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amusing novelties. Also free  
Fountain Pen offer. All for 10c.  
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## Notice of Meeting

The annual meeting of the Fredericton Improvement Association will be held at the office of T. C. Allen, Esq., Registrar of the Supreme Court in the City of Fredericton, on Monday, the first day of March, next at eight o'clock, p. m.

Dated 25th Feb. 1915.  
HAVERLOCK COY,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

1 ins.

## To Let

TO LET—The house corner of George and Brunswick Streets, opposite Windsor Hall, possession given at once. One of the best locations in the city. Apply to MISS HODGE, Campbell Street.

## Wanted

WANTED—Immediately, young men for the California World's Fair. Trip expenses paid. Kindly enclose ten cents (not stamps) for particulars. Write

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Class Style  
"THE OLD MADE NEW"  
83 Regent Street

## City Election

The election for Mayor and for Aldermen of the City of Fredericton for the ensuing year will be held on MONDAY, the EIGHTH DAY OF MARCH, 1915, at the Polling Places as follows:  
DIVISION NO. 1—For all voters residing or owning property above the northwest centre line of Carleton Street prolonged, at or near the City Hall in the said City.  
DIVISION NO. 2—For all voters residing or owning property in the remainder of the said City, not included in Division No. 1, at or near the County Court House in the said City.

## NOMINATIONS

Every Candidate for the Office of Mayor or Alderman shall be qualified to vote at the election for which he is nominated and shall be nominated in writing, by at least TWO ratepayers residing in the City of Fredericton, and qualified to vote at the ensuing election for which such Candidate is nominated.

Every nomination paper with the certificates of the City Treasurer shall be filed with the City Clerk or at his office, and not later than FOUR O'CLOCK on the afternoon of MONDAY, the first day of March, 1915, and the City Clerk, before receiving such nomination paper, shall ascertain from the same that the requirements of the Election Act have been complied with.

No candidate shall be qualified to be nominated for Alderman unless at the time of nomination, he is a resident of the Ward for which he is nominated.

The acceptance of each candidate and the signatures of at least TWO resident qualified voters, who must sign the nomination paper, shall be proved by a witness by affidavit attached to the nomination.  
Dated this nineteenth day of February, A. D. 1915.

J. W. MCCREARY,  
City Clerk.

## The TIME LOCK



And just as the chimes in the hall began tolling eleven, he mounted the steps and rang the bell.

Van Vechten scarcely breathed, so intently was he following the proceedings across the street. As before, the door was opened perhaps an inch, a brief colloquy patently ensued, then the gap widened barely enough for the young man to squeeze through. And also as before, the door was slammed without Van Vechten obtaining the least glimpse of whatever mysteries might lie beyond.

By now he was taking account of time only with reference to Number 1313. He was in such a state of mind that he forgot that he was tired and sleepy, or that he ever had been bored. Other club members—the few unfortunate anchored to the city—were beginning to drop in, but Van Vechten was too intent to give any of them particular notice until Tom Phinney arrived.

It was impossible to ignore Tom Phinney. Not that Van Vechten wanted to, because he didn't—as a rule. Their friendship antedated their college days; which was odd enough if one cared to sum up the differences between their two characters. Tom Phinney, never celebrated for his wit, was once inspired to epigram by an appreciation of these temperamental dissimilarities, and as his utterance is not without pith it is worth quoting.

He confided to his right-hand neighbor at a certain formal dinner: "Ruddy not only belongs to a half of the world that's not wise to how the other half lives, but it's the half that doesn't care a rap and would be tired to death if you tried to tell it."

With a lazy lifting of one slender hand, Van Vechten arrested Phinney's noisy progress across the lounging-room. As soon as Tom comprehended who was halting him, his good-humored expression died away with comical rapidity, a look of mingled amazement and alarm taking its place.

"Moses and green spectacles!" he voiced in astonishment. "You! Out of bed this time of day? Sunday, too!" He hurried to his friend's side and examined him critically.

"Seen a doctor yet? You'd better. If you're not able I'll go fetch old Pottle—sleeps here, you know."

These remarks were ignored. "Draw up a chair," was the response—"no, not that stuffy one; it makes me perspire only to look at it—the willow rocker."

Tom did precisely as he was directed. "Well?" he grunted, eyeing Van Vechten with a concern that was only half simulated. But in a moment he felt his gaze impelled to follow his friend's.

"What's up?" he demanded, staring hard—even belligerently—at the silent House of Mystery.

Van Vechten listlessly consulted his watch, stifled a yawn, and then said: "Twenty-two minutes to twelve. I'll say you a hundred that while the



Still There Was Something About Her That Teased and Perplexed Him.

clock's striking the hour a chap will go up that stoop, ring the bell and be admitted."

