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REGENT STREET

The best and most modern
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IS CONDUCTING AN
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Spring Fever?

You need a Tonic, and

Nyal's Digestive Tonic

will relieve that tired feeling and
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Price \$1.00

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Alonzo Staples, Prop.
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"IN BUSINESS FOR YOUR HEALTH"

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NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL
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ASSETS \$6,685,583.81

Best Rates Protection Safe

When your Clothes need
Pressing and Repairing

SEND THEM TO

H. L. ROGERS

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Class Style

"THE OLD MADE NEW"

83 Regent Street

CLASSIFIED

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3 insertions . . . 60c
6 insertions . . . \$1.00
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rent with private family.
Phone 591-21.

To Let

TO LET—Summer Cottage at Kings
clear known as "The Chalet." De-
lightfully situated three and a half
miles from the city. Apply to
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TO LET—A barn on King street,
formerly occupied by H. C. Jewett
contains seven box stalls and a ben-
nery and ample yard room. Enquire
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From one to four furnished or un-
furnished rooms or a furnished flat
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Fifty acres of land situate in
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sink shafts.

Enquire at 527 York St., Frederic-
ton.
MARGARET J. CHARTERS.
May 16th, 1915.
S.W.—2 wks—4 ins daily.

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One second hand carriage and a
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Apply MAIL
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WE WILL PAY YOU \$120 to dis-
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community. Sixty days work. Ex-
perience not required. Man or woman
Opportunity for promotion. Spare
time may be used. International
Bible Press, 182 Spadina Ave., Tor-
onto.
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Agents Wanted

Lusitania's destruction and horrors
of the Great War. Thrilling, heart
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ler ever published. Only one dollar
Best terms. Sample book free.
WINSTON CO., Toronto.
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Notice to Water Consumers

Water consumers will please take
notice that Water & Sewerage rates
are now payable at the water office
City Hall.

G. R. PERKINS,
Collector of Water Rates.

A WISE CHILD

"So you are bad sometimes?"
"Yes."
"And why, my child, are you bad
sometimes?"
"So that I'll be appreciated when
I'm good."

New Subscribers

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Tones and invigorates the whole
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Debility, Mental and Brain Worries, Despon-
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Druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of
price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD
MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Wood's)

KEZIAH COFFIN

Joseph C. Lincoln

Author of
Cy Whittaker's Place
Capt. Eri, Etc.

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young

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Ma. It's a long voyage, even to
come back direct, which ain't like
So I may not see the old town ag-
for a couple of years. Take care
yourself, won't you? Good men,
specially ministers, are scarce, at
from what I hear about you I call
Trumet needs you."

"When are you going?"

"Last of next week, most likely."

"Will you—shall you go alone? As
you to be—to be—"

"Married? No. Grace and I have
talked it over and we've agreed it
best to wait till I come back. She'll
stay in the old house with Hannah."

"Good-by, captain."

"Good-by. Er—I say, Mr. Eller,
how's things at the parsonage? Er—
Keziah—Mrs. Coffin, your housekeep-
er, is she smart?"

"Yes. She's well."

"That's good. Say, you might tel
her good-by for me, if you want to.
Tell her I wished her all the luck
there was. And—and—just say that
there ain't any—well, that her friend
—say just that, will you?—her friend
said 'twas all right. She'll understand;
it's a—sort of joke between us."

"Very good, captain; I'll tell her."

They shook hands and parted.

Didama and her fellow news-venders
distributed the tale of Captain Nat's
sailing broadcast during the next few
days. There was much wonderment
at the delayed marriage, but the gen-
eral verdict was that Captain Eben's
recent death and the proper respect
due to it furnished sufficient excuse.

Hannah Poundberry, delighted at be-
ing so close to the center of interest,
talked and talked, and thus Grace was
spared the interviews which would
have been a trouble to her. Nat left
town via the packet, on the following
Wednesday. Within another week
came the news that his ship, the Sea
Mist, had sailed from New York,
bound for Manila.

CHAPTER XIV.

In Which Trumet Talks of Captain
Nat.

Summer was over, autumn came,
passed, and it was winter—John El-
lery's first winter in Trumet. Fish
weirs were taken up, the bay filled
with ice, the packet ceased to run,
and the village settled down to hiber-
nate until spring. The stage came
through on its regular trips, except
when snow or slush rendered the
roads impassable, but passengers were
very few. Twice there were wrecks,
one of a fishing schooner, the crew of
which were fortunate enough to es-
cape by taking to the dories, and an-
other, a British bark, which struck on
the farthest bar and was beaten to
pieces by the great waves, while the
townspeople stood helplessly watching
from the shore, for launching a boat
in that surf was impossible. Mr. Pe-
pper made no more calls at the parson-
age, and when the minister met him,
at church or elsewhere, seemed an-
xious to avoid an interview.

