

CLASSIFIED ADS.

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.

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IN THE PROBATE COURT,
COUNTY OF YORK.

L. S.
TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF YORK OR ANY CONSTABLE WITHIN THE SAID COUNTY, GREETING:

WHEREAS, Albert F. Smith, administrator of the estate and effects of Josephine Smith, late of the Parish of Prince William in the County of York, farmer, deceased, has filed in this court, his account of the administration and effects which were of the said deceased, and has prayed that the said account may be passed and allowed according to law and that all proper orders may be made and citations issued:

YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED to cite the said Albert F. Smith, administrator, and the next of kin, creditors and all others interested in the said Estate and Effects to appear before me, at a Court of Probate for the County of York, to be held at the office of the Judge of Probate for the County of York in the City of Fredericton, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of July next, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to attend the passing and allowing of the said account and the making of such Orders as may be required on the passing of said account and the distribution of the Estate as prayed for. (Sgd.) FRED ST. JOHN BLISS, Judge of Probate in and for the County of York.

(Sgd.) R. B. HANSON, Registrar of Probates in and for the County of York.
GREGORY & WINSLOW, Proctors.

PLEASE PAY UP
Subscribers in arrears to The Semi-Weekly Mail will confer a favor by remitting of their indebtedness without delay. We are contemplating improvements to our plant and need the money. Remit by postal note or registered letter to The Mail, Fredericton, N. B.

IN THE PROBATE COURT,
COUNTY OF YORK.

L. S.
TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF YORK OR ANY CONSTABLE WITHIN THE SAID COUNTY, GREETING:

WHEREAS, Albert F. Smith, administrator of the estate and effects of Josephine Smith, late of the Parish of Prince William in the County of York, widow deceased, has filed in this court, his account of the administration, and the next of kin, of the said deceased, and has prayed that the said account may be passed and allowed according to law and that all proper orders may be made and citations issued:

YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED to cite the said Albert F. Smith, administrator, and the next of kin, creditors and all others interested in the said Estate and Effects to appear before me, at a Court of Probate for the County of York, to be held at the office of the Judge of Probate for the County of York in the City of Fredericton, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of July next, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to attend the passing and allowing of the said account and the making of such Orders as may be required on the passing of said account and the distribution of the Estate as prayed for. (Sgd.) FRED ST. JOHN BLISS, Judge of Probate in and for the County of York.

(Sgd.) R. B. HANSON, Registrar of Probates in and for the County of York.
GREGORY & WINSLOW, Proctors.

CALENDAR OF SPORTS

MONDAY

Opening of 15-day meeting of Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, N. Y.

Opening of Lake Erie Trotting Circuit meeting at Cranwood, L.

Tennis tournament for Middle States championship opens at South Orange, N. J.

Tennis tournament for women's championship of Central West opens at Kansas City, Mo.

Joe Bowker vs. Charley Ledoux, 20 rounds, at London, England.

THURSDAY

Opening of seven-day race meeting of Hamilton Jockey Club, Hamilton Ont.

Opening of annual tournament of North Dakota Sportsmen's Ass'n at Grand Forks, N.D.

Opening of annual tournament of Michigan State Golf Association at Detroit.

The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

—BY—

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

"And Mrs. Carrington?" said Scarborough. "Who's going to stay and watch her? I had counted on you for that duty, you know."

"I forgot about her," said Mona ruefully. "I don't think it will pay to forget her."

As he said this, the door of the room opened suddenly, and Mrs. Carrington herself stood smiling on the threshold.

"No," she said, softly, "it won't do to forget me. Elsa, introduce the young man to me."

Elsa had jumped up, and was gazing at her mother with a look of mingled contempt and anger.

"Mother!" she said scornfully. "You have been—"

"Listening," said Mrs. Carrington calmly. "Yes, child, I have. Do you expect me to be ashamed of admitting it? Don't be foolish. Introduce me."

Elsa stood where she was, and made no movement to do so. Mrs. Carrington laughed.

