

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Gasoline semi-speed boat, 40 feet long, 7 feet beam, 40 horse-power. Murray & Tregurtha engine. Good as new. Speed 18 to 20 miles an hour. Apply to P. O. BOX 430, Halifax, N.S.

For Sale

FOR SALE—House and barn on Brunswick street, above Baptist Parsonage. Buildings in good state of repair. Apply to

WILLIAM EDGAR, Springhill, N.B.

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.—t.

To Let

TO LET—1 Flat, six rooms and hall. Bath in connection. Rent \$11, includes water and sewerage. Apply to

W. T. LITTLE, School of Telegraphy, City, one week

Public Auction

I will sell at public auction all the household effects of R. S. Barker, Brunswick Street, one door below the County Jail. Sale starting at ten o'clock Tuesday morning, April 28th.

D. J. STOCKFORD.

Board Wanted

Those who could accommodate on or more ladies during the Convention of the Women's Institutes, May 26, to 28 inclusive, kindly notify Miss Hazel E. Winter at once at the Department of Agriculture, Phone 460. April 30th—5ins.

For Sale

FOR SALE—Freehold property, two double tenement houses, 641 and 647 George street, city. In good repair, flush closets, electric lights, large barn, ground 66x71 feet. Will pay for themselves in eleven years in rent-price. For all \$4,200 Apply to

R. McSHANE, 647 George St. April 25, 28, May 2.

John J. Cain

Painter and Paper Hanger

658 Charlotte Street

MILD CURED MEATS

Boneless Ham sliced20c. lb.
Flat Bacon22c. "
Rolled Bacon20c. "
Windsor Backs20c. "
Pickled Mess Backs for boiling 15c. "
Flat Backs for beans15c. "
Very nice Pickled Ribs12c. "
We also put up Frankfort Sausage, Bologna, Clinton brand, Pressed Corned Beef and Dried or Chip Beef.

MURPHY'S

575 Brunswick Street.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

77-11—Baird & Howie, office, 606 Queen street.
569-41—Oshorn Dye Works, 87 Westmorland street.
2209-11—Fitcher, Chas., res., Island View.

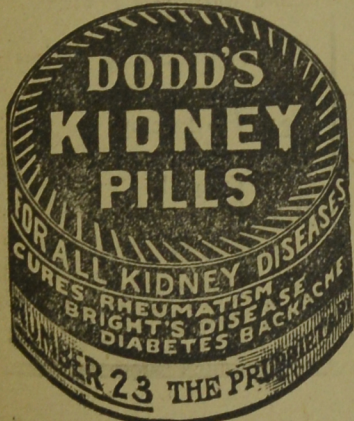
New Brunswick Telephone Co

Limited.

S. B. EBBETT

Exchange Manager

The Local Government has not yet been able to name a Commission to investigate the graft charges. It is evidently the desire of the government to put off the evil day as long as possible.



THE WEDDING TRIP

"I've waited thirty year, father, an' I ain't agoin' ter wait any longer I'm agoin' to take a weddin' trip!" asserted Mrs. Manks, taking her hands from the dough and facing her husband who was straining milk in the buttery.

Mrs. Manks was right. For thirty years she had been waiting for her wedding journey. When they were married they couldn't afford it.

"We'll wait a year," her husband had said, "then we go, an' I'll seem like bein' married over again."

But the next year he was building a new barn and couldn't take the time or the money, so the trip was postponed. Then the babies came, one by one and it took all they could save to feed and clothe them and all the mother's time and attention. Each year they talked about it, but Mr. Manks always said:

"Guess we'll have ter put it off another year, another weddin' trips can wait, but we've gotter have bread an' butter."

And there was always a horse to buy or a shed to build.

So "mother" had waited till she was almost discouraged, feeling that the right time would never come. She was growing old, too. But this year her mind was made up and she had determined not to give it up again.

She finished mixing the bread, covered it with a cloth and set it away to rise, then she began again:

"Tain't lucky, father, not to take a weddin' trip."

"Peers ter me we've bin terri' lucky all these years without it, mother," answered her husband, in his deliberate way.

"That's coz we was lookin' forced to it," she returned briskly, "an' we ought to go so's to keep our word, or else our luck'll turn."

