

## PILES.

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores—  
—do best—

**Zam-Buk**  
FOR ALL SUMMER SORES.

"The Eleventh Hour," a new play by Albert Price, is to be produced in August by John C. Fisher. Carroll McComas will play the leading role. The new musical comedy in which Hazel Dawn will appear as a star next season under the management of John C. Fisher will be called "The Dubuque.".

## CLASSIFIED

### 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—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.

### 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.—tf.

### 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—Willis Bros. Grocers, Nashwaakies.

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

### LAWNS and GARDENS

Lawns Cut and Garden Work Done.

Apply to C. HARRISON  
Phone 255-11.

## DRESSING A HORSE

How to Please the Animal, Yourself and the Observer

The harness of a horse constitutes its working dress. Its working clothes need not be elaborate and showy, but they should be sensible and good, sanitary and comfortable. A good horse always looks well either with or without good harness, but a poor horse is greatly improved in appearance with a new set of good harness. Good, clean harness not only makes the horse appear better, but the horse will be more comfortable and do more work in them and do it better. The farmer who takes pride in general farm improvements should still take more pride in driving a well-dressed team. Money cannot be spent for a much better purpose, and the time in keeping the harness clean and bright is time well spent.

The most important part of the horse's harness is the collar. It should fit the shoulders and neck snugly, not too tight or too loose, and be made of a firm but elastic material, so that by use it will gradually adjust itself to the parts upon which it presses. Never let the horse wear another's collar, as no two horses have exactly the same shaped shoulders and neck. If the breaking in of a new collar to a horse is like breaking in a new pair of shoes to a man, it should have human sympathy when it is given a new collar.

The bridle is perhaps the next most important part of the harness. The bit should be strong and safe, but never so large, rough or otherwise severe as to cause the horse pain or inconvenience. The smooth bit is generally the best if the horse is gentle and easy to manage. Blinds are an injury to the horse and an unnecessary part of the bridle. The bridle, as a whole should be as light and simple in construction as possible.

### RETURN TO SIMPLICITY

Old Fashioned Kitchen With Garden in Rear Sorely Missed

Says a writer upon the real art of domestic enjoyment, "Home lies mostly in the kitchen and the back yard." And one knows immediately the sort of hominess, the type of home, which the author has in mind. And there is something refreshing just in the thought of it. A place where the primary interests of life are not too deeply obscured by the things which we have put about them—a house where one sees glimpses of the culinary processes, where one knows by actual eye-witness what is going to be had for dinner. It was this style of home which lay at the bottom of our fundamental strength. It was the pioneer habit of associating with rude actualities which bred a wholesome sturdiness and simplicity we can ill afford to lose. Something of the charm of an old fashioned kitchen with warmth and sunshine and open windows, something of the democracy of an intimate touch with production and consumption, something of the lonely life that radiates genuine comfort, is needed in our present somewhat jumbled scheme of things. Not that we are without kitchens and backyards and even vegetable gardens. But we are inclined overmuch in the direction of cramped or even elegant apartments of complicated households just a shade beyond our grasp, of extravagant tastes which are out of accord with our economic power of production. We need to return to spirit and in truth to some of the vanishing simplicity of the old fashioned kitchen and the neighborly, intimate, currant-bush type of sunshiny backyard.—Haverhill Gazette.

### Revenge on the Doctor

There's one Toronto doctor who will be hanged, drawn and quartered if he ever lands in Scotland. His name is Clark, and he said that porridge as a food, was a back number.—New Westminster News.

### Respect For the Stage

All German actresses, whether married or single, are, in accordance with the ruling of the German Theatrical Union of Berlin, to be henceforth styled "Frau Schauspielerin" ("Madame the Actress").

### Penalty of Snoring

At a meeting of Marlborough Guardians the master reported that one of the male inmates had attacked another, inflicting serious bruises. He gave as his reason that the man disturbed his rest by snoring loudly. The master said he had placed the snorer in an isolation ward.

Don't spoil some one else's children when they come to stay with you. If you let them sit up later than their usual bedtime, give them rich things to eat and make them the center of attraction in all your conversation, they and the parents, too, will have to pay for it dearly.

## The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

—BY—

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

"Oh," she said. "Tell me quickly."

"It was believed that the partner who had fled had taken this money with him for his own use. He had taken the orphan's inheritance, not with the intention of paying it back, if by its means he could save his firm from ruin—but simply and solely for himself, to swell his crime-gained plunder. It sounds incredible, but many believed it, and amongst them the girl herself. I have told you that in some ways she is a strange girl, a girl from whom one would expect strange things. She took a fantastic vow of vengeance, dedicated the next five years of her life—if the task should take so long—to tracking down and punishing the man who had ruined her. She became a riding-mistress because she knew no quicker way of earning the money she would need; she joined Val B. Montague, because with him she could begin her search at once, and earn money as she went. She had heard that the object of her pursuit was in hiding in one of the islands of the Atlantic."

