

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Geoffrey Hall, secretary to the firm of Onions, Ltd., turned in his swivel chair and gave the handle of the telephone beside him a sharp twist. "None but the brave deserves the fair," he quoted, softly. "By George I'll do it! Hallo! That Exchange? 04962 Tha-anks. Who're you? Right Mr. Rinowe in? Switch me through to him, please."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," he hummed to himself as he waited the answering call. A sharp click struck on his ear as the clerk jerked the pointer "through" to the private office, and on the instant a gruff voice, which he knew well, came faintly over the wire: "Got the sack from Onions, eh? How's that?"

Now by all the ethics, when Geoffrey discovered that through the inadvertence of the speculator, in leaving the receiver off its standard, he had been made privy to a private conversation, he should have immediately signified the fact by ringing through. Ordinarily he would not have hesitated a moment to have done so, for, though he was keen enough to advance himself by legitimate means, he was no eavesdropper but the name of Onions tempted him to listen a moment longer, and the instant he caught the fainter tones of the other man—fainter because he was not so close to the instrument—the receiver became glued to his ear. "That's Beetlestone, the man who received notice yesterday. Now what's his game, I wonder? I think as a servant of the firm this is my business, father-in-law prospective."

For five minutes he sat rigid and intent. Then the voices suddenly ceased, and he gave a prolonged whistle. "Replaced the receiver," he murmured. "By George, what luck! I'll stop that game anyhow." He turned again and gave the handle a sharp jerk.

"Hallo!" came the greeting over the wire.

"Is that you, sir?" he said "Yes, Geoffrey. Can you give me five minutes after dinner this evening? Important? Yes. Nine prompt? Thank you; I'll be there."

"I wonder how he'll take it," he mused as he shut down his roll-top desk. "Clever little woman, Flo, to suggest I should tackle him after dinner. She'll be a wife to be proud of."

Punctually on the stroke he presented himself at the Rinowe mansion. As the butler disappeared with his card, a winsome girl tripped down the stairs and ran eagerly towards him. Taking her out-stretched hands, he bent towards the up-turned glowing face and whispered:—"I've come to beard the lion in his den, little girl."

"Brave boy," she laughed; "I hope you will come forth unscathed."

The butler reappeared. "Will you please step into the library, sir?" he said. "Mr. Rinowe will be with you immediately."

"Good!" said the young man. He regarded him for a moment with a twinkle in his eye. "I know you're discreet, Jukes," he observed, but would you avert your smiling face for one short second? Tha-anks!" He bent quickly to the expectant lips. "Ahem; you may look Jukes," he said. "Darling, I trust to see you after the skirmish."

"The guv'nor's in an uncommonly good humour tonight, sir," volunteered Jukes, as he switched on the electric light. He stayed at the door and regarded the young man with a friendly smile.

"Wish you luck, sir," he remarked, and promptly disappeared.

"Um," said Geoffrey, dropping on to the lounge. "I am suspected, evidently. Decent sort of a chap, though." The door opened and Jabez Rinowe, the wealthy speculator, strode in.

"How are you, my boy?" he greeted the young man, warmly. Geoffrey returned his greeting and took the proffered weed.

Planting himself on the rug with his back to the fireplace, Jabez shot at him a searching glance. "Well, now, what can I do for you?" he said.

Geoffrey set his cigar well going and came to the point at once. In a plain, straightforward manner he stated his request for consent to pay his addresses to the speculator's daughter.

Jabez listened with an enigmatic

smile on his shrewd face that set a hundred little lines round his half-closed eyes. That disconcerting smile was still apparent some moments after Geoffrey had finished. The young man flicked the ash from his cigar and looked up at him inquiringly.

"Deeply sensible of the honour," observed Jabez at length. "I like you. You've got nerve. Just one question before I give my reply. You know the style my daughter is accustomed to. Can you maintain her in it?" He swept his arm ostentatiously around the sumptuously furnished room to give point to his query.

"No," answered Geoffrey, unabashed. "She won't expect to begin where her father can comfortably leave off. But I think she's as willing to wait as I am to work."

"Um; I see," returned Jabez, with a snap of his fingers. "Love in a cottage. Well, I'm sorry I can't consent. I've determined the fellow my girl's going to marry has got to be a money-spinner. Now, you—"

"Exactly," cut in the young man, imperturbably. "You'll forgive me if I suggest that you yourself didn't wait to become a capitalist before you married?"

