"The SHADOW"

By ARTHUR STRINGER

(Continued from yesterday.)

Blake did not look up as he heard the door open and the woman step into the room. There was an echo of his old-time theatricalism in that dissimulation of stolid indifference. But the old-time stage-setting, he knew was no longer there. Instead of sitting behind an oak desk at Headquarters, he was staring down at a beer-stained card-table in the dingy back room of a dingy downtown hotel.

He knew the woman had closed the door and crossed the room to the other side of the card-table, but still he did not look up at her. The silence lengthened until it became acute, epochal, climatic.

"You sent for me" his visitor finally said. And as Elsie Verriner uttered the words he was teased by a vagut sense that the scene had happened before, that somewhere before in their lives it had been duplicated, word by word and move by move.

"Sit down," he said with an effort at the gruffness of assured authority. But the young woman did not do as he commanded. She remained still standing, and still staring down at the face of the man in front of her.

So prolonged was this stare that Blake began to be embarrassingly conscious of it, to fidget under it. When he looked up he did so circuitously, pretending to peer beyond the white face and the staring eyes of the young woman confronting him. Yet she ultimately coerced his unsteady gaze, even against his own will. And as he had expected, he saw written on her face something akin to horror.

As he, in turn, stared back at her, and in her eyes saw first incredulity, and then, what stung him more, open pity itself, it came home to him that he must indeed have altered for the worse, that his face and figure must have changed. For the first time it flashed over him; he was only the wreck of the man he had once been. Yet at the core of that wreck burned the old passion for power, the incredicable appetite for authority. He resented the fact that she should feel sorry for him. He inwardly resolved to make her suffer for that pity, to enlighten her as to what life was still left in the battered old carcass which she could so openly sorrow over.

"Well, I'm back," he announced in his guttural bass, as though to bridge a silence that was becoming abysmal.

"Yes, you're back!" echoed Elsie Verriner. She spoke absently, as though her mind were preoccupied with a problem that seemed inexplicable.

"And a little the worse for wear," he pursued, with his mirthless croak of a laugh. Then he flashed up at her a quick look of resentment, a look which he found himself unable to repress. "While you're all dolled up," he said with a snort, as though bent on wounding her, "dolled up like a lobster palace floater!"

It hurt him more than ever to see that he could not even dethrone that fixed look of pity from her face, that even his abuse could not thrust aside her composure.

"I'm not a lobster palace floater," she quietly replied. "And you know it."

"Then what are you?" he demanded.

"I'm a confidential agent of the Treasury Department," was her quiet-toned answer.

"Oho!" cried Blake. "So that's why we've grown so high and mighty!"

The woman sank into the chair beside which she had been standing. She seemed impervious to his mockery.

"What do you want me for?" she asked, and the quick directness of her question implied not so much that time was being wasted on side issues as that he was cruelly and unnecessarily demeaning himself in her eyes.

It was then that Blake swung about, as though he, too, were anxious to sweep aside the trivialities that stood between him and his end, as though he, too, were conscious of the ignominy of his own position.

"You know where I've been and what I've been doing!" he suddenly cried out.

"I'm not positive that I do," was the woman's guarded answer.

"That's a lie!" thundered Blake. "You know as well as I do!"

"What have you been doing?" asked the woman, almost indulgently.

"I've been trailing Binhart, and you know it! And what's more, you know where Binhart is, now, at this moment!"

"What was it you wanted me for!" reiterated the white-faced woman, without looking at him.

Her evasions did more than anger Blake; they maddened him. For years now he had been compelled to face her obliquities, to puzzle over the enigma of her ultimate character, and he was tired of it all. He made no effort to hold his feelings in check. Even into his voice crept that grossness which before had seemed something of the body alone.

"I want to know where Binhart is!" he cried, leaning forward so that his head projected pugnaciously from his shoulders like the head of a fighting-cock.

"Then you have only wasted time in sending for me," was the woman's obdurate answer. Yet beneath her obduracy was some vague note of commiseration which he could not understand.

"I want that man, and I'm going to get him," was Blake's impassioned declaatrion. "And before you get out of this room you're going to tell me where he is!"

She met his eyes, studiously, deliberately, as though it took a great effort to do so. Their glances seemed to close in and lock together.

