

Small Lots

Of Women's and Men's Shoes at Big Discounts

Women's Tan Oxfords \$3.00 and \$3.25 for	\$2.19
" Dongola Slippers \$1.50	99c
" Patent Butt. Boots \$3.00 for	\$2.49
Men's Patent Laced \$5.00 for	\$4.10
" Calf Laced \$4.00 for	\$3.35

McMANUS & COMPANY

THE MISSES YOUNG

Are showing a splendid line of all the latest ideas in Millinery. **Trimmed Hats, prices from \$1.85 up.** Untrimmed Shapes including Milan, Tagel, Mohair and Chip in all colors. Also a nice assortment of the Natty Serviceable Sailor Hat.

THE MISSES YOUNG

New Gingham Dresses

New Print Dresses, New White Voile Dresses, New Muslin Dresses, for Ladies, Misses and Children,
New Waists in Voile, Muslin, Linen and Gingham
New Summer Underwear, New Hosiery

R. L. BLACK - - York St.

Wall Paper Our samples of Wall Papers this year are far ahead of anything that we have ever shown. Don't fail to look at them before you buy.

HALL'S BOOK STORE - - Queen St.

CHILDREN'S DAY:

Tuesday, April 23rd, 1912

First showing of children's trimmed and untrimmed Hats. School hats and Galatias for boys and girls. Hoods in Silk Muslin and Straw.

Miss Morgan YORK STREET

SILK HOSE

A Big Special in Silk Hose

Only 30c pair

worth 50c. Don't Miss This

F. S. WILLIAMS ST. MARYS

Gertrude Hoffman has sailed for Europe to secure a new piece for a summer run in New York. Robert Hilliard in "A Fool There Was," is completing a coast-to-coast tour under Klaw & Erlanger.

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 25¢ a box, or three for \$1.00. Mailed to any address. The Scotch Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sold in Fredericton by A. J. RYAN.

The SILVER HORDE

By REX BEACH.
Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barner"

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[CONTINUED.]

Wayne Wayland was by no means sure that Boyd would not make good his threat to visit the yacht that evening, and in any case he wished to be prepared. A scene before the other passengers of the Grande Dame was not to be thought of. Besides, if the young man were roughly handled it would make him a martyr in Mildred's eyes. He talked over the matter with Marsh, who suggested that the sight-seers should dine ashore and spend the evening with him at the plant. With only Mildred and her father left on the yacht there would be no possibility of scandal, even if Emerson were mad enough to force an interview.

"And what is more," declared Mr. Wayland, "I shall give orders to clear on the high tide. That fellow is a menace, and the sooner Mildred is away from him the better. You shall go with us, my boy."

But when he went to Mildred to explain the nature of his arrangements he found her in a furious temper.

"Why did you announce my engagement to Mr. Marsh?" she demanded angrily. "The whole ship is talking about it. By what right did you do that?"

"I did it for your own sake," said the old man. "This whelp Emerson has made a fool of you and of me long enough. There must be an end to it."

"But I don't love Willis Marsh!" she cried. "You forget I am of age." "Nonsense! Willis is a fine fellow. He loves you, and he is the best business man for his years I have ever known. If it were not for this foolish boy and girl affair you would return his love. He suits me, and—well, I have put my foot down, so there's an end of it."

"Do you intend to force me to marry him?" Mr. Wayland recognized the danger signal.

"Absurd! Take all the time you wish. You'll come around all right. That reprobate you were engaged to defied me and defied that woman."

He told of his stormy interview with Boyd, concluding: "It is fortunate we found him out, Mildred. I have guarded you all my life. I have lavished everything money could buy upon you. I have built up the greatest fortune in all the west for you. I have kept you pure and sweet and good—and to think that such a fellow should dare—Mr. Wayland choked with anger. "The one thing I cannot stand in a man or a woman is immorality. I have lived clean myself, and my son shall be as clean as I."

"Did you say that Boyd threatened to come aboard this evening?" questioned the girl.

"Yes. But I swore that he should not."

"Then he'll come," said Mildred. It was twilight when Willis Marsh was rowed out to the yacht. He found Mr. Wayland and Mildred seated in deck chairs enjoying the golden sunset while the old man smoked. Marsh explained that he had excused himself from his guests to go whether his inclination led him and drew his seat close to Mildred, rejoicing in the fact that no one could gainsay him this privilege. Moreover, he had won the unfaltering loyalty of Wayne Wayland, the dominant figure of the west. Nothing could keep him now from the success his ambition demanded.

His complaisant enjoyment was interrupted at last by the approach of the second officer, who announced that a lady wished to see Mr. Wayland. "A lady?" asked the old man in surprise.

