

CLASSIFIED ADS.

To Rent

House opposite the Gibson School. Apply to Mrs. A. E. Hanson, 87, John Street. June 10th

Cows for Sale

FOR SALE—I am offering for sale nine new milk cows, all good milkers. May be seen on my farm at Nashwaak Village. Apply to JOHN E. FORBES, Nashwaak Village.

3 hrs.

Wanted

WANTED—Smart girl about seventeen years of age to learn the printing business. Must have fair education. Apply at this office.

To Let

TO-LET—Store at present occupied by A. Murray & Co. Possession given July 1st.

Lost

LOST—A diamond and pearl pendant. Finder will be suitably rewarded. Please leave at Mail Office.

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

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.

Beulah Camp Meeting July 3 12th.

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.

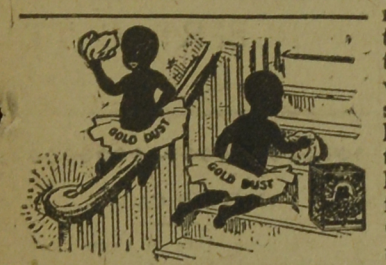
The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy

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

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 ev'ry Grind, invite the Gold Dust Twins to share such tasks as tire 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

Tenders for the purchase and Removal of Buildings

Tenders addressed to Ald. A. B. Kitchen will be received at City Clerk's office until Wednesday, June 17th, for the purchase and removal of buildings on the Seery Lot fronting on Smythe Street. The buildings to be removed immediately after July 1, 1914.

Signed, J. W. MCCREADY, City Clerk.

For Sale

Desirable residence in good locality upper part of city, suitable for single or double tenement, with barn and outbuildings. Good house, outbuildings and farm on Woodstock Road, just outside of city limits. Also other desirable property.

B. H. ALLEN, Auctioneer and Sales Agent, e.o.d., t.d.

COMPANY "D"

The armory of D. Company, 71st Regiment, will be open each evening during the present week for the issue of uniforms and equipment and for the signing on of recruits.

H. F. G. WOODBRIDGE, Captain.

New Subscribers

3300-11—Birches, The Camp, Woodstock Rd.
332-11—Burpee, T. C., res., Brunswick St.
24-12—Coburn, Mrs. A. E., res., 255 Westmorland St.
2600-83—Ericson, Emil, res., Maryland Rd.
503—Lyne-Evans, J. H. res., Landsdowne St.
3-22—McAdam, May B., res., 280 George St.
200-21—Parker, Geo. C., Pressing and Renovating Co., 57 Westmorland St.

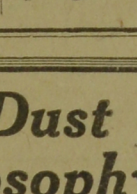
N. B Telephone Co., Limited S. B. EBBETT Exchange Manager.

BROWN UNIVERSITY AWARDS DEGREES

Providence, R. I., June 17—Brown University's 146th annual commencement was observed today under conditions. The principal exercises were held in Sayles Hall this afternoon, with President Faunce presiding. Among the speakers were Governor Aram J. Potier of Rhode Island, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University and Prof. Vernon D. Sedgwick of the University of North Dakota.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees 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, J.)



The Cableman AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE —BY— WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

A few minutes later the two girls had started, and Scarborough and Varney were on their way to the venta on the north road.

"As it appears that I am to be pressed into the service," said Varney, "I'd like to know what the service is. I've been rather out of things lately, you know, and I'm very much in the dark."

Scarborough gave him a brief outline of the facts, and at the end Varney remarked:

"I see. There are three parties in the field—Gillies, the Carrington woman, and you. Gillies and the Carrington woman work alone, and you others seem to be a sort of syndicate. Like to know which I would bet on?"

"Yes."

"The Carrington woman. I knew her in the old days, and she has a pernicious habit of getting her own way."

Scarborough laughed. "Are you free to help us in disappointing her?" he asked.

"So far as professional engagements go, yes, until next week."

"But you have other engagements?" Scarborough hinted.

"I'm trying to enter upon one," said Varney coolly. "I expect you can guess where. She's a dear little girl, Horace, and a jolly sight too good for me. She doesn't in the least mind letting it be seen that she knows it, too."

he added ruefully. "I wish you could have heard some of the lectures she has treated me to!"

"I have the pleasure of knowing Muriel Davis rather well," said Scarborough laughing, "so I can easily imagine them. I warned you she wouldn't approve of you, remember."

"So you did, old man. But she has taken infinite trouble in pointing out the error of my ways, you see, and I'm rather hoping that in denouncing the sin, she may have grown more tolerant of the sinner. She says I ought to give up the circus business and settle down to something serious. She's right, of course."