"I was a thinkin' I'd build a new corn house this year," he began, "mebby next year—"

"Jim Banks!" she interrupted sharply, facing him in a most determined attitude "I ain't agoin' ter wait fur no more corn houses nor nothin' else! I've waited long enough an' I ain't agoin' ter wait no longer. I'll pack them valises you bought thirty year ago an' we'll start next Tuesday."

"Waal, mother, don't git mad, no use in that," he returned calmly.

"Where was you athinkin' o' goin'?" he added, for he never openly opposed his wife when he saw that her mind was made up.

"To the White Mountains," she answered promptly. "All weddin' trips is to the White Mountains."

"Waal, mother, go ahead an' pack if you want'er," he returned good naturedly, "mebby we kin fix it."

"You've got ter wear your starched shirt, Jim," she asserted, an' you need not complain, coz 'twouldn't look proper ter be wearin' a gingham shirt on a weddin' trip, an' you'll havter wear a collar, too, an' a stock, now mind—I'm agoin' ter take my weddin' trip in style."

Her husband winced. He never would wear starched clothes, if he could help it, but he wisely said nothing.

Mrs. Banks went to work preparing for the journey. She packed her husband's things into one valise and her own in the other, "so's they won't get mixed," she explained. She would wear her linsey-woolsey; that was quite good enough for travelling if it was a little worn; it wouldn't show. She packed her new black alpaca and her green silk for evenings. It was not more than ten years old and not too old-fashioned. The sleeves had been changed every year according to the style. Sometimes she did not even wear it before they had to be changed again. It wasn't often she needed a silk gown. She would take her bonnet with the pink rose in a bandbox. It would look a little birdish and she would wear a white ribbon; 'twould seem almost as if she were a bride.

Mrs. Banks was up in good season on Tuesday morning and had her breakfast at an early hour. "There's nothin' like bein' on time!" she said.

She cleared away the dishes and swept the kitchen, making the house look tidy and put up a substantial lunch to be eaten on the train. Then she dressed and sat down to wait for her husband to come in from the barn. He had gone out to give his last directions to the boy who was to be left in charge during their absence.

"Wonder why Jim's so long a comin' in!" fumed Mrs. Banks, going over to the window to watch for him. "He'll be late, sure's I'm alive. Them trains don't wait for no one."

Her husband soon made his appearance at the door. He was in his shirt sleeves and carried his collar in his hand.

"We'll havter give it up, mother," he announced. "Prince has took sick an' I can't leave him. I've sent over George for the doctor. You might jest's well take off your things, for we can't go."

"Jim Banks!" she exclaimed, squaring her shoulders, "I do b'lieve you done somethin' ter that horse jest ter git rid o' goin' on that weddin' trip!"

"Honest, mother, I didn't," he protested. "I wouldn't be so mean's to make the poor brute suffer."

"There now, father, I know you would not," she rebuked, soothingly. "But it's awful aggravatin'."

"I know it, ma," he agreed. "I'll go some day sure, but we'll havter to postpone it."

"Tain't lucky ter postpone a weddin' trip after the day is set, an' the tickets bought, an' the valises is packed, more'n 'tis ter postpone the weddin'," she expostulated. "That weddin' trip's got to be took today! If you can't go, I'm a goin' alone, an' it's most time to start."

"Why, mother!" he objected, "you can't go alone! You'd get lost—besides, 'twouldn't be a weddin' trip 'thout me."

"It'll be my weddin' trip jest the same," she declared, "an' there's that ticket wasted. Mebby they'll give you back the money if you ask 'em. I think I'll take it with me," she reflected, "shen mebby they'll let me have two seats an' I can make b'lieve you're there, an' talk ter you if I git lonesome, an' the people ain't sociable."

"Waal, mother, if you're so set on goin' I'll drive you over to the depot."

"No you won't!" came the stout refusal. "I'll say good-bye here. I don't agoin' on my weddin' trip an' leave my husband stanin' on the platform a wavin' good-bye ter me. That's more'n I could put up with!"

"I don't see the difference from sayin' it here," he protested.

"Nobody'll see us here," she affirmed. "I ain't agoin' ter have people see us separatin'!"

"Waal, ma, mebby you're right. How long was you athinkin' o' stayin'?"

"Two weeks," was the brisk reply. "That's the proper length fur a weddin' trip."

The train bore Mrs. Banks swiftly away. She occupied two seats, one for herself and one for the extra ticket and the invisible husband.

