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Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures nervous debility, mental and brain worry, depression, loss of energy, palpitation of the heart, failing memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. **THE WOOD MEDICINE CO.—TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)**

CLASSIFIED

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LOST.—A Pearl brooch, lost Saturday night. Finder please leave at Mail Office.

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.,
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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.

Notice

Water consumers will please take notice that the water and sewerage rates for the ensuing term are now due and payable at the Water Office, City Hall.

GEORGE R. PERKINS.
1 week.

For Sale

200 acres woodland for sale, within eight miles of City Hall, fronting on the Hanwell Road and easy haul to city.

About 60 cords of heavy rock maple and yellow beech, balance in young growth of mixed hard wood.
E. H. ALLEN
Sales Agent.

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.

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Apply at 868 George street. Good chance for horse and carriage.
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COLLARS and HARNESS
MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED

DAY BROTHERS
QUEEN STREET

NEXT BELOW MAIL OFFICE.

The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

—BY—
WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

But Elsa's mood to-day was antipathetic to probabilities. Her excitement, whatever its cause might be, drove her in quick rushes from extreme to extreme. She was not consistent even in her burst of temper, for her mental vane veered round from stormy to dull in one quick swing, and her temper died at the first sign of the awakening of his.

Though in the wrong, she did not attempt to justify herself; and this is an omission which in itself indicates, in a woman, a sweet reasonableness, which is neither normal or healthy.

"I am sorry, Horace," she said. "I didn't mean to be horrid. I suppose I was."

Scarborough's reply was a laugh. He had not the mental adroitness to follow the suddenness of her changes of mood; and his temper, less easy to rouse than hers, was harder to calm. He was still inclined to be angry.

"I said that I did not know Mr. Varney," she went on; "and that is true. But I do know who he is, and though he is your chum, I won't be introduced to him."

"Do you know anything to his discredit?"

"No—no."

"That's a grudging 'no,'" said Scarborough. "Does it mean 'yes'?"

"No."

"Then what's your reason? Is it because he's a circus man? He was educated to be an officer and a gentleman; and though he has come down in the world, and had to drop the officer, I don't think you would find that he has dropped the gentleman too. I didn't think you were a snob, Elsa."

Steady, steady, young man! She deserves it, perhaps; but your defence of your chum is making you brutal. And remember she is the girl you love and would marry!

"Shall we talk of something else?" said the girl quietly. And a minute later they passed in through the turnstiles of the circus-building.

Val B. Montague's American Circus Combination was advertised as a constellation of stars; but the brilliance of the individual stars was not very dazzling. Scarborough and Elsa sat through a conventional exhibition of flying trapeze work, which was not quite so daring as it looked; the wit of the Neapolitan clown who scored verbal victories (in French) over a heavy-faced, sullen-looking ringmaster (who answered in English, coast town Spanish, or Anglo-Saxon, French impartially), was under the circumstances somewhat unintelligible; the Japanese juggler was clever, but rather belied his professional cognomen of the Marquis Qui-Quis, by swearing in unmistakable Cockney at a clumsy assistant who spoiled one of his best tricks; and the performing mule, for this occasion, refused to perform anything—possibly to prove, beyond all chance of doubt, that he really was a mule. On the whole, therefore, Scarborough voted the show a dull one, and wondered whether Elsa was enjoying it.

It seemed that she was. For she was leaning forward with her hands grasping the rail in front of her; her eyes followed each movement with a strained attention, and she did not hear Scarborough when he spoke to her.

Val B. Montague, a typical Yankee, in the frock coat and top hat of picaresque, came into the ring and made a speech—employing for the purpose a wonderful language, whose basis was South American Spanish, with Portuguese inflections grafted on to it to suit the local requirements. But he was understood, and the gift of his announcement was that Mademoiselle Mona de la Mar—"the most talented, beautiful, daring, etc., etc."—would now have the honor of appearing before this most distinguished audience.

Val B. Montague retired, and Mademoiselle Mona cantered into the ring.

She was a pretty brunette, in an English hunting habit, and she rode as though she did it for pleasure. It was not circus trick-riding; there was no posturing on a wooden platform, strapped on to the back of a steady, clockwork-actioned hack; she sat down on her saddle, and made a big, bad-tempered hunter do what he didn't want to do. It was a straightforward exhibition of plucky riding by a daring horsewoman; and, except that for the last jump she took off the saddle and rode bare-backed, it might all have been done over a hunting country at home.

