

CLASSIFIED

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.

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.

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.

TO-LET—Store at present occupied by A. Murray & Co. Possession given July 1st.

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.

BARN TO LET

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

Auction Sale

On Monday June the 8th next in front of the County Court House at 11 o'clock a. m.

Two double Tenement House on George St, Nos. 641 and 647, freshhold good barn and modern improvements.

Can be seen Thursday and Saturday. Sale without reserve. Owner leaving city.

Terms at sale.
E. H. ALLEN,
Auctioneer.

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.—tf.

Clerk Wanted

WANTED—A clerk for general store Good references. Apply in own handwriting, M. Schaffner, Blackville, N. B.
June 4th.

New Subscribers

337-11—Miles Geo. A., res., St. Mary's.
450-21—Morgan, H. J., res., Douglas.
330-63—Vavasour, E. W., camp, Idylawyl
2400-81—Wheeler Frank, res., Douglas.
326-11—Willis Bros. Grocers, Nashwaaksis.

N. B. Telephone Co., Limited
S. B. EBBETT
Exchange Manager.

River Steamer Victoria

Until further notice, the steamer Victoria will leave her wharf Fredericton for St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at eight o'clock, returning on alternate days, leaving St. John at 8 a.m.

Dinner on Steamer - 50c.

ROBERT SCOTT
Manager

LAWNS and GARDENS

Lawns Cut and Garden Work Done.

Apply to G. HARRISON
Phone 255-11.

The largest estate in the United Kingdom is that belonging to the Duke of Sutherland, which extends to 739,200 acres.

MANIAC'S MEMORY

Man Who Was Able to Recite "The Decline and Fall"

During a lecture at the Sociological Society's meeting in London, Dr. R. Armstrong-Jones, chief medical officer at Claybury Asylum, Woodford, dealt with the relation of genius to insanity.

He said that insanity was known to occur with unusual frequency among the relatives of men of genius. Life, however, was a matter of compensator and equilibrium, and if great development occurred in one direction there was a compensating deficit in others.

He knew a man who could recite "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" from cover to cover, yet his mind continued to be of the nursery type, and he did not understand what he dramatically recited. He knew another who would play on the organ any music he had previously heard and this without notes—of which he knew nothing—to remind him.



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND
The Duchess of Sutherland is considered to have more talents than almost any other titled lady in Great Britain. She is an expert chauffeur and a wonderful horse woman. As an author she has achieved marked success, both with books and plays. She is the wife of the Duke of Sutherland, one of the greatest land owners of Scotland.

DEATH OF 'CAESAR'

King Edward's Dog Died at the Royal Palace

Caesar died at Marlborough House the other day—the famous white wire-haired terrier which for many years was King Edward's constant companion. The dog had been ill for some time, and an operation was decided upon, although it was undertaken with only the slenderest hope. Caesar passed away under the anaesthetic. Hundreds of thousands saw Caesar in the funeral procession on Friday, May 20, four years ago. "A note of pathos," says a contemporary chronicler, "was introduced into the gorgeous pageantry by the presence of the King's favorite charger Kildare and of his dog Caesar, which was led along the route by a Highlander. Tears flowed readily at the sight of the empty saddle and the masterless pet, which had been checked by the gorgeous trappings in which Royal death was presented to the popular gaze."

When Caesar Was Lost

Caesar always wore attached to his collar a silver medal inscribed, "I am Caesar, the King's Dog." He was once or twice lost for a day or two, much to the King's distress, but he was returned before the offer of a reward was circulated by somebody who had identified him.

After his Majesty's death Caesar was inconsolable for weeks, and refused to take food and whined in piteous fashion. Queen Alexandra made him a great favorite, and he often used to walk or drive with her.

Relations With the French

Pretty well every monarch in Europe knew Caesar. At lunch one day at Biarritz, when he was receiving his usual bone from King Edward, a guest at the Royal table made the humorous comment: "Caesar must be familiar with the language of French dogs." "I am afraid," said the King, "he gets along very badly with them and is anything but a help to the entente cordiale."

Although King Edward's bedroom was the terrier's home while his Majesty lived, the dog never went near it after the King's death, though he wandered about Buckingham Palace for days searching in vain for the face or the hand of his dead master. He was 12 years old.

The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

—BY—

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

"A few degrees below boiling point. Put your hand in and see."

"No, thanks. I'll take your word for it. That's the cheapest kind of whole-sale cooking I ever heard of."

"Food needs to be cheap in a country where expense is a good day's wage," said Scarborough. "Fortunately, it is cheap. The lupin grows like a weed; steeping in the sea pickles the beans; and the Caldeira cooks them. Our friend there probably comes here every day. It's his trade."

"Then he may have seen something of what happened yesterday," suggested Varney. "Ask him. You speak Portuguese."

The man had slung his sack across the donkey's back, and seated himself on the top of it. His seat was a hot and wet one but he seemed to find it comfortable. He relit his cigarette and urged his beast towards the narrow entrance between the walls of pumice.