"Jim!" said the woman, and it startled him to see that there were actual tears in her eyes. But he was determined to remain superior to any of her subterfuges. His old habit returned to him, the old habit of "pounding" a prisoner. He knew that one way to get at the meat of a nut was to smash the nut. And in all his universe there seemed only one issue and one end, and that was to find his trail and get his man. So he cut her short with his quick volley of abuse.

"I've got your number, Elsie Verriner, alias Chaddy Cravath," he thundered out, bringing his great withered fist down on the table top. "I've got every trick you ever turned stowed away in cold storage. I've get 'em where they'll keep until the cows come home. I don't care whether you're a secret agent or a Secretary of War. There's only one thing that counts with me now. And I'm going to win out. I'm going to win out, in the end, no matter what it costs. If you try to block me in this I'll put you where you belong. I'll drag you down until you squeal like a cornered rat. I'll put you so low you'll never even stand up again!"

The woman leaned a little forward, staring into his eyes.

"I didn't expect this of you, Jim," she said. Her voice was tremulous as she spoke, and still again he could see on her face that odious and unfathomable pity.

"There's lots of things weren't expected of me. But I'm going to surprise you all. I'm going to get what I'm after or I'm going to put you where I ought to have put you two years ago!"

"Jim," said the woman, white-lipped but compelling herself to calmness, don't go on like this! Don't! You're only making it worse, every minute!"

"Making what worse?" demanded Blake.

"The whole thing. It was a mistake, from the first. I could have told you that. But you did then what you're trying to do now. And see what you've lost by it?"

"What have I lost by it?"

"You've lost everything," she answered, and her voice was thin with misery. "Everything—just as they counted on your doing, just as they expected!"

"As who expected?"

"As Copeland and the others expected when they sent you out on a blind trail."

"But you found nothing when you went out. Surely you remember that."

It seemed like going back to another world, to another life, as he sat there coercing his memory to meet the past, the abysmal and embittered past which he had grown to hate.

"Are you trying to say this Binhart case was a frame up?" he suddenly cried out.

"They wanted you out of the way. It was the only trick they could think of."

"That's a lie!" declared Blake.

"It's not a lie. They knew you'd never give up. They even handicapped you—started you wrong, to be sure it would take time, to be positive of a clear field."

Blake stared at her, almost stupidly. His mind was groping about, trying to find some adequate motive for this new line of duplicity. He kept warning himself that she was not to be trusted. Human beings, all human beings, he had found, moved only by indirection. He was too old a bird to have sand thrown in his eyes.

"Why, you welched on Binhart yourself. You put me on his track. You sent me up to Montreal!"

"They made me do that," confessed the unhappy woman. "He wasn't in Montreal. He never had been there!"

"You had a letter from him there, telling you to come to 381 King Edward when the coast was clear."

"That letter was two years old. It was sent from a room in the King Edward Hotel. That was part of their plant."

He sat for a long time thinking it over, point by point. He became disturbed by a sense of instability in the thing that had once seemed most enduring, the sickening cataclysmic horror of a man who finds the very earth under his feet shaken by its earthquake. His sodden face appeared to age even as he sat there laboriously reliving the past, the past that seemed suddenly empty and futile.

"So you sold me out!" he finally said, studying her white face with his haggard hound's eyes.

"I couldn't help it, Jim. You forced it on me. You wouldn't give me the chance to do anything else. I wanted to help you—but you held me off. You put the other thing before my friendship!"

"What do you know about friendship?" cried the gray-faced man.

"We were friends once," answered the woman, ignoring the bitter mockery in his cry.

He stared at her, untouched by the note of pathos in her voice. There was something abstracted about his stare, as though his mind had not yet adjusted itself to a vast new discovery. His inner vision seemed dazzled, just as the eye itself may be dazzled by unexpected light.

"So you sold me out!" he said for a third time. He did not move, but under that lava-like shell of diffidence were volcanic and coursing fires which even he himself could not understand.

"Jim, I would have done anything for you once," went on the unhappy woman facing him. "You could have saved me—from him, from myself. But you let the chance slip away. I couldn't go on. I saw where it would end. So I had to save myself. I had to save myself—in the only way I could. Oh, Jim, if you'd only been kinder!"