"Where," said Scarborough, "I expect she has done it. She rides magnificently; but she didn't learn in a circus-school."

"Do you think she is English, then?" asked Elsa.

"Certain. That was English riding, by an English girl, who has hunted English country. Looks like a lady, too."

Elsa nodded. She, too, thought that Mona de la Mar was a lady—and more than that, she thought that her face seemed curiously familiar, though she could not remember where it was that she had seen that determined mouth, and those quick, rather roguish eyes before. For the next half hour she struggled in vain to find the missing link of memory; and then the last turn was announced—Pampas Joe, the English Cowboy and Revolver King.

"By Jove! it is old Phil!" exclaimed Scarborough, as a short, somewhat thick-set young Englishman strolled into the centre and began to shoot.

Elsa lay back in her seat, and fanned herself with her programme. She, too, recognized that good-humored, ugly face; and at the same moment she remembered where it was that she had seen Mona de la Mar before. She touched Scarborough on the arm.

"I am going now," she said. "But you want to speak to your friend."

Scarborough rose at once.

"I will see you home first," he said. "I'm not on duty to-night, so I'll ride back to see him this evening. Unless," he added, questioning, "you have changed your mind, and will stay now till I bring him to be introduced to you?"

Elsa shook her head.

"No," she said, but you must stay. I shall easily get home before dark, and I would rather go alone."

He protested, but she insisted. And, as usual, she had her way.

She rode off alone, and ten minutes later Scarborough was shaking hands with his old chum, Phil Varney, at a Pampas Joe, in the circus green-room.

"Who'd have thought of me finding you here, old man?" said the Revolver King. "I saw you from the ring, and I saw who you were with. That was another surprise."

"You know Miss Page?" asked Scarborough, with astonishment.

"No. But I know the girl who was with you."

"Yes, Miss Page."

"She calls herself that, does she?" said Phil Varney with a grin. "I knew her as Elsa Carrington, the daughter of the man who ruined my poor old governor."

CHAPTER V.

Val B. Montague's Right Hand Man.

"Steady, Phil!" said Scarborough. "Don't fling accusations about in that reckless way. It's not your own."

"I can prove it," said Varney.

"That Miss Page is the daughter of the man who ruined your father? Oh, come! you don't know her, or you would see that it's nonsense. Here, hurry up and get into ordinary clothes, and we'll have dinner somewhere. I want to hear what you've been doing for the last two years."

Miss Page the daughter of Richmond Carrington, the notorious financial manipulator, whose name was accursed in thousands of the poorer homes of England—the idea was absurd! Scarborough was not even angry at the suggestion; it was too ridiculous for that. He went with Varney to his dressing-room, and waited for him to change.

The English Cowboy divested himself of the leather jacket and fringed trousers, in which custom decreed that the character which he represented should be dressed, and was donning in its place the mufti of plain blue serge, when there was a sharp bang on the door, and the manager entered.

"Mr. Varney, sir!" said Val B. Montague, as he held out his hand to Scarborough, without waiting for the formality of an introduction—"this show is going to the devil!"

"Oh? More so than usual?" asked Phil Varney carelessly. "Horace tells us our proprietor, Mr. Val B. Montague—Montague, Mr. Horace Scarborough; old friend of mine."

"Proud to meet you, sir. More so than usual, I'd say. Ask Mr. Varney? Well, may be not, but things are approaching a crisis."

"Anything fresh? Or the same row continued?"

"The same row coming to a head, sir! The canker in the rosebud is working its way to the outer leaves, and is beginning to be visible to the public; the malignant boil is becoming acute, and developing a head, which will have to burst; the hidden rottenness is refusing to remain hidden any longer, and the fair flower of our corporate amity is withering, sir, withering! Before we leave this place I expect to witness the premature decay and death of an organism which I have nursed like a father—yes, sir, like a father—for two long years. Val B. Montague's American Circus Combination is breaking up, sir! Excuse my metaphors," he added, without a pause, turning to Scarborough. "When I am excited the sanguineness of my temperament invariably clothes my utterances in poetic imagery, as Mr. Varney will be good enough to tell you. And, by heaven, sir, I am excited."

