

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three doses 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.)

CLASSIFIED

WE WILL PAY YOU \$120 to distribute religious literature in your community. Sixty days work. Experience not required. Man or woman. Opportunity for promotion. Spare time may be used.

International Bible Press, 182 Spadina Avenue, Toronto. 8 ins, every Wed. & Sat.

TRAGIC STORY OF THE EMPRESS OF IRELAND—Greatest disaster in Canadian History. Complete. Fully illustrated. Only \$1. Extraordinary opportunity. Best terms. Sample book free. Write today. Winston Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. 6th, 9th, 11th, 13th.

Notice of Meeting

IMPORTANT TO UNION MEN.

A special meeting of the Fredericton Labor Council will be held in Union Hall, Regent street, Tuesday evening, June 9, at 8.15 o'clock sharp. A full attendance is requested as very important business of interest to all union men is to be considered.

By order, SAMUEL MACKAY, Secretary.

Boarders Wanted

Boarders wanted, private house. Apply 75 Charlotte Street.

To Rent

House opposite the Gibson School. Apply to Mrs. A. E. Hanson, St. John Street. June 10th

Wanted

WANTED—A kitchen girl. Apply at WASHINGTON'S CAFE, York street.

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.

To Let

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.

Tenders Cement Street

TENDERS will be received at the office of the City Clerk, City Hall, Fredericton, N.B., until twelve o'clock noon on Friday next, June twelfth instant, for construction of cement pavement between Highway Bridge and present pavement on Carleton street. This work must be laid down in first class cement and corrugated as directed.

Further information on application at office above.

A. B. KITCHEN, June 4 Chairman Roads & Streets

BARN TO LEI

Apply at 863 George street. Good chance for horse and carriage. 3 ins

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.

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—Willis Bros. Grocers, Nashwaakia.

N. B. Telephone Co., Limited

S. B. EBBETT

Exchange Manager.

The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

—BY—
WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

In days to come your estimate of your father may change; you will hear things that will try your faith. But never believe that he did not love you. It is for your sake that I am daring danger to-day; it is for your sake that I hope for success, that I may return to you to be happy, for a little while longer in your love.

"It is time now that I was starting. I cannot write more. But again, darling, good-bye."

Elsa read this letter with tears streaming down her face. Whatever the man may have been in life, only a churl would deny that this message from him in death was pathetic. If he was a scoundrel, he had never been so to his daughter; and in his skillful dissembling of the revelations that must come after his death, there was a melancholy cleverness. He fought for the continuance of her love, and it was plain that while he pleaded he feared. At present Elsa saw only the pleading; it was not until later days that she recognized, with a sorrowing pity, that the fear was there too.

There was much in the letter that she did not understand. Her father plainly looked for death as the issue of his effort; but what sort of death? At the hands of the enemy whom he was going to meet?—murder? Then why that reference to the hardships of his youth, and the weak place they had left? For the first time she allowed herself to hope that her father's end had not been violent, after all. Sudden it must have been, but perhaps—

Her love carried her at once to the other extreme of speculation. Was her father not a victim, but a hero? He had made a great effort, and he said that he made it for her sake; she did not understand that, but he had written the words. Did he know that the effort would cost him his life?

She canvassed this thought, and it seemed to her that it was the truth. She found a certain comfort in it, and she took a dreary pleasure in carrying out the task which he had laid upon her. The safest place she knew. That was surely the Ring-Rock, round whose flanks she could now, through the fog, hear the water swirling.

She had the packet with her, sealed in a great stone jar. It was thin and flat, and had rolled easily into a shape that would pass through the jar's neck.

She took the boat in through the opening, and made for a spot on the east of the circle. There was a funnel-shaped fissure in the rock wall here, which even at low tide contained a fathom of black water. She had sounded it on the last occasion on which she had visited the Ring-Rock, and it was this funnel shaped fissure that she meant to use for her hiding-place. She had painted the jar black, so that it should not be visible against the basalt, and she had tied many loops of strong picture wire about its neck so that she could recover it by grappling when her mother came.

She brought her boat close to the rock wall, and was feeling with a boat-hook for the mouth of the fissure, when a sound from the outside struck her ears.

She was not alone. Voices of men close at hand came to her through the fog.

