

# SPECIAL SALE OF PIANOS

We are offering for one month for cash, at very low prices or approved notes

4 Gerhard Heintzman, 3 Bell, 3 Heintzman & Co., 2 Gourley Pianos and 1 Piano Player

These will be sold at prices that will make quick sales. Also a number of organs

Call and see them and prices

**McMURRAY & CO.**

## GRAND CLEARANCE SALE

OF

Silk Coats, Linen Coats, Linen Suits, etc.

Stylish and Serviceable Garments at less than one half the cost of the material

All Linen suits up to \$11.00 now \$4.50  
All Linen coats up to \$8.00 now \$4.00  
All Girls' Duck suits up to \$5.00 now \$1.50  
All Black Silk Coats now \$8.00 and \$10.00

The above prices for this week only

New Goff Coats, New Gingham Dresses,  
New Dollar Waists, New Sailor Collars.

**R. L. BLACK - York Street**

The Coronation edition of the Prayer Book with the New Canadian Hymn Book

### SPECIAL FEATURES

An appropriate title page printed in colors. Photographs portraits of their majesties, King George V and Queen Mary. The coronation service and the coronation anthem printed in gold

PRICE \$1.50 EACH.

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

**CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCO, ETC.**  
AT FACTORY PRICES TO THE TRADE

We Carry a Complete Stock and Execute all Orders Promptly

**J. H. HAWTHORN**

Queen Street - Fredericton, N. B.

## THE MISSES YOUNG

Special Sale of hats at 50c and 25c. Great reductions in flowers and ribbons

## THE MISSES YOUNG

## BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

NOTHING BUT BARGAINS. That is what everybody that has been to our July sale tells their friends. LOOK:

\$1.50 SHIRT WAISTS for 78 cents.  
15c. and 20c. GINGHAMS for 10 cents.  
15c. and 20c. MUSLIN for 10 cents.  
30c. LINEN, plain pink and brown, for 15 cents.  
30c. LINEN, pink and white stripe, for 10 cents.  
Come if you have not been here yet.

**F. S. WILLIAMS** St. Mary's

Open evenings till 9 o'clock Closed Thursday from 1 to 6

# AT HOBENS

Great Big Bananas, Nice Juicy Oranges.  
Pineapples, Grapefruit, Cocoanuts,  
Cucumbers, Ripe Tomatoes,  
Lettuce, New Cabbages.

**E. G. HOBEN** GROCER YORK ST.

## MEMORIAL RE-UNION

Myra's pruning saw sank through the last of the condemned peach limbs and she turned her flushed face to the breeze coming up from the valley.

It had been a brisk morning's work, pruning the little peach orchard, and the wind was refreshing. And ordinarily it was refreshing to look off into the valley. That was what had brought her father up here many years before, and its beauty had been part of Myra's inheritance. But as she glanced down across the steep hills to the town fifteen miles away a shade of bitterness, of resentment even, came to her face.

"Myra, o-h Myra!" rose a quivering call from below.

"Coming, father, coming," she answered. "I've just finished."

Thirty feet down the narrow mountain path, on the next plateau step, was a small vine-covered cottage, and below was the vegetable garden. Wandering at will were a small army of chickens and an outflanking corps of turkeys. Myra, with a very little help from her frail father, looked after them all.

The old man was sitting on a bench outside.

"I got to thinking of fifty years ago and its glorious deeds," he said, "and I-I forgot about the home duties. I think I must be getting old, Myra, into the dreaming age. The mood was too strong for me, so I went in and put on my uniform. The trappings were so much a part of the four years that wearing them made it seem more real. But the old man's mood will soon pass away and he will try to do his share of the work, and the next day—"

"The next day he will not do a thing but sit on the bench here with his uniform on and tell me about the marching away fifty years before, and the brave deeds that followed," interrupted Myra. "And I shall get up a nice dinner and sing some of the old war songs afterwards. We will celebrate the anniversary ourselves, and won't even think of the re-union dance yonder. We—She hesitated, choked and then her indignation gained control and she burst out:

"It's a shame, shame, shame, father! Your own company, that you led through the war, and in the ranking officer left, and they haven't even asked you to the Memorial Day re-union! I suppose it's because we live up in the mountains and are poor, but the soldiers shouldn't think of such things, even if some of them are very rich. It's that second lieutenant's work. He owns a mill somewhere out west, I've heard, and is the next ranking officer, and he wants all the glory for himself. I hate such—"

"Daughter, daughter," remonstrated the old man. "I don't like to hear you say such things. The boys are all true, noble fellows, I know, for I camped and fought with them for four years, and that very Lieut. Breck saved my life once at the risk of his own. We were like brothers, and I cannot recall a single cowardly or unworthy man among them. It was a long time ago, Myra, and other things have come in between. Some of the boys may think I am dead, and the others have lost sight of me through the years. We are a long way back in the mountains. It is merely losing sight of me, not ignoring."

