

CLASSIFIED

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—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 868 George street. Good chance for horse and carriage. 3 inc.

Auction Sale

On Monday June the 8th next in front of the County Court House at 11 o'clock a. m.

Two double Tenement House on George St. Nos. 641 and 647, freehold good barn and modern improvements.

Can be seen Thursday and Saturday. Sale without reserve. Owner leaving city.

Terms at sale. E. H. ALLEN, Auctioneer.

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.

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—Miss Geo. A., res., St. Mary's.
450-21—Morgan, H. J., res., Douglas.
3300-63—Vavasour, E. W., camp, Idylwyl.
2400-81—Wheeler Frank, res., Douglas.
326-11—Willis Bros. Grocers, Nashwaaksis.

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 G. HARRISON
Phone 255-11

The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

— BY —

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

"The four deck-hands, the nigger, and the ring-master. I discharged him last night, so he had no right to be there. Except these six, and Mona de la Mar, nobody."

Scarborough and Varney exchanged a look.

"By Jove!" said Varney, and Scarborough gave a short laugh. Neither of them felt much doubt about the identity of the hooded woman now. Margaret Ryan had not forgotten her vow of vengeance when she came to the islands of the Azores. She had tracked down the man who had ruined her. She had brought him to bay in the valley of the Caldeira de Morte. The injured and the injured had met face to face. But what had happened then?"

The scene between them had been acted without witnesses. The curtain had gone down upon a tragedy. But had the woman caused it?

CHAPTER X.

A Message From the Dead

Patches of fog were creeping across the water, and as the evening drew down they thickened and grew wider. The setting sun flashed on water ripples of ever diminishing area. In another hour it would be dark, but even sooner than that the fog curtain would be unbroken, for minute by minute the rents in it were closing.

Elsa stood up in her boat, and marked the exact direction of the rock for which she was steering. Fortunately she had had the foresight to bring a compass. She had half a mile to go yet, and the breeze was dying. She would steer by sight, so long as the fog did not hide the rock, if it did she would have to trust to her compass.

"I wonder what the current is?" she mused. "It is setting dead inshore—but how much? If I allow half a point for drift, that should take me near enough to let me steer by the sound of the surf."

The islet for which she was steering lay a little more than two miles from the shore, with deep water close up to its flanks. It was ring-shaped, like a Pacific atoll, but its formation was different. Not the slow, quiet growth of coral insects had made it, but a convulsion of nature. It was the summit of a deep-water volcano, whose crater raised a brim, a hundred yards across, out of the sea. There was one place on the West, where for a few feet this brim had been broken down, leaving a gap by which a boat might enter; and the water inside made an almost circular lagoon.

Local tradition said that it was bottomless.

It was a place where a ship might have ridden out in safety the heaviest hurricane that ever blew, if it had been possible for any ship to enter. But the opening in the circular wall was hardly more than ten feet across, and underneath there was a broad sill, which rose to within two fathoms of the surface.

It was a dangerous entrance, even for a small boat, and when the wind blew from the west, impossible; but Elsa knew it well, and thought she could manage it, even alone.

She was an expert and fearless boat woman, but she was not accustomed to having to depend altogether upon herself in her expeditions. The boat was a present which her father had given her a little more than a year ago; but with the present, he had coupled a stipulation that she should never go out in it alone. The irregular coasts of San Miguel breed treacherous currents, and wind squalls are sudden; but even had the waters been as safe as the Solent, Elsa's boat was too big for one girl to manage.

This, therefore, was the first occasion on which she had been out in it alone; but to-day a companion was impossible. For she had work to do which no eye but her own must see.

Did she still believe in her father's innocence? She was acting as though she did; and, for the rest, she tried to force herself not to think.

She had not kept her faith without a struggle. Marriages had parted

her mind, but she had strangled them remorselessly at their birth, and by an effort of will made herself believe that they had never been born. There was, however, one moment when the doubts had been too strong to be stifled thus; they had cried clamorously, and had refused to be choked; and for half-an-hour she had tasted a misery more bitter even than that which had come when she first knew that her father was dead. That moment was when she listened to Scarborough's tale of the embezzlement of Margaret Ryan's inheritance, and had told him passionately that since he believed it, he might go—for almost she thought she hated him. She had thrown herself on the couch, and sobbed hysterically; for at that moment the knowledge was in her heart that what he said was true!