"Yes, sir. She came alongside in a small boat just now with some natives. I stopped her at the landing, but she says she must see you at once."

"Ah, that woman again!" Mr. Wayland's jaws snapped. "Tell her to begone. I refuse to see her."

"Very well, sir." The mate turned, but Mildred said suddenly: "Wait! Why don't you talk to her, father?"

"That creature? I have nothing to say to her."

Mildred leaned forward and called to the ship's officer: "Show her up. I will see her."

"Mildred, you mustn't talk to that woman!" her father cried.

"It is very unwise," Marsh chimed in apprehensively. "She isn't the sort of person—"

Miss Wayland chilled him with a look and waved the mate away, then sank back into her chair.

"I have talked with her already. I assure you she is not dangerous."

Willis Marsh squirmed uncomfortably in his seat. He fixed his eyes upon the knot of men at the starboard rail. Then, with a sharp indrawing of his breath, he leaped up and darted down the deck.

Over the side had come Cherry Ma-lotte, accompanied by an Indian girl in shawl and moccasins—a slim, shrinking creature who stood as if bewildered, twisting her hands and staring about with frightened eyes.

Behind them, head and shoulders above the sailors, towered a giant copper-bred, broad with a child in his arms.

(To Be Continued.)

A MAGAZINE WRITER HAD PROPHETIC VISION

The current number of the Popular Magazine, issued a few days ago, contains a story of a great ship wrecked at sea by collision with an iceberg. In its essentials it fits with uncanny exactness the sparse details yet received of the Titanic disaster that one would be led almost to believe that the author, Mr. Mayn Clag Garnett, was endowed, like Cassandra, with a gift of dire prophecy. Some of the most striking paragraphs of Mr. Garnett's story are given below:

The Admiral was a giant liner, a ship of eight hundred feet in length, and the snoring of the bow wave told of a tearing speed. She was doing 22½ knots an hour, or more than 25 miles, the speed of a train of cars. There was a puff of colder air than usual. A chill as of death itself floated over the silent ocean. A man on lookout stood staring straight into the mist ahead and then sang out:

"Something right ahead, sir," he yelled in a voice that carried like the roar of a gun.

Capt. Brownson just seized the lever shutting the compartments, swung it, jammed it hard over, and screamed:

"Stop her—stop her—hard over your wheel—hard over—"

His voice ended in a vibrating screech that sounded wild, weird, uncanny in that awful silence. A hundred men stopped in their stride, or work, paralyzed at the tones coming from the bridge.

With a grinding, smashing roar as of thousands of tons coming together, the huge liner plunged headlong into the iceberg that rose grim and silent right ahead, towering over her in spite of her great height. The shock was terrific, and the grinding, thundering crash of falling tons of ice, coupled with the rending of steel plates and solid planks, made chaos of all sound.

The Admiral bit in, dug, ploughed, kept on going, going, and the whole forward part of her almost disappeared in the wall of white. A thousand tons of huge flakes slammed and slid down her decks, burying her to the fore hatch in the smother. A thousand tons more crashed, slid, and plunged and hurled themselves into the sea with giant splashes, sending torrents of water as high as the bridge rail. The men who had been forward were swept away by the avalanche. And then, with reversed engines, she finally came to a dead stop, with her bows jammed a hundred feet deep in the ice wall of the berg.

Brownson tied down the siren cord and the roar shook the atmosphere. The tremendous tones rose above the din of screaming men and cursing seamen, and then the master called down to the heart of the ship, the engine room.

"Is she going?" he asked.

"Water coming in like through a tunnel," came the response. "Nearly up to the grates now—"

That was all. The man left the tube to rush on deck and the captain knew the forward bulkheads had gone; had either jammed or burst under that terrific impact. The ship was going down.

The Admiral had struck straight into the wall of an iceberg that reached as far as the eye could see in the haze. It towered at least three hundred feet in the air, showing that its depth was colossal, probably at least half a mile.

Brownson stood calmly watching the press gain and lose places in the boats. The ship was sinking. That was certain. She must have struck so hard that even the midship bulkheads gave way, or were so twisted out of place that the doors failed. The chief engineer came below him and glanced up.

As he did so, a tremendous, roaring blast of steam blew the superstructure upward. The boilers had gone. The decks grew more and more steep. The liner was settling by the head and to starboard. She was even now twisting, rolling over; and the motion brought down thousands of blocks of ice from the berg. The engines had stopped long since. She still held her head against the ice

wall; but it would give her no support. She was slipping away—away to her grave below.

