

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of...

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE. The Sauce that makes the whole world hungry.

Lockhart & Ritchie Insurance Underwriters and Brokers. 114 Prince Wm. Street. St. John, N. B.

SHIPPING

MINIATURE ALMANAC. 1910 Sun Tides. Rises Sets High Low.

SAILLINGS FOR ST. JOHN. Steamers. Glediator, Pernambuco, May 10.

PORT OF ST. JOHN. Arrived Yesterday. Sch H. M. Stanley, 47, Sprague.

VESELS IN PORT. Steamers. Erasmia, 1,660, Wm Thomson & Co.

BRITISH PORTS. Queenstown, June 9-Sid, stmr Majestic.

FOREIGN PORTS. Vineyard Haven, Mass, June 9-Ard and Sid.

NOTICE TO MARINERS. Boston, June 8-Capt. W. G. Cutler, in charge.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c. Is most direct to the diseased part by the Improved Blower.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



THE SCARF USED AS AN ARTISTIC BACKGROUND

The woman in the fortunate possession of a beautiful old lace scarf may employ it as a most artistic adjunct in her summer costume.

The Furnace of Gold

By PHILIP MIGHELS

Author of "The Pillars of Eden," etc.

(CHAPTER XXII.—Continued)

"Yes, I kissed you without your asking," he confessed. "I expect to kiss you a hundred thousand times, I expect to make you my wife—for a love like ours is rare."

With a sudden forward he took her two shoulders in his powerful hands and gave her a rough little shake.

He watched her going in the moonlight. Even her shadow was beautiful, he thought but all his joy was grave.

It seemed already with its vines, woad, and joy, its comedy and tragedy, its fevers, stiches, and disturbing nothing of the vast serenity of the planet, ever rolling on its way.

He was not so assured as he had tried to make her think, and sobriety dwelt within his breast.

It was late when at length he and Bethwick snatched a few minutes to themselves. The gambler's first question then was something of a puzzle to Bethwick.

"What's the matter with you, Van Buren? You don't mean to say the Cona? Why couldn't you let a grubber know you were hating out here to the desert?"

"What's the matter with your writing hand? Is this Van-burgian holding then? What's the matter with Searle? I wrote him two or three aces ago, when he might have been of assistance."

"Where is he, then?" Bethwick asked at him hopefully. "Grab her by the nape of the neck, if the crime is fortunate, after all."

"It's a goddess," McOppet would have liked any blasphemy. "Bethwick's reflex was inordinate."

"What's the next thing to do?" "Wait for Lawrence," said the gambler. Then he suddenly arose. "No, we can't afford the time. He might be a week in coming. You'll have to get him, tomorrow."

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CHAPTER XXIII Beth's Desperation. The following day in Goldite was one of occurrences, all more or less intimately connected with the affairs of Van and Beth.

Bethwick succeeded in making an early start to the southward in his car. McOppet had provided not only a couple of men as guides to the field where Lawrence was working, but also a tent, provisions, and blankets, should occasion arise for their use.

Beth was informed by her fiancé that word had arrived from her brother, Alphon Searle, and he meant to go. The business of buying Glenmore's mine, he said, required unexpected disbursements.

By that morning's train the body of Culver was shipped away, and the camp began to forget him. The sheriff was after Early in the afternoon the body of the

girl who had never been known in Goldite by any name save that of Quencie, was buried on a hillside, already called into requisition as a final resting place for such as succumbed in the mining-camp, too far from friends, or too far lost, to be carried to the world outside the mountains. Hall's

At four o'clock the Goldite News appeared upon the streets. It contained much original matter—or so at least it claimed. The account of the murder of Culver, the death of Quencie, and the threatened lynching of Van Buren made a highly sensational story. It was given the prominent place, for the editor was proud to have made it so full in a time that he deemed rather short. On a second page was a tale as tragic.

It was, according to one of its many sub-headings, "A Humorous Outcrop concerning Two Maids and a Man." It related, with many salutes of "well" how Van had piloted Mr. J. Searle Bethwick into the hands of the convict, recently escaped, in time to behold the dejected entrance of the said J. Searle Bethwick in prisoner's attire, Mr. Bethwick was described as having been taken towards Van Buren ever since.

In the main the account was fairly accurate. It was, however, unadvisedly, and Old Dave had over-talked, during certain ill-fitting processes. The matter was out beyond repair.

Mrs. Dick was prompt in pointing out the story, hence Beth was soon presented with a copy. In the natural annoyance she felt when it was read, there was one consolation, at least: Searle was away, he had gone perhaps two or three days. He might not see the article, which would soon be forgotten in the camp.

To culminate the day's events, that evening Elia ran away. She went with a "gentleman" lodger, taking the slight precaution to be married by the Justice of the Peace.

Beth discovered her loss too late to interfere. She felt herself alone, indeed, with Bethwick away, her brother off in the desert, and Van—the refused to think of Van. Fortunately, Mrs. Dick was more than merely a friend. She was a staunch little warrior, the protecting champion, and she felt the warmest indignation at the landlady's attitude of friendship, however, Beth felt wretchedly alone.

