necessities. Having supplied which generous information, the proprietor evidently thought that he had pandered sufficiently to public curiosity, for he had not added his name, but in this he was not peculiar, for few Azorean tradesmen do so.

Mona admitted that she did not like the appearance of the place, and almost came away without pursuing the adventure further. But she plucked up her courage, and went in and asked for Senhor Manoel Bernardo.

She was received with exaggerated politeness, and it was evident that she was expected. She was taken to a room upstairs, over the shop, and something was said to her in Portuguese, which she guessed to be that the Senhor Bernardo was at hand, and would be told of her arrival.

It was a small room, with a carpetless floor, and two or three dilapidated chairs. Papers and books were littered about on the table, and Mona noticed that the papers were English, and the books were mostly works of controversial theology. While she was wondering, with a certain amount of nervousness, what sort of a man he was who read theology in a small room over an Azorean wine-shop, the man himself came in.

He was dressed in the fashion of an Azorean of the middle class, and looked the part to perfection, until he began to speak. Then his tongue betrayed him, and he stood confessed an Aberdonian Scot.

"He apologized for having put me to the trouble of coming to see him," said Mona; "but explained that there were reasons why he thought it more prudent that he should do so, rather than risk comment by himself asking for me at the circus. Then he apologized for his room, which was, now, ever, the best he could afford just now. He said next that it was not very pleasant weather, was it?—and seemed to wonder whether he ought to apologize for that, too. I had come into the room feeling rather frightened, you know; but the feeling didn't last. You can't be frightened at a five-foot-five Scotchman who does nothing but apologize."

"What was he like?" asked Elsa suddenly.

"In appearance? I've described him, haven't I? A five-foot-five Azorean with a vile Scotch accent. I think he squinted a little, but I'm not sure. It may have been only that he couldn't look anyone straight in the face. Anyway I never caught a full glance from him."

"Had he a slight, a very slight, lip?" Elsa asked next.

Scarborough turned to her with an exclamation of surprise.

"Do you think you know him?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Elsa, hurriedly. "Yes, I think so. Had he?"

"It didn't strike me at the time," said Mona, "but now that you speak of it, I seem to remember that there was something funny about his 'S's'. Miss Carrington, you know him! Who is he?"

"I think," said Elsa, "that he is the man who was my father's confidential clerk. What was the proposition which you say he made to you?"

"He offered to recover my fortune for me, at a commission of fifty per cent," said Mona. "He seemed surprised, and rather pained, when I refused. I suppose there is no doubt that he is a scoundrel. Is he a fool, too?"

"It's a sensible enough commission,"

(To Be Continued.)

NOTIONS and NICKNACKS—NEXT TO NOTHING
50 TO 100 P. C. SAVING
DURING OUR

Small-Ware Sale

COMMENCING

Wednesday, June 17th.,
and Continuing Until SATURDAY

We institute this Big Sale to demonstrate to you the completeness of our Smallware Stock at prices never dreamed of heretofore. Take advantage of the REDUCED PRICES and this will help solve this high cost of living.

See Handbills For Particulars

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

FREDERICTON --- QUEEN SQUARE
SATURDAY, JUNE 27th.

The Only CIRCUS in F'ron this Season.

EDISON'S FIRST INVENTION

Electrical Apparatus to Kill off the Hungry Cockroaches

It is stated that when Edison was a telegraph operator much annoyance was caused by cockroaches getting into the tin cans in which the boys carried their lunches. Various methods of getting rid of them were tried, but without success, and then Edison made a bet that he would exterminate the foe. The next day the dinner cans were piled in a heap, and the wizard surrounded them with a circle of tinfoil ribbon about one inch wide. About a quarter of an inch away he placed a similar circle, both ribbons being upright, and then connected them with a battery. Along came the cockroaches. To surmount the obstacles they had to place their hind legs on the outer ribbon and their forelegs on the inner one. The moment they did so the circuit was completed and they toppled over dead.



The Original and Only Genuine

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