

DENTISTS

DR. J. B. CROCKER
DENTIST
Office Kitchen Building
Opposite Post Office
Telephone, Office, 419-11; House, 57-41

Dr. GERRARD
DENTIST
Office and Residence
KING ST. - Opp. Boyles'

W. J. IRVINE
DENTAL SURGEON
Opp. Soldiers' Barracks
an 1 next door to Bank of N. B.
Building, Queen Street.
Office Hours—10 a. m. to 1 p.
m.; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.
PHONE 137-11

Dr. Barbour
DENTIST
Inches Building
Cor. York and Queen Sts.

UNDERTAKER

J. A. McAdam
UNDERTAKER
REGENT STREET
The best and most modern
Funeral Equipment in the city
Residence Telephone 70-41
Business Telephone, 118-41

JOHN G. ADAMS
IS CONDUCTING AN
Undertaking
Business
AT
610 QUEEN STREET
RESIDENCE
Phone 448-11

NYAL'S
COD LIVER
COMPOUND

THE GREATEST ALL ROUND TONIC
Large Bottle
\$1.00
— AT —
STAPLES PHARMACY
Alonzo Staples, Prop.
Cor. York & King Sts., Fredericton

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

ASSETS \$53,105,541.70

M. BREWER

NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

ASSETS \$1,653,553.81

Best Rates Protection Safe

BOYS! GIRLS!

12c brings you one list of over one hundred jokes, puzzles, games, tricks, etc.; twelve comic visiting cards (assorted), bunch of side-splitting circulars and two amusing novellets. Also free Fountain Pen Offer. All for 12c. STONE, Box 518 Fredericton, N.B.

CLASSIFIED

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

Notice to Water Consumers

The list of names of those in arrears for water ordered by the City Council, has now been made up and I am directed to notify those persons still owing water rates that after April 1st the water will be turned off without further notice.

G. R. PERKINS,
Collector Water and Sewerage Rates.
4 ins.

Girl Wanted

WANTED AT ONCE—A capable girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. G. W. HODGE, 128 George Street.

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

To Let

TO LET—Several desirable modern flats in good locality, lower part of city. Also tenements in other sections.
R. W. McLELLAN.

A small flat at 253 King street, between Northumberland and Westmorland. Possession given April 1st. Apply to Miss ELLEN DOYLE.

Lumber Wanted

Want lumber and shingles in car lots. Would like to deal with lumbermen or the owners of mills who can load on cars. Please give full particulars of lumber and your lowest cash price in first letter. Would also be interested in a piece of growing spruce and pine.

D. M. WOOD,
Amory street,
Wakefield, Mass.

Notice to Property Owners

House cleaning time is near and you will need the services of a mason. I am prepared to do odd jobs such as topping out chimneys, patching walls and ceilings or any other work in my line which may be necessary. Lowest estimations given on application. Call or write.

G. U. HOLMES,
192 Northumberland St.

New Subscribers

523-22—Jamer, Geo. A., Res. St Mary's.
535-21—Webster, Mrst John, res. 138 Brunswick Street.

N.B. Telephone Co Limited

S. B. EBBETT
Exchange Manager

RECRUITS ARE COMING ALL THE TIME

FREDERICTON
The Business College
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal

to enlist for training as Book-Keepers, Bank Clerks, Stenographers, etc. We have put hundreds on the road to SUCCESS. Let us do the same for YOU. Write for particulars. Address

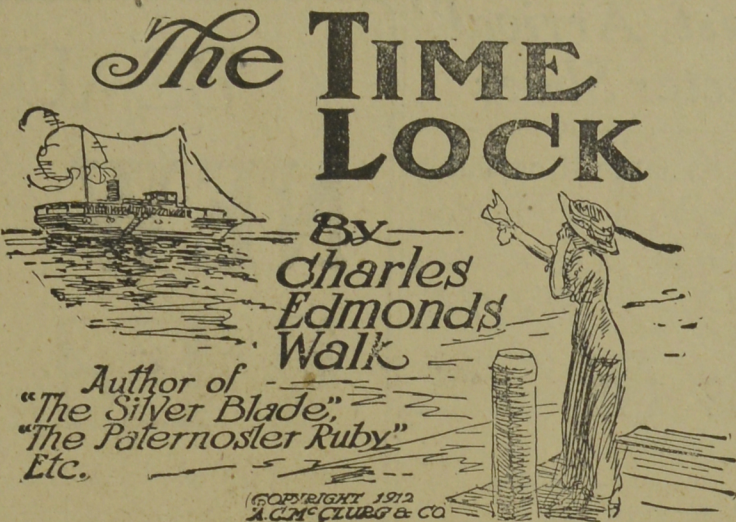
W. J. Osborne, Principal

NOW
and for
EASTER

You can obtain everything in the name of Flowers, Potted and Cut by placing your order with us. We receive large quantities of all varieties of stock from the best growers.

