

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Beulah Camp Meeting Notice to Water Consumers

Evangelist A. C. Zepp, of Indiana will be the chief speaker, assisted by twenty-five ministers and many lay workers. While this meeting is conducted by the Reformed Baptists it is practically interdenominational. Furnished rooms at 40, 50, 75 cents and \$1.00 per day. Board \$3.50 per week. Beulah is the best equipped camp ground on the continent. For further particulars telephone or write REV. S. A. BAKER, Fredericton, N. B.

MAGIC TRICK CARDS.—Great French Trick Cards 10 cts; Diminishing Card, 10 cts; Changeable Card, 10 cts. Set for 25 cts.
F. A. STONE, Box 518
Fredericton, N. B.

Money to Loan at 3 percent

To build or buy houses and farms, etc.
To pay off 6, 6 and 8 per cent. mortgages.
To improve property and make it more valuable.
To start in business.
To make an investment.
Our protection is first mortgage on what you purchase with the money we loan you.
If you have a house and lot or farm for sale or want to buy one, I will buy or sell it for you. Call or address,
W. TYING LITTLE, Mgr.,
Representing
The National Mercantile Co., Ltd.,
97 York Street, City.

For Sale

FOR SALE—A pleasantly situated house with barn, on Aberdeen street, between York and Westmorland streets. For particulars, apply to
E. H. ALLEN,
Auctioneer & Sales Agent.
Mon., Wed. & Fri.

New Subscribers

472-41—Brown, George W., Res., 838 George St.
127-31—Davidson, Alex. Grocer, 100 Carlton St.
308-32—Fulton, Thos., Res., 618 Brunswick St.
2200-82—Richards, T. M., Res., Island View.
133-21—Rifle Range, Jas S. Voyer, St. Mary's.
450-11—Tracy, C. I., Res., 193 Church St.
558-42—Wilson, Miss Grace, Res., 205 Brunswick St.

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S. B. EBBETT

Exchange Manager.

IN THE PROBATE COURT, COUNTY OF YORK.

L. S.
TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF YORK OR ANY CONSTABLE WITHIN THE SAID COUNTY, GREETING:

WHEREAS, Albert F. Smith, administrator of the estate and effects of William H. Smith, late of the Parish of Prince William in the County of York, farmer, deceased, has filed in this court, his account of the administration and effects which were of the said deceased, and has prayed that the said account may be passed and allowed according to law and that all proper orders may be made and citations issued:

YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED to cite the said Albert F. Smith, administrator, and the next of kin, creditors and all others interested in the said Estate and Effects to appear before me, at a Court of Probate for the County of York, to be held at the office of the Judge of Probate for the County of York in the City of Fredericton, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of July next, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to attend the passing and allowing of the said account and the making of such Orders as may be required on the passing of said account and the distribution of the Estate as prayed for.
(Sgd.) FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Judge of Probate in and for the County of York.
(Sgd.) R. B. HANSON,
Registrar of Probates in and for the County of York.
GREGORY & WINSLOW,
Proctors.

PLEASE PAY UP
Subscribers in arrears to The Semi-Weekly Mail will confer a favor by remitting of their indebtedness without delay. We are contemplating improvements to our plant and need the money. Remit by postal note or registered letter to The Mail, Fredericton, N. B.

Notice to Water Consumers

Water Consumers are hereby again notified that the water rates are now due and payable at the Water Office, City Hall, before June 30th, in order to take advantage of the discount.

G. R. PERKINS,
Collector Water Rates.

To Rent

TO RENT—Miss Dunlap's grocery store, corner Northumberland and Brunswick streets. Possession given immediately. Apply to

MISS EFFIE TORRENS,
527 King Street.
Tues., Thurs., Sat.

IN THE PROBATE COURT, COUNTY OF YORK.

L. S.
TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF YORK OR ANY CONSTABLE WITHIN THE SAID COUNTY, GREETING:

WHEREAS, Albert F. Smith, administrator of the estate and effects of Josephine Smith, late of the Parish of Prince William in the County of York, widow deceased, has filed in this court, his account of the administration and the next of kin, of the said deceased, and has prayed that the said account may be passed and allowed according to law and that all proper orders may be made and citations issued:

YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED to cite the said Albert F. Smith, administrator, and the next of kin, creditors and all others interested in the said Estate and Effects to appear before me, at a Court of Probate for the County of York, to be held at the office of the Judge of Probate for the County of York in the City of Fredericton, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of July next, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to attend the passing and allowing of the said account and the making of such Orders as may be required on the passing of said account and the distribution of the Estate as prayed for.
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Registrar of Probates in and for the County of York.
GREGORY & WINSLOW,
Proctors.

