

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Wanted

A maid for general housework. Small family. No washing. Telephone 560-11 or apply in the evening to MRS. MEDLEY BRIDGES 737 George Street.

May 6.

Board Wanted

Those who could accommodate on or more ladies during the Convention of the Women's Institutes, May 26, to 28 inclusive, kindly notify Miss Hazel E. Winter at once at the Department of Agriculture, Phone 460. April 30th-Sins.

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.—tl.

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

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569-11—Perley, Capt. Edward O. res. 227 Brunswick St.

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504—Shiels, Ernest W., res. 278 Westmorland St.

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Residence 180 Smyth St.

Wanted

A few more boarders can be accommodated at 527 York street. May 11. MRS. J. J. CHARTERS

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—Two double tenement houses on George street, freehold, modern conveniences, electric light and flush closet, monthly rent \$32, large garden with each house lot, 66 x 171. If not sold before Monday, the 11th, the property will be offered for sale at Public Auction on that date at 11 o'clock in the forenoon in front of the County Court House. For terms and other information apply to

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FOR SALE—Gasoline semi-speed boat, 40 feet long, 7 feet beam, 40 horse-power, Murray & Tregurtha engine. Good as new. Speed 18 to 20 miles an hour. Apply to

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"Yes; he wasn't able to get any kind of work."

Cause For Joy

Bobby and Dick, like most small boys, do not fully appreciate the joys of ablution.

The other morning they went into the bathroom for their morning dip. A moment later, mother heard a hoarse shout of smothered delight.

"Hooray, Dick! The taps are frozen!"

The Rising Generation

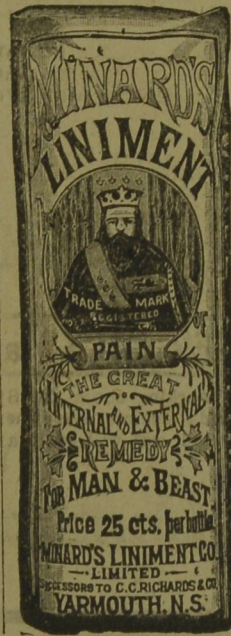
Master Willie, aged eight, has rather a high idea of his own importance.

A tradesman rang the bell at the house one day, and Willie answered it.

"Is Mr. Budd in?" said the man.

"I'm Mr. Budd," said Willie; "or do you want to see old Mr. Budd?"

St. Peter will swing the gate wide open for the man who has lived up to his wife's expectations!



The Original and Only Genuine

Beware Of Imitations Sold on the Merits of Minard's Liniment

THE PRICE OF SILENCE

—BY— Mark Darran

Chapter I.

The Strange Cry—The Mystery of a Barred Room—Who Did It

Sir John Hansard's house in Berkeley Square was the one patch of light that really broke through the dense fog. True, from the windows of other houses lights shone, but they had not the brilliancy of those in Sir John Hansard's. As a matter of fact, the awning that stretched from the door to the kerb, and the line of carriages and motors that had been arriving for an hour back, showed that an entertainment was in progress there.

It was not a nice night for the ball that was being held in celebration of Jack Hansard's return to England after spending some years abroad. All ways of a roving nature, the restraint of London had always been irksome to him, and it was only now that his father was getting on in years that he had consented to return and take his place in society.

With him had arrived a collection of curios large enough to stock a small museum.

In the ball-room that Sir John had built out at the back of the house, dancing was already in progress, though the majority of the guests were content to lounge about and talk when they could make themselves heard above the strains of the string band.

Sir John, a stately old man, was standing near the doorway, and from time to time he glanced towards the staircase, a little frown showing between his eyes.

"And where is the hero of the evening, Sir John?" an elderly lady inquired as she entered.

"Probably smoking in his own room, Lady Sellars," Sir John answered, with a gesture of despair. "I am afraid that this sort of thing does not amuse him, and he even threatened that he would go out, and—"

"Oh, I was not talking of Jack," Lady Sellars interrupted, "but of London's new lion—Prince Rani Singra, rajah of somewhere or other. He is staying here, isn't he?"

"Yes," Sir John admitted; and somehow the expression of his face did not show any great pleasure at the fact. "Jack met him abroad somewhere, and so asked him here."

A tall man, wearing a diplomat's order, paused for a moment as he was about to pass.

"Is the prince here?" he asked, with a carelessness that appeared to be a trifle overdone.