"What do you mean?"—bluntly. "Been tipped off to anything about our House of Mystery?"—the second question with kindling interest.

The other, however, shook his head. "The bet's a fair one," he said. And he repeated it. "You are always so devilish hard up that I thought you would like to pick up a hundred. You can take it or leave it."

"Oh, I'll take you fast enough," Tom made haste to agree. "Your money's as good as anybody's. But sit here till noon? I don't think! I haven't breakfasted yet."

"You pumper that gross appetite of yours. We'll breakfast together. There will be something to talk about, whoever wins; for, truly, something is happening across the way at last."

Tom was immediately all eager in-  
terest, but to his importunities Van

Vechten opposed the one injunction—"Wait." So Tom grumbled and growled to no purpose, and was in and out of his chair a dozen times during the period of waiting, though he made it a point to settle himself there some minutes before the hour of noon. He sat glowering darkly at his friend and uttering sarcastic remarks which the latter apparently did not hear.

However, the alert watchfulness that lay behind Van Vechten's imperturbability was infectious, and as the pregnant moment drew nearer and nearer Tom himself fell to scanning the street, which was quiet and oppressively respectable, and never crowded with traffic of any sort, even on work-days. On Sundays it was practically deserted all day long—especially mid-summer Sundays.

There was no word from Van Vechten until he quietly announced:

"Here he comes."

Tom Phinney craned forward. He beheld a stalwart, well-set-up young man in a shabby suit, approaching on the opposite walk. He scrutinized him intently.

Excepting that it was so nicely timed, there was nothing dramatic about the man's advent. Tom even indulged in a disdainful "Huh!"—notwithstanding which he was sensible of a distinct thrill when, a few seconds later, the young man mounted the steps of Number 1313, rang the bell, and after the now familiar preliminary measures on the part of the unseen door-tender, was admitted.

And all the while the clock in the club hall was chiming the hour of noon.

## CHAPTER III.

## An Exit.

"Alexander!"  
A page hastening cat-footed, after the manner of all well-trained pages, swerved abruptly from his course and bore down upon the window where the two friends were seated.

Van Vechten waved in the direction of Number 1313.

"Alexander," he said, "we are going to breakfast, and we want you to hold these two chairs for us. Keep an eye upon that house across the way—thirteen-thirteen. Observe whether anybody departs, or whether anybody arrives, and make careful note of them. If anything unusual happens, come to me immediately in the grill. Understand?"

Alexander signified that he understood, and that he was willing to wait and watch—for even the club's servants shared the general interest in the House of Mystery—and Alexander was already seated in one of the vacated chairs, his eyes glued to the doorway opposite.

There were only two other diners in the grill. Van Vechten and Tom sought a secluded corner, where the latter listened in blinking bewilderment to an account of the morning's happenings. But, after all, he was no more mystified than the narrator.

He was, however, all at once inspired.

"I have it!" he impetuously announced. "Let's hurry and eat—I'm not hungry now, anyway. What say to me walking up and ringing the bell at one o'clock?"

But Van Vechten's comment was not encouraging.

"Crude," was his word. "I fear you will never learn anything beyond squash, yachts and polo ponies. Those men are not wandering blindly into the house; the indications all point to a prearranged meeting. They may be the tenants themselves; some sort of secret society—"

"Anarchists!" Tom yelled. A thought had but to enter his head to emerge at his mouth. The other two diners looked up, startled; but perceiving the source of the outburst, they returned to their meals with expressions of patient endurance.

"Yes, anarchists," Van Vechten agreed; "even so. And you would have a nice, pleasant time getting in—or, once in, getting out again."

"Oh, well, we might try breaking in after dark—jimmy, you know, and all that sort of thing," a sarcasm which was frankly ignored.

"It has occurred to me," pursued Van Vechten, picking daintily at his omelette soufflé, "that a person who has been at such pains to keep his identity hidden from the rest of the world, is stimulated to do so by some powerful motive. If he is a person of intelligence it will be no light matter penetrating his secret; it might be dangerous for the meddler. And it is no business of ours."

"Rats!" Tom Phinney exploded in disgust. "You're losing interest already."

The other elevated his brows and leaned comfortably back in his chair.

(To Be Continued.)

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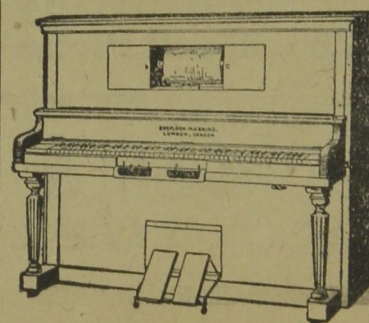
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