CHAPTER XI.**The Piling-Up of the Sea Horse**

Elsa drew back her boat-hook from the fissure, and stood up in the boat, listening with a strained intensity of concentration. She was quite sure that they were men's voices that she had heard; but were the men a long way off or close to her? She knew how deceptive is the nature of sound in a fog on the water. Probably some boat was passing in the distance.

She heard the voices again, and this time they seemed quite close. She could almost distinguish the actual words, and she could hear plainly that the language was English. The fog swept down upon her again in a thick blanket. She could not see three yards ahead. The thickening of the gloom was sudden, and probably only local.

Nerves Were So Bad**THOUGHT SHE WOULD****GO OUT OF HER MIND.**

Diseases of the nervous system are very common. All the organs of the body may be sound while the nerve centres may be affected.

Many women become run down and worn out by household cares and duties never ending, and sooner or later find themselves with the nerves shattered, and the heart action weakened.

On the first sign of any weakness of either the heart or nerves, flagging energy, or physical breakdown, do not wait until your case becomes hopeless.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will at once quieten the nerves, strengthen the heart and build up the entire system. Mrs. Archie Goodine, Tilley, N.B., writes: "When I was troubled with my heart two years ago, I was very bad. My nerves were so unstrung that sometimes I would almost go out of my mind. I doctored myself with everything I could get, until at last I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they have cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful remedy, and will recommend it to all sufferers."

Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

But while it lasted she was safe from observation.

She must finish her work before it lifted to betray her.

She lowered the stone jar into the fissure, and pushed her boat quickly away from the side. Hardly had she done so, when by some caprice of the air currents, the fog cleared away so completely, that from the middle of her little harbor, she could see the whole circle of the basalt walls. It was only a local clearing; in the gathering dusk of the evening she could see through the narrow entrance that the heavy billowing masses of whiteness were still twisting and heaving on the sea outside.

She put an oar in the stern-notch, and began sculling towards the entrance. A voice from close at hand rang sharply on her ears.

"Rocks dead ahead! Starboard!"

She heard the rumble of a wheel, and the sharp rattle of the rudder chains. A shadowy form loomed out of the vapors, and came slowly on towards the entrance. The next moment the bowsprit of a large vessel passed between the rock walls of the narrow opening; there was a grating noise, and a sharp jerk; the vessel heeled till her bulwark touched the basalt, shivered a moment, and swung back again the other way; the bell on her foremast tolled with the violence of the oscillation, and then, balanced on the fulcrum of the grounded forefoot, she settled down with long slow swings, like some giant metronome, or like the dead rolling of a dorelet in the trough.

There was a confusion and shouting on her deck, and Elsa thought that she saw a woman's form. The fog crept round again, and blotted out the view of the stranded vessel.

She sculled nearer, as quietly as she could. It did not seem that there was any immediate danger, the vessel apparently was not sinking, and as the sea outside was calm, her people would easily make the shore in their boats. She did not wish to be seen, so she waited until they were gone. But meanwhile she must know whether it was possible for her to get out at all. It was not possible. Under the light air the ship had taken ground slowly, but her weight had carried her right into the opening. There was not room on either side of her for a boat to pass out. Elsa was a prisoner.

She looked up at the name painted on the bows. It was almost dark now, but she could just make out the white letters. She nearly betrayed herself by a cry of dismay. The vessel was the Sea-Horse, the circus people's schooner.

She pushed back quickly, but a head appeared over the forward bulwark, and a woman's voice calling her told her that she had been seen.

"Boat ahoy! We want help. Bring your boat alongside."

It was Mona de la Mar.

Elsa drew back further into the fog. Her first impulse was to refuse help. Mona shouted again, and Elsa brought her boat alongside.

"Do you need help?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Are you filling?"

"No. I don't think so. But we're hard aground. If it comes on to blow we shall break up."

"You had better take to your boats."

"We haven't any boats, that's why we need yours. Can you come aboard if we let down a ladder?"

"Yes."

A rope ladder was thrown over the side. Elsa listened the end of it to the painter of her boat, and then waiting till the pendulum swing of the schooner brought the bulwarks to the lowest point, put her feet in a run, and took a firm hold with her hands. There was an almost motionless second between the down swing and the up, and then she was carried swiftly upwards. At the same time she was pressed hard against the schooner's side, and the cold iron took the skin off her knuckles. It was all she could do to hold on; she could not climb until once more the fall of the rope swung her outwards again. In the brief pause between the two movements she raised herself two rungs, but it was not until she had been hoisted and lowered eight times that she reached the bulwark level. Then two black arms grasped her and lifted her on the deck, and a soft voice murmured:

"All right, missy; now you're safe. You very brave lady."

