

# CLASSIFIED ADS.

## Municipality of York

TENDERS for 25 tons American Furnace Coal, to be delivered at the County Gaol, and 12 tons American Furnace Coal, to be delivered at the County Court House, will be received at the office of the secretary-treasurer up to Friday, the 22nd inst., at 12 o'clock noon.

ALEX. HAINING,  
Chairman County Buildings Com.  
Fredericton, May 18.  
4 ins.

## Notice

Water consumers will please take notice that the water and sewerage rates for the ensuing term are now due and payable at the Water Office, City Hall.

GEORGE R. PERKINS.  
1 week.

## For Sale

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.

## BARN TO LET

Apply at 868 George street. Good chance for horse and carriage.  
3 ins



**D Company**

"D" Company, 71st York Regt., will meet at the Armory, Carleton street, at 7.30 p.m. each Tuesday and Friday till further notice, for drill, enlisting of recruits and issuing of uniforms and equipment.

H. F. G. WOODBRIDGE, Capt.

## Public Auction

I am instructed by Miss Seery to sell all the household effects at her residence, 61 Carleton St. on Tuesday the 19th inst. at 10 o'clock in the morning,

## COMPRISING

Walnut Parlor Set, Ebony Parlor Set, Marble top table, three section oak book case, round center table, Axminster rug, (4 x 5 yards) English Mantle mirrors, mantle ornaments, (marble) French Parlor Clock, Oak Case Parlor Clock, Oak Mantle Bed, Sazy and Bookcase, Plain Rug, 4 1/2 x 5 yards, Dining Ext Table, Mahogany Sofa six Mahogany Dining Room Chairs, Mahogany Dinner Wagon, Walnut Side Board, Cut Glass Decanter, Wine and Cigret Glasses, Limoges, Dinner Set, (not complete) plain White China Dinner Set With a variety of other useful articles and dining room articles oak folding bed with mirror, hair mattress (2 pieces) Beds, Bedding, Feather Pillows Books, Pictures, Mahogany, Lounges and Rocker, Bureaus, Shot Gun, Bagetelle table, and a variety of other useful articles, New Home Sewing Machine, Mahogany Piano.

Terms at Sale.

E. H. ALLEN,  
Auctioneer.

## Novelties

MAGIC TRICK CARDS. — Great Magic Card, 10 cts; Changeable Card, French Trick Cards 10 cts; Diminish 10 cts. Set for 25 cts.

F. A. STONE, Box 513  
Fredericton, N. B.

HOT AIR CARDS: Visiting, Business Liar's Licence, See You Home cards, etc. Get a package and be in strong with the girls. 20 in a package (Assorted) 10 cents.  
F. A. STONE, Box 513  
Fredericton, N. B.

**E. H. ALLEN**  
AUCTIONEER  
House, Land and General  
Sales Agent.

All business strictly confidential.  
Reasonable commissions and prompt returns.

Residence 180 Smyth St.

**John J. Cain**

Painter and Paper Hanger

674 King Street

## Card of Thanks

Mr. James D. Smith and family wish to convey their thanks to their many friends for their kindness and sympathy in their recent bereavement

## 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. Fanjov-Grocery Store, George Street.

Parent, Bird & Co.-Grocery Store, Cor. Queen and York Streets.

D.H. Rowley-Queen Street Opposite Mail Office

## New Subscribers

339-11—Dunbar, Mrs. W. R., Colonial Tea Rooms, Queen street.

240-21—Hatty, Abraham, res., St. Mary's.

500—Hoben, Harry G., res., 102 Waterloo Row.

548-32—Rhymond, Thos., res., 313 George street.

2700-41—Smith, James W., res., Nash waak Village.

2500-23—Turney, Harry F., res., Upper Burton.

142-11—Wandless, Lorne, res., 158 Aberdeen street.

132-41—Wandless, R. H., Tinsmith, Plumber and Heater, 350 Church street.

299-11—Wiley, J. M., res., 13 Carleton street.

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

## The Family Cat

Little Billy, aged six, was crying his eyes out at the street corner. A neighbor passing by said, "Hello, Billy, why, what is the matter?"

(Boo-hoo, sob, sob, from Billy): "I'm afraid to go home."

"But why are you afraid?"

"'Cos (sob), 'cos they'd thrash me."

"Thrash you! They wouldn't do that. Why, what did you do?"

"A new baby came to our house last night." (Awful sobs.)

"Oh, come, come, they wouldn't thrash you for that."

"Yes they would; I'd get an awful thrashing this time, (more sobs), 'cos I'm always blamed for everything that happens in our house."

## Would be Good News

"I say, my friend," called the motorist to the farmer, as he drew up alongside of the field. "I'm looking for a decent road to take me into Squigglesville."

"I'm derved glad to hear it," replied the farmer. "Ef ye happen to find it stranger, send me a telegram, will ye?"

# THE PRICE OF SILENCE

—BY—  
Mark Darran

ready the police have nearly worried the life out of her. Besides, I can give you all the information you desire."