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. Rowley-Queen Street Opposite Mail Office

BRITAIN IS SHORT

(Continued from page six.)

hopper Club, Zurich; Ruder Verein, Mayence.

Diamond Challenge Sculls:—Robert Dibble, Don Rowing Club, Toronto; James Bayer, Union Boat Club, Boston; William Tudor Gardiner, Union Boat Club, Boston; Paul Withington Union Boat Club, Boston; Giuseppe Skidagalla, Lario Club, Como, Italy.

When "Uncle Cy" Young was in the big show he was credited with saying that he would retire before he would go to the minors. But evidently Cy has changed his mind for 'tis said he has joined a "bush" team.

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.)

The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

—BY—

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

and if ye didna like that, there's the bitter mixture. It's what the folks hereabouts breakfast on as a general thing, and if ye're the American tourist I take ye for, ye'll be wanting to taste it. They all do, but there's not many of them can take a second helping."

"What's the bitter mixture?" asked Scarborough.

"Oh, just half a loaf o' maize bread, biled up wi' lard, garlic, onions, vinegar, whole peppers and saffron. Will I get you a plateful?"

"No, thank you," said Scarborough with decision. "I'm not an American tourist, you see, so I haven't the curiosity or the courage to try it. I'm a plain Britisher, hungry, and looking to a fellow Britisher to give him a better meal than that. By the way, you have had a countryman of yours staying in your inn lately, haven't you?"

"The Scotchman who's exploring the countryside on a donkey, and thinks that folks will take him for a native? Yes, he's been here; but who told you that he was a fellow countryman o' mine?"

"Well, you are Scotch too, aren't you?"

"I was born in Fraser's Wynd in the High Street o' Edinburgh," said the woman proudly. "But I'm thinking I hadn't told you that, and it's no likely you would be able to guess it from my tongue. What's it to be? Salt cod and beans, or will it be yams and a red sausage?"

"You gave the Scotchman something better than any of these, didn't you?" asked Scarborough.

"Oh, him! He was a pernickety body, and gave me a lot o' trouble getting things for him. I couldn't please him with anything, until I put an eel from the Hot River before him. He liked that."

"I like eels too," said Scarborough, "and I have been told that the worm mud of the Ribeira Quente breeds the best in the world."

"Ay, but I havena one in the house. Not but what there might be one, or even two, in the eel baskets; but my goldman hasn't been down to the river yet to see."

In the end Scarborough breakfasted on bread and wine, but when the landlady learned that three ladies were coming, she promised to have a proper meal, including fried eels from the Hot River, ready for the whole party in an hour. Scarborough drew her out on the subject of the likes and dislikes of the Scotchman, for he saw that Gillies had been giving trouble over his meals here, as he did at the ven a in Ponta Delgada, and that the woman had resented this. He did not find it necessary to ask her questions about Gillies' movements during the time that he stayed in her house; she had a grievance, and was voluble about it, and Scarborough let her rattle on while he munched his breakfast.

However, beyond the fact that Gillies had not been seen in the district since yesterday morning, he learned little. The woman knew nothing of how he spent his time when he was there, except he was often seen near the edge of the lake, fishing in the water with a net at the end of a pole. He never caught anything, she explained scornfully, and wasn't likely to, by that senseless way of fishing. When she showed signs of becoming autobiographical, and had started to explain how it came about that she, a respectable Edinburgh woman with a Free Kirk upbringing, was now the wife of a Portuguese innkeeper, Scarborough discovered hurriedly that he had finished his meal, and must go. Her history might possibly be interesting, but he did not wait to hear it. Other things of greater importance filled his thoughts just now.

He returned to where he had left Varney under the maize-cobs.

"Gillies goes fishing at the edge of the lake with a net at the end of a long pole," said he. "What does that mean, Phil?"

