

WHEN BUYING YEAST  
INSIST ON HAVING  
THIS PACKAGE



DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

## FUNERAL OF JOHN L. GRIFFITHS AT NEW YORK

New York, June 1.—Funeral services for John L. Griffiths, United States consul general in London, who died two weeks ago, were conducted in this city today. Burial was in Greenwood cemetery, in Brooklyn. A number of clubs and associations to which Mr. Griffiths belonged in New York and in his home city of Indianapolis were represented at the funeral.

## CLASSIFIED

### 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.

### 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

### 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.—11.

### 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.  
4500-21—Morgan, H. J., res., Douglas.  
3300-63—Vavasour, E. W., camp, Idylwyl.  
2400-81—Wheeler Frank, res., Douglas.  
326-11—Wallis 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

## MISERY OF WORLD DUE TO MUDDLE

Lord Milner's Ideal Socialism—Advocates Heavier Emigration of British People

Lord Milner made an interesting speech at the Royal Society of Arts when he presided at a lecture on "The need for a better organization of economic and industrial resources," given by Mr. C. R. Enock.

The president said he did not think that under present conditions we had discovered the means of making the British Isles support forty or fifty millions of people in reasonable conditions of human existence. His own deepest conviction on the subject was that 95 per cent. of the misery of the civilized world was absolutely due to muddle.

He was on the side of State Socialism in principle—he was in principle a Socialist—but we had not got the knowledge, capacity, character, and regulating power necessary to carry out such a system. It was not the physical difficulties which appalled him, but questions of administration. Se looked with some alarm upon schemes which seemed to make the whole of life the sphere of public administration.

Impressed as he was by the enormous amount of waste to be found in every direction, and especially waste of human material, when he considered what was required to prevent this waste, Lord Milner said he found himself surrounded by a network of administrative machinery with only 10 per cent. of the problems which needed attention being dealt with. This was not from any want of resources or lack of physical conditions, but from the inadequacy of human powers.

We were unable at present to create tolerable conditions of existence for fifty millions of people in Britain. These conditions did not exist, and they could not be made to exist, and it was, therefore, necessary that we should spread out the surplus population in the least developed parts of the world. We had in the British Empire vast tracts of little developed country which were crying out for population, and which in the absence of that population not only remained undeveloped, but were actually not safe from foreign attack.

Lord Milner urged the desirability of an organized plan for the transference of the surplus population of this country to the self-governing Dominions. Something more should be done to aid the emigration of the young men and young women, a large proportion of whom were now deteriorating in the great cities.

### FIFTY TONS OF NEGATIVES

In the Sale Were More Than 100 Royal Sittings

Over 500,000 photographic negatives were included in the sale of the stock of Messrs. Byrne and Co., of Richmond, for many years photographers to the Royal Family. More than a thousand of the negatives are of Royal sittings. One is of King Edward in Highland costume, and accompanied by his famous dog Caesar. Ten men were engaged for nearly a week in moving the negatives. There were twenty-six pair-horse vans, and as each vanload weighed about two tons there must be fifty tons of negatives.

### Story of a Goose Fight

At Hillstreet Petty Sessions an amusing case was heard in which James Noone charged John Gill with assault. The men are neighbors, and ganders belonging to them quarrelled. Instead of separating the "combatants," Noone made a bet with Gill that his gander was the better of the two. Gill accepted the bet. The ganders fought it out, and eventually Noone's bird succeeded in killing the other. When Noone demanded the forfeit it was alleged that Gill instead of paying him, struck him and knocked him into a boghole. Gill was fined \$50.

### Guns Recovered From Sea

While fishing thirty-five miles off Sunderland, the steam-trawler "Lord Chancellor" brought up from the ocean bed a huge bundle of muskets. Antiquarians who examined the find consider that they date from before Nelson's time, and that they are relics of some futile gun-running venture by a Dutch galleon.

### Horses Pulled Trains

Locomotive-drawn trains have recently taken the place of those drawn by horses on the North British line between Drumburgh Junction, near Carlisle, and Port Carlisle, on Solway Firth, which have run daily since 1856. Engines were used on the line between 1854 and 1856, but were superseded by horses.

## The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

— BY —

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

"Then you are unable to tell us what did cause death?" asked Elsa.

"Unhappily, yes, Senhora."

"But you have a theory—a guess?"

"If I have I do not feel justified in stating it, until I have made the closer examination which will verify or confute it. I am sorry to have to tell you, Senhora, that the law will require that examination to be made public. It grieves me deeply to have to say so, but there must be an autopsy."

Elsa shivered, and then said quietly: "Very well. Let it take place as soon as possible."

The pompous little doctor looked at her admiringly. Here was a girl who could meet sorrow without weak tears. He had expected that she would offer objections, perhaps that she would become hysterical, and cry out that the dead must not be desecrated. Instead of that, she had the strength to acquiesce in the inevitable. Perhaps this was only an indication of the emotional English temperament; but the Portuguese doctor, accustomed to something different from his own womankind, admired it.

