

HEAR OROZCO IS PREPARING FLIGHT

Leader of the Mexican Revolt
Allowing Army to Scatter,
Says El Paso Report.

El Paso, Texas, June 27.—Advice received here today from the South are to the effect that another month will see General Orozco's revolutionary army scattered. The defense against the federalists at Bachimba, it is said, has withered to a few hundred men manning the heavy artillery and enough sharpshooters to hold General Huerta long enough to allow Orozco and his men to escape to the mountains of the Sierra Madre country, where pursuit will be practically useless.

These advices give the first intimation of the weakening of the Orozco army at the front. While a breaking up of the revolution was expected after the battle of Bachimba, it is believed that a brave stand would be made there.

General Huerta may succeed in avoiding Bachimba and getting to Chihuahua without going through the Mexican National Railroad pass, which is commanded by the rebel artillery. Should this be done, there will be no resistance to his forces until he reaches Chihuahua, if at all.

General Orozco has offered to place neutral guards in the town of Chihuahua to protect foreign and native property from looting, the neutral guards to be spared by the federalists when they enter. The main column of General Huerta's army is now at La Delicias, sixty miles south of Chihuahua, and only twenty miles below Bachimba.

The situation in Juarez continues to grow worse. Americans are being insulted in the streets and few are going across the river. El Paso Mexicans do not dare to cross the bridge for fear of being arrested as spies, and two men, E. Varela and M. Velazquez, both American citizens, were shot down in the main street of Juarez early this morning on suspicion of being spies.

Varela was wounded in the stomach and Velazquez in the right shoulder. They were left for dead in the street and were dragged into a nearby abode and across the bridge after the rebel officers had left.

Mother (to artist)—"I wish like you to paint a portrait of our wee Sandy, sir. I wish the photographer, but his charge is far too high."

First student—"What makes that red spot on your nose?" Second student—"Glasses." First student—"Glasses of what?"

The only prophet not swayed by party politics is the weather prophet.

The Gleaner's Daily Fashion Hint



The parlor maid and waitress now wear a coquettish little apron reaching barely to the knees, and a touch of embroidery is usually added by way of garnishment. Straps over the shoulders and broad, stiffly starched strings make the apron very neat and smart over a black gown. My lady's apron may have lace trimming—something never used on the maid's badge of service. A pretty sewing apron, trimmed with lace and pink bows is pictured.

FROM JOHN WANAMAKER PHOTOS BY JOEL FEDER

OVERDUE LUCK

(Continued.)

If his appearance was forbidding when seen in Warden's upward glance from the base of the tower, it was positively repulsive at this nearer and more leisurely point of view. The dye applied to skin and hair gave him a grotesque, almost maniacal aspect. His effluvia were matted. His face and limbs had a peculiarly dead aspect, since the blue pigment had dried in dull scales that counterfeited the leathery surface of a mummy's body. The sunken black eyes, gleaming out of bloodshot sockets, alone told of life. He reminded Warden of some cannibal jiv man from the trackless swamps of Nigeria. That such a loathsome creature should command the fearful respect of several distinguish-

ed-looking Mohammedans would be inconceivable were it not for the hush that fell on them when they heard his voice, and the alacrity with which they obeyed his order to produce the Glaire.

Now, the singular fact that the two men who had spoken to him used the French language was not lost on Warden. It argued that they and their companions hailed from the Sahara border rather than the coast. If that were so, his capture was a fantastic mistake. They could have no possible grievance against him. A germ of hope sprang up in his heart, but the Nila Moulah soon destroyed it. "Bid the Frank do homage," he grunted in Arabic. "Kneel!" said the interpreter.

"I am rather stiff in the joints," said Warden, speaking composedly. "But I shall be glad to sit down and talk with the distinguished moulah if that is agreeable to him."

He squatted on the ground, but two men seized him roughly and tried to force him to his knees. He resisted with a mad fury that was more creditable to his pluck than to his intelligence—yet there are indignities that cannot be borne and this was one. Though handicapped by a crippled shoulder and the enervating effect of the drug, though he was grappled with before he could rise—and the Moors were men of bone and sinew—he fought so fiercely that both of his assailants were prostrate at the same time as himself. A coward's blow ended the unequal tussle. A heavy whip cut him furiously across the eyes, and half-blinded him, and he was flung lying face downward in front of the Blue Man, who muttered: "Let the Kafir dog lie there till he learns obedience."