She sat with her head bowed, ashamed of her tears, the tears which he could not understand. He stared at her great crown of carefully coiled and plaited hair, shining in the light of the unshaded electric-bulb above them. It took him back to other days when he had looked at it with other eyes. And a comprehension of all he had lost crept slowly home to him. Poignant as was the thought that she had seemed beautiful to him and he might have once possessed her, this thought was obliterated by the sudden memory that in her lay centered everything that had caused his failure. She had been the weak link in his life, the life which he had so wanted to crown with success.

"You welcher!" he suddenly gasped, as he continued to stare at her. His very contemplation of her white face seemed to madden him. In it he seemed to find some signal and sign of his own dissolution, of his lost power, of his outlived authority. In her seemed to abide the reason for all that he had endured. To have attained to a comprehension of her own feelings was beyond him. Even the effort to understand them would have been a contradiction of his whole career. She only angered him. And the hot anger that crept through his body seemed to smoke out of some inner recess of his being a hate that was as unreasonable as it was animal-like. All the instincts of existence, in that moment, reverted to life's one primordial problem, the problem of the fighting man to whom every other man must be an opponent, the problem of the feral being, as to whether it should kill or be killed.

Into that unreasoning blind rage flared all the frustration of months, of years, all the disappointmentss of all his chase, all the defeat of all his career. Even as she sat there in her pink and white frailty she knew and nursed the secret for which he had girdled the world. He felt that he must tear it from her, that he must crush it out of her body as the pit is squeezed from a cherry. And the corroding part of it was that he had been outwitted by a woman, that he was being defied by a physical weakling, a slender-limbed thing of ribbons and laces whose back he could bend and break across his great knee.

He lurched forward to his feet. His great crouching body seemed drawn towards her by some slow current which he could not control.

(Continued tomorrow.)

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Dufferin

S. Skidmore, Montreal; John Bushen, Bear River; Chas. H. Cunningham, Montreal; Miss M. E. Gardner, McAdam; Mrs. C. E. Anderson, McAdam; Mrs. William Donavon, Canaberry Station; Blanche R. Hurst, Montreal; Harry Pike, Lubec; W. S. McCart, Eastport; J. E. D. Eon, Metighan River; Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Brown, Prequeash; W. C. Avannand, Toronto.

Victoria

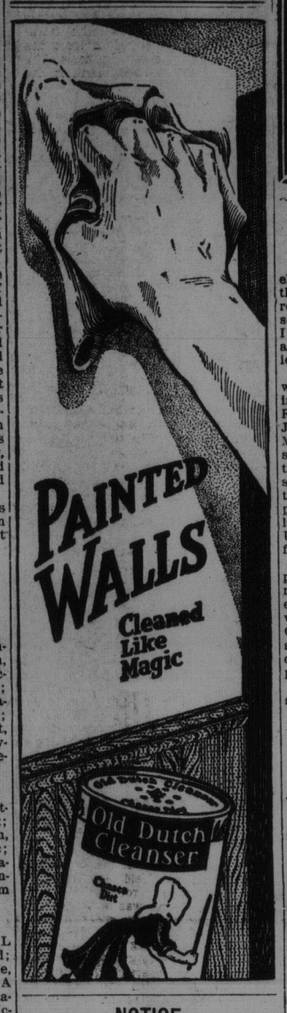
O. W. Wetmore, Clifton; A. R. Wetmore, Clifton; Geo. K. King, Halifax; James W. Day, Halifax; A. M. Dann, Hampton; W. J. Cooney, Megantic; J. S. Parker, Tynemouth; A. J. Laflamme, Montreal; M. Kelly, Brownville Junction; A. E. Greggs, McAdam Junction; W. A. Ross, Moncton.

Royal.

W W Lindsley, St Thomas; C L Day, Bangor; W B Darton, Portland; W D Ferguson, Montreal; A Smylie, Toronto; Chas E Oak, Bangor; J A Lessard, Montreal; G P Emery, Ottawa; W H Power, Montreal; A D McFarland, Montreal; S G Reinnan, London; J W Wilson, Halifax; J M Washburn, Lowell; H B MacNeil, New Glasgow; J F Weston, Toronto; C A Harris, Montreal; J A Garrod, Boston; J A Thom, Montreal; W H Hastie, New York; T Burdit, Edson, Alta; T H Watkins, New York; E R Barker, Boston; J N Fenton, Montreal; Miss A W Mitchell, Yarmouth; R H Cummington, Toronto; G M Stilwell, Chas S Fiske, Boston; R D Richardson and wife, Miss Mary Richardson, Chipman; L B Archibald, Halifax; J W Barnett, Moncton; E M Archibald, Middleton; G Wilson, Quebec; W R Block and wife, Red Deer; Jas Home, Montreal; Miss Macdonald, Middleton, N B; H H Stiebel, Boston.