He expressed his admiration and his sympathy in a few graceful phrases, and then went out to his carriage. Scarborough followed him, and as he was opening his carriage door, asked: "Can you tell me whether the dead man had suffered recently from gout?"

The doctor turned to him quickly. "Has that suggestion been made?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do not think it likely."

"But are you sure?" Scarborough insisted. "If he had suffered from a bad attack of gout a few hours before the time of his death—so had an attack that the slightest movement gave him agony—you would be able to say that it was so?"

"I should."

"The signs would be unmistakable?"

"Quite."

"You did not see them?"

"I did not, Senhor. He has had no such an attack. I don't think he had gout at all; but certainly not to the extent your question would indicate."

"Thank you," said Scarborough, and returned to the room where Elsa was waiting for him.

He had a difficult task before him. He knew now that his suspicion had been correct, and that the gout was a lie. He believed moreover, that Richmond Carrington's whole life had been of a piece with that lie, and that for the last two years he had imposed upon his daughter as he had imposed upon the world before the world had found him out. The guilty man had played upon her credulity, and tricked her of her love by deceit; and Scarborough, pitying him, hardly blamed him for so doing. But Varney's estimate of him was right, and Elsa's was wrong. She must know some time, and yet Scarborough shrank from the necessity of undeceiving her. To destroy a daughter's trust in her father, when that father was dead, and beyond the power of sinning further—surely it was a cruel thing to do!

He did not know what to say to her; but he had to say something, and no time was given to him for considering what it should be. For she met him at once with a question:

"Tell me what you know of Margaret Ryan."

"I know only what Phil Varney told me," he said.

"That is what I want to hear."

Scarborough thought for a moment. How could he tell her? To gain time he asked her to tell him first what she knew.

"Very little," she answered. "What I saw Mona de la Mar at the circus yesterday. I thought at once that I knew the face, but I couldn't remember at first where I had seen it. Just before your friend, the Revolver King came into the ring, I saw him standing in the gangway speaking to her, and she looked up into his face with a laugh, and a curious shake of the head. Then I remembered in a flash where I had seen that laugh, with its accompanying jerk of the head before. It was at a tennis party at the Varneys', three or four years ago, and I remembered that Phil Varney and Margaret Ryan had played together most of the afternoon. They are cousins, I think. That is all I know."

"There is nothing in all this to make you suspect her," said Scarborough. "She is one of the Varneys. I suspect them all."

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"That is not," said Scarborough.

"You are wrong in thinking that Elsa and she are cousins. He told me that there is no relationship between them. His father and yours were her joint guardians; that is all."

"Oh, what does it matter?" cried Elsa. "She is in the circus, and my mother warned us of danger from the circus! Tell me what you learned about her."

Scarborough paced the room once or twice. Then he sat down beside Elsa. "She is an orphan," he said, "and she was an heiress. Her father had made his money as a stockman, in the States, in the days before the West was fenced with wire, and opened out with railways. Her childhood had been spent in the saddle, and she often knew what it was to sleep under the stars. When her father had made what he considered was a big enough pile to leave to a girl, he came to England and brought Margaret with him. She was fourteen then, and the next three or four years she spent at school, getting the education for which there had been no time in her wild life out West. When she was nearly twenty, her father died, and for a year she travelled with an elderly governess, whom your father and Mr. Varney engaged for her. At the end of that time she went to live with the Varneys for a month or two. The firm of Carrington and Varney failed when she was within three weeks of the time when, by her father's will, she would be of age. On her twenty-first birthday she

was to have been given the absolute and unfettered control of her fortune of twenty thousand pounds. Her father believed that, with the training she had had, she would be capable of controlling it wisely. But she was never put to the test."

Scarborough paused, and Elsa, who had made no sign or movement whilst he was speaking, asked quickly: "It had gone?"

"Very penny of it, I am told."

"Poor girl! How she must have loathed the Varneys! What did she do?"

"Made up her mind to earn her living. There was one accomplishment in which she excelled, and she resolved to put it to account. She became a riding-mistress."

"In London?"

"No, in Boston. A man who had known her kept a big riding school there. He happened to be in England on a holiday, and he offered her a post in his school. She had a few pounds of her allowance left, and she made up the money for her passage and outfit by selling her trinkets. A month after she landed, Val B. Montague saw her ride, and asked her to join the troupe he was getting up to tour the Atlantic islands. She did so."

"It was an extraordinary thing to do," said Elsa.

"I fancy she is not a very ordinary girl. Besides, she had a reason. And Montague was not a stranger. She had known him out West as one of her father's stockmen, and she believed he was to be trusted."

"Still," said Elsa, "it was a mad thing, unless her reason was a very strong one."

"I believe it was."

A faint smile flickered over Elsa's face, and she asked with something like a sneer:

"Was it Phil Varney? So she did not hate him, though his father had ruined her?"

Scarborough shook his head gravely. "Phil did not know of the existence of the circus troupe till three months later, when he joined it at Rio. His motive was not that."

"Do you know what it was?"

"Yes."