Later had come the reaction. She took up her faith again, the more unreasonably because reason had forced her to lay it down; and she despised herself for the weakness in allowing the calumny to influence her even for a moment. There was something of obstinacy in this—the obstinacy of a strong nature which fights the more tenaciously when facts and common sense alike are against it, and it knows quite well that it is in the wrong; and there was even more of the beautiful loyalty with which every true woman will always, at whatever violence to her own judgment of right and wrong, defend those whom she loves.

It will be remembered that when Elsa set out to go to the circus at Ponta Delgada, her father's last words to her had been that it was unlikely as such a chance seemed at the time—he was not at the time when she returned, she would find in his desk, in the second small drawer, on the left, a paper that would tell her what she was to do.

This paper was marked, "To my daughter, Elsa, to be opened by her to-morrow at noon, if by that time I have not returned to destroy it."

Elsa opened it an hour after Scarborough had left her. This was what it contained:

"My dear daughter,—I told you this morning that when you returned from Ponta Delgada you might possibly find that I was not at home to greet you and to hear your report of what and whom you had seen. I might have told you that the possibility was a certainty, but I did not wish to alarm you. By the time you return I shall have succeeded or failed. In an enterprise the success of which is so essential that to ensure it I am voluntarily putting myself in some danger. Will you be doing your best at Ponta Delgada to discover what the unknown enemy is, I shall be engaged in a similar contest with an enemy who is well known to me, an enemy who of late has taken to using threats. Now, little girl, between the known enemy and the unknown, I run a double risk of failure, and this is what you must help me to avoid.

"The sealed packet which you will find with this letter contains documents which must at all costs be kept out of the hands of people who would use them to your and my injury. I do not trust to my own ability to safeguard them, nor is it possible for me to watch as I believe I am, to put them into any place of safety. That must be your task. Those who are shadowing me will not consider it necessary to watch you also. Take the packet, and put it in the safest place that you know. When I return, if I do return, I shall not ask you where it is.

"I am not a fanciful man, Elsa, but I have written these four words, 'I do not return,' deliberately. Of late I have had a feeling—a fanciful man would say a presentiment—that my end is not far off. I have lived a life of varied activities, some useful, and some perhaps not so useful, and the strain of old efforts is beginning to tell upon me. In the early years of my manhood I suffered great physical hardships, and they left a weak place; before I left London my doctor warned me that the weak place was becoming weaker. The effort which I must make to-day—an effort, which for your sake, as well as mine, is inevitable—is of the sort which I have been warned to avoid, but I have no choice. I tell you this unwillingly, and for the first time; but it is necessary that you should be ready, if I fail, to take up the work where I leave it.

"Now you will ask—what is the work? My daughter, it is the rehabilitation of my name. I have thought lately that you were beginning to doubt whether my anxiety on this point was not becoming weaker. Elsa, I say to you solemnly, that it is as strong now as ever it was. But I have said that, I am now going to add something which you will, perhaps, not understand. It is this: I hand over the work to you, but I lay no charge upon you to complete it. Nay, more, under certain circumstances, I forbid you to complete it. I do not even make you the judge of those circumstances. That is an office which I leave, not to you, but to your mother.

"Your mother is on her way to join us. She will arrive on the Puncchal from Lisbon on the tenth of the month. If on that date I am unable to meet her, if my presentiment—after all, I think it is a presentiment, Elsa—has by that time come true, I wish you to recover this package from the safe place in which you have bestowed it, and to give it into her hands. When you do so, tell her also that my last message to her, spoken by the lips of you, her daughter is that she is to respect the wish I have expressed in a letter to her which the packet contains. She will understand; you will not. For the rest, be guided by her.

"Good-bye, little girl. I think this is the longest letter I have ever written to you. I have one thing more to add to it. If you have begun to doubt me in some things, at any rate you have never doubted that I love you.

(To Be Continued.)

SOMETHING ABOUT COUNTRY SCHOOLS

(Canadian Courier.)

Every now and again some courageous citizen risks to remark that the country schools of Canada are a shame. Not only are they manned by untrained girls, teaching subjects from a city rather than a rural point of view, but the buildings are mean and unsanitary. The latest protest comes from a medical man in Essex county, Ontario, who states that twenty-five per cent. of the schools in two townships had no wells and that twenty-five per cent. of the wells at the other schools are bad. Pure water, the foundation of health, was not available in more than half the schools. Further, twenty-five per cent. had windows which would not open, fifty per cent. had filthy closets and seventy-five per cent. no cloak rooms.

