

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Moonlight Excursion

Reserve the evening of Thursday, July 9, for a sail on Str. Victoria to Taylortown, in connection with the George Street United Baptist Sunday School Picnic. Steamer leaves at 6 p. m.

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.
Thurs., Sat.

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.

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

583-41—McSorley's Bakery, 123 Re-Street.
349-11—Turvey, William E. Jr., residence, 166 O'Dell Ave.

N. B. Telephone Co., Limited

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.

Real Estate

Party here Dominion Day wants to buy residence. If interested call at Office before 6 p. m., Tuesday.
F. H. Peters,
Barrister.

To Rent

From July 1st, cottage on Westmorland Street, with barn attached. Apply to Mrs. E. A. Coburn, 155 Westmorland Street.

Excursion to Sussex

The York County Orange Lodge will run an excursion to Sussex on Monday, July 13th. The excursion will leave the C. P. R. station at Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. and will arrive in Sussex at twelve o'clock noon; returning will leave Sussex at 9 p. m.

The parade will form up on the military grounds at 2.30, and after completing their march there will be addresses by Grand Master Dr. W. B. Wallace and other prominent members of the Order.

There will be over two thousand Orangemen and Prentice Boys in line and some seven bands will furnish music.

The Sussex committee are making ample preparation to provide accommodation for all visitors to the town.

A cordial invitation is extended to the Prentice Boys and Ladies Lodge of Fredericton and vicinity to be present.

Tickets, Adults, \$2.65, Children \$1.35.
A. E. Brewer, Merad Brewer,
County Master, County Secretary

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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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. Crowley-Queen Street Opposite Mail Office

A record of Cornell victories at Poughkeepsie does not look unlike a similar record of what the Ithacans have done in intercollegiate cross-country racing.

The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

- BY -

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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

"My Dear Horace," it began. "As from the letter of yours which I received this morning I gather that you still consider that my opinion is of importance, I'll give it to you straight away. It's this—if you meet a good woman and love her, marry her, if she loves you in return. There's a lot of humbug preached now-a-days about the folly of marrying if you haven't this much or that much a year—the exact sum varies according to the social position of the preacher—on which to keep the house going. That's nonsense. Marry on nothing a year, if that is your income, and if you are both young and healthy, and if you love each other. Then put your heads together and find a way of making the nothing into a sum of four figures. If you reverse the process, and wait for the wife until you have the four figures to keep her on, the chances are that you will find that one of two things has happened: either a better and bolder man than you has stepped in and taken the prize from you, or you have outgrown the power of loving. For love, Horace, the real thing, the thing that poets sing of, comes to a man only when he is young; but if he gives it a proper welcome then, it will stay with him when he is old; if he does not, it flies, and it never comes back. There is many a middle-aged man in London now—prosperous, contented, perhaps, and very likely married to a woman whom he plausibly loves—and yet he missed the supreme joy of life, missed it irremediably, because he had not the girl to snatch it when it came. A man is apt to think that because he holds himself in hand, and will not ask a woman to share his early struggles, he is doing something noble; but the real truth is that he is merely doing something selfish. The joy is in the fight, the winning battle against the world, for the one person in the whole world whom you love best: but do you think that joy is an exclusively male prerogative? The woman, if she loves you, can fight as bravely, as joyously, as you. What right have you to deny her the chance of the battle?"

"There, that's my philosophy, Horace. Probably you have skipped it to get to the practical part; but read it through again, when you have no kind of do or better, let the girl read it and see whether she doesn't agree with every word I say. I did not act in it myself, and that is why I am anxious that you should not repeat my mistake. I was just about as old as you when I let my chance go. Don't do as I did."

"I say all this to you because you seem to suggest a doubt whether you can manage on what you have got. You inquire whether my former offer is still open, and you hint that if it isn't, you have no right to ask the girl to marry you. My boy, if you love her, and have reason to believe that she loves you, you have no right to keep silent. Of course the offer is still open—two offers, in point of fact—but if I refused to help you by so much as a shilling, that would not alter your obligation. I've preached enough—now for the practical part."

"You can have a place at my city office at three hundred a year, with the prospect of rapid promotion if you earn it; that is the offer which I hope you will accept. The other is, possibly, more to your taste. I have been investing largely in land lately, and I want a land agent to represent me. The salary in this case is £500 a year, because the position requires that you should make a certain amount of money amongst my tenants, and you couldn't do it on less. But it is a stationary salary. Make your own choice."