Myra shook her head. "You were their leader," she said, "and it was their place to hunt you up. The re-union is only two days off. Maybe it's just forgetting, but I don't like it. I—" Then she caught sight of the distress in his face. "Forgive me, father," she pleaded. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings so. We won't say anything more about them, but have a nice little celebration all to ourselves, and you shall talk of the brave days and I will listen as no audience ever listened before."

The old man stroked the bowed head softly. "So we will, daughter, so we will," he agreed. "But they were all brave and true men, those followers of mine and the ones who are still living cannot have changed. I wish you could see and know them as they really are. I hope—"

He paused with the sentences unfinished, the wistfulness still in his face.

"What, father?"

"Why, oh, nothing much. Only I was wondering whether we would be able to hear some of the music if the wind should be blowing strongly this way. It would be nice."

"Fifteen miles away?"

"Only fifteen miles, and if the wind blew strongly. We heard the battle of Bull Run twice that distance as we were being hurried to the front. Hark!" leaning forward a little.

Then he suddenly straightened and shook his head.

"An old man's vagaries, Myra," he smiled. "I thought I heard strains of music—a memory of Bull Run, I suppose."

A few minutes and then Myra sprang excitedly to her feet, her face full of wonder.

"There is music, father!" she cried. "There is! Listen!"

Clearly and distinctly now it came, borne on the breeze, and evidently beyond a bend of the mountain path where they could not see. The old man had risen, too, with his one

hand behind his ear to hear more clearly.

"It's a march we used to play in battle and after victory," he whispered. "I seem to hear Bob Tyrell playing it now. But Bob's dead, killed in the very last battle before the surrender. What does it mean, Myra?"

But Myra could only shake her head and wait.

Five minutes, and all the time the music growing clearer and more triumphant as it drew nearer. Then around the bend they came, a man on horseback and two men and a driver in a wagon behind, in which was an empty seat. One of the two men in the wagon was playing on a snare drum, the other on a cornet.

Straight up the mountain path they came, the musicians playing steadily, changing from one march to another, all of which were old and familiar to the frail man who listened with wondering but rapturous face.

Not until they had approached to within a few yards of the bench did the music cease and the horseman slide from his animal. Raising his hand in a quick military salute, he sprang forward and caught the hand of the man in front.

"Lieutenant," he exclaimed, his voice breaking a little, "we meet again, after more than forty years. I have been in the west and returned only a few weeks ago to spend the remainder of my life in the old neighborhood. When the talk of a re-union began I made inquiries about you and wrote letters to several post offices. But no one knew of your exact whereabouts, though they seemed to think you were still alive. Only yesterday did we learn from a hunter that you were in this section. Now we want you to go back with us and take charge of the re-union—to lead the old company, you know. And—and," hesitating a little, "we will have an easy carriage for you to ride in advance of us, so the strain need not be very great."

But the old leader was standing erect now and his hand had ceased to tremble. "Thank you, Lieut. Breck," he answered, with the old time ring in his voice, "but I shall ride a horse at the head of my company, as in the old days, though the charge be only a peaceful one, through the village street instead of toward the mouths of cannons. You need not fear for my strength. But I do not understand about the music. My ears told me it was Bob Tyrell playing the drum and my eyes declare it is Bob on the seat yonder. And yet I saw poor Bob killed."

"It's Bob's son. When he heard I was coming he insisted on coming, too, and approaching your home with music. But we must be starting back for there is a long ride before us. We have secured accommodations for you and your daughter at the hotel, and the wagon is an easy one. You have some one you could leave to look after things?"

"Yes, an old negro woman who has a cabin just below us. I will call her."

They had been grasping hands all this time and looking into each other's eyes. Now the strong grasp loosened and the old leader went forward to speak with the men in the wagon. Myra slipped into the house her face working.

"I-I can't understand what old comrades could be to each other," she whispered to herself. "I never realized. But I know now. Dear, dear, father! And his dear, dear soldiers!"

## When "Time Is Money"

About the quickest and most sustaining food one can have is dish of

## Grape-Nuts and Cream

This food is fully cooked at the factory and ready to serve direct from the package.

It contains the "vital" food elements required by Nature for rebuilding Body and Brain.

"There's a Reason"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

## FURNITURE FACTORY GUTTED BY FIRE

Chatham, Ont., July 19.—Fire broke out in the McDonald Furniture store today and the big and extensive

# EXCEPTIONAL VALUES

Ladies' white lawn waists, low

neck, kimona sleeves, nicely

trimmed with insertion and lace

Special value at \$1.25

Children's dresses in white

lawn nicely trimmed with

insertion lace also in colors,

assorted sizes. Special value at \$1.25

Ladies' Misses' and Childrens,

hose in white, pink, blue and

black. 15c per pair or 2 pair

or 25c.