Jabez grinned at the thrust. "P'raps not, my lad," he said affably, "but I guess I was well on the track. 'Pears to me you haven't yet struck it."

"I fancy there's more than one road to fortune," retorted Geoffrey. "I'm rather anxious to keep to the straight one."

"Very laudable," said Jabez, with a short laugh, "but if the millionaires of today travelled by the high-road there'd be precious few of them. The temptations to leave the crowd by short cuts are mighty powerful. However, we're quibbling. As I said, I like you; I think you've got grit. When you can show me you've started out, we'll talk again. How are onions? I hear you're booming."

"You may say it," returned Geoffrey, eyeing him closely. "Machines running day and night. Just secured government contract. Keep us going for a tidy spell if you've got a few thousands idle, they're worth buying. Safe for a rise after the report. I'm going a hundred or so myself."

"Thanks," said Jabez. "What are they now?"

"Fifteen on this morning's market."

"I suppose this Government stuff has to be delivered on specific dates?"

"Yes; the usual conditions," returned Geoffrey. "We have to keep a keen supervision over the machines just now. You see the raw stuff passes through half a dozen in sequence before it is thrown out the finished article. Wonderfully clever—smothered in patents every one of 'em."

Jabez turned and broke a coal on the fire with his heel.

"Um! It would be awkward if you had a breakdown with any one, wouldn't it?" he said, with assumed indifference.

Geoffrey smiled. "Pumping," he thought; "he's going on that Beetlestone's tip for certain."

"By George, yes!" he said. "It would throw all the others to a standstill. Penalties and all the rest of it for every day over time. But it isn't likely."

"No; I suppose not," said Jabez. "Workmen all satisfied?"

"Oh, yes. There was a try-on by the feeder of No. 2—a Socialist fellow named Beetlestone—a day or so ago, to force a general advance on the strength of this job, but we promptly led him to understand we could do without him. He leaves this week-end."

"Good!" exclaimed the speculator. "That sort of thing must be nipped in the bud."

The young man rose to his feet and put out his hand.

"I'm to understand then, sir," he said, smilingly, "that when I can show you that I have struck the track for fortune you will consent?"

"That's a promise!" said Jabez. "Good-night, and thanks for the tip. I think I shall buy Onions."

"Smart chap," he soliloquized, when the door had closed behind him. "Wants me to buy! Crumbs! I'd bet he'd change his song if he knew what I've learned this day. That chap Beetlestone means mischief before he leaves. Swore 'he'd get his own back' if they jugged him for it. That is good enough, I reckon. It's safe for a couple of thousand at least. I'll see Denniss first thing in the morning."

(Concluded tomorrow.)

ALL COMMITTED SUICIDE.

The Members of a "13" Club Take Their Own Lives.

New York, June 14.—George Wagner, a wealthy and prosperous German and proprietor of a hotel in Bridgeport, Conn., committed suicide in the Morton House last night by shooting. He was 60 years of age.

Bridgeport, Conn., June 14.—Mr. Wagner, who killed himself in New York, was the moving spirit of a club of well-known German residents, first organized as a "13" Club. Later on, one after another of the congenial spirits began to die by suicide. That gave rise to the report that there was a suicide club in Bridgeport. Practically all of the men who were formerly identified with that organization have died by their own act. There is said to be one member left, who is a jeweller here.



Often leads to poverty. No real woman ever sold her heart for the luxuries of life.

But many a woman who has gladly faced poverty for the man she loved, may well doubt her wisdom when pain becomes the mate of poverty. If she were rich, she thinks, she could find a way of cure.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is within the reach of every one. It lifts the burden of pain which weighs down those who suffer from womanly diseases. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"You have my heartfelt thanks for your kind advice to me," writes Mrs. Geo. Fletcher, of 106 Victoria Avenue, Galt, Ontario. "Was troubled with catarrh of uterus for over a year. The doctors said I would have to go through an operation, but I commenced to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also his 'Lotion Tablets' and 'Antiseptic and Healing Suppositories.' Now I am completely cured, after using six bottles of Dr. Pierce's medicines. I am glad to say his medicine has made me a new woman."

Weak and sick women, especially those suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are easy and pleasant to take. A most effective laxative.

GIROUARD MUST GO.

