



THE TIME to wear a pair of Low Cut Rubbers

The Best Quality at the lowest price. Bargains in Men's Shoes Black and Tan. Come and see them.

McMANUS & CO.

MILLINERY

of distinction at inconceivable prices at

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 \$3.00. 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. Select your new Spring Suit or Coat now. Many styles and cloths from which to select.

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.

SPRING and EASTER OPENING of imported French English and American Millinery.

Tuesday, March 25th., and following days.

Miss Morgan YORK STREET

BIRTHDAY SALE IS NOW ON

One of the biggest chances of the season to get your spring and summer clothes at a big saving Don't Forget Our Millinery Department

F. S. WILLIAMS ST. MARYS

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 \$2 a box or three for \$5. Mailed to any address. The Scofield Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sold in Fredericton by A. J. RYAN.

Miss Virginia Kling, the six-year-old daughter of Pilot John Kling, is the official mascot of the Boston Braves while Jake Stahl Jr., age 4 holds the same position with the Boston Red Sox.

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

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[CONTINUED.]

"Listen," Boyd said in a tone to make them pause. "There has been a mistake here. I was passing the building when I heard a woman scream, and I rushed in to prevent Marsh from choking her to death."

"A woman?" chorused the group. "That's what I said."

"Where is she now?" "I don't know. I didn't see her at all. I grappled with the first person I ran into. She must have gone out as you came in." Boyd indicated the side door, which was still ajar.

"It's a lie," screamed Marsh. "It's the truth," stoutly maintained Emerson, "and there was a man with her too. Who was she, Marsh? Who was the man?"

"She—she—I don't know."

"Don't lie."

"I'm hurt," reiterated the stricken man feebly. Then, seeing the bewilderment in the faces about him, he burst out anew: "Don't stand there like a lot of fools. Why don't you get him?"

"If I stabbed him I must have had a knife," Emerson said, again checking the forward movement. "You may search me if you like. See?" He opened his coat and displayed his belt. "He's got a six shooter," some one said.

"Yes, and I may use it," said Emerson quietly.

"If he hasn't a knife then he must have had a friend with him."

"Then tell your men what we were doing in here and how you came to be alone with us in the dark," Emerson stared at his accuser curiously, but the trust's manager seemed at a loss. "See here, Marsh, if you will tell us whom you were choking maybe we can get at the truth of this affair."

Without answering Marsh rose and, leaning upon the watchman's arm, said:

"Help me up to the house. I'm hurt. Send the launch to the upper plant for John. He knows something about medicine." With no further word he made his way out of the building, followed by the mystified fishermen.

No one undertook to detain Emerson, and he went his way, wondering what lay back of the night's adventure. He racked his brain for a hint as to the identity of the woman and the reason of her presence alone with Marsh in such a place.

CHAPTER XV.

THE main body of salmon struck into the Kalvik river on the first day of July. For a week past the run had been slowly growing while the canneries tested themselves, but on the opening day of the new month the horde issued boldly forth from the depths of the sea, and the battle began in earnest.

At times they swam with cleaving fins exposed. Again they churned the placid waters until swift combers raced across the shallow bars like tidal waves, while the deeper channels were shot through with shadowy forms or pierced by the lightning glint of silver bellies. They streamed in with the flood tide to retreat again with the ebb, but there was neither haste nor caution in their progress. They had come in answer to the breeding call of the sea, and its exultation was upon them, driving them relentlessly onward. They had no voice against its overmastering spell.

The time had come for man to take his toll.

At Emerson's cannery there fell a sudden panic, for fifty fishermen quit. Returning from the banks on the night before the run started, they stacked their gear and notified Boyd Emerson of their determination. Then, despite his utmost efforts to dissuade them, they took their packs upon their shoulders and marched up the beach to William Marsh's plant. Larsen, the day foreman, acted as their spokesman, and Boyd recognized too late the result of that conversation he had interrupted on the night of his visit to Cherry.

This defection diminished his boat crew by more than half, and, while the shoremen stoutly maintained their loyalty, the chance of putting up a pack seemed lost. Boyd swallowed his pride and went straightway to his enemy. He found Marsh well recovered from his flesh wound of a week or more before, yet extremely cautious for his safety, as he evidenced by conducting the interview before witnesses.

"We are short handed, and I gave instructions to secure every available man," he announced at the conclusion of Emerson's story. "It is not my fault if your men prefer to work for me."

"Then you force me to retaliate," said Boyd. "I shall hire your men out from under you."

Marsh laughed provokingly. "Try it! I am a good organizer, if nothing else. If you send emissaries to my plants it will cause certain violence, and I think you had better avoid that, for we outnumber you ten to one."

Emerson left in disgust. Nor had he hit upon any method of relief when Cherry came down to the plant on the following morning. She inquired straightway:

"What are you going about it? You can't afford to lose an hour."

"I have sent a man to each of the other plants to hire fishermen at any price, but I have no hope that they will succeed. Marsh has his crews too well in hand for that."