Scarborough approached him, and the man, with the real politeness of the Islanders, jumped to the ground and took his hat off.

"Bonas dias, senhores," he said. Scarborough returned his greeting, and asked whether he had heard anything of a dead man having been found there this morning.

"Sim, senhor," was the answer. "It was I who found him."

Then he went on to describe the episode with voluble earnestness and a wealth of dramatic gesture. The finding of a dead man was an event in his life, and he had the histrionic ability to make the most of his share in the occurrence. He entered into the explanations not only of what he had done in this alarming crisis, but also, minutely and comprehensively, of what he had thought. He explained that his first impulse had been to carry the news to the Corregidor at Ribeira Grande, for few Portuguese will touch a dead man, or help a dying man, until officialdom has given the word, for, f. a. i. e. if foul play has been done, they may be summoned as accomplices. The peasantry have a firm belief that the last hand which touches a dying man, is by the law of the land presumed to be the hand which gave him death; and it is a belief which in one well authenticated instance left a man who had been injured on the railway, a few miles from Coimbra, the intellectual capital of Portugal, to be unaided through the heat of a long summer's day. He was conscious, and able to beg for water. But no one dared to give him any, for the Corregidor had been summoned, and nothing could be done till he came. And this is not an isolated case.

But this Azorean peasant explained, and took pride in explaining, that he had risen superior to this fear.

"I helped to carry him," he said proudly.

"You helped? Then you were not alone?"

"I was alone at first, but I went to the Casa Davis, which is near here, and summoned the Senhor Davis. We carried the dead man to Senhor Davis's cart, which waited at the end of the gorge, and Senhor Davis drove him to the house which is called As Chinelas. I did not go with him. I had done enough; for, Senhores, the Corregidor had not said that the body was to be moved."

"What is he saying?" asked Varney, in English.

"He is claiming to be a hero because he dared to touch a corpse," said Scarborough; and to the man added: "Was that all?"

"What does the Senhor mean?"

"Did you see anything which suggested how the dead man met his death?"

"I, Senhor? No! Why should the Senhor suspect me?"

"I don't suspect you," said Scarborough, rather impatiently. "I only want to know what you saw. You say you saw nothing?"

A gleam came into the man's eye. He hesitated a moment, and then he said cunningly:

"I am a poor man, Senhor. A poor man cannot afford to keep his eyes so wide open as richer men may. I say that I saw nothing."

Scarborough put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a milreis note.

"Think again," he said quietly. "Were your eyes quite shut?"

"No, Senhor, not quite," said the Azorean.

"What did you see?"

"I saw that the fingers of the dead man's right hand were tightly closed."

There was something in the hand. I opened the fingers gently. It was only a flat stone with some scratches on it."

"Have you got the stone?"

"Sim, Senhor. It is a thing of no value. I keep it to remind me of the tragic affair in which I assisted this morning. A poor bean-seller's life is uneventful, Senhor."

"I will buy it from you," said Scarborough. "Two milreis."

The man put his hand into his pocket.

"Five," he said insinuatingly.

"Very well, five."

The bean-seller produced the stone and gave it to Scarborough. It was, as he said, a small flat stone, about three inches square. It was covered with the white incrustation caused by the Caldeira water, and there were marks on it which something had been written in pencil. But half a day's rubbing in the pocket of a peasant's blouse had obliterated most of them, and those that were still legible owed their preservation to the fact that they were in the hollows of the stone's surface.

"What is it?" said Varney.

"It was a message, but this fool has rubbed most of it out. Can you make sense of it?"

Varney examined the stone closely. "ache . . . bre . . . N. drip" was all that remained of the writing.

"It isn't much," he said. "But it may be the clue we want."

"To the murderer?"

"No, to the diamonds," "ache" looks uncommonly like the end of the word cache, and the rest tells where the cache is."

"Or did tell, before this idiot's blouse rubbed it out?"

"Stay, though! There is another possibility," said Varney. "Mrs. Carrington's name is Rachel. Perhaps it is not a C that has gone, but an R and an L. This stone may have carried a dying man's last message to his wife. What next, Horace?"

"We'll go and see Davis."

CHAPTER IX.
The Hooded Woman

"If you want my opinion," said Mr. Davis, when he had heard what Scarborough had to tell him, "there is a woman in it."

His daughter, who was standing behind him, exchanged a quiet glance with the two young men, and shrugged her shoulders slightly. She was a dainty little blonde, with big eyes which tried to look earnest, and managed to look dreamy.

"That's what you always say, father," she said.

"Well, yes, Muriel," he admitted smiling. "I believe it is a somewhat frequent remark of mine. Generally true, too."

Muriel frowned.

"I don't see why you should suppose that a woman had anything to do with it," she insisted.

"No? But you will find that, as usual, I shall turn out to be right."

