

## CLASSIFIED ADS.

## 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 NASHAWAK 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.

## Municipality of York

TENDERS for 25 tons American Furnace Coal, to be delivered at the County Gaol, and 12 tons American Furnace Coal, to be delivered at the County Court House, will be received at the office of the secretary-treasurer up to Friday, the 22nd inst., at 12 o'clock noon.

ALEX. HAINING,  
Chairman County Buildings Com.  
Fredericton, May 18.  
4 ins.

## 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

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.

## BARN TO LEI

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

## New Subscribers

339-11—Dunbar, Mrs. W. R., Colonial Tea Rooms, Queen street.  
240-21—Hatty, Abraham, res., St. Mary's.  
500—Hoben, Harry G., res., 102 Waterloo Row.  
548-32—Raymond, Thos., res., 313 George street.  
2700-41—Smith, James W., res., Nash waak Village.  
2500-23—Turney, Harry F., res., Upper Burton.  
142-11—Wandless, Lorne, res., 158 Aberdeen street.  
132-41—Wandless, R. H., Tinsmith, Plumber and Heater, 350 Church street.  
293-11—Wiley, J. M., res., 13 Carleton street.

## N. B. Telephone Co., Limited

S. B. EBBETT

Exchange Manager.

## Novelties

MAGIC TRICK CARDS. — Great ing Card, 10 cts; Changeable Card, French Trick Cards 10 cts; Diminish-10 cts. Set for 25 cts.

F. A. STONE, Box 518  
Fredericton, N. B.

HOT AIR CARDS: Visiting, Business License, See You Home cards, etc. Get a package and be in strong with the girls. 20 in a package (Assorted) 10 cts.

F. A. STONE, Box 518  
Fredericton, N. B.

E. H. ALLEN  
AUCTIONEER

House, Land and General Sales Agent.

All business strictly confidential. Reasonable commissions and prompt returns.

Residence 180 Smyth St.

## John J. Cain

Painter and Paper Hanger

674 King Street

## Mail Agencies

The Daily Mail is on sale each evening at the following places:-

Alonzo Staples-Drug Store, York Street.

Robert Embellton-Grocery Store, York Street.

Patrick Burns- Grocery Store, King Street.

J. E. Saunders- Grocery Store Northumberland Street

W. A. Erb-Grocery Store Cor. York and Charlotte St.

Miss Quinn-Grocery Store, Westmoreland Street.

D. Lenihan-Grocery Store, King Street.

W. P. Grannan - Regent St. James W. Fanjoy-Grocery Store, George Street.

Parent, Bird & Co.-Grocery Store, Cor. Queen and York Streets.

D.H. Crowley-Queen Street Opposite Mail Office



**D Company**

"D" Company, 71st York Regt., will meet at the Armory, Carleton street, at 7.30 p.m. each Tuesday and Friday till further notice, for drill, enlisting of recruits and issuing of uniforms and equipment.

H. F. G. WOODBRIDGE, Capt.

WOOL  
WANTED

Highest Cash Prices  
Paid for Wool at our  
store Marysville.

## REID BROTHERS

A True Socialist:  
An amusing story is told of a Devonshire man who invited a Socialist to visit his estate and see what he had done for the villagers.

As they drove about the men touched their hats and the boys and girls "bobbed" and curtsied.

Soon they passed a man smoking his pipe, who took no notice of the squire. "Ah!" said the Socialist. "That's the sort of man for me. No bowing and scraping."

"No," replied the squire; "that's the village idiot."

And so he was.

BURDOCK  
BLOOD  
BITTERS

CURED A BAD ATTACK OF

## ECZEMA.

All skin diseases such as Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Rash, Boils, Pimples, and Itching Skin Eruptions, are always caused from the blood being in a bad condition, and it is impossible to eradicate them from the system unless you get your blood into good shape. This you can very easily do without the slightest trouble by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

It drives out all the humor from the blood, and makes it pure and rich, and not only are the unsightly diseases removed, and a bright clean complexion produced, but the entire system is renovated and invigorated at the same time. Mrs. G. A. Day, Somerville, N.B., writes:—"Last spring I had a bad attack of Eczema. I tried several patent medicines as well as the medicine of a physician, but they seemed to make the disease worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and I did so with the result that in two weeks time the sores began to disappear. I continued to take it until I had taken three bottles and they worked a complete cure."