Thinking he was subdued, the Moors relaxed their grip. Then Warden sprang to his feet, and, with hands in dying he would at least rid tortured humanity of an oppressor. But the Nila Moulah seemed to guess his thought, and shrieked to the guards that they should hold fast the Nazarene. They plinked his arms again, and the French-speaking Moor asked him why he had dared to disturb a place made holy by the presence of the moulah.

Nearly incoherent with pain and anger, Warden managed to answer that he had done harm to none, that he was not even a resident in Rabat, having landed at the port little more than an hour before he visited the Tower.

"Ah, he is not one of the accursed brood at Rabat? So much the better! They will fall like ripe pears at the time of plucking," snarled the occupant of the litter.

Since the words were Arabic, Warden understood, but the instinct of self-preservation bade him conceal the fact. Nevertheless, he forced his lips to utter a dignified protest.

"I am an Englishman," he said, "and my disappearance will be reported. Inquiry will be made—it is known that I went to the Hassan Tower—and your large caravan cannot travel without exciting comment. You will certainly be pursued and attacked, whether I am living or dead. Yet I am not vindictive. Set me free, bring me back to Rabat in time to join my ship, and I shall lodge no complaint against you, nor claim any money and other belongings."

"What sayeth the unbeliever?" demanded the moulah.

He was told, with fair accuracy, and seemed to find humor in Warden's words.

"Slaves do not parley with their masters," he announced, grinning vindictively at his captive. "The him in the litter. If he speaks, gag him. Tomorrow he can carry a load with the rest."

It needed all of Warden's philosophy to keep him from going mad during that dreadful journey across Morocco. The Nila Moulah's orders were literally obeyed. After the second day's march, when a breath of the hill country intervened between Rabat and the caravan, the Englishman was deprived of his palanquin and became a beast of burden. Still, he lived, and was fed, and he prayed that he might retain his reason. The belief that he knew no Arabic enabled him to gather some scraps of information. The Blue Priest of El Hamra was preaching a new jihad, but, unlike others of his kind, he was a born organizer. Instead of stirring up a minor rebellion which would be snuffed out either by the Sultan of Morocco or by one of the European powers, he was gradually making himself known throughout the length and breadth of the land. In his own stronghold of Lektawa, on the very confines of the Great Desert, he was building up an army of fanatics. Meanwhile, his reputation was such that he levied heavy contributions in money and kind on the more fertile seaboard provinces. When the time was propitious he would descend on Morocco, enslave or kill every Christian, loot every port, and establish himself another Mahomet. Till then, he was content to pose as a saint, and such a programme is nothing new in the Mussulman world. Since the inspired camel driver of Mecca was rapt half-way to Paradise in his cap, nearly five hundred mullahs have each and all claimed to be the one, true and much-predicted "holy man" destined to lead Islam to complete victory over Christendom.

These impostors are infinitely worse than a pestilence. They resemble it.

Special Values for Saturday

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A. Murray & Co's

Ladies' and Children's Fine Cotton Hose in Tan and Black, regular 15c and 20c a pair 2 pairs for 25c
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See Our Remnant Counter for Bargains.

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We still have a nice variety of TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED MILLINERY on which a liberal discount will be allowed. Call and examine our stock before buying elsewhere.

See our table of READY TO WEAR HATS. Prices \$1.35 to \$2.50 for 75 cents. \$2.50 to \$4.25 for \$1.50.

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CLEARANCE SALE OF Ladies' and Misses' White Dresses

A LOT OF CLASSY AND Dainty DRESSES TO BE CLEARED JUST WHEN THEY ARE REQUIRED.

\$13.50	White Embroidered Dresses, sizes 36, 38, for.....	\$7.98
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TEN TO TWENTY PER CENT OFF ALL DRESSES OVER \$5.00

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NOTICE

Regular Meeting of Court Frederickton, Canadian Order of Foresters, will be held at TUESDAY EVENING, June 26th, at 8 p.m. A full attendance is requested.
C. H. BURTON
Rec. Sec.