"Well, Abishai," asked Ellery, on
one of these occasions, "how are you
getting on at home? Has your sister
locked you up again?"

"No, sir, she ain't," replied Kyan.
"Lavinia, she's sort of different lately.
She ain't high so—so down on a fel-
ler as she used to be. I can get out
once in a while by myself nowadays,
when she wants to write a letter or
somethin'. Writes one about every
once in a week. I don't know who
they're to, nuther. She's talkin' of
goin' up to Sandwich pretty soon."

"She is? Alone?"

"So she says."

"To leave you here? Why! well, I'm
surprised."

"Godfrey's mighty! so be I. But she
says she b'lieves she needs a change
and there's church conference up
there, you know, and she figgers that
she ain't been to conference she don't
know when. I s'pose you'll go, won't
you, Mr. Ellery?"

"Probably."

Lavinia got herself elected a dele-
gate and went, in company with Cap-
tain Elikanah, Mrs. Mayo, and others,
to the conference. She was a faithful
attendant at the meetings and seemed
to be having a very good time. She
introduced the minister to one Caleb
Pratt, a resident of Sandwich, whom
she said she had known ever since
she was a girl.

"Mr. Pratt's a cousin of Thankful
Payne over to home," volunteered La-
vinia. "You know Thankful, Mr. El-
lery."

Lavinia confided to her pastor that
Mr. Pratt made the best shoes in Os-
table county. He could fit any kind of
feet, she declared, and the minister
ought to try him sometime. She added
that he had money in the bank.

Spring came more; then summer.

And now people were again speaking
of Captain Nat Hammond. His ship
was overdue, long overdue. Even in
those days, when there were no cables
and the telegraph was still something
of a novelty, word of his arrival should
have reached Trumet months before
this. But it had not come, and did not.

Before the summer was over, the wise
heads of the retired skippers were

shaking dubiously. Something had
happened to the Sea Mist, something
serious.

As the weeks and months went by
without news of the missing vessel,
this belief became almost a certainty.
At the Come-Outer chapel, where Eze-
kiel Basse, now presided, prayers
were offered for the son of their for-
mer leader.

One afternoon Keziah came into El-
lery's study, where he was laboring
with his next Sunday sermon, and sat
down in the rocking-chair. She had
been out and still wore her bonnet and
shawl.

"John," she said, "I ask your par-
don for disturbin' you. I wanted to
ask if you knew Mrs. Prince was
sick?"

"No. Is she? I'm awfully sorry.
Nothing serious, I hope?"

"No, I guess not. Only she's got a
cold and is kind of under the weather.

I thought p'raps you'd like to run up
and see her. She thinks the 'world
and all of you, 'cause you was so good
when she was distressed about her
son. Poor old thing! she's had a
hard time of it. I just heard that she
was ailin' from Didama Rogers. Di-
dama said she was all but dyin', so I
knew she prob'ly had a little cold, or
somethin'. If she was really very bad,
Di would have had her buried by this
time, so's to be sure her news was
ahead of anybody else's. I ain't been
up there, but I met her t'other morn-
in'."

"Didama?"

"No; Mrs. Prince. She'd come down
to see Grace."

"Oh."

"Yes. The old lady's been awful
kind and sympathizin' since—since
this new trouble. It reminds her of
the loss of her own boy, I presume
likely, and so she feels for Grace.

John, what do they say around town
about—about him?"

"Captain Hammond? Why, if you
mean that they've all given up hope,
I should hardly say that. Captain
Mayo and Captain Daniels were speak-
ing of it in my hearing the other day
and they agreed that there was still
a chance."

"A pretty slim one, though, they
called, didn't they?"

"Well, they were—were doubtful, of
course. There was the possibility that
he had been wrecked somewhere and
hadn't been picked up. They cited
several such cases. The South Pa-
cific is full of islands where vessels
seldom touch, and he and his crew
may be on one of these."

"John," she answered, with a sig-
"sometimes I think you'd better get
another housekeeper."

"What? Are you going to leave
me? You?"

"Oh, 't wouldn't be because I wanted
to. But it seems almost as if there
was a kind of fate hangin' over me
and that," she smiled faintly, "as if
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