"Horace," cried Elsa, suddenly, and there was a note of heart-breaking grief in her voice. "Do you believe all this?"

He forced himself to answer. "I don't know what I believe. But, if it is true, it gives us what has been lacking hitherto—a motive for the murder—if murder has been done."

"It gives that, even though it is not true," said Elsa quickly. "She believed it, and she vowed revenge."

Again Scarborough had to force himself to say:

"I do not mean that. I don't think that Margaret Ryan is the murderer. But it is known that before he left London Mr. Carrington invested a large sum in diamonds. If he retained them in his possession, as it is probable that he would, they would supply a motive. There are plenty of men in the world who will murder for less."

With a cry that was almost a sob, Elsa rose and faced him.

"You say that my father had those diamonds?" she asked—"diamonds which he had bought with that girl's money? You say that, Horace?"

"I say that that is the story I was told."

"Do you believe it?"

He did not answer. She waited for nearly a minute, and the silence was broken only by their deep breathing. Then she laughed softly, and Scarborough thought that laugh was the most desolate sound he had ever heard.

Then she stopped, and with an imperious gesture pointed to the door.

"Go!" she said.

"Elsa!"

"Go! I asked for your help, but I will do without it. You believe ill of my father, whom I loved more dearly than anyone in the world"—and then in a lower tone, she added—"till you came, and I thought I had found one whom I could love more!"

He went to take her in his arms, but she shrank back from him.

"Go!" she cried. "Go! I think I hate you now!"

And then, in a passion of sobbing, she threw herself into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

### CHAPTER VIII

#### A Scratched Stone

"Well?" asked Phil Varney, when Scarborough returned from the Caldeira to the Cable Station.

"Richmond Carrington is dead," said Scarborough simply.

"Murdered?"

"I don't know, but it looks like it."

"The diamonds?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Have you an hour to spare?"

"Yes. If I am in the circus twenty minutes before the performance begins it will do. What do you want me for?"

"I want you to help me probe this thing. I am going first to the girl, who, so far as we know, was the last person to see him alive; and afterwards I shall go with you to Ponda Delgada. I want to be introduced to Mona de la Mar."

"What for?" asked Varney quickly.

"You are not going to be as enough to suspect her of murder, are you?"

"No."

"Then what do you want with her?"

"I want to know whether she saw or spoke to Richmond Carrington yesterday. I want to know whether the private business which made her re-

fuse to perform last night was an interview with the man who had robbed her. Is she the sort of girl who will be sensible enough to see that questions will be put, and that she'll have to answer for her movements?"

"Yes," said Varney. "And she's sensible enough to have forgotten that fantastic vow business long ago. It was only a piece of girlish froth in the beginning, nothing more than a burst of natural temper, expressed in a romantically violent way. Of course she soon dropped it."

"Probably," agreed Scarborough.

"But I want to talk to her."

"Oh, all right, I'll introduce you. How is the daughter taking things?"

"Bravely," said Scarborough.

"Did she know the truth about her father?"

"No."

"You told her?"

"Yes, but she didn't believe me."

Varney nodded. "That's natural,"

he said. "Poor girl, this is a rough time for her! And for you too, old man," he added quietly. "I think I can understand what you are feeling. What difference will this make to you?"

Varney's question meant to ask what difference the knowledge that the father was an unpunished criminal would make in Scarborough's feelings towards the daughter. It was a natural question, perhaps, but luckily Scarborough misunderstood it. It never even occurred to him that such a question would be put, so he answered it readily. He thought that Varney was asking about Elsa, not about him.

"I hope that in the end it will make no difference," he said.

Varney shot a puzzled look at him, saying:

"I don't quite see. Do you mean to say that it does make a difference now?"

"Yes. She refuses to speak to me, or to let me help her. Shall we start? Your machine is in the shed."

Varney understood now, and saw that he had made a mistake. It was the girl, not the man, to whom the new knowledge made a difference. He was glad that Scarborough had missed the point of his question, and he honored his friend for not understanding him.

Varney had learned in a rough school lately, and he knew that in the world's eyes, his thought would be counted the natural one; and he knew too, how to respect a man to whom that thought did not even occur.

"You mean to help her, none the less," was what he said.

"Oh, yes," said Scarborough, and they rode off together.

The road to the pine-grower's house passed within a few hundred yards of the Caldeira de Morte, and they turned aside to see the place where Richard Carrington had met his death.