ADAM M. SCHLEYER
Charlotte Street
Phone 217

There are indications that the Germans are making ready for another great offensive in Flanders. Seed buying time. Obey that impulse.



Book III.

CHAPTER I—Tom Phinney gets a job as master of Brownlow's yacht Kohinur which has been chartered for some mysterious mission.

CHAPTER II—The charterer and his friends board the yacht at night and Tom hears the voice of the unknown girl and also of a man involved in his adventure of a few nights previous.

CHAPTER III—Tom finds the girl more beautiful than he had anticipated. The charterer turns out to be Max Willard.

CHAPTER IV—Willard assures Tom that his mission is honorable and intimates that a great wrong is about to be righted. He gives orders that no one is to leave or board the yacht without his permission. Della, the girl of the voice, insists upon going ashore and while Tom is explaining his orders Callis jumps overboard.

CHAPTER V—With Willard's consent Della goes ashore to telephone and returns to the yacht in great agitation.

CHAPTER VI—Tom accompanies Della and Jessie Willard ashore. Tom learns from Detective Flint that Willard has recently invented a powerful explosive.

CHAPTER VII—Van Vechten, recovering from injuries received in his fight with Callis, is visited by Jessie Willard, in whom he recognizes the girl who was the cause of the fight. He declares his love for her. She tells him that if his feelings have not changed one week from that day she will marry him.

CHAPTER VIII—A coffin-shaped box is taken aboard the yacht at night. Della tells Tom she really is Palae Carew and that she has been interested in him for years through the glowing accounts of Van Vechten.

CHAPTER IX—The coffin-shaped box is taken away in the night, apparently much heavier than when it arrived. Palae Carew is missing and a search of the yacht fails to reveal any clue to her whereabouts.

Should he not at once notify Mr. Flint? Did the allegiance he had only today assumed outweigh the obligations of a life-long friendship?

Here was a problem that was a little too much for Tom to decide off-hand, and he began to be conscious of a vague, growing sense of doubt and misgiving. He began to perceive the possibility of future complications that would keep him floundering helplessly in all sorts of predicaments; either interference or non-interference by him might be the occasion for any amount of future regret and lasting remorse and mental suffering, but he had arrived at the decision before turning in, that, considering everything, he should be filled with a sense of gratitude for the fortuitous chance that had moved him to call on Brownlow.

Captain Phinney was again astir long before sunrise. He took it upon himself to see that the decks had such a scrubbing down, the brasswork and glass such a polishing, as, in all probability, they had never before received. He had himself well in hand now, and every man-jack aboard recognized in the calm, forceful individual who directed so concisely what was to be done, a skipper who thoroughly understood his business and whose orders were to be obeyed with prompt thoroughness.

So, at four bells of the morning watch—or six o'clock by land time—when he and the girl came unexpectedly face to face, outwardly Tom was perfectly composed, though his heart straightway commenced a mad pounding, and he was filled with a conviction that a sudden unaccountable difficulty in his breathing was going to make him speak as if a tremolo stop had been pulled out in his vocal apparatus. Every minute detail of his wildest imaginings respecting her beauty was so much more than confirmed that for a moment he could only stand and stare.

For one thing, she was younger than he had believed; she could not have been more than twenty—nineteen, he



"I—Believe Me—I Have Not Been Trying to Find You."

decided. Her complexion was of the velvety, creamy sort, tinted high upon the cheeks with the faintest rose pink that matches nothing as well as hazel eyes and that beautiful shade of hair that is too dark to be red and too light to be brown, and which novelists have so frequently described as Titian that the word has almost ceased to have a meaning.

But without character the most flawless features in the world are like unto a hollow mask; the girl's face was instinct with character, with courage and resolution, the fine hazel eyes aglow with intelligence under their long dark lashes. In short, her whole vivid personality was full of a charm and witchery that might well transform to wine the blood in youth's veins.

This vision, it must be understood, burst upon Tom all at once; he had no time to linger over details, for in a flash her expressive countenance mirrored a multitude of emotions, and he was looking not only into the finest eyes that had ever met his, but into a pair of extremely startled eyes as well. Next the girl's lips parted, and she recoiled with a gasp of sheer astonishment.

And now must be recorded of Tom one of the nicest things it has been privileged thus far to say of him; it was really a pity that Van Vechten could not have been present to applaud. He looked uncommonly handsome and natty in his fresh white-duck uniform; and his cap, with the anchors and the words "Kohinur" and "Captain" thereon all in heavy gold braid, was very becoming to him. All at once he became acutely aware of the boldness and ardor of his gaze, and lowering his eyes, he whipped off the cap and bowed low to the astonished young lady.

"I told you," said he exultantly, "that I would know you anywhere."

And that one little speech, when she came to ponder over it, would be found to contain more of genuine compliment than he might ever hope to impress upon her in a lifetime of assurances.