Mr. Davis backed this confident judgment with the ghost of a wink to Varney, and laughed. The discussion which threatened in this house, for Muriel, having spent the thinking years of her life—not, as yet, a very long one—in the seclusion of a lonely pine-apple quinta, was an aggressively disputant, and made up by the violence of her views on the wrongs of her sex for her total lack of practical knowledge of her subject. Her daily life from the time she was fourteen had been almost conventional in its simplicity; she had had no opportunity of verifying by the observation of actualities the opinions which she held so strongly; therefore she was never troubled with doubts. If there was another side to the question, her favorite novels had not taught it, and no one had ever made her see it. To be perfectly frank, no one had ever seriously tried, except her father, and his efforts were chiefly aimed at drawing her out. He opposed her for the sake of seeing her eyes lose their dreamy look in a flash of temper, and her color rise with indignation; and when he had enticed her into saying something sufficiently cutting about the folly and brutality of men, he usually chuckled and owned meekly that she was right. He was almost absurdly proud of his fanatical little daughter.

Varney did not know that this exercise was part of the daily routine at the pine-apple quinta, and was enjoyed by both father and daughter; consequently he was inclined to be angry at that wink. For Muriel Davis was very pretty.

"If you mean," he said, "that there is a woman at the bottom of most of the good deeds that are done in the world, I am ready to agree with you."

"And Muriel will agree with you, and think you are a very sensible fellow," said Mr. Davis, laughing. "But I meant there is a woman in every piece of mischief that is done, and always will be—this side of the Golden River! And I won't say that the same state of things may not obtain on the other side, too!" he added, chuckling.

"Have you any reason for thinking that there is a woman in this case?" said Scarborough. He knew the tendency of all discussion at the Casa Davis, and experience told him that, if he was to get any useful information, both father and daughter would have to be kept to the point.

"Yes," said Mr. Davis.

"Father means that I have the same reason that he usually has," opined Muriel. "You know how prejudiced he is."

Scarborough made a slight movement of impatience, and Mr. Davis noted it. He became grave at once.

CLEARANCE SALE

Throughout the Store for
Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

LADIES GREEN AND CHERISE UNDERSKIRTS, Special at \$1.19 each. LADIES BLOUSES in crepe and voile, Special at \$1.19 each. LADIES WHITE CORSET COVERS, Special at 19c each. LADIES HOUSE DRESSES, special at \$1.05 each. LADIES CLOTH DRESSES at clearing prices. LADIES CLOTH SKIRTS, latest styles clearing at \$4.79 each. CURTAIN MUSLINS AT 10c per yard. AWNING STRIPES, best quality at 25c per yard. CAMBRICS, GINGHAMS AND PRINTS clearing at 10c per yard. WHITE VOILES, special at 15c per yard. LADIES KID GLOVES in tan, black and white all sizes special at 59c a pair. CHILDREN'S HAIR RIBBON in all colors 4 in. wide, 15c yard or 2 for 25c. NECKWEAR, slightly soiled, special at 19c. LADIES CORSETS long hips medium bust special at 50c pair. LADIES UNDERVESTS with low neck with or without sleeves, 15c or 2 for 25c LADIES AND CHILDREN'S COTTON HOSE in black and tan sizes 7 to 10, 15c a pair, or 2 for 25c LADIES SILE BOOT HOSE in Black, tan and white, Special at 25c a pair. CHILDREN'S SHORT SOCKS, 15c a pair or 2 pairs for 25c. BOYS' HEAVY RIBBED COTTON HOSE, holeproof, all sizes, 25c a pair.

A. MURRAY & CO.

WAS TROUBLED BOILS AND CARBUNCLES.

There is no more frequent source of illness than that arising from bad blood, for when the blood becomes impure, it is only natural that boils, pimples or some other indication of bad blood should break out of the system.

Boils in themselves are not a dangerous trouble, but still at the same time are very painful, and the only way to get rid of them is to cleanse the blood of the impurities. Cleanse it thoroughly by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, that old and reliable blood medicine that has been on the market for nearly forty years.

Mr. James Wilds, Plaster Rock, N.B., writes:—"I was greatly troubled, a few years ago, with boils and carbuncles, and the doctor told me I was in a bad condition. My appetite failed me, I began to lose strength, and was pretty well run down when one of my friends recommended Burdock Blood Bitters. After using three bottles I began to feel like another man. My troubles soon left me, and to-day I can certainly give Burdock Blood Bitters a high recommendation to my friends."



First Critic—I wonder what the artist was trying to convey in the picture

Second Critic—I am sure, I don't know.

First Critic—Let us ask that gentleman over there.

Second Critic—Sh-h! No; that's the artist. He wouldn't know.

The Reason

Murphy had gone to look for an escape of gas with a match, and was in hospital in consequence.

"Good gracious man," said the doctor, "I should have thought you'd have had more sense than to look for an escape of gas with a lighted match!"

"Faith," retorted the surgeon, "twas a safety match!"

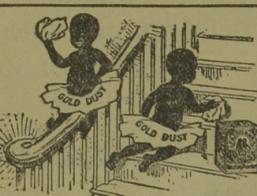
The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy

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

(To Be Continued.)



The Original and Only Genuine Beware Of Imitations Sold on the Merits of Minard's Liniment