"Very well," she said. "I must introduce myself. I am Rachel Carrington, the woman who retired to bed with a headache, utterly routed after a battle of words with two young girls. But even after a defeat the enemy sometimes rallies, you know, and while I have been standing behind that door I have rallied considerably. You, I presume, are Mr. Horace Scarborough, the young man who, my husband informed me, would very possibly be my son-in-law one day."

"Mother!" cried Elsa again.

Mrs. Carrington laughed again. "Elsa's blushes suggest that I am indiscreet," she said mockingly. "But, Horace, if I am to be your mother-in-law, you ought to have the opportunity of knowing something of me. I shall join your picnic to-morrow, and we can enjoy a talk together. You don't look pleased. Surely the arrangement is a good one. It will obviate the necessity of leaving anyone here to watch me!"

She threw herself into a chair, and her mocking laughter rang out again.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Letter of Introduction

Mrs. Carrington was enjoying the situation. These young people were really delicious. They thought they had outwitted her, and were discussing gravely what they meant to do with the diamonds when they got them. The stones were to be handed over to her husband's creditors, for distribution amongst the widows and orphans in England; it was a touching scheme, but it was not the one which Mrs. Carrington proposed to see carried out.

But though she enjoyed her triumph, and did not mind in the least that she had gained it by admitted eavesdropping, she was really tired. Moreover her headache had not benefited by half an hour's crouching with her ear to the keyhole of the door. She expected to spend an energetic day to-morrow, and she did not think she was likely to gain any other information to-night, so she sacrificed present gratification to future profit, and announced that she was going to bed.

"Really to bed, this time," she said. "But don't go, Mr. Scarborough, on that account! I don't suppose a chapter on really necessary, as Elsa's friend is with her. No doubt that was why Mademoiselle Mona de la Mar—I have got your professional name right, my dear, have I?—that, no doubt, is why Mademoiselle Mona de la Mar insisted upon staying. I am not needed, so I will retire. You have arrangements to make for to-morrow. I am afraid I have complicated them somewhat."

"You have," said Scarborough, quietly. She was trying to anger him, he thought; but he was not even annoyed; and he rather admired the woman's impudence. She was a type that he had not met before, and he realized for the first time the tremendous advantage that a simple shamelessness gives a plotter who has brains to use it effectively. Mrs. Carrington had the gift of shamelessness, but she also undoubtedly had the gift of brains. She was an added difficulty of course, but his hands were not tied by misunderstanding now; he was free to grapple with difficulties, and he welcomed them as adding zest to the game.

"I should like to hear what you mean to do with me," she said sweetly. "I am coming to your picnic, but I realize that I shall not be very welcome. I am an unfortunate complication—how are you going to deal with it?"

Scarborough smiled. "I don't think there is anything to be gained by saying," he answered. "You hope to be able to leave me out, after all?"

"Oh, no," said Scarborough. "If you say you are coming, I have no doubt that you will. But you will probably make your own arrangements."

Mrs. Carrington gave him a quick glance.

"Young man," she said, "you are not a fool! I admit that I hoped you were. Good-night."

She swept smiling from the room, and Mona jumped up and opened the long French windows that led to the garden.

"Elsa and I will see you on your way to the cable station," she said to Scarborough. "There are no keyholes in the open air! Never mind your hat, Elsa. It's warm."

When they were clear of the house and the trees round it, Mona halted in an open space of the road.

"I think this will do," she said. "There isn't a hedge within fifty yards, and the sick-room of our headache patient is doubtless at distance away. Our voices won't be heard. But speak without pointing at things. There's a bright moon, and an impud-

gent observer can deduce a good deal from gestures. Now, then, what's to be done?"

"I think," said Scarborough, "that you two had better give up your plan of going with me to-morrow; stay here, and watch Mrs. Carrington. If she goes—"

"Oh, she'll go right enough," said Mona.

"Yes, I think she will. If she does, you can follow her. Does she bicycle, Elsa?"

"No."

"Then she'll have a carriage. You on your bicycles can prevent her giving you the slip. I'll carry out my original plan of joining Phil at Furnas."

Mona turned to Elsa.

"Are you willing to give up your picnic?" she asked.

"I don't mean to give it up," said Elsa quietly. "I am going."