(To Be Continued.)

HAD INDIGESTION.

Almost Despaired of Ever

Getting Well.

When your food has not been properly digested, your body has not received the benefit it should. The exertions of the gastric juice have been confined entirely to removing the unassimilated, undigested portions of food, which they cannot properly digest as speedily as possible from the body, therefore only giving the blood a small percentage of nourishment with which to feed the tissues. No wonder then that Indigestion and Dyspepsia attack the stomach. No medicine can surpass Burdock Blood Bitters as a cure for this particular disease. It regulates the bowels, promotes perfect digestion, makes pure blood, tones the stomach, and thus restores perfect health to the debilitated system.

Mrs. Mary MacKay, Hunter's Mountain, N.S., writes:—"I was troubled with Indigestion for more than ten years. I tried several Doctor's medicines claiming the power to cure, but all without success. Having heard of the many cures effected by Burdock Blood Bitters, I decided to give it a trial. After taking two bottles I was completely cured. My appetite which was very poor, is now good, and I can eat most everything without any disagreeable feelings. I can strongly recommend B.B.B. to anyone suffering from Indigestion."

WINSTON MINUS POLITICS

A Well Known Journalist Gives a Character Sketch of the "First Lord"

Recently Sir Walter Essex, M.P., asked the Prime Minister whether he would discourage "members of the House whose lives are of value to the public" from exposing themselves to unnecessary risks. Mr. Asquith returned a non-committal reply, but the reference, of course, was to the flying exploits of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Mr. Churchill is barely forty years of age, yet into that comparatively brief period he has crammed enough adventure and fighting to satisfy most heroes of romance.

Consider the decorations and medals he is entitled to wear. Taking them in the order they were earned, there is the Spanish Order of Military Merit (First Class). He won this when he fought with the Spanish forces in Cuba.

With Kitchener at Omdurman

Next comes the Malakand Expeditionary Force medal, and the Tirah Expeditionary Force medal. In addition, the young soldier not only won medals, but made his mark as a brilliant, though then anonymous, war correspondent.

When the inexorable Kitchen machine moved down upon the Khartoum, Winston Churchill went with it attached to the 21st Lancers. At the final battle of Omdurman he was in the thick of it, riding in the famous charge.

After Omdurman, Mr. Churchill resigned his commission; but the Boer War found him serving with the South African Light Horse.

He took part in about a dozen engagements, including Spion Kop, and earned the South African medal with six clasps. As will be remembered, he was taken prisoner, after a desperate resistance, but escaped from Pretoria, and won safety after a sensational journey.

Here one may reprint the Boer "hue and cry" for him, as circulated after his escape:

"Description of a deserter prisoner of war, named Winston Spencer Churchill, escaped out of the State Model School, Pretoria, on the 12th December, 1898. Englishman, 25 years old, about 5 feet 8 inches high, in different build; walks a little with a bend forward; pale appearance; red brownish hair; small moustache, scarcely perceptible; talks through the nose, cannot pronounce the letter S properly, and does not know one word of Dutch."

This unflattering portrait rings true enough to-day, for in appearance the First Lord of the Admiralty does not suggest the man who has rejoiced in looking death between the eyes.

His form is ungainly; he stoops badly, and he still lisps. He has been guilty, moreover, of the " enormity" of wearing brown boots with a frock coat while his clothes are often positively shabby.

When he became "ruler of the King's Navy," one of his first acts was to go down in a submarine, and, however favorable the conditions, the man who steps through the manhole of a submarine takes his life in his hands.

Faith in His Star

He has made about a dozen aeroplane flights, some of them under bad conditions, and on the latest occasion he took the pilot's seat and flew the machine himself. One would not be really surprised to see Mr. Churchill enter for "The Daily Mail" great cross-Atlantic flight.

What manner of man is he personally?

Well, if he makes many friends, he also makes not a few enemies. None can be more courteous more charming than Mr. Churchill when he likes or is determined to please, but equally he can make himself uncommonly unpleasant. He rarely troubles to conceal his dislikes, and most emphatically he does not obey the Biblical instruction to "suffer fools gladly." He is a strong man, with a strong man's contempt for mediocrity; and he has a Napoleonic belief in his "star."—Answers.