"Does she suggest fruit-farming in the Azores?" asked Scarborough with a smile.

"No, but Mr. Davis does."

"What! You've got round the father, Phil! Your gift of making people like you is positively impudent! What right have you to hang up your hat in the Casa Davis? That's what you're going to do, I suppose."

"Well, something like that."

"It's monstrous."

"Not at all," said Varney, unblushingly—he knew that his friend was chaffing him—"I've got a little capital, you know; my mother's money didn't go in the smash. Mr. Davis says that with a few more glass houses for the pines, and an energetic manager, I can look after them. The trade with the Covent Garden can be worked up in a few years to something pretty big. I'm going to supply the glass-houses, and fill the bill of energetic manager, on a partnership basis. There's no being monstrous about that; it's a mere business arrangement, and the suggestion came from him. What do you think of it?"

"When is the wedding?" was Scarborough's answer.

Varney laughed. "You've put your finger on the weak spot," he said.

"We haven't settled that yet, because we didn't feel justified in doing so without consulting Muriel on the subject first. I'm pretty sure she likes me, but she's got to swallow a lot of prejudices, which she thinks are principles, before she can be expected to marry a fellow like me. I haven't dared to ask her yet, and Davis thinks I had better wait a bit."

"He has swallowed his prejudices, it seems."

"Oh, he hadn't any. Curious enough, I'm rather a favorite with him. Anyway, he's keen on the scheme; but of course if Muriel says no, it won't come off. That's down in our agreement."

"You've got an agreement already?"

"Yes, in black and white. Now, about you, old man? When's your wedding coming off?"

"I don't know," said Scarborough.

"Like you, I haven't dared to ask yet. That's our venta, I think."

They had arrived at the wine-shop which Mona had described. Through the open front they saw a long counter running across the breadth of the shop; behind it were half a dozen great barrels, and leaning in picturesque attitudes against the counter were three or four men, drinking the red wine of the district and smoking maize-husk cigarettes.

"Walk on a bit," said Varney.

"Don't go in yet."

They went on a few yards, and then Varney said:

"I fancy I have met your Scotchman. Can you describe him?"

Scarborough gave him the description which Mona had given before Varney came in, and added:

"You came across him during the time he was Carrington's clerk, I suppose?"

"No, I've met him in the island. It was your speaking of John Knox a while ago that made me think of it. I won't waste time in telling you about it now, but if we don't find our friend upstairs studying theology, I think I can give a guess where we can put a and on his shoulder. Let's go back and ask for him. Got anything in our pocket, in case there's a row?"

"My fists," said Scarborough.

"I'm pretty handy with mine, too," said Varney, "but if Miss Carrington right, he's the sort of chap who 'ght carry a gun for emergencies."

He was anxious that you shouldn't be hurt, and I feel absurdly responsible for seeing that you don't. Nothing to do with me, of course; but I

"I don't believe there's the slightest risk," said Scarborough.

"And if there is, we've got to take it? Right you are! Come on."

CHAPTER XX.

Varney Volunteers for Sentry-Go

The two young men went into the venta. An animated discussion, which was in progress between the proprietor and three men, who were leaning over the counter, was broken off suddenly at their entrance. Varney stayed near the door, to watch the street, in case the inn had some other exit, which the man they were seeking might think it prudent to make use of suddenly. Scarborough went to the counter and asked in Portuguese for the Senhor Manoel Bernardo, the name which Mona had been told to use.

One of the loafers laughed, and the landlord frowned heavily.

"The Senhor Manoel Bernardo," he repeated, sullenly. "What do you know of him, Senhor?"

"Very little," said Scarborough, smiling. "But I have come to improve my acquaintance. Will you tell me where I can find him?"

"No, Senhor."

Scarborough shrugged his shoulders. "Doubtless you have a reason for refusing," he said quietly.

"I have. A good one," said the Pedrao, and the loafer who had laughed before did so again.

"Then," said Scarborough, "I and my friend will go upstairs to the room which he hires from you. I shall be obliged, and it may save us all some trouble, if you will show us the way."

As he spoke, he moved towards a small door in the side wall, and signed to Varney to close up.

This time it was the landlord who laughed, and said:

"You can go up if you like, but he isn't there. Are you friends of his?"

"I don't think we can claim that honor," said Scarborough. "But we are very anxious to meet him."

"So am I, Senhor."

Scarborough looked at him sharply. "He owes you money?" he asked at a venture.