PARRSBORO SHIPPING

Parrsboro, N. S., April 1.—Sch Virginian, Capt. Morris, from Diligent River for St. John, with cargo of hardwood deals, caught on end of bar when going out of Diligent River Monday afternoon and listed off. Next tide the submerged vessel and her deckload had to be discharged. She was then taken back to the wharf and will be brought to Parrsboro Roads where the balance of cargo will be discharged into a steamer, after which the Virginian will go to Port Greville for repairs as she is quite badly strained.



NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS marked "Tender for Slate Blackboard—Normal School Annex,"—will be received at the Department of Public Works of the Province of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B., until Friday, the 10th day of April, 1914, at noon, for 1,190 square feet of slate blackboard to be delivered at the Normal School Annex on or before the 1st day of May next, in the following sizes, running measure:

24 feet	x 4 feet
15 feet 1 in.	x 3 feet
28 feet	x 3 feet 6 in.
16 feet	x 4 feet
7 feet 9 in.	x 4 feet
18 feet	x 4 feet
11 feet 7 in.	x 4 feet
14 feet	x 4 feet
8 feet	x 4 feet
11 feet 6 in.	x 4 feet
27 feet 2 in.	x 4 feet
20 feet	x 4 feet
32 feet	x 4 feet
12 feet	x 4 feet
8 feet	x 4 feet
25 feet 6 in.	x 4 feet
26 feet	x 4 feet

Each tender must be accompanied by a certified bank cheque or cash, for an amount equal to five per cent. of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract when called upon. Such certified bank cheque or cash will be returned to the parties whose tenders are not accepted, but with the party to whom the contract is awarded, it shall be retained until the final completion of the contract and its acceptance by the Department.

Not obliged to accept lowest or any tender.

JOHN MORRISSY,
Minister of Public Works.
Department of Public Works
Fredericton, N. B.
March 31st, 1914.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.

COAL.—Coal mining rights may be leased for twenty-one years, renewable at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,560 acres can be leased to one applicant. Royalty, five cents per ton. In unsurveyed territory the tract must be staked out by the applicant in person, and personal application to the Agent or sub-Agent of Dominion Lands for the district, must in all cases be made and the rental for the first year must be paid to the agent within thirty days after filing application.

QUARTZ.—A person eighteen years of age and over, having made a discovery may locate a claim 1,500 feet by 1,500. Fee $5. At least $100 must be expended on the claim each year, or paid to the Mining Recorder. When $500.00 has been expended or paid and other requirements complied with the claim may be purchased at $1 an acre.

PLACER MINING CLAIMS are 500 feet long and from 1,000 to 2,000 feet wide. Entry fee, $5. Not less than $100 must be expended in development work each year.

DREDGING.—Two leases of five miles each of a river may be issued to one applicant for a term of 20 years. Rental, $10 a mile per annum. Royalty, 2½ per cent. after the output exceeds $10,000.

W. W. COREY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Suffered Intense Agony With His Back.

Kidneys Were The Cause.

Weak back is caused by weak kidneys, and on the first approach or evidence of kidney trouble Doan's Kidney Pills should be used, and serious trouble avoided.

Doan's Kidney Pills go right to the seat of the trouble, cure the weak aching back, and prevent any further complications arising.

Mr. John Briggs, Whitewood, Sask., writes:—"I am sending you this testimonial out of pure gratitude, as I am not a believer in patent medicines, but I got so run down, that I became quite willing to give anything a trial. I paid a visit to our local druggist, and told him I was suffering intense agony with my back. He told me I had kidney trouble, and handed me a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, saying it was the best thing he could possibly give me. I tried them, and the effect was certainly marvelous. They are worth $10.00 a box of anybody's money, and I would not be without a box by me. I certainly owe my present condition to Doan's Kidney Pills."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached Not Blended

PIPING HOT. SUCH FAT ROUNDED SUBSTANTIAL LOAVES RICH WITH CREAMY NUTRIMENT.

