

-: SLIPPERS :-

\$1.50 - - Now 99 cents.

Ladies' black Vici Slippers, fancy bow, turned oak soles, for party or home wear. Neat and serviceable. Now only 99c.

McMANUS & CO.

Directly Opposite Normal School.

NEW SPRING SUITS

NEW CLOTH SKIRTS, NEW EMBROIDERED WAISTS, NEW WASH SKIRTS, CHILDREN'S SPRING COATS, NEW FANCY WAISTS, CHILDREN'S SUMMER DRESSES, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WHITEWEAR.

The Up To Date Furnisher

R. L. BLACK - - York St.

TYPE WRITER SUPPLIES

We have everything required for the typewriter. Ribbons, Carbon Paper, Letter Heads, Erasers, etc. The quality is the best and the prices as low as you can buy in St. John or Toronto. When next you need Something in this line go to

HALL'S BOOK STORE - - Queen St.

THE MISSES YOUNG

Our buyers returned from the European market on Saturday, having crossed on S. S. Empress of Britain. By same steamer we received eleven large cases of goods and by S. S. Tunisian about an equal quantity. We are now very busy opening and placing these goods for inspection and consider that when ready our showing will compare very favorably with those of any of the great Canadian or American cities.

THE MISSES YOUNG

Why Send To Mail Order Houses?

We can meet their prices in all lines of Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, etc.

Compare prices and be convinced.

Just arrived large assortment of Dry Goods, Ladies' and Gent's Furnishings, Flour, Feed, Cross Fertilizers!

J. G. DOUGLAS & CO.

STANLEY, N. B.

Dry Goods, Groceries, etc. Highest prices paid for farm produce. Agents for DeLaval Separators, Frost and Wood Machinery

New Curtain Muslin

Just received Latest thing in Muslin and Scrims, price from

7c to 25c.

Our Silk is still Reduced

F. S. WILLIAMS ST. MARYS

Four companies are at the present time playing "Bunty Pulls the Strings"—one in London, one in New York, one in Chicago and one on the road in Canada.

Isabel Irving has joined Gertrude Elliott's company recently

Electric Restorer for Men
Phosphonal restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonal will make you a new man. Price \$3 a box, or two for \$5. Mailed to any address. The Ecobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sold in Fredericton by A. J. RYAN.

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

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Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

HARPER & BROTHERS

The breath of the wild north-west is in this great story of love and life and hate and death. Rex Beach and Jack London have revealed the hidden mysteries and romances of the Alaskan wastes as have no other authors, and in this stirring, gripping narrative is shown the best work of Mr. Beach's career. Boyd Emerson and his superhuman efforts to win a fortune for the woman he loved; Cherry Malotte, the captivating, energetic young woman who combated desperate men on the battleground of their own choosing; Mildred Wayland, the imperious beauty and society favorite, whose hand was sought by bitter rivals who did not stop at murder; George Balt, the sturdy fisher hero, whose voice was like the roar of giant waves on a lee shore; "Fingerless" Fraser, whose quaint humor alone prevented him from going to jail, where he really belonged, and Willis Marsh, unprincipled intriguer and a betrayer of men and women—these are some of the characters and elements that make this story one of the greatest tales of adventure ever written.

CHAPTER I.

THE trail to Kalvik leads down from the northward mountains over the tundra which flanks the tide flats, then creeps out upon the salt ice of the river and across to the village.

A Greek church, a Russian school with a cossack priest presiding and about a hundred houses beside the canary buildings make up the village.

Early one December afternoon there entered upon this trail from the timberless hills far away to the northward a weary team of six dogs, driven by two men.

The travelers had been plodding sullenly hour after hour, dispirited by the weight of the storm.

"Fingerless" Fraser broke trail, and Boyd Emerson drove.

"Another day like this and we'd both be snow blind," observed Emerson grimly as he bent to his task. "But it can't be far to the river now."