Uncompromising Words Used by Sir T. Farrer.

London, June 14.—During the debate in the Intercolonial Council at Pretoria the official members supported the existing system, but the unofficial Councillors argued that Sir Percy Girouard had shown technical and financial inefficiency, and demanded his removal. Sir T. Farrer, personally addressing Sir Percy, remarked, "You are a great military expert, with a great reputation behind you, but your work here is done. We require a man with the administrative and financial knowledge you do not possess. Now you must go." The speaker went on to warn the Council that the unofficial members as trustees of the people, were discharging their duty in attempting to rectify the mal-administration of the railways, adding: "If we are not allowed to rectify it now we will be content to await the coming of representative government."

Sir A. Lawley urged maturer consideration and warmly vindicated the motives and character of Sir Percy Girouard.

The latter in a manly speech, assured the Council he had no desire to cling to office.

YOU MAY HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE

If your back aches and you suffer from dragging pains it is an evidence of diseased kidneys. Get Ferrozone at once and take it regularly. Ferrozone makes kidney sufferers feel better at once. "I was bothered a great deal with my kidneys last year," writes S. G. Denton of Everett, "but got quick relief from Ferrozone. My trouble manifested itself by pain in the back, dull heavy feeling and constant headache. I quite recovered after using a few boxes of Ferrozone which has given me more strength and better health than I ever had before. I can recommend Ferrozone as a positive cure." Price 50c. at all druggists.

Nothing Like Experience.

"One truth learned by actual experience does more good than ten experiences one hears about." Tell a man that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will cure cholera morbus, and he will most likely forget it before the end of the day. Let him have a severe attack of that disease, feel that he is about to die, use this remedy, and learn from his own experience how quickly it gives relief, and he will remember it all his life. For sale by all druggists.

COAL

ALL KINDS.

Hard and Soft Coal

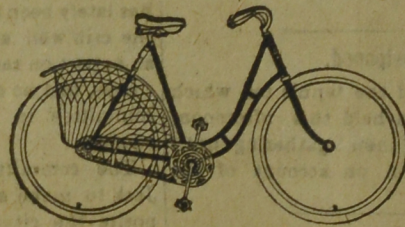
NOW IN STOCK. PRICES LOW

P. FARRELL

Telephone 52

June 24, 1904

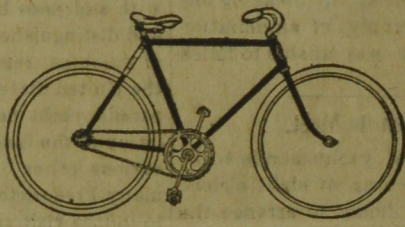
THE ALL-NEW BICYCLE.



The Cushion Frame on the Massie-Harris bicycle takes all the ruts out of the road. No more pitching across rough roads.

The Morrow Coaster Brake saves the work of pedalling, and leaves the wheel to glide while the rider rests.

Brantford Bicycle.



The Morrow Coaster Brake may be attached to any wheel.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS

FREDERICTON.

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd.

Don't be Deceived

By some slick and talkative agent, who dumps a steel range at your door and tries to persuade you to buy it—at a BIG PRICE and on LONG TIME notes.

The Oxford Chancellor

Is the Steel Range with a reputation of durability, efficiency and economy. The Oxford Chancellor is not sold by agents, and when you buy the Oxford Chancellor you do not have to pay an agent's salary, commission and expenses, etc.

JAMES S. NEILL,

Hardware Merchant, Fredericton, N. B.

W. H. IRVINE, M.D., DR. F. W. BARBOUR,

Physician and Surgeon.

Special attention given to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

155 KING STREET

(Adjacent Methodist Parsonage).

Telephone 360

SURGEON DENTIST,

President and Prizeman Boston Dental College Class 1891. Registered by Mass. State Board of Legislation. Facilities and experience in all branches of Dentistry. Special attention given to saving aching or abscessed teeth.

Young lady in attendance.



Pride in the daintiness of their white dresses is excusable in the little folks, and in the big folks, too, for the white, glossy stiffness that Celluloid Starch gives is truly delightful. It is so easy to use, too,—makes ironing a pleasure, satisfactory results certain. We can all be excellent ironers if we only use

Celluloid Starch

Never Sticks. Requires no Cooking

The Brantford Starch Works, Limited, Brantford, Canada