It came from Van. He had written the briefest of notes. "Just to send my love. I want you to wear my suggest."

Folded into the paper was a spray of the wild peach bloom. Beth tried to think her blushes were those of indignation, which likewise caused the beat of her heart to rise. But her hand fluttered rapidly up to her breast, where the nugget was pinned inside her waist. Also his letter must have been written, she understood—the read it seventeen times.

Then she presently turned to the other. It was a mass of incoherent characters, but the writing inside she knew — her brother Glen's.

"Dear old Sam—Sav, what in the dickens are you doing out here in the mines, by all that's holy?—and what's all this story in the Goldite News about one Bronson Van Buren doing the benevolent grubby stunt with you and your mail, and shutting Searle off with the Cona? Why couldn't you let a grubber know you were hating out here to the desert? Why all this elaborate surprise—the newspaper wireless to your fond and lonesome?"

"What's the matter with your writing hand? Is this Van-burgian holding then? What's the matter with Searle? I wrote him two or three aces ago, when he might have been of assistance. Now I'm doing my eight hours a day in an effort to send you to China. You're on the brink, in a way, but not for long, for this is the land where opportunity walks night and day to thump on your door—and I'll grab her by the nape of the neck, if the crime is fortunate, after all."

"But me!—working as a common miner! though I've got a few days off to go and look a claim with a friend of mine, you needn't answer till you hear again."

"If Searle is dead, why don't he say so? I only touched him for a few old dollars—I only needed a grub-stake—fifty would have done the trick—and he doesn't come through. And nobody writes. I guess it's me for the Prodigal, but when I do get next to the fatted calf I'll get inside and eat my way out by way of his hoofs and horns. Why couldn't you and Searle and the maid come down and have a look at me—working? It's worth it. Come on, maybe it's easier than writing. Yours for the rights of labor. Glen."

(To be Continued.)

Special Week End Sale of Men's Suits and Furnishings

Men's Fancy Scotch Tweed Suits, Regular \$10.00 value, \$7.98. Men's Fancy Scotch Tweed Suits, Regular \$12.50 value, \$8.98. Men's Black Suits, Regular \$13.00 value, \$9.80. Men's Fancy English worsted Suits, Regular \$15.00 value, \$12.79. Men's Balbriggan Underwear, Regular 50c. value, 37c. 2 Pair Half Hose for 25c. Fancy Soft Front Shirts, 69c, 98c, \$1.19. Men's Hard and Soft Hats, Regular \$2.50 value, \$1.98.

Canada's Best Coal "SALMON ASH" ADAPTABLE FOR ALL PURPOSES. \$4.25 per Ton of 2,000 lbs. \$3.10 per Load of 1,400 lbs. Credit by arrangement. C. O. D. or Cash with order. For immediate delivery in City proper. Phone—Main 1172. P. O. Box 13. CANADIAN COAL CORPORATION

Centennial School Playgrounds. The public playgrounds committee of the Women's Council held a meeting in the King's Daughters Guild, Prince William street yesterday afternoon, at which it was decided to again open the Centennial school playgrounds during the summer holidays, and also to place some new equipment, including teeters and swings on the grounds. It is expected that the grounds will be opened a day or so after the schools close. Miss Isabel Peters, convenor, presided at the meeting.

Capt. Burgess, who is looking after the stranded tug Pajepoot, left for Boston yesterday morning. No attempt will be made to raise the tug during his absence. To clean a copper kettle, rub it with powdered bath brick and coal oil and polish with dry brick dust or whiting.

Cravenette. None Genuine without this Stamp. It means water-proofed by the special patented process which makes the Cravenette Company can use—process which makes the cloth absolutely and permanently waterproof. It leaves it light and porous. Many yards of cloth and many finished garments are sold as "Cravenette" or "just as good" that are not "Cravenette" and not "just as good". Their inferiority shows up very plainly after a few wettings. To protect you, the "Cravenette" Registered Trademark is stamped on the back of every yard of genuine "Cravenette" cloth, and is on the inside of the collar of every real "Cravenette" raincoat.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



SURE THING. He married his stenographer, made quite a stir, And now he's her own "daring Jim". For fully five years he's devoted to her, But now she's dictating to him.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE. Left side down, in woman's clothes.

TO KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR. You Must Learn For Yourself the Virtues of DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. Dr. Chase's Ointment is so pure and clean, so delightfully soothing and healing, and so certainly effective in making the skin soft, smooth and clear, that it has only to be tried to be appreciated. You may know of its value as a cure for eczema, salt rheum, itching, red, sore, and painful forms of itching skin disease. But have you realized that it is a means of clearing and beautifying the skin it has no equal and no rival. Eruptions, blackheads, pimples, and redness of the skin, irritation, and eruptions of every form yield to it when applied to the itching, healing, soothing, and softening it. The cold winds of winter and spring bring actual suffering to many people whose skins are tender and easily irritated. To such Dr. Chase's Ointment is of inestimable worth. It comes in a box, all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.