## The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

— BY —

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

"Courier arrived in London this morning with important despatches from Berlin. It is officially announced that His Imperial Majesty will be present in the Hohenzollern during Cow's week, and that the Meteor will be entered for the principal race."

"Rather cryptic!" said Scott. "What does it mean, in plain English?" "It means," said Scarborough, "that His Imperial Majesty has thought it prudent to climb down, and that there is not going to be a European war after all."

He sat down at the table and sent on to its destination this message which seemed to speak only of sport, but which would cause many an anxious diplomat to sleep more easily that night than he had slept for a week. Then he turned to Scott.

"Our watch is over," he said. "I can hear Mason and Davitt coming to relieve us. You are going to the circus?"

"Yes. Let me book a seat for you?" "Yes, please; afternoon performance to-morrow, two seats."

"Two seats!" echoed Scott. "For yourself and—"

"Miss Page," said Scarborough, and Scott laughed shortly.

## CHAPTER II.

"I love him, and I have to lie to him still."

Two hours later Scarborough set out for the Chinelas, to play chess with Mr. Page as he had promised. As he walked he again thought of those two words in the cable message which had passed through his hands. Lovers are fanciful. Was it possible that they were not code words at all, but that the reference was to a real danger that was coming near to the girl whom he loved? Scarborough framed the question in his mind, and then laughed out loud at the absurdity of it. There could be no connection between Elsa Page and Val B. Montague, with his troupe of quarrelsome and probably tenth-rate stars. Of course the message was only code!

But when he was shown into the drawing-room of the Chinelas, and Elsa Page came forward to greet him, he saw at once, with the quickness to apprehension which love gives, that she was in trouble.

"I would have sent to tell you not to come," she said; "but I had no messenger."

"Is anything wrong?" "Father's gout is very painful to-night, and he doesn't feel equal to chess. He asked me to make his excuses for him."

"I'm sorry," said Scarborough. "But there's something more, isn't there?" "Something more?"

"You are in trouble? Something has happened?"

Elsa looked at him for a moment without speaking, and a hint of distress showed itself in her eyes; but she shook her head.

"No," she said steadily. "Nothing has happened."

Scarborough watched her as she took up a piece of fancy-work and fingered it aimlessly, and he knew that she was not speaking the truth. Yesterday when he had left her she had been happy and natural, and to-night he had meant to ask her to be his wife. But to-night she was different. There was a constraint in her manner, there had been almost a coldness in her greeting, and he no longer felt his yesterday's confidence in the answer which she would give him, if he said the words he had come to say. Between to-night and yesterday something had happened, though she denied it. And that something had spoiled the understanding, which had been between them.

He came a little nearer to her. "Elsa," he said gently.

She gave him a hurried look, and then he thought of fear; and then she covered her face with her hands.

She was not crying, but a shiver shook her, and then left her calm. She took her hands from her face, and raised her eyes to his with a grave look of questioning.

She was not one of those women whom men, at a first meeting, called handsome. Amongst a group of other girls, she might conceivably have been overlooked or unnoticed; and yet she was, in her own dainty way, beautiful. There was no luxury of coloring, but the delicately-modelled features were perfect; her figure was slight, but the curves of it were exquisitely proportioned. She had the daintiness of carved ivory. Hers was not the kind of beauty which compels instant attention; but it was the kind which wears well. In old age she would still be beautiful, when the merely handsome, or the merely pretty, would have faded to the merely commonplace.

"Elsa," said Scarborough again.

"I have not given you the right to call me that," she said.

"I came to-night to ask you to give me the right."

She covered her face again. "Don't, don't!" she cried.

He came closer to her, drew her hands away from her face and took one of them in his.

"Elsa, I love you."

"Don't!" she cried again.

"What's the use of saying 'don't,' when I do?" he asked, smiling; for she had not drawn her hand away.

"I mean, don't say it!"

"Not when it is the truth? Elsa, will you be my wife?"

The hand was drawn away now, slowly; but there was no hint of yielding in the voice, when she answered:

"No, Horace."

