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one hundred jokes, puzzles, games,
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amusing novels. Also free
Fountain Pen Offer. All for 12c.
STONE, Box 518 Fredericton, N.B.

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1 insertion 25c.
4 insertions 60c.
6 insertions \$1.00.
1 Month \$3.00.

Notice of Legislation

NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be presented to the Legislative Assembly at its present session to provide that the provisions of Section 34 of the City of Fredericton Assessment Act, 1907, shall not apply to the assessment of income of journeymen mechanics and laborers who work in the City of Fredericton, whose actual residence is in the County of York, outside of the City.

This is the same Bill that was presented to the Legislature last session and was withdrawn.

Dated this Nineteenth Day of March A.D., 1915.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE MUNICIPALITY OF YORK.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Secretary-Treasurer of York.

**Lectures on the War in the
Old Kirk**

March 22--Prof. W. L. Macdonald, Ph.D.,—European Alliance.
March 25--Illustrated Lecture, 112 Slides by Experts.

March 29--Prof. W. C. Kierstead, Ph.D.,—The Teaching of Science and the Survival of the Fittest.

April 1--Rev. W. H. Smith, Ph.D.,—The Moral Damage of War.

April 5--Prof. F. Peacock, B. A.,—The War and the World's Peace.

April 8--Prof. J. A. Stiles, B.A. Sc.,—Italy and the War.

Chair taken at 8.
Tickets for Course, 50 Cents.

Sewing Wanted

I am at liberty to do the family's spring and summer sewing now. Will do it very cheaply. Satisfaction guaranteed for further particulars address,

"THE DRESSMAKER,"
Care Daily Mail, Fredericton, N.B.

For Sale

A splendidly finished in cypress, eight-room, two storey concrete block residence on Charlotte Street, west end. Has metal roof, hard wood floors, open fire, hot air furnace, electric wired, concrete floor in basement, broad verandah, lowest rate of insurance, fine location, ready for occupancy.

MOSES MITCHELL,
Contractor and Builder,
Fredericton, N. B.
1 week--Mar. 24.

Public Notice

Whereas my wife, Lillian I. Christie, has left my bed and board, without just cause or complaint, I hereby forbid all parties from harboring or trusting her on my account.

GEORGE CHRISTIE,
York Co., N.B., March 11, 1915.

FOR SALE

Four foot green furnace wood, at \$4.50 per cord delivered.
PHONE 226

Wanted

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

Postal Box 1026, Montreal.

TO LET

TO LET--Several houses and stores to let. Apply to F. B. Edgecombe, 1wk.

To Let

TO LET--Several desirable modern flats in good locality, lower part of city. Also tenements in other sections.

R. W. McLELLAN.

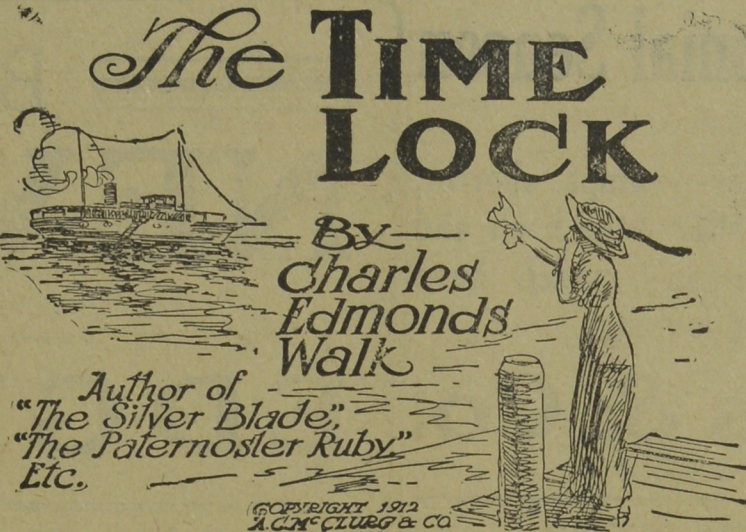
To Let

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

New Subscribers

523-22--Jamer, Geo. A., Res. St. Mary's.
535-21--Webster, Mrs. John, res. 135 Brunswick Street.