"There is one thing more. When I die, you will be mentioned in my will, but not as my sole heir. The conditions will be somewhat peculiar, and the amount which you inherit will depend upon yourself. If you can prove to my executors that on the day of my death you were worth ten pounds, you will receive something; if you can prove a thousand, you will receive a great deal more. As you know, I preach the doctrine that nothing succeeds like success, and my will is to be my last sermon to you on that theme. The proportion of my property which comes to you is, therefore, a matter which I in your own hands; the surplus will go towards founding a charitable institution of some sort, whose nature I have not yet decided. Probably it will be an Ambler Home for consistent failures amongst 'Varsity Men'—the most melancholy class on earth, Horace!"

"Give my love to the girl. Tell her there are no family diamonds, but there will be a cheque to help in the furnishings."

By the time that Scarborough had finished reading this characteristic letter Elsa returned.

"I am ready, Horace," she said. "Shall we start?"

"Yes," said Scarborough, and as they passed out of the room, he whispered to Scott:

"Ride a little in front, or behind, old man, will you?"

Scott answered with a grin.

"Uncle Croesus turned up trumps? Are you going to win, as he cabled you?"

"I hope to win," Scarborough whispered back. "Anyway, I am going to follow Phil's example, and try."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sete Cidades

Sete Cidades, the Seven Cities, are seven small craters which lie in the deep bowl of another and far vaster crater. They are round ponds of tinted water now, or shallow cups filled with a crowding vegetation;

once they were volcanoes; but their rage is spent, their furnaces have long been cold, and on their ashes flowers grow. Nature by giving a rich fertility to the soil which their embers made, has covered with a garment of beauty the scars of her former wounds.

The sides of the main crater are steep, and difficult of descent, except in one place where the flowing lava found an exit. At the bottom of the great cup there are two lakes, the Lago Verde, filled with brilliant green water, and the Lago Azul, of an equally brilliant blue. On one of the gently sloping sides of the main crater, these lakes there is a tiny village of white houses, nestled amid the trees.

"That is the Blue Lake which the writing on the stone refers to," said Scarborough, "and the Dripping Well is on the opposite shore from here. If only Davis's photograph had told us how far from the well, instead of leaving a blank before the word 'feet,' we could go down and begin our fishing. I see no sign of Gillies."

The two young men and the girl were standing near the edge of the great crater, looking down. They had approached cautiously, thinking it was possible they might effect a surprise, and by coming on the cliff and Mrs. Carrington suddenly, win the secret of the stolen plan from them. But the waters of the Blue Lake lay quiet and mirror-like in the evening calm.

"There is no one working near the Dripping Well," said Scarborough. "You go down, Scott, and find out in the village if they have been here to-day. Neither of the pair knows you, so even if they are there now, and see you, possibly they won't think you are after them. We will wait for you here."

Scott went off down the rugged path which led to the lower ground, and when he was out of earshot, Scarborough said to Elsa:

"Would you like to read my uncle's letter for yourself?"

"No," she said. "You have told me what he says."

"Most of it," said Scarborough, "but not all. He says that if there is love, nothing else matters. You said the same thing yourself this morning."

Elsa did not answer, and presently Scarborough asked in a low voice:

"Elsa, is there love?"

"Yes."

The answer was lower than a whisper, hardly more than a movement of the lips; but she had turned her face to him, and was looking into his eyes. He heard it.

"My darling!" he whispered, and bent towards her to take her in his arms. But even now she drew back from him.

"It is true that I love you, Horace," she said, "but—"

"But nothing else matters, dear! You said so yourself!"

"She shook her head, saying softly:—

"There is one thing that matters—discrepancy."

"You will not come near you," he cried. "You are not discouraged. The crimes of others do not touch you."

"The crime was my father's," she answered steadily.

"But not yours!"

"Not mine, but the disgrace of it must be mine. And my mother's committing the crime over again now, perhaps has already committed it. My name is disgraced, and I should dishonor you if I took it."

Scarborough took three steps away from her, and then turned, and before she knew what he was going to do she was in his arms and his kisses were on her lips.

"You love me," he said passionately, "you have confessed it! Do you then, that after hearing you say that I will take any answer from you but 'yes'?"

She did not resist. She had not expected his emburst, but she loved him for it the more. She returned his kiss, and was content.