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

Add to your Telephone Directories:
38-21 Hodge, George W., Residence
George St.
435-12 Bloom, J. S., Residence Lower St. Mary's.
406. Engineer of Railways, D. F. Maxwell.
3100-14 Sewell, Arthur, Camp, Douglas.
2400-54 Glasier, D. D. & Sons, Camp, Douglas.
2400-63 Webb, W. B., Residence, Douglas.
4200-54 Bryson, William, Residence, Ormoco.
2200-23 Kee, Charles, Residence, Island View.
THE NEW BRUNSWICK TELEPHONE CO., LTD.
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IMPORTERS AND EXPORTERS
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AUCTION SALE

Two of the choicest residential lots in the City will be sold at public auction in front of the City Hall on SATURDAY, the 29th inst., at 12 o'clock noon.
1st Lot—Fronting on George street, between lots owned by George Haxton, Esq., and the estate of Hon. George F. Oregory. Freehold, 47 feet frontage by 160 feet deep; a splendid lot.
2nd Lot—Fronting on University avenue, between residences owned by Mrs. Sarah Marner and C. W. Whippley, having a frontage of about 34 feet by 100 feet deep. A bargain.
For particulars and terms of sale apply to
ELIFF & HANSON,
Solicitors.

Classified Ad.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—One double-seated extension top carriage with shafts and pole; one tubular carriage and set silver mounted single driving harness, with harness and traces extra. Apply Gleaner—404

FOR SALE—Fine new milk cow, sold through no fault. Enquire of Fred Neville, phone 226-12—399 d

FOR SALE—Household goods. For information address "Furniture," care Gleaner Office—405 d

WANTED

WANTED—A young lady bookkeeper. Apply to Gleaner—402 d

WANTED—Smart young man or boy for grocery business. All inside work. Write E. H. F., care Gleaner—400 d

WANTED—A maid for general housework; no washing or ironing. Apply to Mrs. W. C. Crocker, Church street—406 n&w

WANTED—At once, a dining room girl. Apply at York Hotel—407 d&w

WANTED—At once, a number of persons to work for us in their homes. We send the work any distance to you and you return it when finished. We pay good prices promptly. Our secret process art color work is pleasant and easy to do. No canvassing. Our own travellers sell the goods. Steady employment all year round for people who mean business. Make application to-day. Commercial Art Studio, 257 College street, Toronto—307 to this

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Young women between the ages of 20 and 30 to take the two year course in nursing offered by the Hartford (Conn.) Hospital. Living expenses and salary at rate of sixteen to eighteen dollars per month through the course. References are required as to health and moral character. JESSIE J. GLEN, Supt. of Nurses, 20 Washington Street, Hartford, Conn.

MEN WANTED.

5 Axemen, \$2.25 per day; 5 Rough Carpenters, \$2.25 per day; 50 men for general railroad work, \$1.75 per day and board; 3 Railroad Foremen, \$2.50 per day and board; 1 Foreman for concrete work, \$2.50 per day; 15 experienced Brick Payers, \$1.50-\$2 per month and board; teams, \$60 per month and board. The place to get a "good job" is the

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TO LET—Furnished house in good locality, large verandah and lawn. Apply to 643 Brunswick street—408 d

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A girl's waist has to be mighty slippery not to stick naturally to a man's arm.

When Summer Stops the Swing

Most of us can remember the school lesson in the law of accumulated motion—momentum.

If you exert a pound of pressure against a man in a swing, you'll start him moving slowly "to and fro." If you continue to exert a pound of pressure against him every time the swing makes a trip, you'll soon have him going so high that he almost turns the whole circle. If you stop pushing, the momentum will die out and the swing come to rest at "dead centre."

Winning trade follows the same natural laws.

Advertisements are the force behind the swing of public favor. Each new advertisement increases the momentum. Finally, the accumulated force of these numerous impulses swings indifference to the buying point.

If you stop Advertising, you lose momentum.

The moral of which is:

Don't stop the business swing in Summer.
Keep adding the pounds of Advertising pressure.

Advice regarding your advertising problems is available through any recognized Canadian advertising agency, or the Secretary of the Canadian Press Association, Room 505 Lunenburg Building, Toronto. Enquiry involves no obligation on your part—so write, if interested.

Or, Better Still, communicate by letter, phone or in person with the Advertising Manager of THE GLEANER, Fredericton, N. B.