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Medium Weight, Extended Edge,  
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On Wed. Morning, March 27th at 10 o'clock.

we will show a charming collection of chic millinery, partly imported from the leading fashion centres and partly the production of our own work-rooms. The most fastidious will be charmed with our offerings. We solicit an inspection.

## THE MISSES YOUNG

### - Pretty Waists -

We sold about two thousand waists last season, which goes to prove we must carry the right goods at the right prices.

Fancy Voil Waists, \$1.75 to \$4.00. Embroidered Waists, 50c. to \$4.00. Tailored Waists, 75c. to \$4.00. Colored Waists, 50c. to \$1.00. Nett Waists, \$3.00 to \$6.00. Silk Waists, \$2.50 to \$7.00.

OUR DOLLAR WAISTS are seldom surpassed.

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**HALL'S BOOK STORE** - - Queen St.

## SPRING and EASTER OPENING

of imported French English and American  
Millinery.

**Tuesday, March 25th,**  
**and following days.**

**Miss Morgan** **YORK STREET**

## NEW ARRIVALS

Another Lot of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

## EASTER HATS

at prices you can't touch in the city. Also a new line of

**ANDERSON GINGHAMS** **VERY PRETTY**

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Store open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings

### Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at 10 a box, or three for \$10. Mailed to any address. The Bonobol Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sold in Fredericton by A. J. RYAN.

Bruno Granichstaedten the 'composer of 'The Rose Maid,' has returned to Europe. He is working on a new light opera, 'The Vagabond Princess,' in which the Hungarians.

## The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

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[CONTINUED.]

Suddenly he found the girl standing over him with burning eyes and quivering body.

"What right have you to say such things to me?" she cried. "A moment ago you acknowledged yourself a murderer—at least in thought. You said you would sacrifice anything or everything to gain your ends. Do you think I'm like that too? Are my methods to be called shameful because your own are criminal? And suppose they were? Do you think that you and your love for that unfeeling woman, who sent you out to toil and suffer and sweat your soul dry in the solitude of that horrible country, are the only issues in the world?"

"We won't speak of her," he broke in sharply.

"Oh, yes, we will. You say I have set a price on myself. Well, she can set a price on herself, but you can't see it. Her price was your honor, that has crumbled; your conscience, that has rotted. You have paid it, and you would pay double if she exacted it. But one thing you shall not do; you shall not judge of my bargains nor decide what I have paid to any man."

Never before had Boyd seen a woman so transformed by the passion of anger. She was the picture of defiant fury. The mask had slipped, and he caught a glimpse of the naked, passionate soul, upheaved to its depths.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "You are your own mistress, and you have the right to make any bargain you choose."

He saw that her eyes were misty with tears. "I want you to know," she said, "that I understand your position perfectly. If you don't succeed you not only lose the girl, but ruin yourself, for you can never repay the men who trusted you. That is a very big thing to a man, I know, yet there must be a way out—there always is. Perhaps it will present itself when you least expect it." She gave him a tired little smile before lowering her veil.

He rose and laid his hand on her arm. "Forgive my brutal bluntness. I'm not clever at such things, but I could have said as much to my sister 'if I had one.'"

It was an honest attempt to comfort her, but it failed. "Goodbye," she said; "you mustn't give up."

All the way back to her hotel her mind dwelt bitterly upon his parting words. "His sister! His sister!" she kept repeating. "God! Can't he see?"

Dusk was falling when the girl, with set, defiant face, went to the telephone to call up Hilliard at the Rainier club.

"I have thought over your proposition, and I have changed my mind," she said. "Yes, you may send the car for me at 7." Then, in reply to some request, she laughed back through white lips. "Very well, if you wish it, the blue dress—yes, the blue decollete dress." She hung up the receiver, then stood with hands clinched while a shiver ran through her slender body. She stepped to a closet and flung open the door to stare at the array of gowns.

"So this is the end of my good resolutions," she laughed and snatched a garment recklessly from its hook. "Now, for all the miserable tricks of the trade!"

George Balt, Clyde and Fraser formed a glum trio as they sat in a nook of the hotel cafe, sipping moodily at their glasses, when on the following afternoon Emerson joined them. But they sensed some untoward happening even before he spoke, for his face wore a look of dazed incredulity, and his manner was so extraordinary that they questioned in chorus:

"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No," said he, "but I—I must have lost my mind."

"What is it?"

"The trick is turned."

"The trick?"

"I have raised the money."

With a shout that startled the other occupants of the room Balt and Clyde leaped to their feet and began to caper about in frenzy. Even "Fingerless" Fraser's expressionless face cracked in a wide grin of the blankest amazement.

"About noon I was called on the phone by Hilliard. He asked me to come down to the bank at once, and I went. He said he had reconsidered and wanted to put up the money. It's up. He'll back us. I've got it in writing. It's all cinched—\$100,000, and more if we need it."

"You must have made a great talk," declared Clyde.

"I said nothing. He offered it himself as a personal loan. It has nothing to do with the bank. I'm going to tell Cherry now."

Alton Clyde chuckled. "I told you she could pull it off," he said.

"This was Hilliard's own notion," Boyd returned coldly. "He merely reconsidered his decision, and—"

"Turn over! You're on your back."

"It was only yesterday afternoon that I talked with Cherry. I dare say she hasn't seen him since."

"Well, I happen to know that she has. As I came home last night I saw them together. They came out of that French cafe across the street and got

into Hilliard's car. She was dressed up like a pony."

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded "Fingerless" Fraser.

"She pulled the old fellow's leg, that's all," explained Alton.

"If I thought she had done that," said Emerson slowly, "I wouldn't touch a penny of the money."

