

# 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 NASHAWAK 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 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.

## 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.

## 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

## The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

—BY—

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

"No," said Scarborough, "she isn't. She's a girl in trouble. Shout to me if either of those men turn up. I'm going to my room for a hat."

The note which had caused this sudden commotion in the instrument room, and had driven away completely Scarborough's mood of despondency, was from Elsa. "I want your help. Can you meet me on the road to the Caldeira? I am bicycling." That was all, but the receipt of it had put new life and hope into him. For what did it mean?

In the first place it meant that some new trouble had come to the girl, or she would never have asked for his help. He knew how stubborn her pride was, and he felt that if her pride had had to bow to her necessity, the need must be serious. The thought hardly so much as damped his elation, for she had appealed to him—that was the important thing! They would fight in common henceforth, and between them he thought they had skill enough to conquer.

He found her waiting for him about half a mile from the Chinelas.

She received him with a curious shrinking, that was unlike her. He thought almost that she avoided looking in his face.

"What is the matter, Elsa?" he asked, tenderly.

She raised her head, and looked into his eyes. She was deathly pale, and she seemed to be struggling to keep back her tears.

"The matter is," she said, "that I have been a fool. I want to beg your pardon."

"You have nothing to beg my pardon for," he said.

"I have. You told me the truth that morning when we were waiting for the doctor, and I did not believe you. I know now that it was the truth."

She spoke calmly, but it was easy to see that she had suffered and was suffering now and the note of misery in her voice wrung a cry from him.

"Elsa!"

She drew back from him, for he had stepped close to her. Had she not moved, he would have taken her in his arms.

"Do you think I blamed you?" he asked. "I accused your father of a crime. You defended him. Do you think I blamed you for that?"

"Yes, I thought you did," she answered.

"I honored you for it."

She shook her head. "You honored me for my loyalty, and despised me for my blindness," she said. "No, don't deny it. I know you did. But my blindness has been taken away—my eyes have been opened, cruelly opened, and I know that you were right."

"About the diamonds?" he asked gently.

"About the twenty thousand pounds which my father stole from Margaret Ryan," she said steadily. "I know now that he did steal that money. He deceived me—but I hope—I think—it was because he loved me."

Her voice quivered a little, and Scarborough looked away. He understood that she had to say these things, but he would not watch her while she said them. She was quick to see the delicacy of thought which prompted him to avert his eyes, and she was grateful. Presently in a firmer voice she went on:

"I continued to force myself to believe in his innocence, to trick myself into a blind disregard of all proofs to the contrary—till yesterday. Yesterday it became impossible to do so any longer."

She paused and Scarborough helped her out.

"What made it impossible?" he asked.

"My eyes were opened," she repeated.

"Tell me how?"

Elsa looked up at him with a dreary little smile.

"They were opened by my mother," she said. "You knew that my mother had come, didn't you? Well, it was she who put the truth so plainly before me."

"What did she say?"

Elsa's eyes lighted up suddenly, and her next words were spoken with a cold bitterness. The tones were level, but anger rang in them.

"What did she say?" she repeated. "She said things that made me tell her that I hated her, though she was my mother. She was cruel; she said bitter things about my father whom I loved, and she sneered at the love which I know he had for me. Perhaps it was necessary that I should learn the truth about him. I hope for her conscience sake that it was. Perhaps it was right that she should be the one to make me see it; but she need not have done it with a sneer at him, and a mocking laugh for me! I have tried to forget her tones, to forget her laugh, and the sneer on her face; because I want to forget that I told my own mother that I hated her."

But I can't forget. And there was one thing that she said, Horace, which made me send that note to you to-day. She says that my father had those diamonds, here, in San Miguel!"

Scarborough started, and asked eagerly.

"Does she know where they are?"

"She thinks she can find them. She believes that he met his death in the effort to secure their safety. So she means to get them. I want you to help me to prevent her."

"I will," said Scarborough. "But Elsa, remember they are neither her nor yours. If you and I find them we shall have to restore them to the people to whom they belong."

"Of course!" said Elsa, wondering. "Did you think I meant anything else? My mother means to get them for herself. I, too, mean to get them—for Margaret Ryan."

Scarborough looked at her in some surprise, then a smile of pleasure lighted his face.

"I am glad," he said, "because that hints that you and she have become friends at last."

"Does it?" asked Elsa, quietly. "Then it is a hint which I should advise you not to act upon. Margaret Ryan and I can never be friends."

"But you are going to work for her," Scarborough objected.

"My father stole from her. I want to make restitution to her—for my own sake, and for the sake of my father's memory, that is all. Afterwards, when I have discharged my debt to her, I shall count that my hands are free for other work."

Scarborough noted with wonder that hard, almost vindictive expression on the girl's face, and asked softly:

"What work, Elsa?"

"The work of bringing her guilt home to her, if she is guilty. She has yet to prove that her hands are not stained with blood."

## CHAPTER XVI.

Whose Are the Diamonds?

"I mean to restore the diamonds to Margaret Ryan," said Elsa again. "They were bought with her money. They are hers."

Scarborough hesitated.

"I am not so sure that you can," he said.

"I can, if you and I can recover them. If my mother is before us, perhaps I can't. But we must prevent that from happening."

"That is not what I mean," said Scarborough. "What I doubt is whether we have the right to dispose of them so, if we do get them. I hope we can, but I'm afraid we can't. I don't know how the law stands exactly, but I think they will be counted to belong to your father's creditors as a whole, and not to any one creditor singly."

"But you told me yourself that it was proved that the girl's inheritance was stolen at the last moment, that it had nothing to do with the firm's bankruptcy. Your words were that I was taken after he became bankrupt to swell his plunder."

"After he became bankrupt, but before he had been declared bankrupt," said Scarborough. "That is the point. I'm afraid."

Elsa made a gesture of impatience. "It may be the point later," she said. "But the point just now is that my mother means to repeat my father's theft, if she can. But she shan't! Horace, she shan't!"

"Where is she now?" asked Scarborough. "At the Chinelas?"

(To Be Continued.)

## After Supper Bargains at OUR NEW STORE

Ladies' and Children's Hose 2 prs. for 25c  
Hair Ribbons 15c yd. or 2 yds 25c.  
Ladies' Vests 2 for 25c.  
Ladies' Kid Gloves special at 59c a pair.  
See our Special Corsets at 50c a pair.  
Ladies' Waists special at 98c eac.  
Ladies' Wash Dresses at special prices.  
Bath Towels and Linen Towels 25c a pair.  
Wide Cambrics, Prints, Ginghams and Lawns 10c yard.  
Nice fine White Voile at 15c a yard.  
Men's Light and Dark Tweed Pants Special Price \$1.19 a pair.  
Men's and Boys Suits at special prices.  
Men's Overalls from 50c to \$1.25 a pair.

## 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 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

"Gavvy" Cravath, the Philly Marquard for two home runs in one slugger, is still able to hit out the game is a fair sample of "Gavvy's" long distance clouts. Nicking "Rube" hitting ability.



## Is Your Boy Hard on Stockings?

Of course he is! Every healthy, normal boy is. Buster Brown Stockings stand the wear because they are made of long fibre cotton specially twisted and tested for durability, with a specially knitted double leg and three-ply heel and toe. They are fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan, shapely and excellently finished.

## BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS

You will save money and abolish darning troubles by buying your boys Buster Brown Stockings. They cost no more than the ordinary kind. Your dealer carries them.

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

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MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONTARIO

Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children



## Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized knit stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed. Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

"Look for the label on the box."

BUSTER BROWN