

BOVRIL

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It is pure, health giving and always ready for use

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Money cannot buy anything better in the line of Pianos. Have the best. The name alone ought to sell these instruments. They can only be bought in one store in New Brunswick.

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Railroads, factories and individuals who are using this new coal mined in the only deep mines in New Brunswick, pronounce it to be the Best for Steam Purposes—The Best for Household Use

Lockhart & Ritchie Insurance Underwriters and Brokers

SHIPPING

MINIATURE ALMANAC	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1910	4.48	7.53	1.33	7.57	2.47	7.54	2.14

SAILINGS FOR ST. JOHN	Steamers
Gladstone, Pernambuco, May 19.	Trinidad, Glasgow, May 21.
Towford, Boston, May 23.	Terschelling, chartered.
Bellary, 1979, chartered.	

PORT OF ST. JOHN	Cleared Yesterday.
Sch Winnie Lavery (Am), 215, Smith for City Island for orders, St. John, Cutler & Co, 262,969 feet specie.	

DOMINION PORTS	Halifax, May 26—Ard, sch Helen Shafer, Trinidad.
Quebec, May 26—Sld, str Lake Manitoba, Liverpool.	

FOREIGN PORTS	Genoa, May 26—Ard, str Plata, Harris, from Galveston, for Seattle, Lisbon and New York.
Boston, May 26—Sld, str Totford, St. John; sch Lorna Doone, St. Anthony (N.S.); sch Clementine (N.S.).	

REPORTS AND DISASTERS	Punta Arenas, Chile, May 26—The British bark Swahildah has been wrecked on Staten Island, the southeast extremity of Terra del Fuego, and Captain Fyne, his wife and thirteen others are probably drowned.
The Swahildah sailed from Cardiff March 15 for the west coast of South America. No details of the disaster have been received here.	

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon depart, and the kidneys are the cause of disease. For good results, use the famous Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At drug stores. Sample bottle sent free, also pamphlet. Address: Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N.Y.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



Every woman must own one Persian blouse in these days. The material may be expensive Persian patterned foulard or one of the cheap cotton squares with oriental printings. The thing is to have the blouse cut in the loose seamless shoulder style, with the border used cleverly to form an effective trimming. This Persian blouse is collarless, and may be worn with the plainest of collars, or with a high feathered collar, or with a high feathered collar of heavy lace. The blouse has a peasant sleeve falling to the elbow, the close-fitting sleeve beneath being attached to the guimpe. Worn with the new mohair suits, it will be particularly effective.

The Furnace of Gold

By PHILIP MIGHELS
Author of "The Pillars of Eden," etc.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued)

Van searched for Trask and found him "caching in" a lot of assorted chips, representing his winnings at a faro game at which he had been "bucking."

"Hello, there, Van," he said familiarly as the horseman touched him on the shoulder. "Come and have a drink."

"My teeth are floating now from drink," said Van, "but I'll take something else if you say so. I want your apartments for the night."

"Say, wire me!" answered the plunger. "That's the cutest little bunch of nerve I ever saw off the Bowery! How much money have you got in your clothes?"

"About forty-five dollars," said Van. "Is it good?"

"Not as a price, but O. K. in a flip," said Trask, with an itch for schemes of chance. "I'll throw you the dice, my room against your forty-five—and the devil take your luck if you win!"

Van agreed. They borrowed a box of dice, threw three times apiece—and the horseman paid over his money.

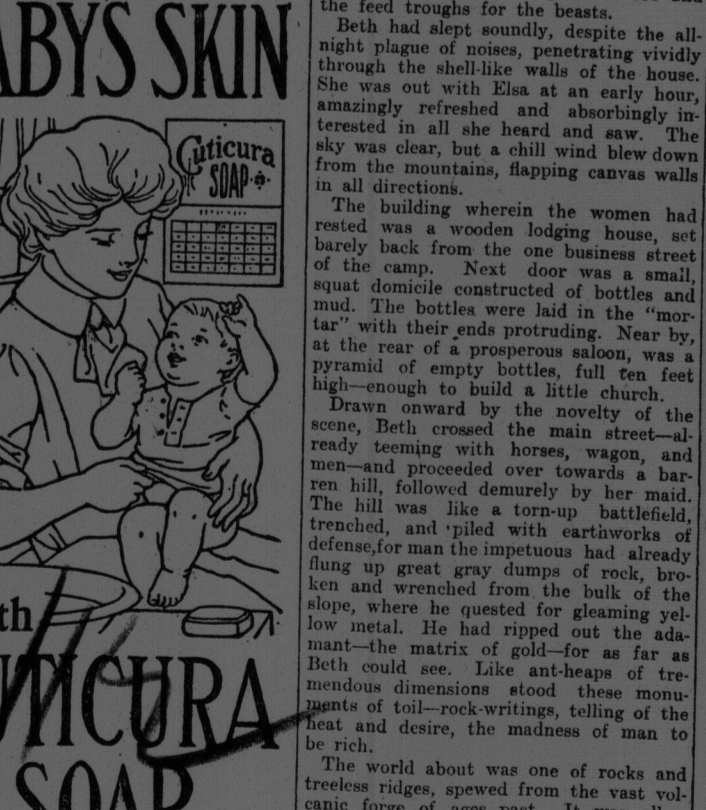
"There you are, old man," said the plunger cheerfully. "Satisfied, I hope."