# A. MURRAY & COMPANY

## GUIDE FOR TRAVELLERS

### INTERCOLONIAL

#### DEPARTURES.

No. 303—Mixed for Loggieville, 5.00  
No. 317—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 6.15.  
No. 321—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 11.15.  
No. 323—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 16.20.  
No. 301—Express for Loggieville, Chatham, Campbellton, Quebec, Montreal, etc., 18.30.  
No. 327—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 18.40.  
No. 329—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 22.00.

#### ARRIVALS

No. 318—Suburban from Marysville 7.45.  
No. 302—Express from Loggieville, Chatham Junction, 11.25.  
No. 322—Suburban from Marysville 13.45.  
No. 304—Mixed from Loggieville and Chatham Junction, 16.00.  
No. 326—Suburban from Marysville, 18.20.  
No. 326—Suburban from Marysville, 18.20.  
No. 328—Suburban from Marysville, 19.15.  
No. 330—Suburban from Marysville, 22.35.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC

#### DEPARTURES.

6.20 a.m.—Express for St. John, Portland, Boston, Woodstock, etc.  
9.20 a.m.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points North. Leaves St. Marys at 9.35.  
9.45 a.m.—Express for St. John and points east.  
4.10 p.m.—Mixed for Woodstock, via Gibson branch. Leaves St. Marys at 4.40.  
5.50 p.m.—Express for Montreal, and Boston, Woodstock, St. Stephen, etc.  
9.05 p.m.—Express for St. John, and points east.

#### ARRIVALS.

9.10 a.m.—Express from St. John and points east.  
12.30 a.m.—Mixed from Woodstock, via Gibson branch, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.  
11.35 a.m.—Express from Montreal, Boston, etc.  
7.55 p.m.—Express from St. John and points east.  
7.40 p.m.—Mixed from Woodstock and points North.  
10.50 p.m.—Express from Boston, Portland, Woodstock, St. Stephen, etc.

#### ST. JOHN S. S. CO.

Steamer leaves for St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at eight a.m. Arrives on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at four p.m.

Steamer Elaine leaves for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at eight a.m. Arrives on alternate days at four p.m.

Steamer Hampstead leaves Fredericton every week day for Gagetown at four o'clock p.m. Arrives from Gagetown at ten-thirty a.m.

#### CRYSTAL STREAM S. S. CO.

The steamer Majestic leaves for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at eight a.m. Arrives on alternate days at four-thirty p.m.

## ALASKA IS STRUCK BY A HEAT WAVE

Valdez, Alaska, July 19.—A heat wave struck Alaska yesterday, the temperature in Valdez rising to 80 degrees. The warm weather is melting the glaciers and the streams are unusually high.

Gangs of men are working to save the bridges leading to the mines.

## When you Order Your NEW SPRING SUIT

CALL ON

**W. E. SEERY, 550 QUEEN STREET**

Great variety of patterns to select from.

Style, Fit and Finish first-class.

## THE MODERN TEACHER'S WATCH

Must be accurate, moreover, it must be a convenient size and have a pleasing appearance.

Our Gentleman's ever-popular, 12-size, 15-jewel, "F. E. Blackmer" movement, in an open-face, gold-filled case, with screw back and bezel, is a splendid timepiece. Watch complete, \$15. Watch can be had with either a plain, fancy engraved or engine turned case.

This watch has proven highly satisfactory and we can guarantee it to be an accurate and reliable timekeeper. It is a great satisfaction to carry a watch that always gives correct time.

We are headquarters for Waltham watches. Come in and TALK WATCH with us. It will not obligate buying and it may profit you much.

418 Queen Street **F. E. Blackmer** Opp. Normal School  
A Good Place to Trade

## Telephone Subscribers

Add to your Directories the following new subscribers:

325-31 Bird, Miss Bessie I. res. St. John.  
326-42 Cowperthwaite, Scott, res. University Ave.  
380-21 Rowan, W. M., res. George  
3-21 Segee, Miss Ethel, res. Westmorland.

## New Brunswick Telephone Co. Limited.

**S. B. EBBETT**  
Exchange Manager



## DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS Intercolonial Railway Improvements at Halifax Extension of time.

The time for receiving tenders for Pier and Sheds has been extended from Thursday, the 20th day of July, 1911, to Monday, the 31st day of July, 1911, at 12 o'clock noon.

By order, J. K. JONES,

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, June 5th, 1911.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

With a combined population of 500 000 inhabitants, Minneapolis and St. Paul believe they can support a major league team in the twin cities and would like a franchise in either the American or National League.

## SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

ANY PERSON who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption, may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior, N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Poor conditions of the crops and the lid on Sunday baseball have put the South Dakota League out of business.

Owen Moran, declares that Welsh, McFarland and "K.O." Brown would have no chance to defeat Wolgast.