Child's Marvellous Escape

A three-year-old child named Charles Jessiman, of Edinburgh, had a marvellous escape from death. The child, who lives with his parents in a top flat, left his mother's side and ran to another room and threw up the lower sash of the window. He leaned too far out, slipped over and fell to the ground below, a distance of about fifty feet. He was not injured.

Home Comforts in Poorhouse

At Hawick Poorhouse Committee meeting it was stated that a new system of dietary had been introduced among the inmates, and that while it might cost a little more it was more satisfactory in every respect. Mr. Benson said the new method was more like home than a gaol system.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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FARMERS' BUSINESS

The Canadian Bank of Commerce extends to Farmers every facility for the transaction of their banking business, including the discount and collection of sales notes. Blank sales notes are supplied free of charge on application.

S25

HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

NOTED MEN ASSIST IN DEDICATION

Washington, D. C. May 27.—The dedication this afternoon of the college of history, the first building to be completed on the campus of the American University, the graduate school which the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States is establishing in this city, attracted to Tennytown Heights a highly notable gathering of educators, churchmen and men prominent in public life. President Wilson presided at the official opening and Secretary of State Bryan was one of the speakers. Bishop Earl Cranston the senior bishop of the church, presided over the ceremonies and Bishops McDowell of Chicago and Hamilton of Boston, delivered addresses. Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson of the M. E. Church, South, delivered the benediction. The musical portions of the Marine Band.

The opening of the college building marks the culmination of efforts that had their beginning half a century ago. Even before the civil war the suggestion for a graduate school to be built in the nation's capital was made by some of the leaders of the church, but it was not until years

later that the idea took definite shape. In 1899 Bishop John F. Hurst began the collection of funds and some years later he was able to purchase the tract of land in the extreme northwestern part of this city, where the university buildings are now being constructed. Bishop McCabe later took up the work and when he died it was turned over to Bishop Hamilton of Boston, who was named chancellor of the university and who still fills that position.

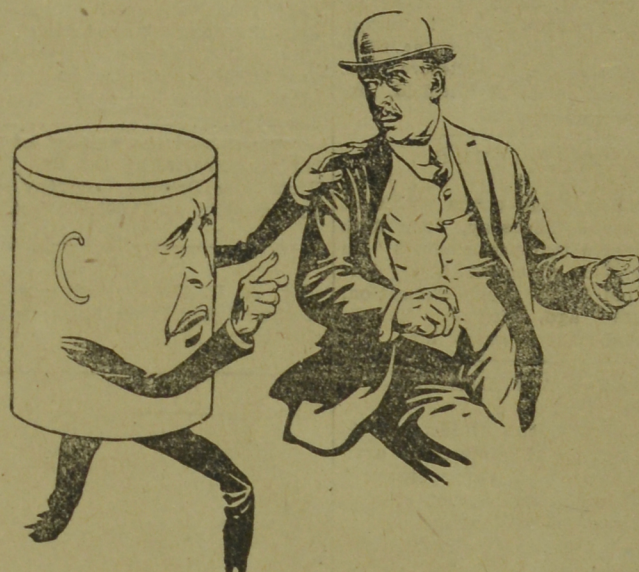
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A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: **THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly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

Oswald West, governor of Oregon, 41 years old today.

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When Tea and Coffee Get You---

The experience will be like that of thousands who have ignored the fact that they contain a habit-forming drug, caffeine—from 1 1-2 to 3 grains to the ordinary cup.

Some seem able to get on with tea or coffee for a time. But therefore few persons who can use tea or coffee as a routine daily beverage and not sometime feel its effects—headache, nervousness, indigestion, biliousness, sleeplessness, heart trouble, or some other discomfort.

Thousands have found relief by stopping tea and coffee and using

POSTUM

A delicious table beverage made only from whole wheat and a small per cent of molasses, POSTUM contains the nourishment of the grain, including the essential mineral salts [phosphate of potash, etc.] but is positively free from the drug, caffeine, or any other harmful substance.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled—15c and 25c pkgs.

Instant Postum—a soluble form—requires no boiling—30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

There's a mighty army of POSTUM users—the number is steadily growing—and

"There's a Reason"

Grocers everywhere sell POSTUM

CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO. LTD, WINDSOR, ONT.