An hour later they dropped from the plain down through a gutterlike gully to the river, where they found a trail, glass hard beneath its downy covering. A cold breath sucked up from the sea. Ahead they saw the ragged ice upended by the tide. One branch led to the village, which they knew lay somewhere on the farther side, hidden by a mile or more of sifting snow.

The going here was so rough that both men leaped from their seats and ran beside the sled. They mounted a swelling ridge and rushed down to the level river ice beyond, but as they did so they heard a shivering creak on every side and saw water rising about the sled runners. Emerson shouted, the dogs leaped, but with a crash the ice gave way, and for a moment the water closed over him. "Fingerless" Fraser broke through in turn, gasping as the icy water rose to his armpits.

Each man aimed to secure an independent footing, but the efforts of all only enlarged the pool. Emerson shouted:

"Cut the team loose, quick!" But the other spat out a mouthful of salt water and spluttered:

"I—I can't swim!"

Whereupon the first speaker half swam himself through the slush to the forward end of the sled and, seeking out the sheath knife from beneath his parka, cut the harness of the two animals. Once free they scrambled to safety and rolled in the dry snow.

Emerson next attempted to lift the nose of the sled up on the ice, shouting at the remainder of the team to pull, but they only wagged their tails and whined. Each time he tried to lift the sled he crashed through fresh ice, finally bearing the next pair of dogs with him and then the two animals in the lead. All of them became hopelessly entangled.

Suddenly rang out a sharp command uttered in a new voice. Out of the snow fog from the direction in which they were headed broke a team, running full and free. Emerson marvelled at the outfit, having never seen the like in all his travels through the north, for each animal of the twelve stood hip high to a tall man, and they were like wolves of one pack, gray and gaunt and wicked. A tall Indian runner left the team and headed swiftly for the scene of the accident. The man ran forward till he neared the edge of the opening where the tide had caused the floes to separate; then, darting his body on the ice, he crawled out cautiously and

seized the lead dog. Carefully he wormed his way backward to security.

It had been a ticklish operation, requiring nice skill and dexterity, but now that his footing was sure the runner exerted his whole strength, and as the dogs scratched and tore for a firm foothold the sled came crunching closer and closer through the half inch skin of ice. Then he reached down and dragged Emerson out, dripping and nerveless from his immersion. Together they rescued the outfit.

The person in the sledge had watched them silently, but now spoke in a strange patois, and the breed gave voice to her words, for it was a woman.

"One mile you go—white man house. Go quick—you freeze."

"Ain't you got no dry clothes? Our stuff is soaked."

Again the Indian translated some words from the girl.

"No. You hurry and no stop here. We go quick over yonder. No can stop at all."

He hurried back to his mistress, cried once to the pack of gray dogs, "Oonah!" and they were off as if in chase.

As they dashed past both white men had one fleeting glimpse of a woman's face beneath a furred hood, and then it was gone.

"Did you see?" Fraser ejaculated. "Good Lord! It's a woman—a blond woman!"

"Nonsense! She must be a breed," said Emerson.

"Breeds don't have yellow hair!" declared the other.

Swiftly they bent in the free dogs and lashed the team to a run. They felt the chill of death in their bones, and instead of riding they ran with the sled till their blood beat painfully. Their outer coverings were like shells, their underclothes were soaked, and, although their going was difficult and clumsy, they dared not stop, for this is the extremest peril of the north.

They swung over the river bank and into the midst of great rambling frame buildings. Their trail led them to a high banked cabin. Another mile would have meant disaster.

"Rout out the owner and tell him we're wet," said Emerson. "I'll free the dogs."

Before he could reach the cabin the door opened and Fraser appeared, a strange, dazed look on his face. He was followed by a large man of sullen countenance.

"It's no use," Fraser said. "We can't go in."

"What's wrong? Somebody sick?" "I don't know what's the matter. This man just says 'nix,' that's all."

The fellow growled, "Yans; ay got no room."