"A woman's memory is better for such things," John Smith persisted. "I shall really be very much obliged if I may see your wife."

"Well, I will try," Sir Charles conceded, and bustled from the room, adding over his shoulder: "Of course, you know that the prince has lost some property, too?"

Ten minutes later Lady Minter entered with her husband. There were dark marks under her eyes, and the hand she held out to John Smith trembled badly.

"Thank you for coming," she said, in a voice that was little above a whisper.

John Smith pulled a chair forward for her, then turned to her husband.

"I would rather be alone, Sir Charles," he said firmly. "The memory acts better when there is nothing to distract the mind."

Sir Charles hesitated, glancing at his wife, but she sat listlessly, and made no sign.

"Very well," he agreed, and went out.

John Smith stood by the window, so that he could see every changing expression on Lady Minter's face.

"Lady Minter," he said quietly, "I want you not to be offended at anything I am going to say."

A slight flush crossed the woman's face as she looked up, but only to drop her head again the next moment.

"Why should I be?" she said nervously.

"Were the jewels really stolen?" John Smith asked.

Something between a gasp and a cry of fear broke from Lady Minter and there was terror in her eyes as she looked at John Smith.

"Yes," she whispered.

John Smith shrugged his shoulders and there was a stern look in his eyes.

"And yet I heard a rumor, not so very long ago," he said, "that the last time you were seen to be wearing the diamonds that they seemed to have lost their lustre. I suggested that you were wearing an imitation set for safety, and, as a matter of fact, I casually asked your husband if that precaution had been taken."

"You asked my husband?" the woman almost sobbed.

"Naturally he laughed at the idea," John Smith continued calmly. "There was another rumor," he added.

"And that?" Lady Minter's lips merely formed the words.

"That you had lost at bridge more than you could afford to pay," John Smith held up his hand as the woman was about to speak. "I asked you not to be offended."

But the look on Lady Minter's face was one of fear rather than anger.

"The prince has been robbed, too," she said, with her eyes averted.

"The prince?" For once John Smith allowed himself a laugh. "Suppose I have heard rumors about him, too?"

"Well?" There was a touch of defiance in the woman's voice now.

"Suppose I have heard rumors that I have confirmed, and that I know him to be nothing better than a black mailer? Is it not natural, then, that should wonder why he is in this house?"

By a mighty effort Lady Minter was keeping herself in hand. She wanted to scream out—do anything to relieve her feelings.

"You mean that you don't believe that there has really been a robbery?" she asked, in a dead voice.

John Smith nodded in silence.

With a sudden sob Lady Minter dropped her face into her hands. As she soon looked up again. Somehow the fear seemed to have gone out of her eyes.

"There has been none," she said slowly. "The real jewels were pawned by me months ago, after I had had an imitation set made, to pay my debts."

John Smith's face betrayed no triumph. He drew nearer to the woman, and laid a hand upon her shoulder.

"And this Prince Rani Singra learn of this, and has blackmailed you since," he said. "Well, you are only one of many."

"I know," Lady Minter groaned; "but what could I do?"

John Smith was silent, for he was thinking rapidly, and the woman never took her eyes from his face.

"I wish to stand your friend, Lady Minter," he said at last, "and I can do it—possibly save you from all the consequences of your rash act—if you will help me."

"Help you?" The woman laughed hysterically. "You don't know what it has meant to me! More than once I have been on the point of confessing everything to my husband!"

"Very good. Where are the imitation stones?" John Smith asked.

"The prince has them."

John Smith was silent again, and when he spoke his plans were completed.

"As soon as the jewelers who have the real stones see the announcements in the papers they will naturally communicate with the police," he said.

"How much will get them out?"

"Something over two thousand pounds," Lady Minter answered quickly.

"Good!" John Smith said. "My car is waiting, and I will fetch them at once. While I am away, get Prince Rani Singra out of the house if possible."

A look of hope had come into Lady Minter's eyes, but it quickly died out again.

"Why should you do it?"

"Because it will give Daring & Co. a chance to do that which they have undertaken," John Smith answered simply. "If you take my advice, how-

ever, you will tell everything to your husband."

"Oh, no!" the woman gasped.

"Think," John Smith answered, as he left the room.

## CHAPTER VI.

The Missing Jewels—The Arrest and the Trial

Detective-Inspector Blake and looked with some annoyance at the card that one of his subordinates brought in to him.

"John Smith," he read, and his expression changed. "Show him in."

John Smith entered the office, his usual calm expression on his face.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Smith?" the inspector asked politely; for more than once in the past the natives native of Daring & Co. had been of considerable service to him.

"It was something that I thought of doing for you," John Smith answered coolly, "provided that you consent to act in the way I tell you."

Inspector Blake looked indignant, and pulled at his short beard.

"I can't promise that," he said, "but I will do my best."

John Smith rose from the chair in which he had seated himself, and took up his hat.

"Then we will waste no more time," he remarked. "It would have saved a lot of time over that Minter jewel case."

The expression of the inspector's face changed.