He let her hands fall, and stood for a moment without speaking. He did not plead with her. He knew that she was not one of the sort who say "yes" because they want to be persuaded to say "yes." And even had there been the least likelihood that pleading would make her change her mind, Horace Scarborough would not have pleaded. He was not of the kind who plead.

"You call me by my Christian name," he said presently. "You have never done that before. Why do you do it now?"

"May I not? You called me Elsa."

"I was asking for the right to do so always. You will not give me the right."

"I will—Horace," she said slowly.

He made as though he would go to her again, but checked himself. He did not understand her, but her refusal

of his offer had been definite. She must explain.

She came and put a hand upon his shoulder, looking up into his eyes.

"I will not have you for my husband," she said, "but I want you for my friend. So I want to be allowed to call you Horace, and I want you to call me Elsa. Other people call me Miss Page; but I should like to feel that to you I am Elsa—only Elsa—do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand!" he said bitterly. "You are giving me one of the privileges of a lover, and refusing all others. I understand all but your motive. If you were a flirt, I could understand that too; but you are not. You are not the girl who offers an inch, and means an ell to be taken. Why do you offer me the inch?"

She shivered slightly, for the resentment in his voice hurt her. After a brief pause, she said:

"Suppose it is because I hate to hear the name Miss Page on your lips! Suppose that every time I hear it I feel a rush of shame. Won't you spare me that? Wouldn't you be willing to take my inch?"

"Though I am never to have the ell?"

"Though probably—you are never to have the ell."

"Elsa," he cried, almost fiercely, "you say things which I find it hard to understand. You refuse me, and then qualify your refusal with a 'probably'; you say that you feel a rush of shame when I call you by your father's name, and you ask to be only Elsa to me. What does it all mean?"

"It means, Horace, that I want a friend," she answered simply.

"Are you in any trouble?" He thought of the cablegram, and added—"or danger?"

"I am in trouble. I don't think I am in danger."

He came to her and took her hand again.

"Forgive me," he said gently. "I'm a brute to bully you. I will ask no more questions. Tell me as much or as little as you like, but let me help you if I can."

A look of relief passed across her face, but immediately afterwards it vanished, and she shrank back from him. For a brief moment she seemed to struggle with herself. Then she looked into his eyes.

"On my conditions?" she asked gravely.

"On your conditions," he answered. She rose and went to the window. The night was dark, and she could see nothing, and the cold mist rolled in and made her shiver again. She turned suddenly to the young man.

"Will you take me to-morrow to see the circus which has come to Ponta Delgada?" she asked.

Scarborough thought again of the cablegram, and he feared for her—feared for the danger which she could not tell him of, but which seemed, in spite of her denial, to threaten vaguely but ominously.

"Why do you want to go?" he asked.

"You said you would ask me no more questions," she reminded him. "I can not tell you my reason."

"I beg your pardon. I forgot. Yes, I will take you. I have already booked two seats."

"Thank you," she said, and then added simply: "I must go back to father now. He is waiting for me."

Scarborough accepted the dismissal. She went with him to the door, and stood watching him as he rode away. She has said that she must return to her father, but instead she stood looking out into the night, and a great longing came upon her to call this young man back to her side, and bid him tell his love again. For she loved him. But for one thing, she, too, might have avowed her love, and not been ashamed. But there was something which he did not know of, a secret in her life, which made that impossible; and her heart cried out with a great bitterness against the fate which denied her thus the right to love.

Two years ago she had been a happy and careless child; then the cloud came suddenly, and darkened everything. She had come out to the islands with her father, who was, so the world said, a fugitive from English justice. But she believed then that the world was wrong.

She had landed in San Miguel, burning with a generous indignation at the injustice of men and full of enthusiasm for the fight which she and her father would win together. The cloud which had come over the brightness of her young life was black, but she believed that it would soon be dissipated. The truth would be known, and meanwhile exile in her father's company was no real hardship to a girl of seventeen.

But two years had passed, and the cloud showed no signs of lifting. Moreover her father, so far as she knew, had made no effort to escape from under its shadow, had been contented to live in the gloom, and seemed to have lost all longing for the light of day and truth.

(To Be Continued.)

THE CANADIAN BANK  
OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President  
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager JOHN AIRE, Asst. General Manager

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000

RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

## TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

FOR THE SUMS OF

\$10, \$20, \$50 or \$100

payable at their face value in the principal countries of the world, are sold for a small commission by all branches of the Bank.