"But you don't understand," said Emerson. "We're wet. We broke through the ice. Never mind the room. We'll get along somehow."

"You can't come in bar. You find another house five mile furder."

The traveler pushed forward. Involuntarily the watchman drew back, whereupon the unwelcome visitor crowded past, jostling his inhospitable host roughly. Emerson's quick action gained him entrance, and Fraser followed behind into the living room, where a flat nosed squaw withdrew before them. The young man addressed her peremptorily:

"Punch up that fire and get us something to eat, quick!"

Soon obedience followed.

Fraser had been watching the fellow and now remarked to his companion:

"Say, what ails that ginney?"

The assumption of good nature fell away from Boyd Emerson as he replied:

"I never knew anybody to refuse shelter to freezing men before."

The watchman reappeared.

"You can't stop bar!" he said. "Ay got orders. By Yingo, Ay trov you out!"

He stooped and gathered up the garments nearest him, then stepped toward the outer door, but before he could make good his threat Emerson whirled like a cat, his deep set eyes dark with sudden fury, and seized his host by the nape of the neck. He jerked him back so roughly that the wet clothes flapped to the floor in four directions, whereat the Scandinavian let forth a bellow, but Emerson struck him heavily on the jaw with his open hand, then buried him backward into the room so violently that he reeled, and, his legs colliding with a bench, he fell against the wall. His assailant stepped in and throttled him, beating his head violently against the logs. Emerson, stepping back, spoke in a quivering voice which Fraser had never heard before:

"I'm just playing with you now. I don't want to hurt you."

"Get out of my house! Ay got orders!" cried the watchman and made for him again.

Emerson dragged him to his own doorsill, jerked the door open and kicked him out into the snow, then barred the entrance and returned to the warmth of the logs, his face convulsed and his lips working.

To Be Continued.

SPECIAL CLEARING SALE

Ladies' Dress Skirts

at HALF PRICE

on Friday and Saturday.

SIX COLORS:- Black, Navy, Brown, Grey, Westeria, Tweeds.

Regular \$1.50, Sale Price,	\$2.25	Regular 7.00, Sale Price,	3.50
Regular 5.00, Sale Price,	2.50	Regular 7.50, Sale Price,	3.75
Regular 3.25, Sale Price,	2.65	Regular 8.00, Sale Price,	4.00
Regular 5.50, Sale Price,	2.75	Regular 8.50, Sale Price,	4.25
Regular 5.75, Sale Price,	2.88	Regular 9.50, Sale Price,	4.75
Regular 6.50, Sale Price,	3.25	Regular 9.75, Sale Price,	4.88

Be on hand early. Every size in stock. Special bargains in every department too numerous to mention.

A. MURRAY & COMPANY

Great Remnant Sale

OF

WALL PAPER

Commencing Thursday 8th at McMurray's

Over 2000 Rolls, from 4 to 30 rolls of a kind. Hundreds of rolls of Bordering at 5 cents per roll.

Our stock of New Papers have arrived. English, American and Canadian, which we will make a special discount while our sale is on. The largest stock seen in the city. Call and look it over at - -

McMURRAY & CO.

ST. JOHN TO HOLD
BIG EXHIBITION

St. John, Mar. 8.—Matters of importance in connection with the St. John exhibition of 1912 were dealt with at a meeting held last evening. In regard to cattle and live stock it is proposed that the prize list shall be on a more liberal scale than at the Dominion Exhibition of 1910. Word has been received of the death in New York of William L. Donald, a former St. John man who left here thirty years ago.

BOOMING CLAY PRODUCTS

Chicago, Ill., Mar. 7.—With "back to brick" as their slogan, three thousand clay workers and brick manufacturers have come to Chicago from all parts of the United States to attend the annual convention of their national association. Alarmed at the great increase in the use of cement and concrete in the building industries, the clay workers have decided to expend a half million dollars to extend the "back to brick" propaganda throughout the country. The campaign was formally launched with the opening today of the National Clay Products Exposition in the Coliseum in this city. The display consists of brick structures, sewer pipes, potteries and other things along that line while one of the chief features is a complete brick bungalow, erected on the exposition floor at a cost of \$3,000.