Brownson gazed back over the decks. He watched the crowd impersonally, and it seemed strange to him that so much valuable fabric should go to the bottom so quickly. The taint was so clean and bright, the brass was so shiny. The whole structure was so thoroughly clean, neat, and in proper order. It was absurd.

The liner suddenly shifted, leaned to starboard, heeled far over, and her bows slipped from the berg, sinking down clear to her decks, clear down until the seas washed to the foot of her superstructure just below Brownson. Masses of ice fell from her into the sea. The grinding, splashing noise awoke the panic among the remaining passengers and crew. They strove with maniac fury to get the rafts and other stuff that might float over the side. Two boats drew away full to the gunwales with people. The air below began to make that peculiar whistling sound that tells of pressure—pressure upon the vitals of the ship.

A whistling roar arose above all other sounds. The siren had ceased, and Brownson knew the air was rushing from below. The ship would drop in a moment. He dreaded that last plunge, that drop into the void below. The thought held him a little. The ocean was always so blue out there, so clear and apparently bottomless, a great void of water. He wondered at the depth, what kind of a dark bed would receive that giant fabric, the work of so many human hands. The silence was coming again and the sounds on the sinking ship were dying out. Then, suddenly, came a cracking and banging of ice blocks and the ship raised her stern higher. Then she plunged straight downward, straight as a plummet for the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

THIS DATE IN HISTORY

- MAY 2.
- 1670—The Hudson Bay Company organized in England.
 - 1785—Thomas Jefferson appointed United States minister to France.
 - 1843—Civil government first organized in Old Oregon at Champeog.
 - 1863—General "Stonewall" Jackson mortally wounded at battle of Chancellorsville.
 - 1865—Clyde Fitch, noted playwright born in New York City. Died in France, Sept. 4, 1909.
 - 1876—The Academy of Natural Sciences was opened in Philadelphia.
 - 1878—Coinage of 20-cent silver pieces stopped by act of congress.
 - 1885—Col. Otter attacked the Canadian rebels at Cut Knife Creek.
 - 1890—Congress passed an act providing for a temporary government in the territory of Oklahoma.
 - 1911—The French relief column arrived at Fez, Morocco, and raised the siege of the rebel tribesmen.

The membership of the Gas Workers' Union of Great Britain is still increasing and the finances are on the upward grade. During the quarter ended December 30th, 1911, the branch income was \$61,000 and the total expenditures \$12,500.

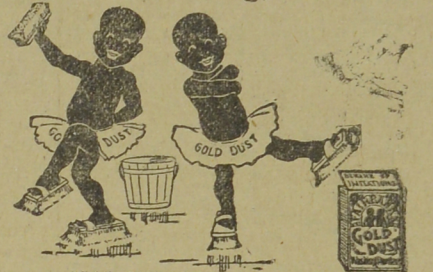
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The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3; No. 3, for special cases, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price Five pamphlet. Address: The Cook-Medical Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly W. Weston)

Give your servants **GOLD DUST** to clean with, treat them rightly and you will have few occasions to insert a "help wanted" ad

They say a good workman is known by his tools. You cannot expect your maid to keep everything ship-shape unless you give her every modern help. To keep house without **GOLD DUST** is to do work by hard, old-fashioned methods. For cleaning everything and anything about the house—from cellar to attic—**GOLD DUST** is worth its weight in gold. It cuts grease and dirt like magic, does away with scouring and scrubbing, and saves time and tempers.

Your servant can do more and better work and keep sweet with the aid of **GOLD DUST** in all household cleaning.



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Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake.

In Constant Use 101 Years

What other liniment has ever undergone such a test? For over a century

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

has been curing Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Lameness, etc. Its long service tells of its merit. It is the household liniment that does not go out. 25c and 50c bottles.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

BOOM FREDERICTON

SCULLY GROVE

ONE OF FREDERICTON'S BEAUTY SPOTS

WILL SOON BE THE CHOICEST RESIDENTIAL LOCALITY
Sale of Lots to Begin on May 4th For Cash

Prices to advance after May 14th.

MAPS, PRICES AND TERMS MAY BE OBTAINED ON APPLICATION TO

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EXTRA VALUES

AT

Special Low Prices

Ladies' Night Gowns. Regular \$1.50, Special for **98c**, ladies' Hose, superior quality unequalled, only **23c a pair**, fine black Cashmere Hose at **25c a pair**, extra wide Flannelette. Regular 12c, Special for **9c**, white Bed Quilts, good size only **98c each**, Embroidery 45in wide. Special at **49c a yd**, ladies' Umbrellas. Regular \$1.50, Special for **98c**, Special Prices on ladies' Suits and all alterations made free of charge.

Dressmaking Department in charge of Miss Bastarache,

A. MURRAY & COMPANY