Presently she looked up into his face, and as she did—

"Horace, if you really mean that nothing matters except love—nothing—not even disgrace? You say so now, but will you say so always?"

"Always, sweetheart."

She nestled closer to him, saying softly:—

"Then tell me again that you love me, and in listening to you I will try to forget the rest."

He told her, and told her again, and it seemed that she would never tire of hearing his words, or of his saying them. They forgot all about Scott and his errand to the Blue Lake; for they were living through the supreme moment of existence, the moment when the first kiss has been given and returned, when Love has put the question, and has been answered by a whispered 'Yes.'

But presently Scarborough jumped to his feet with an exclamation.

"Scott is signalling something with a glass!"

Down in the valley a point of light was flashing against the setting sun. Scott had a piece of broken mirror in his hand, and was using it as a heliograph, winking a message to them in the long and short flashes of the Morse code.

"What does he say?" asked Elsa.

"Are you asleep up there?" Scarborough read the message to her.

"Mrs. Carrington is in one of the houses, but Gillies has gone."

He took out his handkerchief, and waving it like a flag, signalled back the same code "O.K." the heliographist's sign that the message has been read and understood.

"I'm going down," he said to Elsa. "Will you come or stay here?"

"I will come, of course. Together in all things now, Horace!" she said with a happy smile.

(To Be Continued.)

A Great Chance to Buy
LADIES' GARMENTS
at REMARKABLE SAVINGS

Ladies' Suits, New styles, all colors ranging in price from \$20.00 up to \$33.00. All to be cleared at \$10.00 each.

Ladies' Linen Coats ranging in price from \$3.25 up to \$5.00.

Ladies' White Linen Coat Suits from \$3.50 to \$4.25.

Ladies' Cloth Skirts, Serges and Poplinettes assorted sizes, latest styles. Regular \$6.50 to \$7.50. Clearing at \$3.98 each.

Middy Blouses for Ladies and Children from 98c up to \$1.90.

Boy's Wash Suits from 69c up to \$3.00.

Boy's Rompers from 29c up to 65c.

Ladies' Colored Underskirts regular \$1.35 and \$1.50 each. Special Price 98c.

Ladies' White Blouses, newest styles, all sizes ranging in price up to \$2.50 each. All clearing at 98c each.

A. MURRAY & CO.

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY SPECIALS

6 pkgs Surprise Soap	25c	3 cans Parrot Metal Polish
3 pkgs Quaker Corn Meal	each	7 lbs Rolled Oats
3 pkgs Linen Envelopes		2 bots Morton's Marmalade
3 cans Old Dutch Cleanser		3 pkgs Corn Starch

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."

The "Floor-and-Door-a" Girl

work 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

Charley White and Stanley Yoakum are matched to box in Denver, next month.

EMBITTERED SUITOR.

The speaker was Mme. Montessori, the Italian educator. She continued: "On my way hither on the boat there was a beautiful American heiress, to whom a young magazine writer from the west paid assiduous court. But he, on account of the low rates of the magazines, was as poor as a church mouse and so the heiress would not consider him seriously."

"As they leaned side by side over the rail one afternoon the heiress, looking out over the rolling blue waters, sighed and said:

"I love the sea."
"The impoverished and embittered magazine writer retorted, with a sneer:

BAD BLOOD
IS THE DIRECT CAUSE OF
Pimples.

Pimples break out on the face and body, and it is impossible to get rid of them, unless you cleanse the blood of all its impurities.

Burdock Blood Bitters is without a doubt, the very best medicine for this purpose.

This old, and reliable medicine has been in use for nearly forty years, and has a reputation unequalled by any other preparation for removing all the impurities from the blood and banishing the pimples.

Mr. Edward Paquette, Navan Centre, Ont., writes:—"One month ago my face was covered with pimples and a rash. I had tried a number of these so called blood purifiers with no avail. Seeing an almanac of yours in which you strongly recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, I decided to try a bottle, and after I had taken it I could see a decided change, and after using three bottles more all the pimples had completely disappeared."

CHEAP FARES I. C. R. FOR
DOMINION DAY

For Dominion Day there will be special fares over the I.C.R. between all stations Levis and East, and to stations west of Levis. A single class fare will prevail for the round trip, good going on July 1st and good for return the day following.

There will be an issue at one way fare and a third good on June 29, 30 and July 1st, and good for return July 3rd.