"I didn't think you would manage it," said Mona de la Mar, who was standing close by. "Sambo is right. You are a very brave girl. But I don't suppose you need us to tell you that, and time is precious. May we use your boat?"

"Yes," said Elsa.

"I expect you wonder why we haven't one of our own. There's a simple explanation, but you can hear it by and bye. Meanwhile I daresay you'll trust us. We're honest, you know. We haven't stolen this ship."

Mona laughed as she said this, but Elsa answered gravely: "You may use my boat if you can get it out."

"Get it out? What do you mean?"

"You will have to get the boat out of the water, and launch it again over the stern. There is only one way into or out of the circle of the Ring-Rock, and your schooner is blocking it."

"Is this the Ring-Rock?"

"Yes. Didn't you know?"

"Hadm't a notion," said Mona lightly. "I can't mark it on the chart, but I thought we were a good five miles from it. Val B. will say nasty things about my navigation when he hears. I'm his pupil in that subject, you see!"

She laughed softly again, and then with a quick movement, came closer to Elsa, and peered into her face.

(To Be Continued.)

OVERWORK AND WORRY**A Fruitful Source of Broken Down Constitutions**

A little worry does a great deal of harm. Overwork and worry gives rise to headaches, nervousness, sleeplessness weak back, lack of interest in your work, ingestion and sometimes a complete breakdown of the nervous system, leading to paralysis. If these are your symptoms you need a tonic. And the only way to tone up the nerves is through the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a direct nerve tonic because they make new rich red blood, which feeds the nerves and strengthens every organ in the body. Under the tonic influence of these Pills nervousness and all the other evils of worry and overwork quickly disappear. They restore the digestion and enable the body to take full advantage from the food eaten.

Mrs. J. C. Chapman, Omamee, Ont. says: "I became completely rundown and my nervous system shattered from overwork and worry. I always felt tired and exhausted and slept badly at night. I tried several medicines but did not find the hoped for relief. Then I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took them regularly for several months and they restored me to perfect health, and I have since been well and strong. I can recommend these Pills to any afflicted with nervousness or a broken constitution as I feel sure they will effect a cure."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Norman Tallman will take Lady Watts, 2:15 and two others from Readville to Combination.

Frank L. Robbins is at Combination with Peach Blossom, 2:19 by Constantine; Norman Axworthy, a 3-year-old by Axworthy, out of Margaret Kenney, by Prodigal, and Baroness Cochato, a 2-year-old by Cochato, dam Gloria Wilkes, by Baron Wilkes.

Justin Edwards announces the following late closing events for Framingham's Bay State Circuit meet; 2:20 and 2:20 trotting, 2:10 and 2:18 pacing, 2-year-old trot and 3-year-old trot. The colt races will be sweepstakes with \$50 added.

**Wood's Phosphorine,**

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures nervous debility, mental and brain worry, despondency, 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.)

CLEARANCE SALE

Throughout the Store for
Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

LADIES GREEN AND CERISE UNDERSKIRTS, Special at \$1.19 each. LADIES BLOUSES in crepe and voile, Special at \$1.19 each. LADIES WHITE CORSET COVERS, Special at 19c. each. LADIES HOUSE DRESSES, special at \$1.05 each. LADIES CLOTH DRESSES at clearing prices. LADIES CLOTH SKIRTS, latest styles clearing at \$4.79 each. CURTAIN MUSLINS AT 10c per yard. AWNING STRIPES, best quality at 25c per yard. CAMBRICS, GINGHAMS AND PRINTS clearing at 10c per yard. WHITE VOILES, special at 15c per yard. LADIES KID GLOVES in tan, black and white all sizes special at 59c a pair. CHILDREN'S HAIR RIBBON in all colors 4 in. wide, 15c yard or 2 for 25c. NECKWEAR, slightly soiled, special at 19c. LADIES CORSETS long hips medium bust special at 50c pair. LADIES UNDERVESTS with low neck with or without sleeves, 15c or 2 for 25c LADIES AND CHILDREN'S COTTON HOSE in black and tan sizes 7 to 10, 15c a pair, or 2 for 25c LADIES SILE BOOT HOSE in black, tan and white, Special at 25c a pair. CHILDREN'S SHORT SOCKS, 15c a pair or 2 pairs for 25c. BOYS' HEAVY RIBBED COTTON HOSE, holeproof, all sizes, 25c a pair.