Cherry nodded. "They wouldn't dare quit him now. He'd never let them return to this country if they did. Meanwhile the rest of your force is on the banks, I presume."

"Yes."

"How many boats have you?"

"Ten."

"Heavens! And this is the first day of the run! It looks bad, doesn't it? Has the trap begun to fill?"

"No. George is down there now. I guess Marsh succeeded in corking it. Meanwhile all the other plants are working while my Chinks are playing fantan. I seem to bring misfortune upon every one connected with me, don't I?" he added. "I'm afraid I'm a poor sort."

How boyish he was, the girl thought tenderly, yet how splendidly brave he had been throughout the fight! There was a voiceless, maternal yearning in her heart as she asked him gravely:

"If you fail now it will mean—the end of everything, will it not?"

"Yes." He squared his tired shoulders. "But I am not beaten yet. You taught me never to give up, Cherry. If I have to go back home without a catch and see Hilliard take this plant over, why—I'll begin once more at something new, and some day I will succeed. But I shan't give up. I'll can what salmon we catch and then begin all over again next season."

"And suppose you don't succeed? Suppose Hilliard won't carry you?" "Then I shall try something else. Maybe I shall go to mining again. I don't know. Anyhow, she would not let me grow disheartened if she were here. She wouldn't let me quit. She isn't that sort."

Cherry Malotte stirred and shifted her gaze uncertainly to the gleaming bay. Abreast of them the fleet of fishing boats were drifting with the tide. In the distance others were dotted clear away to where the opal ocean lay. A tug was passing, and she saw the sun flash from the cargo in its tow, while the faint echo of a song came wafting to her ears. She stood so for a long moment, fighting manfully with herself, then wheeled upon him suddenly. There was a new tone in her voice as she said:

"If you will let me have one of your launches I may be able to help you."

"How?" he demanded quickly.

"Never mind how. It's a long chance and hardly worth trying, but—may I take the boat?"

"Certainly," said he. "There's one lying at the dock."

He led her to the shore and saw her aboard, then waved goodby and walked moodily back to the office, gratified that she should try to help him, yet certain that she could not succeed where he and George had failed.

"Fingerless" Fraser had breakfasted late, as was his luxurious custom, and shortly before noon, in the course of his dissatisfied meanderings, he found his friend in the office, lost in somber thought. It was the first time in many weeks that he had seen this mood in Boyd, and after a fruitless effort to make him talk he fell into his old habit of imaginary reading, drowning away to himself as if from a printed page:

"Your stay among us has not been very pleasant, has it? Mr. Emerson inquired.

"Not so that you could notice it," replied our hero. "I don't like fish, and I never did."

"That is the result of prejudice; the fish is a noble animal," Mr. Emerson declared.

"He's not an animal at all," our hero gently corrected. "He's a biped—a regular wild biped, without either love of home or affection for his children. The salmon is of a low order of intelligence and has a Queen Anne slant to his roof. No person with a retreating forehead like that knows very much. The only other member of the animal kingdom that is as foolish as the salmon is Alton Clyde. The fish has got a shade the best of it over him, but as for friendship and the gentler emotions—why, the salmon hasn't got them at all. The only thing he's got is a million eggs and a sense of direction. If he had a spark of intelligence he'd lay one egg a year, like a hen, and thus live for a million years. But does he? Not on your Sarong! He's a spendthrift and turns his eggs loose a handful at a time. He's worse than a shotgun. And then, too, he's as clean as a Harvard graduate and doesn't associate with nobody out of his own set. No, sir! Give me a warm blooded animal that suckles its young. I'll take a farmer every time."

"These are points I had never considered," said Mr. Emerson, "but every business has its drawbacks, you'll agree. If I have failed as a host, what can I do to entertain you while you grace our midst?"

(To Be Continued.)

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR SIGN OF AGE

Easy Way to Preserve Natural Color of the Hair and Make it Grow

A harmless remedy, made from common garden sage, quickly restores gray hair to natural color. The care of the hair, to prevent it from losing its color and lustre, is just as important as to care for teeth to keep them from discoloring. Why spend money for cosmetics and creams to improve the complexion, and yet neglect your hair, when gray hair is even more conspicuous and suggestive of age than wrinkles or a poor complexion? Of the two, it is easier to preserve the natural color and beauty of the hair than it is to have a good complexion.

All that is necessary is the occasional use of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy, a preparation of common garden Sage and Sulphur, combined with other valuable remedies for dry, harsh, faded hair, dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. After a few applications of this simple, harmless remedy, your hair will gradually be restored to its natural color, in a short time the dandruff will be removed, and your hair will no longer come out but will start to grow as Nature intended it should.

Don't neglect your hair, for it goes further than anything else to make or mar your good looks. You can buy this remedy at any drug store for fifty cents a bottle, and your druggist will give your money back if you are not satisfied after using. Purchase a bottle today. You will never regret it when you realize the difference it will make in your appearance. For sale and recommended by George Y. Dibble, Druggist, opposite City Hall.