"Are you comfortable, Jim?" she would occasionally ask in an undertone. "I do hope you ain't a gettin' too tired," and the passengers looked at her and smiled, thinking her a little out of her mind.

At noon they stopped for lunch at a station. A gentleman across the aisle offered to bring her a cup of tea.

"No, thank you, I don't care fur tea," she affirmed. "I've got a pile o' lunch here. You see, I've got ter eat Jim's well's my own. We're on our weddin' trip, Jim an' me, only Jim couldn't come, coz the horse took sick."

"Oh!" returned the gentleman, politely.

"Your wedding trip is it?" cried a young girl on the seat in front. "What a shame your husband couldn't come! Are you just married?"

"Oh no," smiled Mrs. Banks. "We was married thirty years ago but I ain't never taken my weddin' trip till now."

"How romantic!" exclaimed the young lady. "I'm sure I never could wait thirty years for my weddin' trip," she asserted, glancing at the young man by her side, "and to come alone, after all! It's too bad!"

"Tain't bein' quite alone," protested Mrs. Banks cheerily, "coz I've got Jim's shadder, as you might say."

They arrived at Bethlehem, where Mrs. Banks intended to remain. It was a Bible name and she knew it must be a proper place and the people would be respectable. She was somewhat confused by the number of porters who stood waiting, calling out the names of the different hotels. The name of "Sinclair" attracted her. It must be a good place if it was kept by a saint.

"I'm on my weddin' trip," she announced to the proprietor. "That's why I bring so much luggage."

"Indeed!" he queried, with a raise of his eyebrows.

"Yes," she continued, "I've waited thirty years fur this weddin' trip—Jim couldn't come coz the horse took sick, but I come right along jest the same, 'coz I wanted ter make sure o' it—it's a long time ter wait, you know, an' somethin' might happen."

The great room with its elegant furnishings seemed strange and lonesome to Mrs. Banks. The mountains were high and shut her in. She missed the cows and the chickens and thought of Jim caring for them alone. She wondered if Prince were really sick—it had hardly entered her mind before. She slept but little that night, thinking of Jim and the sick horse and the long, lonesome miles that separated her from home—and Jim! She had never been so far from him before. How would he get along? Would he have enough to eat? She had left but little cooked.

"Mebby I ought not to a taken my weddin' trip alone," she soliloquized dolefully.

What did people do on wedding trips? she wondered.

The next morning Mrs. Banks announced that she was going home.

"It's a short honeymoon," remarked the proprietor, with a twinkle in his eye—"short and sweet, perhaps."

"Tain't the honeymoon!" she declared stoutly. "Takes two ter have a honeymoon an' we've had that all the way 'long."

Jim was eating his supper of bread and milk when his wife walked in and set the valises on the floor.

"Why, mother!" he ejaculated, "you ain't had your weddin' trip so soon,

MEXICAN SITUATION IS NOT ALARMING

El Paso, Texas, April 24—The international political situation cleared greatly today as affecting the status of the rebel government and that of the United States.

Francisco Villa, who arrived at Juarez yesterday, repeated his declaration that he would not be drawn into a war with the United States, particularly as that would serve to draw the Huerta chestnuts out of the fire. He repeated these assertions to George C. Carothers, special agent of the state department, and to newspapermen and many other visitors.

To J. T. McClammy, his cattle agent on this side of the river, he said:

"It's that little drunkard Huerta's fight; let him fight it. I wish I had ten million cartridges right now; I'd march into Mexico City without a stop."

Villa frankly took the position that he would like to avail himself of what is in effect aid from the United States to prosecute his campaign.

His wish for ten million cartridges however, could not be gratified today as the embargo was on again officially this time, and five rapid-firers, which were brought to the custom-house, were turned back.

MEXICANS CAPTURE SEVEN AMERICANS

Vera Cruz, April 24—Seven Americans, prisoners of Mexican soldiers, are being held at Orizaba, on the line of the Mexican railway between here and the capital, four of whom, at least, are threatened with execution, according to authentic information received here tonight.

GREAT SHOOTING.

Smith and Jones were walking along the boulevard one afternoon, when Brown was incidentally mentioned.

"Speaking of Brown," thoughtfully remarked Jones, "I understand he is something of a shot."

"He is a wonder" was the prompt rejoinder of Smith. "We were out in a field practicing the other day when he hit the bull's eye at the first shot."

"Fine for Brown" commendably returned Jones. "Ticked him almost to death, I suppose."