She was still too dumfounded, however, to note his words. Her regard darted from his face to his cap and uniform and back to his face again. Then, mechanically, she half-turned away as if she would flee.

But Tom checked this impulse. He was now standing erect, his arms folded across his broad chest, one hand still holding the cap. He smiled and said easily:

"Seems as though I'm always to scare you. Please don't run away. Anyhow, stay long enough to tell me what's so fierce about my looks. Won't you?"

For a moment longer their eyes held one another's, hers still alive with bewildering amazement; but quickly these expressions died away, and she recovered her poise as quickly as it had been routed. Her cheeks flushed prettily, and she laughed.

"You!" she exclaimed. "Of all persons! Captain—Captain Phinney! If it isn't the strangest thing—but, no," she broke off, "it is not so very remarkable after all. You—"

She stopped with an abruptness that passed unnoticed by Tom. Unable longer to repress some expression of his joy, however veiled it might be, he said:

"It is remarkable, though. It's the rippingest thing I ever heard of—that I should have found you again, you know—that I should be standing here talking to you, like this."

"But," he went on quickly, seeing that this aspect of the matter was not altogether acceptable, "I—believe me—I have not been trying to find you. Not that I didn't want to—I mean, I had no idea you were to be here. My presence is perfectly legitimate—"

"Implying," she interrupted, ever-spark of amusement vanished from face and eyes, "that my presence is not?"

"Say!" Tom earnestly protested. "Please don't talk like that. It's hard enough for me to make myself clear under the best conditions; if you go to taking me up sharp that way I'll make a mess of it."

"Here's the way of it. Old Brownlow—know him? Rum old sport—Brownlow wanted a skipper for his yacht; I applied for the job—he grew more and more nervous as he proceeded under the level regard—"he hired me; and here I am. Do you get me?"

For a long moment she studied his face; then her lashes lowered a trifle, her cheeks dimpled, and she replied with a delightful low-voiced demureness:

"I get you."

Tom indulged in a tremendous sigh of relief. For the first time hope mounted high in his bosom that, after all, their relations were going to start upon a friendly footing.

But before he had time to ask a question that rose to his lips, an interruption came. Turning at the sound of a footstep, he was in a measure prepared to confront the supposititious old servant of Number 1313. The man's face, shot and crisscrossed with a network of fine wrinkles, was beardless and as lifeless as a death-mask. But not so the piercing black eyes; here at once the younger man recognized an extraordinary personality, one that affected him powerfully, even to forgetting his resentment at the intrusion.

(To Be Continued.)

MEMORIALS TO THE DEPARTED

Made of Concrete

Such as decorate the largest and most modern cemeteries in the United States.

50 designs in Monumental work, some in pure white marble finish. Crosses, pillars, broken columns, slabs, etc.

Manufactured by experts who have given a life's study to perfecting artistic and durable guaranteed concrete work.

Prices ranging from \$15 to \$250 on suitable terms.

Concrete Builders, Limited

Factory at Gibson, N. B.

Address all Communications to P. O. Box 641, Fredericton, N. B.

Great Variety and Exceptional Values in Ladies Tailored Suits, Coats, Skirts, Dresses and Waists.

Ladies Spring Suits, at \$10, \$12, \$15, up to \$24.50.

Ladies Spring Coats at \$6.50 up to \$15.

Ladies Spring Dresses at \$5 up to \$22.50.

Ladies Spring Skirts at \$2.75 up to 10.50.

Ladies Spring Waists at \$1 up to \$5.

All Alterations Done Free of Charge

New Kid Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Silk Hose, Umbrellas and New Corset Models.

New Corsets (Special) All sizes at 50c a pr up to \$4.50.

Ladies New Faster Neckwear in Great Variety.

New Hosiery and Underwear. Best grades at Lowest Prices.

See the Boys New Suits and Coats in the Juvenile Department.

New Dress Goods and Silks.

Hair Ribbons (Special) 15c a yard, 2 yards for 25c.

New Spring Coatings and Costume Cloth.

Easter Linens in Great Variety.

A. Murray & Co.

FOR BIG CROPS

Thorough cultivator is as essential as good seed.

A Bissell Disk Harrow

will do more toward getting the ground in proper shape than almost any other implement.

The BISSELL disks are the proper shape to do the proper shape to do the greatest amount of work with least possible draft.

The BISSELL has two levers so that each gang can be set just right.

Every part of the BISSELL is the result of years of experimenting in the field.

The BISSELL will give you lasting satisfaction.

We have found it necessary to place order for a second carload of these harrows in order to meet the demand.

J. Clark & Son Ltd.

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT, 1915

A cordial invitation is extended you and your friends to visit our

March 27th GRAND MILLINERY OPENING March 27th

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

An exceptionally complete and charming line of Paris, London and New York Models, personally selected will be shown.

The Misses Young
QUEEN STREET