A. MURRAY & CO.**FOR OPTIMISTS ONLY.**

Senator Lodge, apropos of Mexico, said at a tea in Washington:

"Let us undertake our task down there with optimism. We will succeed as we succeeded in Cuba."

"Optimism is needed in this task as much as—as much as—. Well, it's a little story."

"A man asked a publisher for work."

"Humph, it's the spring season," said the publisher, "and I can give you some provided you're an optimist."

"The literary trend is rather toward pessimism," said the applicant, doubtfully. "Look at the Russians."

"I know, but you must be an optimist for this job," said the publisher; "it's a spring seed catalogue I'm getting up."

SOCIABLE SCENERY.

The new summer boarder gazed over the picturesque New Hampshire landscape then slowly fading out of sight and noted the absence of houses.

"It's beautiful! Grand!" said he to the boss farmer, who was standing close by. "But aren't you lonesome—so far from the village and no neighbors?"

"Lonesome?" echoed the farmer, in genuine astonishment. "Why, on a clear day we can see Mt. Washington!"

DR. DeVAN'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 SCORRELL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

PHOSPHONOL FOR MEN Restores Vm and Vitality; 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 SCORRELL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario. Sold in Fredericton by A. J. Ryan.

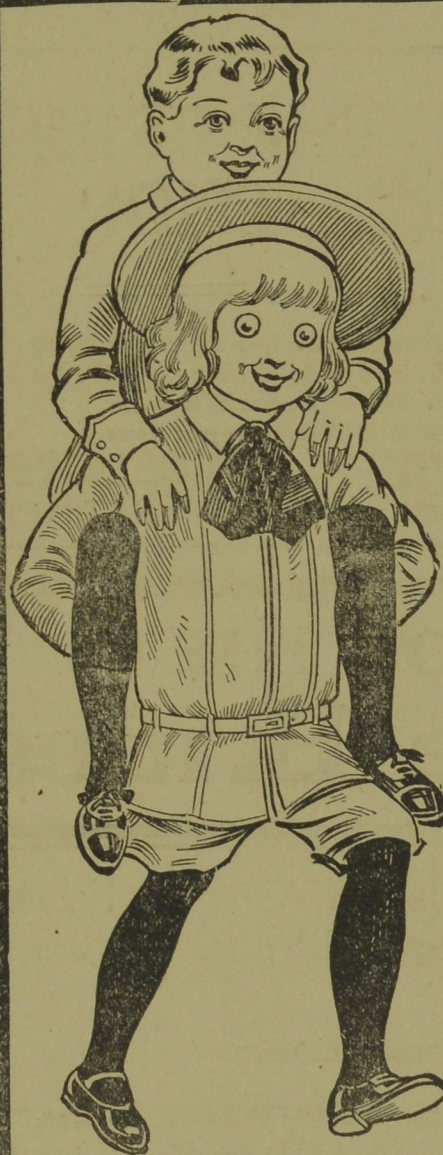
Come Little Verselet

Come, little verselet, come
With nimbleness and grace,
Come, little rhymelets, come.
And grab a little space—
The stage is set for you,
The bard hath sweat for you,
The form is still intact:
Come, little verselet, come;
Don't crab my act.

What, little verslet, what?—
You that were once so bold—
What, little rhymelets, what?
You're going to cut me cold!
You've grown a little bolder
And hand me the cold shoulder
And sign me for the shelf?
All right, little wheeze, all right—
I'll do't myself.

Buster Brown Helps Mothers!

Buster Brown stockings are a real first aid to busy mothers. Buster Brown defies the boys to rub holes into these stockings, by making them of the strongest, long-fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with a three-ply heel and toe, and double leg. Buy Buster Brown Stockings for your boys and save hours and hours of darning.

**BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS**

Your dealer can supply you with Buster Brown Stockings for your boys. Colors—Black and Leather Shade Tan. Cost no more than the stockings that "rub right into holes."

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

Hamilton :: :: Ontario

MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONT.

Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children

**Girls, Too—**

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed. Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.