The Caldeira lay in a shallow depression in the hillsides, formed by an extinct crater, and they had to leave their bicycles to get to it. There was a narrow fissure in the lip of the crater through which the warm, shallow stream from the Caldeira made its way to the lower levels. The path and the stream occupied the whole of this fissure, but sometimes the stream took up all the available space for itself, and left no path; so that it was necessary to jump from rock to rock in its bed, or to splash boldly through it.

Walls of grey pumice, splashed with irregular patches of red lichen, rose for forty feet on either side; and scorings and watermarks on their flanks showed that there were times when the shallow stream was a rapid torrent.

After about fifty yards this gully ended in the shallow cup of the crater. A ring of jagged teeth of basalt made a complete circle, a quarter of a mile in diameter, broken only at the place where the two young men had entered. Below this black rampart the slopes were clothed with a green mantle of heath and whortleberries; lower down there was a thick carpet of stag-horn moss; and lower still, barrenness, bare earth and tones, with a scurrying incrustation of white upon them. The Caldeira itself was hardly more than ten yards across at its narrowest, but the white desolation round it marked the limits to which its waters sometimes rose. The waters themselves were white, like milk, and they were in constant

curling, bubbling movement, like milk gently boiling. A cloud of steam rose from them in a dense column, expanding into a canopy, and twisted in ever-thinning wreaths over the toothed edge of the crater.

"It reminds me of the picture of the genie in the Arabian Nights, rising in a cloud from the brazen jar," said Varney.

"What's the smell?"

"Sulphuretted hydrogen," said Scarborough. "There generally is a little, though the amount varies. The vapors are mostly carbon dioxide, I believe; but after an earthquake anywhere in the island, the sulphur fumes are in sufficient quantity to be dangerous."

"Does it often happen?"

"Yes, pretty often; but I haven't heard of any earthquake lately."

They were not the only visitors to the crater. A man was standing by the edge of the water, a blouse-clad Azorean peasant, with a wide hat on his head and a cigarette of maize-husk between his lips. A donkey quietly browsing on the herbage at the edge of the whitened circle was evidently his property. Presently the man bent down and lifted a dripping, steaming sack from the water.

"What's he doing?" Varney asked.

"Cooking," said Scarborough. "That sack is full of red lupin beans. They are a popular food here; you'll see sacks of them in every provision shop in Ponta Delgada."

"And they cook them in the Caldeira?" said Varney. "Is it hot enough for that?"

(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, COATS, SKIRTS, DRESSES AND WAISTS, at clearing prices. WASH GOODS BARGAIN, ENGLISH PRINTS, GINGHAMS AND FINE CAMBRICS, 36 inches wide, in 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.

### A Previous Engagement

The young couple had been watching the yacht race, when one of the "starters" fouled a buoy.

"Harry, dear," said the sweet young thing, remembering his tales of yachting days, "have you ever been towed in?"

"No," answered her somewhat absent-minded fiancé feelingly, "but, by Jove! it can't be worse than being towed out."

### Easy



She—Papa says we ought not to marry unless we have a good bank account back of us.

He—Well, his wife will do, won't it?

**Wood's Phosphodin,**  
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 or \$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 Widdowson).

## NATIONAL TAX ASSOCIATION GATHERS AT DENVER, COL.

Denver, Colo., June 2—Preparations are well advanced for the eighth annual conference on taxation which is to meet in this city early

## Heart and Nerves Were Bad.

### Could Not Sleep.

To the thousands of people who toss on a sleepless pillow night after night, or who pace the bedroom floor with nerves on the jump, the heart action all wrong, and to whose eyes sleep will not come. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills offer the blessing of sound refreshing slumber, as they restore the equilibrium of the deranged nerve centres and correct the wrong action of the heart.

Mrs. Charles Teel, Horncastle, Ont., writes—"Just a few lines to let you know what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. My heart and nerves were so bad I could not sleep, and the least noise or excitement would make me feel so that I used to think I was going to die, and I would tremble until I could hardly stand. I took doctor's medicine, but it did not do me much good. At last I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and can certainly say they did me a great amount of good. I can recommend them to anyone who is suffering as I was."

● Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty years, and have done more to steady shaky nerves and strengthen weak hearts, than any other known preparation.

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

in September under the auspices of the National Tax Association. Among those who have accepted invitations to participate in the conference are M. M. Flannery, of the Bureau of Corporations at Washington; Prof. Carl C. Plegh, of the University of California; Congressman Hull of Tennessee, author of the Federal Income Tax bill; Dr. John L. Coulter, of the Federal Census Bureau; T. S. Adams, State tax commissioner of Wisconsin; Prof. A. B. Clark, of Manitoba University; Dr. William H. Allen, of the Bureau of Municipal Research of New York City, and C. M. Zander, chairman of the Arizona Tax Commission. The conference will be opened by an address by Governor Ammons of Colorado and the several sessions will be presided over by Edwin R. A. Seligman, president of the association.

## 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 wood, 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