There is no justification for such conditions in Essex and Essex is not any worse than many other counties in Canada. Part of the fault is due to the ignorance and the meanness of the trustees and this can be eliminated only by substituting township schools for section boards. The small school section is an abject failure in every sense and should be abolished.

Part of the fault is due to the negligence of the legislatures. Take Ontario, for example, country schools were practically overlooked during the session which has just closed. There was much talk of "abolish the bar" and how to reform people who do not need reforming; there were hours and hours upon matters which have only a party importance to either side; but there was no one to lead with the legislature for the thousands of children and teachers who are annually contracting tuberculosis because of dirty, ill-ventilated schools. A dirty country school-house will destroy more human life than the average country inn.

The preachers and other moral reformers would be well advised to turn their attention to these real problems as they affect the moral communities of Ontario, Manitoba and the other provinces.



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 Weakness, Depression, 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 package on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

Colored beads (for men) are reported to be coming in fashion in Paris. The green wig was a means of feminine adornment. It is not supposed to have made a lasting impression, but it attracted attention. Now men are coming into their share of the color in hirsute decoration. A dark blue mustache and a young poet at a recent soiree was the sensation of the evening. One proprietor of a dress-making establishment announced that he is going to dye his cropped beard bottle green, after the fashion of the Assyrian kings.

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 SILK 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 apair.

A. MURRAY & CO.

FAST TRAIN HITS AUTO.

The special holiday program which was shown at the Gaiety Theatre yesterday and which is being repeated today, drew capacity houses to this popular amusement place. The Pathé play features in three acts, "A Leech of Industry," was thrilling in the extreme, especially the scene in the last act, showing a fast express train going at some sixty odd miles an hour, striking an automobile, which is literally scattered into a hundred fragments. The entire story is interesting from start to finish and was pronounced by all those present as a feature of exceptional merit. Tomorrow the Gaiety will present a special Indian classic in two reels by Kalem entitled "The Raid of the Red Marauders." The second chapter in the "Man Who Disappeared," "The Hunted Animal," will also be shown. It is understood that the Gaiety management is endeavoring to secure the great Kalem masterpiece, "Wolfe, or the Conquest of Quebec" in the near future.

IMPERSONATED AN OFFICER.

The other day a man with a ruby nose, was brought before a magistrate charged with impersonating a police officer.

"What have you to say?" asked the magistrate.

"I am innocent," replied the man.

"What did he do?" the magistrate demanded of the officer.

"What did he do?" exclaimed the policeman haughtily. "Why, he tapped three times at the door of a saloon on my beat and, when the landlord shoved the beer out, he took it and drank it. That's what he did."

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

The farmers met in the market town and there was a calculating look in the eyes of both as they faced one another.

"About that there coo I was talking to you of the other day," began Farmer Dobbins, "will you take twelve pounds for her, George?"

"No, no. Oi couldn't part with'er for that—not by a long chalk."

"But t'other day you told me you might let'er go for that."

"Something's appened to the coo since then."

"Mercy on us, George, what's the matter? Coo dead?"

"Worse 'n that," said George.

"You see, my old missus can't bear to part with t' old coo. It'd break'er heart. She'd sob 'erself into a fit over it."

"Well, well, I suppose that ends the business?"

"Well, I'm not so sure o' that, Farmer Hayseed. Look 'ere. Make it twelve pun ten and let the missus sob."

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 SCOBELL DRUG Co., St. Catharines, Ontario.

PHOSPHONOL FOR MEN Restores Vims 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 SCOBELL DRUG Co., St. Catharines, Ontario.

Sold in Fredericton by A. J. Ryan.

Rt. Rev. J. F. Canevin, Catholic bishop of Pittsburg, sixty-one years old today.

Dr. Frank K. Sanders, former president of Washburn College, fifty-three years old today.

You Can Tell by the DELICIOUS AROMA



Yes—easily. Cowan's has a fragrance that can be obtained only by Cowan methods.

Selecting the finest cocoa beans, skillfully blending and roasting them, removing every trace of bitter shell—handled from start to finish in a spotless factory—each operation is a step toward the perfection of flavor and wholesomeness to be found only in

COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOA
MAPLE LEAF LABEL

10c. TINS—1 LB.—1/2 LB.—AND 1 LB. TINS

Sold by all Grocers

THE COWAN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

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