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Book II.

CHAPTER I--Van Vechten calls on his uncle, Theodore Van Vechten, big man in Wall street and known as the "Man of Iron," in search of information regarding the whereabouts of Paige Carew.

CHAPTER II--Detective Flint shows Van Vechten a gold watch purse found in the House of Mystery. Van recognizes it as belonging to Paige Carew.

CHAPTER III--The sweet-voiced girl helps Tom Phinney escape, but refuses to disclose her identity. Tom declares he will meet her again.

CHAPTER IV--Detective Flint tells Van Vechten he has a theory that Paige has been kidnapped. Van goes to lay the case before his uncle.

CHAPTER V--Messages are sent to Europe in an effort to trace Paige. Tom tells Van Vechten he is in love and relates his adventure.

CHAPTER VI--A message from London reports that two ladies resembling Miss Carew and her companion, Mrs. Devereaux, sailed for New York some time previously. A reward of \$2,500 is offered.

CHAPTER VII--It develops that the ladies visited the English home of Temple Bonner, owner of the House of Mystery. Flint has a theory that they are connected with the mystery of No. 1313.

CHAPTER VIII--It is recalled that Temple Bonner was in love with a daughter of Compton Schuyler, who married Max Willard. The other daughter married a man named Devereaux. Bonner and Willard were intimate friends. A search is started for Willard.

CHAPTER IX--Van Vechten enters the House of Mystery by the back door in time to hear John Callis threaten a girl. He interferes and helps the girl escape, but is rendered unconscious in the struggle with Callis.

"They have cabled Captain Carew," Mr. Flint explained, "a half-dozen times today for information. The afternoon's extras mention a reward--twenty-five hundred dollars--being offered in London for information of Miss Carew. That would account for their sudden interest."

By way of answer the young man handed him the cablegram from Fotheringill. Mr. Flint glanced at it, then he sat up with a jerk and his eyes narrowed to mere slits. He pondered the text for some time while the two young men watched him in silent curiosity.

"Well," he breathed at last, returning the message, "there is one more link in the chain--not a very definite one, but an additional small detail that associates Miss Carew directly with your house of mystery."

Van Vechten stared in wonder at the slip of paper. Tom abruptly exclaimed: "How the dickens do you make that out?"

But Mr. Flint was not to be hurried. "While there may be nothing so very mysterious about the house itself," he pursued evenly, "nevertheless it is by way of promising us a very pretty problem indeed. Does the name 'Withypool' signify anything in particular to you?"

"Nothing definite; it is familiar, that is all."

"Withypool," repeated Mr. Flint, musingly. "I have had occasion to look it up."

"You have!" shot from Van Vechten in his surprise. "What do you know, Flint? Tell it!"

"It's a little village in Somerset--on the edge of Exmoor forest--perhaps one of the prettiest regions in rural England. Still does the name convey nothing to your mind? Think!"

Here Tom Phinney interjected: "Ruddy thought it was confoundedly familiar when he read the message."

While Van Vechten tried his best to recall the associations which the name all but evoked, Mr. Flint sat sturdily contemplating him.

"I give it up," declared the young man at length. "Go on and tell it--why you jumped so when you read the message. What's the answer?"

"I said that it was a pretty spot"--the man's deliberation was provoking--"an ideally desirable location for a home--regular old-fashioned English country home, you know--gables, chimney-pots, ivy, deer-park, hedges, and all that sort of thing. For instance--"

"Confound you, Flint! Out with it!"

"Mr. Temple Bonner's."

For a moment the two young men sat staring speechlessly at the unmoved detective. Then Van Vechten smote the table with his fist.

"By George!" ejaculated he, vehemently but not loudly. "That's it! The very thing that's been chasing round in my skull!" He proceeded more calmly.

"But, Flint, admitting that one of the two ladies mentioned here is my cousin"--tapping the cablegram--"the fact that you found her purse in a house which happens to belong to Temple Bonner, and that also she has been mysteriously sojourning near his home in England, presents only a coincidence--curious, perhaps, but immaterial."