"Not quite," said Van. "I'll owe you forty-five more and throw you again."

"High time!" responded Trask. "Go as far as you like."

They shook again. Van lost as before. He borrowed again, undaunted. For the third time they cut the little cubes of uncertainty and this time Van actually won. The room was his to dispose of as he pleased. It had cost him ninety dollars, but he had won it.

PRESEVRE BABY'S SKIN



With CUTICURA SOAP

A lifetime of disfigurement and suffering often results from the neglect of infancy or childhood, of simple skin affections. In the prevention and treatment of minor eruptions and in the promotion of permanent skin and hair health, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are absolutely unrivaled.

Sold throughout the world. Deposits: London, 27, Chancery Lane; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chancellerie; Australia, 11, Cross & Co., Sydney; India, 11, Cross & Co., Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Iron Co.; Japan, Maruzen, Ltd., Tokyo; Rangoon, L. & Co.; Ceylon, J. & Co.; Hong Kong, J. & Co.; Singapore, J. & Co.; Penang, J. & Co.; Malacca, J. & Co.; Batavia, J. & Co.; Java, J. & Co.; Sumatra, J. & Co.; Borneo, J. & Co.; New Guinea, J. & Co.; New Caledonia, J. & Co.; New Hebrides, J. & Co.; New Zealand, J. & Co.; South Africa, J. & Co.; West Indies, J. & Co.; Central America, J. & Co.; South America, J. & Co.; Europe, J. & Co.; Asia, J. & Co.; Africa, J. & Co.; Oceania, J. & Co.



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GOLDIE'S CHOICE BLEND FLOUR

ST. JOHN'S FLOUR is a general household flour—that is, it is suited for baking both bread and cakes or pastries. If you want the good old-fashioned home made loaf of bread and the fine spongy cakes and flaky pastry buy ST. JOHN'S FLOUR.

CHAPTER IX
Progress and halt.

Goldie, by the light of day, presented a wonderful spectacle. It was a mining camp positively crystallized into being the very eyes of all beholders. It was nearly all tents and canvas structures—and modernity to which the telegraph wires had already been strung from the outside world. It had no fair supply of water, but it did have a newspaper, issued once a week.

There were new buildings, flimsy, cheap affairs, were growing like toadstools, day and night. Several brick buildings and sheds of mud, were rising on either side. Everywhere the scene was one of crowds, activity, and hurry. Thousands of men were in the one straight street, a roughly dressed, excited throng, gold-bitten, eager, and open-handed. Hundreds of mules and horses, a few bewildered cows, herds of great wagons, bugles, heaps of household goods, and trunks, were crowded into two great corrals, where duty teamsters hastened busily about, amidst heaps of dusty harness, sacks of provisions, and the feed troughs for the beasts.

Beth had slept soundly, despite the all-night plague of noises, penetrating vividly through the shell-like walls of the house. She was out with Elias at an early hour, amazedly refreshed and absorbingly interested in all she heard and saw. The sky was clear, but still with a heavy weight from the mountains, slapping canvas walls in all directions.

The building wherein the women had rested was a wooden lodging house, set far back from the one business street of the camp. Next door was a small, squat domicile constructed of bottles and mud. The two ladies were in the "morning" of their stay, and were sitting at the rear of a prosperous saloon, was a pyramid of empty bottles, full ten feet high—enough to build a little church.

Drawn onward by the novelty of the scene, Beth crossed the main street—albeit ready to meet with horses, wagon, and man—and proceeded toward a barren hill, followed demurely by her maid. The hill was like a top-up battlefield, fringed, and tilled with cartwheels of defiance, or man the impetuous had already lunged up great gray dumps of rock, broken and wrenched from the bulk of the slope, where he quested for glancing yellow metal. He had ripped out the adamant—the matrix of gold—for as far as Beth could see, like and heaps of tremendous dimensions stood these monuments of toil—rock-writings, telling of the heat and desire, the madness of man to be rich.

The world about was one of rocks and treeless ridges, spewed from the vast cold forge of ages past. It was all a hard, gray, adamantine world, unlovely and severe—a huge old gold furnace, minus the fire, lying neglected in a ravine of mountains that might have been a workshop in the ancient days when Titans wrought their arts upon the earth.

Beth gazed on it all with wonder not unmingled with awe. What a place it was for a man to live and wage his busy battle! Yet the fever of all of it, rising in her veins, made her eager already to partake of the dream, the excitement that men made mere gold-slaves of the man who had come here compelling this forbidding place and become in a manner their home.

Van, in the meanwhile, having spent the time till he had a hole of hay, was early abroad, engaged in various directions. He first proceeded to the largest general store in the camp and ordered a generous bill of supplies to be sent to his friend's claim. Next he arranged with a friendly



The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



IN A QUANDRY
I cannot choose myself a wife,
It is no use to try,
One-half of them too forward are,
The other half too shy.

ANSWER TO WEDNESDAY'S PUZZLE
Lower right corner down, nose at right, shoulder.

THE WILKINS PLAN CO. LIMITED
OSWEGO, N.Y.

The C. H. TOWNSEND CO.,
53 Germain Street,
Superintendent of the Maritime Provinces.