"That the diamonds are hidden in the water," said Varney promptly.

"But he has given up the occupation since yesterday morning. Got an interpretation of that?"

"Yes. Either he has found them and is off—or he hasn't, and is fishing somewhere else."

"In either case we are wasting time by staying here."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Varney calmly. "But we must wait for the girls anyway. What have you discovered?"

Scarborough told him what the Scotchwoman had said.

"Then I tell you what," said Varney. "When the girls come, we'll have that meal you've ordered for us, and then we'll ride back to the Casa Davis to hear how the photographic experiment has turned out. We can't go chasing Gillies aimlessly about the island of San Miguel, because we don't know which way he's gone; but if Davis has managed to interpret the message on the scratched stone, we shall have something to guide us. If the stone tells us where to go, we'll go there, and I hope we won't find that Gillies is before us."

"Why should he be? He doesn't know about the stone."

"No, but maybe the stolen plan wasn't quite so indefinite as Mrs. Carrington says it was. It is since he has had it in his possession that he has ceased to work here. We shall have to give up the happy day of hunting in couples that we had arranged. That's the pity," he added ruefully.

"You can ride with Muriel," said Scarborough laughing. "You've earned it. I'll look after the other two."

"Thanks, old man," said Varney, brightening at once. "I'll take ye at that!"

Half an hour later the girls arrived, and when they heard what Scarborough had learned at the inn, they agreed that Varney's proposal was the right one. However, when they were on the point of remounting their machines to ride back to Casa Davis, Mona, pointed with an exclamation to a figure that was limping down the hill towards them.

"It's Val B.!" she cried. "Then what has become of Mrs. Carrington?"

"I think he's hurt," said Scarborough, anxiously. "I'll ride on and meet him."

He brought the circus man back to the group by the door of the inn, and after a long draught of wine, Val B.

Montague opened his mouth to explain.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you see before you a cocksure fool who has been taken down a peg. I dictated a letter of introduction last night, did I?—in which I got our friend here to say that Our Mr. Montague was a man in whose ability he had entire faith! Mr. Scarborough, sir, I was a fool. I also stated, I believe, that it was going to be my picnic. 'Tisn't my pie at all, as it turns out. It's the widow's."

He paused and took another long drink.

"She has given you the slip?" asked Mona.

"Where is she?" asked Scarborough.

Montague looked from one to the other.

"No," he said. "She did not give me the slip. She merely rode away from me on my own donkey, and I dare to disobey her. Where is she? I don't know. The only thing I am absolutely sure of is that Our Mr. Montague, of Val B. Montague's American Circus Combination, has been made a complete fool of, and that by a woman whom he thought all the time that he was himself fooling. Anybody like to kick me?"

"Tell us what has happened," said Elsa.

"This!" he answered. "Your mother and the scoundrel Gillies have joined forces; and, the man in whose ability Mr. Scarborough expressed entire confidence, allowed them to do it."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Widow Makes the Pie

"Mrs. Carrington and Gillies have joined forces!" Scarborough repeated with dismay, and the others echoed his exclamation of astonishment.

"That was what I said, sir," responded Montague. "And it struck me, from what I saw of the pair of them, that it will be a strong coalition. More fool I for letting it come about! Guess you're sorry you enlisted me as a recruit, aren't you?"

"Are you hurt?" asked Mona anxiously.

"Twisted my ankle on a stone, and got a large blister on my heel. That's all. I'm a poor walker, and walk wasn't part of my plan for the day. The widow arranged that too, and didn't consult me about my preferences."

"Give us the tale, Montague, we'll condole with you afterwards," said Varney.

"The tale, sir, is one that I am ashamed of," said Montague; "but suppose you've got to know it. After Mr. Scarborough had started the morning, without waiting for breakfast, as he is young enough and foolish enough to be imprudent in the matters, I made a good breakfast and then started myself. When I reached the Camelas I found it would have been better if I had hurried, for the widow had already gone into the town of Ribeira Grande. I had let her go ahead of me at the start, you see."