"Maybe so; but do not lose sight of the other lady--her companion. She was a Schuyler, I believe."

"True."

"Do you know that before Number 1313 came into Mr. Bonner's possession it belonged to Compton Schuyler, Mrs. Devereaux's father?"

The expression that now flitted across Van Vechten's face was one of bewilderment. He had no comment to make.

"Furthermore," continued Mr. Flint, "instead of the present owner being ignorant that such a shabby parcel of property is a part of the estate, its purchase was prompted by a sentiment growing out of a romance more than thirty years old. So, you see, the coincidence begins to assume proportions that must signify something--something that would be of value to us if we could only grasp its meaning. There is where I hope you may help me."

"This is rather staggering, Flint," said Van Vechten, as soon as he had collected his wits, "but still the circumstances are merely coincidence to me. I can read no meaning into them, nor are they informative. I fail to see where I can render the slightest help. Tom here is in a position to supply you with something much more to the point, for by the purest accident he stumbled upon our sandy-complexioned man--to say nothing of a ripping adventure. His name is John Callis."

The detective favored Tom with a look of interest, and then his eyes smiled.

"One thing at a time, gentlemen," said he, "one thing at a time. You can't excite me. Let us first get through with the point we were discussing."

"It is entertaining enough for me," agreed Van Vechten. "I trust it will prove profitable. You see, while I am acquainted in a general way with Josephine Devereaux' history--as one is in a way familiar with the uneventful history of a friend--for that very reason I am rather hazy as to details. In other words, there never has been any reason why one should want to plumb her past. She is almost a member of our family, and has been for so long a time that whatever affects her also touches us."

"Precisely," said Mr. Flint, so briskly that his augmented interest caught Van Vechten's attention.

"Well?" the latter encouraged.

"It is in the close relationship among the different families concerned that I hope to find the key to the puzzle. And there again I look for your help."

"Consider, Mr. Van Vechten: it's a far cry from the murder of an obscure, unimportant young man here in New York to Temple Bonner in England, whose name in any language means unlimited wealth and power. He and his family own no inconsiderable portion of the world's second city. He is inaccessible to all ordinary methods of approach, and by virtue of his position and affiliations a force to be reckoned with even by the ruler he has elected to owe allegiance to. But it has become unmistakable that a binding cord leads through the maze of intervening events, uniting Temple Bonner and Jim O'Neill as surely as if they walked hand in hand."

"Now you are privileged to associate with such people; you are one of them. I am not. That's how you can help me."

The young man surveyed him curiously, perhaps a little admiringly. There was a noticeable tone of respect in the question which he presently asked.

"Flint, how did you come to be burrowing into the past, and raking up old dead, forgotten romances?"

"You supplied the hint," was the quiet answer. "When you said that the house had not been rented through the regular channels--that is to say, by application at the estate's offices--a moment's reflection told me that possession of the house could have been obtained only in one other way, namely, by direct authority of Mr. Bonner himself. Rather extraordinary, eh? It was while trying to verify this conclusion that I stumbled upon the rest."

"If your information is exact, the old place over yonder--Lord, what would Josephine think if she knew how it had been exciting the club's curiosity for so, these many moons!--if you are correct, then it is her old home--her birthplace--the house from which she was married. Well, well, well!"

The marriage had not been a happy one, and the speaker paused. There was a quality in the detective's silence and intent attitude that seemed subtly to encourage the young man's reminiscent vein, for after giving the unfortunate union a brief mental turning over, Van Vechten dismissed it and went on.

"Josephine had a twin sister--Henrietta--been dead for years and years. She too made an unlucky match, I believe--people, you know, don't talk about such things. I know next to nothing about it. Must have been some gay times in that old house."

(To Be Continued.)

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Years of wonderful success and testimony from the best people of our land go to prove that nothing so ar discovered is quicker, safer, surer, more pleasant than Catarrhozone. It is in its application purely scientific--as recommended only for certain ailments above mentioned--but those it does certainly cure.

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We Welcome You to This Style Show and assure you our ever effort will be directed toward making your visit here both pleasant and enjoyable.

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