Makes "Child's Play of Wash Day"

Classified Advertising

One cent per word each insertion. Discount of 33 1-3 per cent on advertisements running one week or longer if paid in advance. Minimum charge 25 cents.

ELECTION CARD

I beg respectfully to inform the electors of St. John (not overlooking the lady voters) that, in response to requests from citizens in the north, south and west sections of the city, I have decided to enter the field as a candidate for the office of commissioner at the ensuing civic election.

The new council will have to deal with some very important subjects, including the routing of the Valley Railway to the terminals at East St. John, the completion of the paving of Main street, the paving of some other streets on which the traffic is heavy, the care and maintenance of all of the streets, the providing of a more equitable system of taxation and the improving of the ferry service in Carleton by utilizing a slip extending to Union street, if the change should be found to be a practicable one.

In these and in several other important matters, as well as in departmental work, I should hope, if elected, to be of service to the city, and I would advocate the "open door" at City Hall and the taking of a plebiscite at an early date on a number of public questions not requiring expert knowledge for their decision.

I will be pleased to receive such support as may be accorded to me.

G. FRED FISHER.

ELECTION CARD,

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. JOHN:

At the solicitation of a number of friends I have decided to offer for the office of commissioner and respectfully solicit your support in the approaching election. I have had several years' experience as a member of the common council and have some knowledge of the administration of civic affairs.

JAMES V. RUSSELL.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

The next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May 1914, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July 1914.

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister.
Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.
Department of the Naval Service,
—53690. Ottawa, Jan. 8th, 1914.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at the office of any Local Agent of Dominion Lands (not sub-agent) on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required in every case, except when residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3 per acre. Duties—Six months residence in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and 50 acres extra cultivation. The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land after report by Homestead Inspector on application for patent.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth $300.

W. W. COREY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

HORACE C. BROWN,

High-Class TAILOR

The Newest Patterns of English and Scotch Cloths to select from.

83 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

WANTED.

WANTED—A messenger boy; age fifteen or sixteen. Apply N. B. T. Co., exchange manager's office, No. 22 Prince William street.

WANTED—Large Manufacturer of Heating Apparatus desires experienced salesman to represent them in Maritime Provinces with headquarters at St. John or Halifax. Splendid opportunity for the right man. Apply to Box 11 Standard Office.

FLUSHING HOSPITAL—Situated in Greater New York, twenty minutes from the heart of the city—has opening for a few pupils. Capacity of institution 120 beds. The training school is registered with the Board of Regents at Albany and gives a three years' course. Remuneration $10 per month after probation period. Applicants must have had at least one year of High School work or its equivalent. Send for application blanks to Superintendent of Training School, Flushing Hospital, Flushing, New York.

WANTED — Experienced waitress wanted at the Royal Hotel, Woodstock, N. B.

WANTED—Agents to sell foxes for immediate delivery and 1914 delivery Fundy Fox Co., 95 Princess street, St John, N. B.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN, BRAKEMEN, wages about $100; experience unnecessary. Send age, postage. Railway, care Standard.

AGENTS WANTED—Agents $8 a day selling Mendets, which mends Graniteware, Hot Water Bags, Rubber Boots, Reservoirs, Boilers, Metal Tubs and Tinware without cement or solder. Sample ten cents. Collette Mf'g Company, Collingwood, Ontario.

LEARN BARBER TRADE.—Few weeks required; tools free; positions secured; Moler System; twenty-two years established; modern method of teaching; write for particulars—MOLAR BARBER COLLEGE, 627 St Lawrence Blvrd., Montreal.

FOR SALE.

Sewing machine needles, all kinds, half dozen 17c. by mail; Wilcox and Gibbs new automatic machine $15; W. and W. tailoring machine $8; white machine $5; Domestic and other machines reapaired; one good typewriter cheap—William Crawford, 105 Princess street, St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE—One young driving mare (sound) with colt one year old this April 22; also one fresh cow. J. K. Howard, Gaspereaux Station, Queens county, C. P. R.

SAWMILL PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT.—Steam and water power plant in Victoria County is being offered at very low cost for immediate sale. Suitable terms can be made for renting and sawing out this season's cut of spruce and hardwood. Capacity about three million feet. For further particulars wrtie P. O. Box 376, St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE—Fifty ash sleighs for sale at Edgecombe's. Send for prices and catalogue. Edgecombe's, 115 City Road.