However, I followed at once, and found her at the livery stables, bargaining for a carriage to take her to Las Furnas. I presented my letter of introduction, and, as Mr. Scott and Mr. Scarborough warned me last night would be the case, she laughed at me. However, I didn't mind that; in fact I had counted upon her doing so, and should have been put out if she hadn't. I improved the opportunity of her laughter to make a quip and possibly outrageous remark or two, and thereby succeeded in amusing her further. She saw that I was a man of some originality of thought, and she was piqued into answering me in my own vein. I at last again was what I wanted. We indulged in a regular duel of badinage in that stable yard, and if a third party had been there to listen, I think he would have agreed with my opinion, that in the clash of wit against wit, we both emitted some quite brilliant sparks of fancy. The result was what I had foreseen; the widow was pleased with herself, and began to think that, an hour or two spent in my company would be interesting and stimulating. I worked hard to keep that impression alive in her mind, until I had got her to agree to what I wanted; and I succeeded—as I had of course thought I should—in doing so.

"She accepted my offer to be her cicerone, and she even adopted my suggestion that we should go, not in a carriage, but on donkeys. I pointed out that the carriage road made a long sweep round, whereas on donkeys we could take a short cut across the hills which I knew of. Moreover, the San Miguel donkeys are good, and are the favorite instruments of travel in these parts; and when one is in Rome—it was not necessary to argue further; she saw the advantage of my proposal, and I think there was a certain quaintness in the idea which pleased her. I ordered the donkeys, and I had a private word with their owner first."

BIG SALE of SMALLWARES at A. MURRAY & CO'S.

CONTINUES ALL THIS WEEK, with several new lines added. This is an opportunity of getting Double Value for your Money. DONT MISS IT.

Silk Gloves in black and white. Short, 3-4, and 7-8 length, at 50c, \$1.00, \$1.25 \$1.35.

Lisle Gloves in black and white. Short, 3-4, and 7-8 length, at 25c, 50c and 65c.

New Wash Crepes, at 15c per yard.

Children's Wash Dresses 50c up to \$2.25.

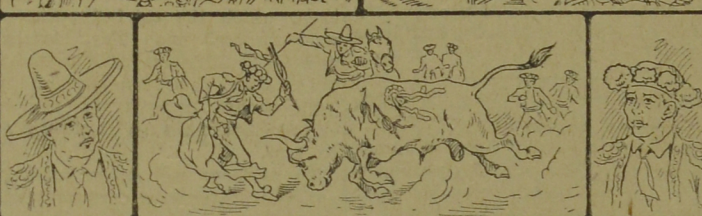
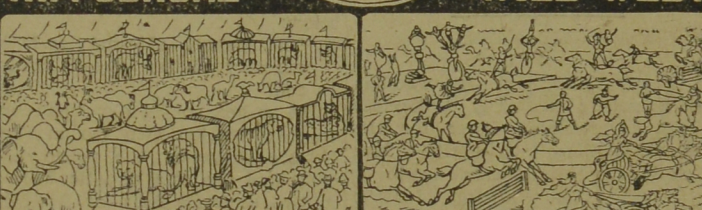
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THE WORLD'S BEST CIRCUS



FREDERICTON --- QUEEN SQUARE
SATURDAY, JUNE 27th.

The Only CIRCUS in F'ton this Season.

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY SPECIALS

6 pkts Surprise Soap	3 cans Parrot Metal Polish
3 pkgs Quaker Corn Meal	7 lbs Rolled Oats
3 pkgs Linen Envelopes	2 bots Morton's Marmalade
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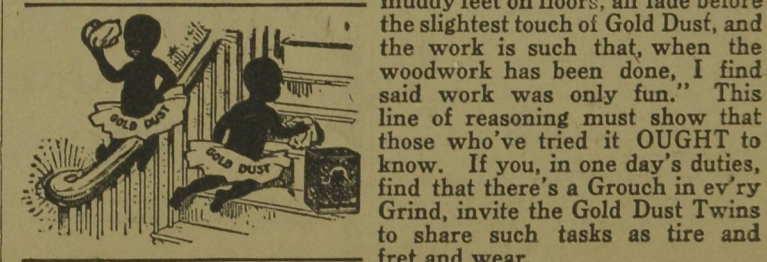
Marysville General Stores, LIMITED

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."

Then Mrs. Jones, one afternoon, dropped in, at time most opportune. An optimist, she knew the wiles of household work—its sighs and smiles. She told of how she polished floors and woodwork 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 every 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