"Don't you believe it," answered Smith. "He had to pay for the bull!"

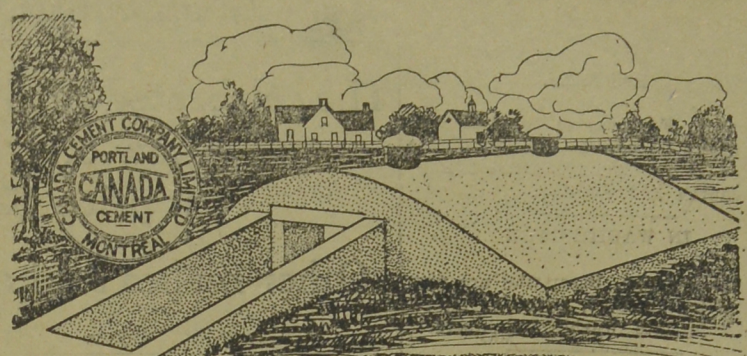
—Philadelphia Telegraph.

PEOPLE SHOULD GUARD AGAINST A PENDICITIS

Fredericton people who have stomach and bowel trouble should guard against appendicitis by taking simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as compounded in Adler-ka, the German remedy which became famous by curing appendicitis. JUST ONE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation INSTANTLY because this simple mixture draws off such a surprising amount of old foul matter from the body. George Y. Dibblee.

have ye?"

"Yes, father, I've had my weddin' trip an' I'm satisfied—I don't want another weddin' trip 'sions I live! Jest put a stick o' wood in the stove an' I'll fry a bit o' bacon an' a egg."



A Concrete Root Cellar

is one of the farmer's greatest money makers. It makes money by keeping produce in good condition until it can be taken to market, or until better prices can be obtained. It maintains a cool, even temperature that

Keeps Produce Perfect

A concrete root cellar is always dry, clean and sanitary. It is proof against heat, cold, water, fire and rats. Although the greater part of it is underground, it cannot crumble or rot away. It is permanent and needs no repairs.

Tell us to send you this handsomely illustrated free book "What the Farmer can do with Concrete." It contains the fullest information about concrete root cellars and other farm buildings that never wear out and shows how you can build them at small cost.

Farmer's Information Bureau

Canada Cement Company Limited

526 Herald Building, Montreal

BUTT AND HIS BANKNOTES.

Isaac Was a Great Orator, but Was Careless With Money.

Some amusing anecdotes are told of Isaac Butt, the famous Irish orator in "The Life of Old Dublin" by Mr. James Collins. The author recalls the fact that Butt was very careless in regard to money and repeats a reminiscence which he heard from the late Judge Adams:

"Poor Isaac Butt was a man of splendid genius, but, as all the world knew, careless to the last degree in money matters. I was in Youghal when the election petition was tried there and Butt was counsel for Mr. Weggelin. At the close of the trial Mr. Butt was handed his check, running to several hundred pounds. The moment he got it he went to one of the banks and cashed it."

"Butt was staying at the house of a Youghal gentleman and in the morning he put his hand in his pocket and found the money was gone. I shall never forget the hullabaloo that followed. Consternation, suspicion, bedlam swept through the house. And in the middle of it all, just as the police were being summoned, the young son of the house turned up with the missing banknotes."

"It had been a windy night, the window shook in the loose frame, and Butt, annoyed by the noise, got up and stuffed the first wad of paper he could find between the frame and the casement, went to bed again and forgot all about it."

MAKERS OF COTTON GOODS IN SESSION

New York, April 27—Manufacturers of cotton goods assembled here from many parts of the country today to take up for discussion and decide on matters of great importance to the cotton manufacturing industry. The occasion of the gathering is the eighteenth annual meeting of the American Cotton Manufacturers Association. The opening session was held at the Waldorf-Astoria this afternoon. President Stuart W. Cramer presided and delivered his annual address. Borough President McAnany delivered an address of welcome and T. H. Rennie of Pell City, Ala., responded for the visitors. N. C. Cobb of the Department of Agriculture, explained the spinning tests of the different government standard grades of cotton, and Ralph M. Odell, a special agent of the Department of Commerce delivered an address on "Studies in Foreign Cotton Goods Markets." At the conclusion of the convention tomorrow the members of the association will go to Boston to see the textile machinery exhibit in that city.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)



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"It's the best yet boys!"