TO LET.

FARM TO RENT—A good farm—all buildings O. K.—to the right party. Apply in person F. A. Schofield, Avonmore, Kings county, N. B.

FLATS TO LET inquire E. O. Parsons, Corner King and Ludlow.

TO LET—From May 1st large office in Dearborn building, Prince William street, now occupied by Jardine & Rive.

TO LET—Rooms newly furnished, electric light, and heated, 168 King street east.

AUCTION SALES.

To be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner at noon of Saturday, April 11th:—

THREE STOREY BRICK CASED DWELLING, No. 68 Garden street, late residence of J. E. White, deceased together with the lot (8) on which it stands, and also a vacant lot (6) at the rear, fronting on Charles street; also a right of way, in common with other parties, eight feet in width, along the northerly side of the building, extending from Garden street back to the rear of lot (8) aforesaid. Terms: 10 per cent, at sale and the balance on delivery of deed. Possession May first next. Fifty per cent. of the purchase price may remain on mortgage at 6 per cent. For further particulars apply to

G. ERNEST FAIRWEATHER,
84 Germain Street.

HOTELS.

ROYAL HOTEL
King Street.
St. John's Leading Hotel.
RAYMOND & DOHERTY CO., LTD
T. B. Reynolds, Manager.

HOTEL DUFFERIN
ST. JOHN, N. B.
FOSTER, GATES & CO.
F. C. GATES.. .. ..Manager

CLIFTON HOUSE
H. E. GREEN, Proprietor.
Corner Germain and Princess Streets
ST. JOHN, N. B.

VICTORIA HOTEL
Better Now Than Ever.
87 King Street, St. John, N. B.
ST. JOHN HOTEL CO., LTD.
Proprietors.
A. M. PHILIPS, Manager.

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RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.
Established 1878.
Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchants
Agents for
MACKIES' WHITE HORSE CELLAR SCOTCH WHISKEY.
LAWSON'S LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKEY.
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KING GEORGE IV. SCOTCH WHISKEY.
AUK'S HEAD BASS ALE.
PABST MILWAUKEE LAGER BEER.
GEO. SAYER COGNAC BRANDIES.
Bonded Stores, 44-46 Dock Street,
'Phone 839.

M. & T. McGUIRE.
Direct importers and dealers in all the leading brands of Wines and Liquors; we also carry in stock from the best houses in Canada, very Old Ryes, Wines, Ales and Stout, Imported and Domestic Cigars.
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Telephone 579.

WHOLESALE LIQUORS.
William L. Williams, successors to M. A. Finn, Wholesale and Retail Wine and Spirit Merchant, 110 and 112 Prince William street. Established 1870. Write for family price list.

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CARPENTER AND BUILDER.
Refrigerator Building a Specialty.
98 BRUSSELS STREET.
'Phone M-2514.

THE UNION FOUNDRY & MACHINE WORKS, LTD.
ENGINEERS AND MACHINISTS.
Iron and Brass Castings.
WEST ST. JOHN. 'Phone West 15.

ENGINEERING
Electric Motor and Generator Repairs, including rewinding. We try to keep your plant running while making repairs.
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Nelson street. St. John, N. B.

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MACHINIST AND ENGINEER.
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INDIANTOWN, ST. JOHN, N. B.
'Phones, M-229; residence M-1724-11.

ENGRAVERS
F. C. WESLEY & CO.
Artists, Engravers and Electrotypers, 59 Water street, St. John, N. B.
Telephone 982.

Musical Instruments Repaired
VIOLINS, MANDOLINS
and all stringed instruments and Bows repaired.
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ERNEST LAW,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER
Hamilton, Waltham and other high grade watches in stock.
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
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PURE FOOD STORE.
Buy Your Meats and Groceries from Us
203 QUEEN STREET, W. E.
'Phone W. 286.

MACKEREL.
Salt Mackerel in Half Bbls.
JAMES PATTERSON,
19 and 20 South Market Wharf,
St. John, N. B.

California "Sunkist" Oranges
Landing each week direct from the Coast, one car celebrated California "Sunkist" Navel Oranges.
A.L. Goodwin, Market Building

For Sale
The Schooner CALABRIA, of 451 Tons Register, and Schooner ORIOLE of 124 Tons Register, Enquire of
J. SPLANE & CO.