Mona looked at Scarborough queerly. "A determined family, the Carringtons," she said. "I thought Elsa wouldn't submit to be bullied by the lady with the headache. You see, Mr. Scarborough, we're going. But instead of Mrs. Carrington giving us the slip, I suggest that we should inflict that experience on her. What time can you call for us in the morning?"

"I am on duty till eight," said Scarborough.

"Couldn't you get one of the other men to take the last bit for you, just for once? Couldn't you be here by six—or better, half-past five?"

"Perhaps Scott would do it," said Scarborough doubtfully; "but what's your plan?"

"To be off before the lady suspects that we are even awake," said Mona. "She will follow, of course, but we'll leave a competent detective to shadow her."

"Who?"

"Val B. He's at the Cable Station now; he has been dining with Mr. Scott there, and he's going to stay the night. He'll do it if you say I told you to ask him, and he'll do it thoroughly."

"Does he know Mrs. Carrington?"

"No, so you can tell him what you like of her; say that she's an interesting woman with a very sad past, a fascinating creature with abnormally developed criminal tendencies, and that a day spent in watching her will be well worth while to a close observer of character. Val B. Montague thinks himself rather a connoisseur of character, and is always complaining that the female villains he meets are bloodless and feeble—no real gritty vice in 'em, sir! Explain to him," said Mona laughing. "That this one is real hard sand, and he'll do anything you ask for the chance of studying her."

Scarborough thought for a moment. "You know him better than I do," he said at length. "Don't be annoyed at what I am going to ask. Is he absolutely trustworthy?"

Mona became suddenly grave, and the moonlight flashed in her eyes.

"Yes," she said simply.

"I mean," said Scarborough, "would it be safe to tell him, not what you suggest, but the simple truth? Can we make him one of us in this matter?"

"It is safe to trust Val B. Montague in anything," said Mona. She drew herself up, and it seemed almost that she said it proudly. "He is eccentric, perhaps, but he is the truest-hearted gentleman I have ever met."

"Then I think I prefer to tell him the truth."

Mona hesitated, and then held out her hand. "You are right," she said, with a straight look from her hazel eyes. "I am sorry I suggested that you should play upon one of his weaknesses. For me he doesn't deserve that. Elsa, shall we go back now?"

"You will come back for us at half-past five, Horace," said Elsa.

"Yes."

The girls went back, and Scarborough rode on to the Cable Station. He found Montague in the billiard room playing snooker pool with Scott and another man. The Yankee circus man welcomed him characteristically.

"Mr. Scarborough, sir," said he, "I would say I was glad to meet you if I dared. I told you I was not a superstitious man, but what is the crisis in my affairs this time? You and I never meet except when fate has been shaking something into my lap out of her bag of worries. What is it, sir, this time? Any misfortune happened to my schooner, or to my children of Val B. Montague's Combination? Or do your appearance merely portend that I am about to miss this easy shot at snooker?"

"Try the shot and see," said Scarborough.

Montague did so. The balls kissed, and his own ran into the pocket.

"Off the pink, too!" he exclaimed ruefully. "Six off my score. But I'm glad. I was afraid the Sea Horse had gone to the bottom at the last."

"Is your game nearly over?" Scarborough asked Scott.

"Yes. Want to join in?"

"No, thanks; but will you bring Montague to my room when you've finished? There's something I want to tell you both."

Val B. Montague looked up quickly. "There is a crisis!" he said. "I was sure of it."

"Yes," said Scarborough. "here is a crisis. But not in your affairs this time, Montague. I'm going to ask for your help, that's all; and Miss de la Mar told me I should find you would give it. But finish your game first."

Montague had thrown down his cue. "No," he said. "If Miss de la Mar promised that I should help you, I ought to do it. I should let a game of snooker delay me. Lead the way to your room, sir! Mr. Scarborough, I will follow."

(To Be Continued.)

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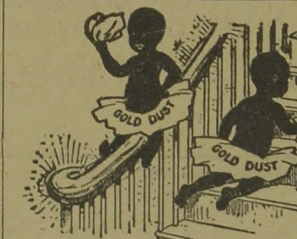
The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy

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 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