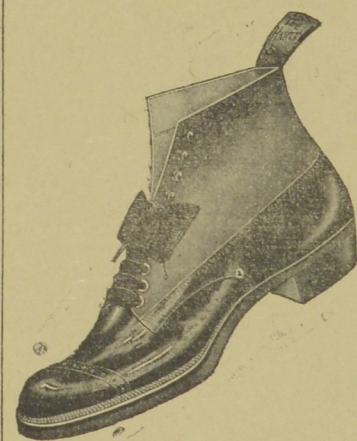
AN EXCELLENT MEDICINE
FOR ALL LITTLE ONES

Mrs. Ovila Lamarre, Malvina, Que., writes:—"I have found Baby's Own Tablets an excellent medicine and would not use any other for my little one. I think all mothers should keep the Tablets in the house." Thousands of other mothers have the same praise for the Tablets. They are absolutely safe—being guaranteed by a government analyst to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. They break up colds, expel worms, cure constipation and indigestion, in fact they are good for all the minor ills of little ones. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cts. a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

JAMES MONTEITH
ST. MARY'S

We now have our full assortment of Spring Shoes in all the latest styles, including Hartt and other up-to-date makes.

ALL STYLES OF DRIVING SHOES



FROM THE RURAL DISTRICTS

Most of the men have returned home from the lumber woods.

Mr. Jas. Somerville intends finishing his lumbering operation on Cain's River on the 28th.

Rev. Dr. Chown preached a very able sermon on Sunday last.

Mrs. John Stuart spent a few days with her mother, Mrs. D. Read.

Rumors are to the effect that Mrs. Bessie Evans and family are to leave in March for the west to join her brother Mr. T. Craig of Manitoba.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Woodworth have returned home from Southampton.

Miss Etta McDonald of Fredericton is spending a week with her sister, Mrs. P. Woodworth.

Mrs. Jas. Somerville of this place spent a week with her parents at St. Mary's.

Prof. Russell passed through this locality recently tuning pianos and organs.

Laying in ice is the order of the day.

BEAR ISLAND

Mar. 6.—The weather for the last few days has been very cold but a nice warm sunny day like this makes people think of sugar-making.

Mr. John K. Roshborough purchased a new evaporator quite recently.

Mrs. Ira Hagerman of Upper Queensbury is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Matilda Jackson.

Mr. Almon Morrison, Granite Hill passed through this place on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ingraham are last.

receiving congratulations on the arrival of a young son.

Rev. C. N. Barton is having special meetings at the Upper Bear Island Church.

The Women's Auxiliary met at the home of Mrs. B. R. Brown on Tuesday last.

Miss Allie Ingraham returned home yesterday after spending a week with her sister Mrs. Murray Hagerman of Keswick Valley.

Mrs. William Howland and daughter Hazel Fay spent last Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Earle.

Mr. John Jackson who has been in ill health is much improved.

LOWER PRINCE WILLIAM

Miss Ethel Hoyt returned from Queensbury last Sunday where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. Gordon Boddy and children spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Ludlow Hoyt.

The Ladies Missionary Society met this month with Mrs. Charles R. Gunter, Queensbury.

Frank Saunders returned last week from the lumber woods.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fraser visited Mrs. Joslin on Saturday last.

Miss Clindin spent Sunday with Miss Edna Miller.

The Agricultural Society at its last meeting appointed N. E. Hoyt and W. W. Boddy as delegates to the annual meeting of the Farmers' and Dairywomen's Association, which will be held in Fredericton beginning March 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Hay left yesterday morning for their home at Richmond Corner, Carleton Co. after a pleasant visit with friends in Kingsclear and Prince William.