"I don't care where the money came from or how it got there," rumbled Balt. "It's here; that's enough."

But Boyd clung to his point with a stubbornness which he himself found it difficult to explain. The arguments of the others only annoyed him. The walk to Cherry's hotel afforded him time for reflection, which, while it deepened his doubt, somewhat lessened his impatience, and when he was shown into her presence he did not begin in the impetuous manner he had designed.

"What makes you think I had anything to do with it?" she asked after he had spoken.

"You were with Hilliard last night."

She nodded slightly. "We closed our negotiations for the copper mine last night."

"How did you come out?"

"He takes it over and does the development work," she answered.

"That means that you are independent; that you can leave the north country and do all the things you want to do?" This time her smile was puzzling. "You don't seem very glad."

"No! Realization discounts anticipation about 90 per cent. But don't let's talk about me. I—I'm unstrung today."

"I'm sorry you aren't going back to Kalvik," he said, with genuine regret.

"But I am," she declared quickly. "I'm going back with you and George. If you will let me, I want to see the finish of our enterprise."

"See here, Cherry: I hope you didn't influence Hilliard in this affair."

"Why probe the matter?"

"Because I haven't lost all my manhood," he answered roughly. "Yesterday you assumed the blame for this trouble and spoke of sacrifices, and—well, I don't know much about women, but for all I know you may have some ridiculous, quixotic strain in your makeup. I hope you didn't."

"What?"

"Well, do anything you may be sorry for." At last he detected a gleam of spirit in her eyes.

"Suppose I did. What difference to you would that make?" He shifted uncomfortably under the girl's scrutiny.

"Suppose that Mr. Hilliard had called on me for some great sacrifice before he gave up that money. Would you allow it to affect you?"

"Of course," he answered. Then, unable to sit still under her searching gaze, he arose with flushed face to meet further discomfiture as she continued:

"Even if it meant your own ruin, the loss of the fortune you have raised among your friends—money that is entrusted to you—and the relinquishment of Miss Wayland? Honestly, now—her voice had softened and dropped to a lower key—"would it make any difference?"

"Certainly!"

"How much difference?"

"I'm in a very embarrassing position," he said slowly. "You must realize that with others depending on me I'm not free to follow my own inclinations."

She uttered a little mocking laugh. "Pardon me. It was not a fair question, and I shouldn't have asked it, but your hesitation was sufficient answer."

Then as he broke into a heated denial she went on:

"Like most men, you think a woman has but one asset upon which to trade. However, if I felt responsible for your difficulties that was my affair, and if I determined to help extricate you that also concerned me alone." He stepped forward as if to protest, but she silenced his speech with an imperious little stamp of her foot.

In spite of the cheering turn his fortunes had taken, it was in no very amiable mood that he left her at last no whit the wiser for all his questioning. In the hotel lobby below he encountered the newspaper reporter who had fallen under Fraser's spell upon their first arrival from the north. The man greeted him eagerly.

"How d' y' do, Mr. Emerson? Can you give me any news about the fisheries?"

"No."

"I thought there might be something new bearing on my story."

"Indeed! So you are the chap who wrote that article some time ago, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Good, wasn't it?"

"Doubtless, from the newspaper point of view. Where did you get it?"

"From Mr. Clyde."

CHAPTER XI  
LYDE! You mean Fraser—Fraser, I should say," gasped Boyd to the reporter.

"No, sir. Alton Clyde! He was pretty talkative the night I saw him." The reporter laughed meaningly.

"Drunk, do you mean?"

"Oh, not exactly drunk, but pretty wet. He knew what he was saying, however. Can't you give me some 'hint more?'"

(To Be Continued.)

### Ryan Has a Preparation That Will Grow Hair Abundantly

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If you want to have a beautiful head of hair, free from Dandruff, use SALVIA once a day and watch the results.

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Ladies will find SALVIA just the hair dressing they are looking for. It makes the hair soft and fluffy and is not sticky. A large bottle, 50c.

David Belasco is to produce a play this month, called "The Governor's Lady." It is by Alice Bradley, a new dramatist.

### NON-ROYAL BETROTHAL ASTONISHES VIENNA

Vienna, April 9.—This city is astonished over another non-royal betrothal in the imperial family, this being between an archduchess, Elizabeth Françoise, daughter of Archduke Francois Salvator and Count George of Waldbourg. Countess Elizabeth is enamored with Count George who is her brother's tutor and a cavalry lieutenant.

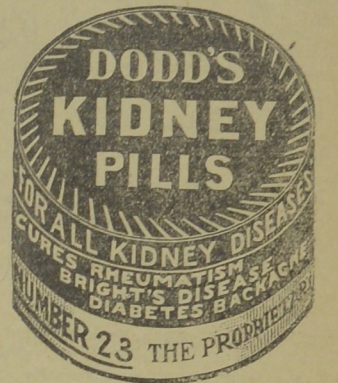
### STUDENT ASSAULT CASE DISMISSED

Woodstock, Ont., April 9.—Decision of the magistrate in the case of alleged assault of R. A. P. MacDonald Vincent Price and Leon McGrimmon, masters at Woodstock College and H. V. Spotswood, a student given this morning was "not guilty." The case was dismissed without costs. The magistrate urged that in the future corporal punishment be only inflicted by order and under supervision of the principal.

### PARACHUTE JUMPER IN ANOTHER STUNT

New York, April 9.—Frank Law, the parachute jumper, who recently made a successful leap from the statue of liberty, performed another sensational feat late yesterday, in jumping from the top of the thirty-nine story Bankers Trust Building, at Wall and Nassau Streets.

He landed safely on the roof of the sub-treasury building, a two story structure adjoining.



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