"Sim, senhor—a month's rent of my room and other things. He left me suddenly three days ago, without paying his bill, and I have not seen him since. We were talking of him when you entered, as possibly the señoras may have gathered from the fact that Pedro—he indicated the loafer who had laughed—"was amused when you mentioned the name of Manoel Bernardo. I said I had a good reason for not telling you where you could find him; the señor sees that I had; I do not know myself."

Scarborough stepped back from the little door, and came nearer to the pedrao.

"It would be to your profit to know?" he asked meaningly.

"Certainly, señor. I should present my bill. The few things he left in his room will not repay me for what I spent on his meals. He had a dainty stomach, and would not dine on bacalhao and beans as we do. I had to buy chickens and fresh meat for him daily," complained the pedrao, indignantly.

Scarborough repressed a smile. It amused him to learn that the theological Scotchman was something of an epicure, and refused odoriferous salt cod and lupin beans; he hated them both himself. Also it gave him an added respect for him as an antagonist; for to insist on getting his daily chicken or steak in a place like this must have meant a struggle. Scarborough knew. Moreover, he had not even paid for them. It was a small thing, but it indicated that Andrew Gillies was a man of some force of character.

"We also are anxious to find him," he said to the pedrao and the indignant pedrao. "Take us upstairs and show us his room."

"Certainly, Senhor. It is just as he left it."

The room was almost exactly as Mona had described it, bare save for a litter of books on the table, and a pile of English newspapers on a chair by the window. But almost as soon as they entered, Varney smothered an exclamation and pointed to a thing that was hanging on a hook behind the door. It was a long blue cloak, and near it on another chair was a large, stiff hood.

Scarborough turned to the pedrao. "Did these things belong to Senhor Bernardo?" he asked.

"No, señor, they are my wife's."

"How do they come to be here?"

"Senhor Bernardo was interested in the national costume, and the padrons brought these for him to see. I do not know why they have not been removed."

"How many days is it since he asked for them?"

"Seven or eight, señor."

Scarborough turned to Varney, and in a low tone of excitement, said in English: "We've found our hooded woman, Phil!" And then again in Portuguese to the innkeeper: "Did Senhor Bernardo ever wear these?"

"The capote and capello?" said the man, laughing. "No, señor; he would have been mocked by the children in the streets if he had."

"Nevertheless he did," said Scarborough to himself, and then added aloud: "There is one thing more. Does Senhor Bernardo speak Portuguese well?"

"Yes, señor."

"Well enough to be mistaken for a native of the islands?"

Real Economy in Buying Dry Goods and Men's Furnishings at A. MURRAY & CO'S.

Ladies' Silk Taff and Moire Underskirts, Special at \$1.19.
Ladies' House Dresses at \$1.05 and \$1.59.
Ladies' Blouses, Special at 98c. each.
Ladies' Suits at Half Price; Only a Few Left.
White Dress Voiles at 15c. per yard.
Special Lot of Towels at 25c. per pair.
Yard-wide Grey Cotton, 10 yards for 98c.
Awning Stripes at 25c. per yard.
Ladies' and Children's Middy Blouses for 98c. to \$1.90.
Ladies and Children's Hose, 2 pairs for 25c.
Ladies' Vests, 2 for 25c.
Boys' Suits from \$2.50 to \$10.00.
Men's Balbriggan Underwear from 33c. up to 75c.
Men's Working Shirts from 49c. to \$1.25.
Men's Pants from 98c. to \$5.00.
Men's Suits from \$8.58 to \$22.50.
Men's Overalls, from 50c. to \$1.25.
Men's Sox from 15c. to 75c. a pair.
Men's Linen Collars, 15c., or 2 for 25c.

A. MURRAY & CO.

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 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

FREDERICTON --- QUEEN SQUARE
SATURDAY, JUNE 27th.
The Only CIRCUS in F'ron this Season.

The Marvels of Nature
The stage-drivers in Yellowstone Park are bothered considerably by the foolish questions asked by their passengers, and often resort to satirical answers. Once a lady tourist, who seemed deeply interested in the hot springs, inquired:
"Driver, do these springs freeze over in winter?"
"Oh, yes, yes; a lady was skating here last winter and broke through and got her foot scalded."

Very Curious
Sandy came to Canada from a Highland village where the "post office" is included in a little general shop that sells, not only stamps, but bacon, and practically everything else you can think of.
The first day Sandy reached Montreal he walked into the post office there, and asked doubtfully:
"Will this be the post office?"
"Yes," he was told.
"Funny post office funny post office," said Sandy. "No hams!"



The Original and Only Genuine
Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of Minard's Liniment