MAZERALL

Mazerall, April 15—Spring after many delays has at last visited our little settlement, and our busy house wives are preparing for their usual onslaught on cobwebs and dust, which dwell only in their imagination.

Mr. John L. Mazerall is busily engaged in sugar-making, he reports the run of sap not quite up to the average this year.

Miss Matilda Mazerall who spent a few weeks with her sister Mrs. McLaughlin of Limestone, has returned home accompanied by one of her little nephews.

Nearly all our farmers attended the auction held by Mr. William Illingworth, Thursday last. We are sorry to lose Mr. Illingworth who is moving to Fredericton Junction.

Miss M. J. Mazerall who has been ill for some time is recovering. Miss Stella Mazerall has returned home after spending a week with her Cousin Anne Mazerall.

Mr. E. Xaver King late of Greenville, Maine is spending a few weeks with friends at this place.

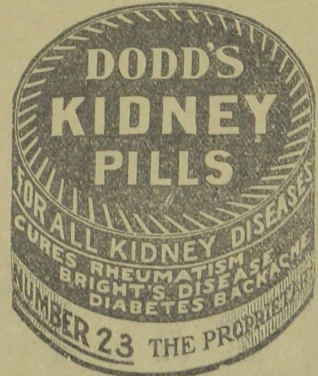
Rev. F. X. Cormier accompanied by his nephew Mr. A. Cormier and Mrs. Alban Goodine spent Wednesday last at Mr. John Mazerall's sugar camp.

Anyone wishing to engage a first class cook should apply to Mr. P. T. King of this place.

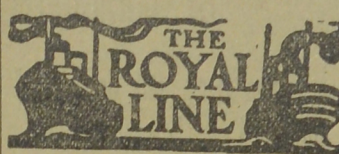
We hear that Messrs Chas. and Gilbert Burgoyne have rented the place lately vacated by Mr. Illingworth.

Mr. George Mazerall is soon to begin his stream-drivng operations. The death of Mr. Alex. Mazerall who had been a highly respected resident of this place for over twenty-five years, came as a great shock to his bereaved family and many friends death was due to heart failure and although the deceased had been failing for sometime the end came quite suddenly. The late Mr. Mazerall who was in the sixty second year of his age was very well known and much sympathy will be felt for his sorrowing widow and family who are Alex and Miss Annie at home and Mrs. Alex (Goodine and Mr. Chas. Mazerall who reside near. Death took place April 2nd. The funeral held on April 5th was largely attended. Interment was made at Hanwell the Rev. Father Conter reading the burial service. The pall bearers were Mr. Anslem Sears of Fredericton, Mr. John Sears of Gibson, Mr. John L. Mazerall and Mr. Geo. H. Soucie.

A new agreement, providing for a slight increase in wages for electrical workers in California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Arizona and Idaho has been negotiated by the Pacific district council of electrical workers. The new agreement dates from January 1, 1912, and will hold good for one year.



TRAVELLERS GUIDE



Canadian Pacific

Passenger Train Service from Fredericton. Effective Oct. 8th 1911. Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday.

DEPARTURES

20 A.M.—For St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Plaster Rock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, and for Portland, Boston etc.

1.45 A.M.—Via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and Houlton, connecting at Newburg Junction for points North. Plaster Rock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, and for Portland, Boston etc.

1.45 A.M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting for St. John and points East.

1.00 P.M.—Via Gibson Branch. For Woodstock and points North to and including Aroostook Jct.

1.45 P.M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting with Montreal Express which connects at McAdam for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points North to Aroostook Jct. Also connects at Montreal for all points West. Also connects at Fredericton Junction with Boston Express.

1.00 P.M.—For St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS

9.10 A.M.—From St. John and East

11.50 A.M.—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock, and North and Houlton.

12.30 A.M.—From Woodstock and North via Gibson.

8.55 P.M.—From Woodstock and North via Gibson.

7.55 P.M.—From St. John and East

10.40 P.M.—From Boston, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton.

W.B. Howard, D.P.A., St. John, N.B.

MEDICINE Versus NATURE

Why turn yourself into a medicine-chest, filling it with every new concoction that comes along?

Nature does the curing, not medicine.

Ask your Doctor if

SUNSHINE

AND—

Scott's Emulsion

is not the treatment for Coughs and Colds, Grippe, and many other ills.

ALL DRUGGISTS 11-12

A powerful labor organization which, it is predicted, will include within its ranks all the longshoremen operating in the ports of Eastern Canada and the New England States has just been launched. The promoters hope to secure a membership of 25,000 men, and Montreal will likely be selected as the headquarters.

DIAMOND

Birthstone for April

As a Gift, nothing can compare with the DIAMOND—it is the Gift of Gifts.

Our assortment of Rings is the Largest and Finest in city

Only Gems of the Purest Grade are sold by us—the settings are in 18k. and 14k., Solid Gold and the prices are consistent with the quality.

OPP. NORMAL SCHOOL **F. E. Blackmer** A Good Place to Trade

418 QUEEN STREET

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND GET RESULTS.