He got up and paced the room again. After all, the girl had to be told, and his delay had not made it easier. He shown him any gentle way of saying a hard thing. But Elsa was not another girl; she was brave, and would hear the truth without flinching. He owed it to her to be courageous not to fence with the necessary danger. He would say straight out what had to be said.

"You know that there are people who do not hold the view you do about your father's innocence?" he said.

"Why do you say that?" she asked quickly.

"Because what I am going to tell you is only plausible if it is read in the light of that fact."

She looked at him coldly.

"What fact?" she asked. "That my father was guilty? Is that what you mean?"

"That there are people who believe that he was guilty," he said.

"Oh, I know that!" she said, scornfully. "Why, we have been living here for two years in San Miguel under the false name of Page, if not because there are fools who think my father was a scoundrel? We will take their existence for granted. Go on, please."

"When the affairs of Carrington and Varney were investigated," Scarborough went on, "it was found that the partners, or whichever of them was the guilty man, must have known for a long time that the failure was inevitable; and yet it was only within a period of six weeks before the crash came that the securities which represented Margaret Ryan's inheritance were turned into ready money."

Scarborough stopped. He had expected that the thing would be hard to say; but now, with Elsa's eyes widening with a growing apprehension, he found it almost impossible.

"The money was taken to try to stave off the disaster?" he said.

"No. It had not been added to the firm's assets. No trace of it was found in the books. It was believed that—"

Again he stopped. He saw Elsa's eyes fixed on him with horror looking out of their depths.

(To Be Continued.)

## A Murray & Co's Big Clearance Sale

ALL THIS WEEK

Stock Must Be Reduced Before Moving Into Our New Store.

LADIES SUITS, GOATS, SKIRTS, DRESSES AND WAISTS, at clearing prices. WASH GOODS BARGAIN, ENGLISH PRINTS, GINGHAMS AND FINE CAMBRICS, 36 inches wide, 48 light and dark colors, Regular 14 to 25c, single price 10c per yard. LADIES AND CHILDREN'S HOSE, 15c pair or 2 pairs for 25c. SUMMER VESTS 15c each or 2 pairs for 25c. HAIR RIBBON 15c yard, 2 yards for 25c. NATURAL SHANTUNG SILK, extra value at 39c per yard. WHITE COTTON VOILE, 39 inches wide, Regular 25c yard, clearing at 15c. WHITE LAWN 36 inches wide clearing at 10c. LADIES HOUSE DRESSES at \$1.05 each. LADIES KID GLOVES, special 59c a pair.

## A. MURRAY & CO.

## NEWCASTLE RADIO STATION SCENE OF SPECIAL EXPERIMENTS

(Newcastle Union Advocate)

Mr. Otto Skovmand, a Radio engineer of London, in the employ of the Universal Radio Syndicate, has arrived at the Newcastle station to carry out some special experiments directed by Dr. Poulsen of Copenhagen.

Mr. J. P. Christensen, who has been staying at the Miramichi Hotel for the past three months, has returned to Copenhagen to personally discuss with Dr. Poulsen interesting data collected by him in his research work at Newcastle Radio plant.

Due to unfortunate delays in construction of the Ballybunion Station of the Universal Radio Syndicate, the Newcastle Station will not be opened for commercial business for some time. The research work being carried on will continue up to such time as the Irish Station is completed.

J. Oslender of Legnano, Italy, who has been in charge of the erection of Dies engines at Radio Station, has completed his work and left Tuesday, May 26th, for his home via of London. The next installation which he expects to have charge of will be in the City of Damascus, Palestine.

C. O. Wanscher and family are leaving for their home in Denmark about June 1st, via of London. Mr. Wanscher was formerly superintendent for Galbraith and Cate, and more recently has been employed by Universal Radio Syndicate on special work.

Captain C. P. Edwards, General Manager of Canadian Governments Radiotelegraph Dept. and Lieut.

Comm. A. J. H. purn, in charge of Radio matters for U.S. Government, spent Friday and Saturday, May 22 and 23, as guests of Universal Radio Syndicate on special trip of inspection of Newcastle Radio Station. Both governments are greatly interested in this plant which represents the latest designs and ideas of the Poulsen system. The U. S. Government has definitely adopted this system and are now equipping seven of their largest stations with Poulsen apparatus. They are also about to call for bids for three large stations at San Diego, Cal., Honolulu and the Philippine Islands to be equipped similar to Newcastle. Both gentlemen were highly pleased with the permanent construction features of the local station and with the demonstrations which were performed during their visit.

1 Wet stains with lemon juice and expose to sun.  
2 Wet with paste made with one tablespoonful starch, juice of one lemon, soft soap and salt, and expose to the action of the sun.

### SOME VOCABULARY

(Pall Mall Gazette.)

The man of letters in politics has the advantage of a wide and carefully chosen vocabulary and M. Jean Richepin who is a candidate for the French Chamber, has been explaining the situation to the constituency in these terms after being annoyed by some heckling—

"You are not worthy of the name of citizens."

"You are slaves."

"You are merely brutes."

"You are only dogs."

"You are all cowards."

"Wretches."

"Mercenaries."

"Jackals."

"Savages."

"Howling wild beasts."

## 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