Easily negotiated anywhere and self-identifying, they are almost indispensable to the traveller. The holder is protected in the event of loss of the cheques, as a separate letter of identification is issued with them. There is no safer or more convenient method of carrying money when travelling.

S43

G. W. HARRISON, MANAGER

FREDERICTON BRANCH

## EMMERSON CHAMPIONS

(Continued from Page 3.)

Nothing is said against their qualification, but other men are placed over their heads. It is true that Mr. Gutelius came into the service of the Intercolonial Railway stating that the Intercolonial Railway today is over-officed in its engineering staff and in other branches of the service. There are assistants here and assistants there and offices have been created which were never known before in connection with the operation of that railway and salaries beyond anything heretofore paid are now being paid to these importations from other railway systems. The men are complaining all over the road of this system and I think they are justified. It is to the injury of the country and to the injury of the railway. It pauperizes ambition and suppresses the natural aspirations of the employees and does incalculable injury to the railway itself. I shall not now go into the many details I have at hand in connection with the management of that road; I think I have demonstrated sufficiently the facts to justify me in moving, seconded by Mr. Macell, in amendment:

That all the words after the word "that" in the proposed motion be struck out and the following substituted therefor:

That the methods of the present management of the Intercolonial Railway are oppressive and unfair to the railway employees and to the public and detrimental to the business interests of the country and the railway; and that, in the opinion of this house the government is deserving of censure therefore.

## WED WITHOUT PUBLICITY

The Port Jefferson Echo, a weekly published at Port Jefferson, Long Island, has the following account of a local wedding, the parties to which desired no publicity:

## ROBINSON-HEDGES

Jarvis Robinson and Miss Grace Hedges, both of Port Jefferson station, were quietly married on Wednesday. No cards, some cake and nobody's business.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. \$5 a box, or three for \$10, at drug stores. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. THE SCOBELL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

PHOSPHONOL FOR MEN Restores Vitals for Nerve and Brain; increases "grey matter"; a Tonic—will build you up. \$3 a box, or two for \$5, at drug stores, or by mail on receipt of price. THE SCOBELL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario. Sold in Fredericton by A. J. Ryan.

## JOIT FOR THE ARTIST

Here is one that was told by General Fred J. Funston just previous to his departure for Mexico, when the conversation at a social affair turned to a high appreciation of art. One afternoon an artist was sitting in a meadow close to a highway painting a beautiful rural scene when a man in motor garb approached and looked at the picture.

"Say, old fellow," he finally remarked to the artist, "I will give you ten dollars for that picture."

"You flatter me greatly by your offer," was the pleased rejoinder of the artist, "but the painting is not quite finished."

"That doesn't make any difference," was the startling rejoinder of the motorist. "I merely want the canvas to mend a busted tire."

James Austin, infielder of the St. Louis American league baseball team 26 years old today.

## 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!"

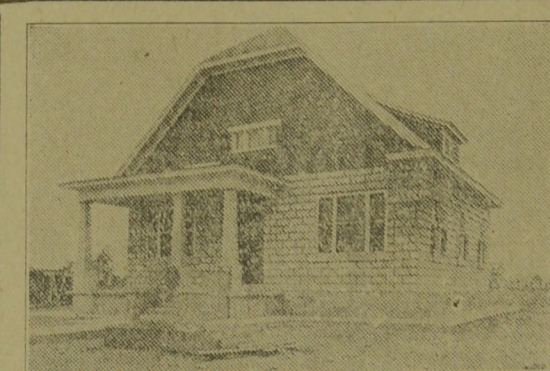
"The Gold Dust Twins," said she, "I find, help leave the woes of dust behind. Each mark of sticky hands on doors, each tread of muddy feet on floors, all fade before the slightest touch of Gold Dust, and the work is such that, when the woodwork has been done, I find said work was only fun." This line 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.



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



Concrete House Builders. Manufacturers of Cement Blocks for Houses, Cellars or Foundations. Cheaper than Stone or Lumber. Undredged Sand and Gravel free from Sawdust or Bark delivered or sold at Pit.

Wm. C. E. Rickard & Co., Gibson

Tel. 435-11.