"Yes," Sir John answered. "I expect he will be down shortly, but he has been taking a meal in his own room—custom of the race, you know, not to eat with white men. Do you know him?"

The diplomat's hands went up in a curious little gesture.

"I have that pleasure," he answered slowly, and moved on.

"This is really getting quite exciting, Sir John," Lady Sellars said, with a laugh. "Do the prince's attendants do conjuring tricks or anything—you know what I mean? Mango trees growing out of a little heap of mud, and telling fortunes?"

Sir John frowned, his eyes still on the staircase.

"It has been quite the rage for the prince to tell fortunes," he answered; "but I absolutely refuse to have that sort of nonsense in my house. I consider it harmful."

The orchestra broke out into a dreamy waltz, but above its strains rang out a cry that stopped the dancers as if they had suddenly been turned to stone. The faces of the women went white, and the men glanced round nervously.

A second time it rang out, a shriek of absolute terror, then broke off as if it had been choked back.

Mechanically the orchestra had stopped playing.

"It came from upstairs," Lady Sellars said, in a shaking voice. "It sounded like—murder!"

Sir John, despite his years, squared his great shoulders and stepped out into the hall. As he did so, a white-faced footman came hurrying down the broad staircase.

"The prince's room!" he gasped.

Followed by a dozen or more of the men guests, Sir John hurried upstairs and along the corridor leading to the rooms occupied by Prince Rani Singra. Who the latter was the fashionable world of London would have found it hard to say. Somehow or other he had suddenly appeared in their midst, and probably no one had ever tried to fathom the mystery.

Everything was quiet now, as Sir John made straight for the door that gave entrance to the prince's rooms. He gripped the handle, but only to find that the door was locked.

"Is anything wrong?" he cried hoarsely.

No answer, and the guests looked meaningfully at each other. It was George Bigham, the diplomat, who broke the silence.

"The cry may not have come from here," he said.

Sir John looked dazed, passing a shaking hand across his face.

"I think I had better send for the police," he said huskily.

"Why not break the door in first?" a quiet voice suggested. "There may not be very much the matter."

The man who spoke was a tall young fellow of twenty-five, his face tanned by ranch exposure, his figure lithe but well developed by exercise. This was Jack Hansard, Sir John's son.

"Jack is right," the diplomat agreed quickly. "The police are so fond of making a fuss about things."

As if at a signal, the guests drew

back, and Jack Hansard flung himself boldly at the door. It was stout, however, and flung him back. His second attempt proved more successful, the door creaking ominously, and a kick at the lock finished the work.

Hesitating, yet anxious to see what lay inside, the men crowded forward, and more than one caught his breath in sharply as something met his gaze.

The room was brilliantly lighted showing the costly furniture and the few Oriental nicknacks that Prince Rani Singra had added to the decorations.

Ay, and it showed more than that, for it revealed an overturned chair, and, by the window, a figure, clad in an Indian gown, that lay terribly still. "Dead!" a man whispered in awe-struck tones.

Jack Hansard pushed his way forward, a look of determination on his face.

"It may not be as bad as that," he said quietly, and knelt beside the figure.

It lay curiously close to the window, huddled right up against the wall, as if it had been trying to escape from something in the room.

After a moment's hesitation, Jack Hansard turned the prince over on his back and felt for his heart.

"He is alive," he announced in tones of evident relief. "It must be a seizure of some kind. Isn't Dr. Mellor one of the guests here to-night?"

"Yes, I'll fetch him," the diplomat answered.

The group of white-faced guests stood looking down at the still form of the Indian prince. He was a handsome man, his face clean-shaven save for a slight moustache, but just now it was positively repellant to look upon. The jaw was slightly dropped and the face, though rigid, held a terrible expression of fear. A man of forty or more, with lines here and there in his face that suggested trouble at some time or another.

A little man, possessed of a very big manner, came quickly into the room, and without comment knelt beside the rigid figure. In quick, professional manner he made his examination.

"Shock," he said, with decision.

"Are the consequences likely to be serious?" Sir John asked anxiously.

Dr. Mellor shook his head non-committally.

"It is impossible to say," he answered. "It would be well to put him to bed at once." He started to loosen the robe from the prince's throat, and as he did so a sharp cry broke from him. "Foul play!" he gasped, and pointed to the man's neck.

Round it was a thin, red line, rich as might have been made by a rope.

"Impossible!" Sir John put in sharply. There was no one in the room and the door was locked on the inside.