"I think, perhaps, I might promise," he said hastily. "I am sure that you have too much sense, Mr. Smith, to make absurd suggestions."

John Smith bowed, and there was a little smile on his lips.

"You have heard of a certain Prince Rani Singra?" he inquired. "He is reported to also have lost jewels."

"Yes," Inspector Blake answered eagerly. "I have sometimes thought there was something fishy about the man—and yet he has been entertained by good people."

"He took the jewels," John Smith said quietly.

Inspector Blake was on his feet in an instant, and buttoning up his coat.

"You are sure of this?" he cried. "You would not do to make a mistake. How can you prove it?"

"That is one of the things I do not wish to explain," John Smith replied. "It is natural that you might wish to search the rooms again—it is equally natural that you would notice a loose board. And I can assure you that beneath it you will find the missing jewels—the imitation ones."

"Imitation ones!" the detective gasped in amazement.

"Precisely," John Smith explained. "In the excitement of the discovery it was not noticed which set had been taken. Fortunately it was the wrong one."

Inspector Blake whistled, then looked questioningly into John Smith's face.

"How did you come to take the case up?" he inquired.

"I have not taken it up, my friend," John Smith answered. "I was after the prince on a different charge—blackmail—and I shall be only too pleased to see him out of the way for a time."

Actually, John Smith was afraid that Prince Rani Singra would give away the part that Lady Minter had played, but yet he might fear to do it, knowing that it would make his sentence heavier.

"Well, the jewels are the things for me to see to," Inspector Blake said. "Shall I take any men with me?"

"It might be wise," John Smith assured him, "as he always has two native attendants with him."

A few minutes later John Smith's powerful car was whizzing westwards, with Detective Blake and his two assistants aboard, and upon arriving at Sir Charles Minter's house they were at once admitted. Sir Charles himself meeting them in the hall. He took John Smith aside for a moment.

"My wife has told me all," he said, huskily. "Do you think we can hush it up?"

"I am going to," John Smith answered; but even he did not guess in what a strange way the prince's lips were to be closed.

"Is the prince upstairs, Sir Charles?" Inspector Blake put in bluntly. "I wish to search his room again."

"Yes," Sir Charles answered, and led the way upstairs.

On the way they passed Lady Minter, and John Smith noticed that although she was very pale, there was no longer any fear in her eyes.

"Everything is arranged?" John Smith whispered.

"Yes," she answered, in the same tone.

The door of Prince Rani Singra's room proved to be locked, but at a request from Sir Charles it was opened by Ayasha. The prince sat by the window, a nervous expression in his dark eyes, while Yashti crouched in his usual attitude over the blazing fire.

"Inspector Blake is sorry to disturb you, prince," Sir Charles said quietly, "but he wishes to examine the room."

The prince scarcely seemed to hear the words. His eyes were upon John Smith, and the look of fear in them had increased. By an effort he roused himself.

"What is there to learn here?" he asked harshly.

"No knowing, sir," the detective answered bluntly.

Remembering his promise to John Smith, Inspector Blake went poking around the room until he had examined every spot save that covered by the cushions on which Prince Rani Singra sat.

"May I trouble you, sir?" he said quietly.

A sudden pallor turned the Indian's face to a particularly ugly color, and he shifted uneasily.

"It is absurd," he said in a low voice. "Duty!" Inspector Blake snapped. "Got to be done!"

Slowly Prince Rani Singra rose from the cushions, and his eyes were turned towards the doorway. If he had any intention of trying a dash for liberty, however, he must have seen the hopelessness of his chance, for one of the detectives stood there with a carelessness that was distinctly assumed.

(To Be Continued.)

# 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.

## LABOR MEN MEET

## IN MOBILE, ALA.

Mobile, Ala., May 18—Delegates from all the principal cities and towns in Alabama assembled here today on the opening of the annual convention of the State Federation of Labor. President Gann called the gathering to order and delivered his annual address. The convention will continue its sessions until all its business is concluded, which will probably be late in the week.

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE



DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

IN SESSION AT  
NEW ORLEANS

New Orleans, La., May 18—The eighteenth annual convention of the Interstate Cotton Seed Crushers' Association met in this city today for a three days' session. President M. E. Singleton of Chicago called the gathering to order and delivered his annual address. The convention is largely attended by delegations from Texas, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi.

Tom Gibbons, v. Buck Lrouse, Hudson, Wis.

# The Fra Says---

"When you tell me of your wonderful invention and want to sell me stock in your company, just bring me a snap-shot of the man who is going to manage your concern, as well as a list of what he eats and drinks, the hours he sleeps and how he exercises both his body and sky-piece. Then I'll talk with you."

It requires healthy men with clear thinkers and strong bodies to build a prosperous business.

# Food Plays a Big Part

Grape-Nuts, made of whole wheat and malted barley, is a delicious food, and contains the elements required by Nature for the up-keep of body, brain and nerves.

A ration of

# Grape-Nuts

and Cream.

with regular meals, helps many a man to manage successfully.

"There's a Reason"

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