"There is the window," Dr. Mellor persisted, frowning at the idea that he could be wrong.

Sir John crossed to the window drew the blind up, and revealed the fact that there were steel bars across it.

"I had that done after we were burgled last year," he announced. "No one could possibly enter or escape that way."

The guests looked at one another in astonishment, or else stared down at the red mark round the prince's throat.

"It may be old," Jack Hansard suggested.

"It is not," the doctor answered doggedly.

Jack Hansard shrugged his shoulders, and looked around the room.

"Then who did it?" he inquired, "if the door was locked on the inside, and to enter or leave by the window is impossible?"

The prince's two Indian servants had entered the room, and they stood staring with frightened eyes at the body of their master.

"Put him to bed," Dr. Mellor ordered, and Prince Rani Singra was carried across the corridor into the bed-room opposite.

Sir John wiped the perspiration from his face and his hand was shaking badly.

"I shall be obliged if all of you will go down stairs," he said huskily, "and tell the others that there is really nothing serious the matter. Will you please stop, Bigham, and you, Jack?"

In a few seconds the three men were left alone, and of the three it was only Jack Hansard who did not appear to be nervous or shaken. But then, his life had been an adventurous one, sometimes held in the hollow of his hand.

"I must send for the police," Sir John said slowly. "There can be no doubt that Mellor is right—there has been foul play. Yet I hate the idea of publicity—some of the mud always sticks to the wrong people."

Bigham crossed the upturned ends of his white moustache and looked thoughtful.

"Why not send for John Smith?" he suggested.

"John Smith?" Sir John echoed blankly.

"Of Daring & Co.," the diplomat explained. "The firm that has the reputation of never having failed in anything it has undertaken. As a matter of fact, it is one man only—John Smith himself."

An eager look came into Sir John Hansard's eyes.

"Is he the sort of man to trust," he asked quickly—"who can keep a secret?"

George Bigham shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of a man who objects to answering foolish questions.

"When I tell you that he has been employed by most of the Courts of Europe, including our own, is that enough?" he answered. "I know him personally, and will telephone to him, if you like. I am certain that he will come if he is at home."

"It will be a favor," Sir John agreed; and the diplomat hurried from the room.

Jack Hansard stroked his moustache and smiled slightly.

"I fancy that even John Smith has found a mystery too deep for him at last," he remarked.

"I trust not, Jack," the old man answered. "It is terrible that such a thing should happen in my house—terrible! Why, violence to such a man might even cause trouble with India!"

(To Be Continued.)

ONE MORE WOMAN SPEAKS RIGHT OUT

She Tells How She Found New Health

MRS. McARTHUR GIVES DODD'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS AND DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ALL THE CREDIT FOR HER CURE.

Rockaway Valley, Que., May 11—(Special)—Mrs. Robert McArthur, well known and highly respected here has joined the great army of Canadian women who are shouting the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"Last autumn I had a severe attack of Dyspepsia, which left me very nervous and ill," Mrs. McArthur says. "I tried several kinds of medicine and derived no benefit from them till one evening I happened to read one of Dodd's advertisements and decided to try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and Dodd's Kidney Pills. The result was that my nervousness vanished and I can now enjoy my meals."

"My daughter also used two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and found them very beneficial."

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If you keep your stomach right with Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and your Kidneys in order with Dodd's Kidney Pills, you can laugh at the ills that make the lives of so many women a burden to them.

BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS

William Alden Smith, United States senator from Michigan, fifty-five years old today.

Sir William G. Falconbridge, chief justice of Ontario, sixty-eight years old today.

Rev. Richard Scannell, Catholic bishop of Omaha, sixty-nine years old today.

Robert L. Henry, representative in Congress of the Eleventh Texas District, fifty years old today.

Lafayette N. Cross, for many years one of the most prominent of professional baseball players, forty-seven years old today.

PERSISTENCY IN ADVERTISING

One stroke of a bell in a thick fog does not give a lasting impression of its location, but when followed by repeated strokes at regular intervals the densest fog, the darkest night can not long conceal its whereabouts. Likewise a single insertion of an advertisement—as compared with regular and systematic ADVERTISING—is in its effect not unlike a sound which, heard but faintly once is lost in space and soon forgot—

Printing Art.
TRY AN ADVERTISEMENT IN
THE DAILY MAIL
If your Stock of Stationery is getting low Telephone
THE MAIL PRINTERY

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SAY DUSTBANE

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