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A special opening Saturday, Sept. 16th at 10 o'clock of Fall Hats, Imported and Tailored. The latest Paris and New York color effects and combinations.

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For Exhibition Week we have been able to place another lot of that wonder 36 inch wide SHAKER worth 16 cents per yard for **only 8 cents.**

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IT'S A PEACH

This is the week to preserve Peaches
We have them
Also choice fruits of all kinds

We have just opened a fresh case of those
Delicious Chocolates
The kind you like

E. G. HOBEN YORK ST.

THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)

At the opera house a scene was presented far more gorgeous than I had thought to see in that little mountain city. I had been told that the Teatro Juarez was one of the most beautiful buildings of the kind in the world, and I now fully believed the statement.

Del Treveno's box was very near the centre of the first tier. The opera was Carmen. The box adjoining ours remained vacant till nearly the end of the first act when the stranger in the black mask appeared. The house being half-darkened at the time, the arrival of the masquerader attracted for the moment no special attention from the audience. He was dressed now in the evening clothes worn by the man of the world the earth over.

As the stranger entered, I noticed that Felipa blushed, just as she had on the evening when he appeared at the hacienda to sit in the extra chair at the table. She moved uneasily, too, and turned her face away from him, pretending, as I thought, indifference.

What an interesting study was this changeable, secretive Felipa! My heart became once more heavy as lead. She allowed the del Trevenos to entertain us in honor of our betrothal, while all the time she loved, not me, but the man in the adjoining box.

Between the acts, Don Justino and del Treveno and I went out to the foyer for a smoke, leaving Senora del Treveno and Felipa alone in the box.

When we returned, semi-darkness again pervaded the house, the curtain having risen for the second act. I led the way to the box and, as I entered—did I imagine it? No! I was positive that I saw the stranger's white-gloved hand in mighty close proximity to Felipa's arm. I fancied, indeed, that my eye had caught that hand in the act of giving that lovely arm an almost imperceptible caress.

Felipa sat close by the rail dividing the two boxes, with her right arm resting on the red plush with which the rail was covered. As I stepped into the box, I certainly saw the stranger hastily withdraw his hand from Felipa's arm.

Senora del Treveno, sitting in front of Felipa, could not have seen what was taking place.

Felipa had forbidden me to ever touch her bare arms; yet she permitted just that attention from the stranger. Jealousy ate into my heart, like a canker.

From time to time during the remainder of the evening, I caught Felipa looking at the stranger with that same amorous gaze I had noted when he supped at the hacienda.

Once she turned her eyes from his face to mine—and a smile slowly came to her lips as she whispered: "You should have seen the people look in curiosity at the stranger when the lights were turned up between the acts. Some of our friends who visited us during your absence declare that the stranger is the son of Leon Alvarado. They say this, John, despite the fact that you yourself so strongly resemble the dead Leon Alvarado that you yourself could easily pass as that son of his whom none of us have ever seen."

Before the end of the last act, while the theatre was still half dark, the stranger took his leave, going at that particular time possibly in order to avoid the attention his mask would attract had he waited to go out with the audience.

The stranger had gone; the opera was over; but something of vast importance to me was still to happen that evening.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ARM OF THE SLEEPER.

We returned to del Treveno's house and with us now came more than a dozen guests which the banker and his wife had met at the opera and had invited to supper. These new guests included a number of men, all of whom gazed at Felipa in rapture, each paying her marked attention; and first one, then another, trying to lure her out to the drawing-room and into the garden, thus each seeking to be alone with her, so that the poor girl had a hard time preserving the proprieties.

At supper she seemed in highest spirits. With laughter and jest and quip, she responded to toast after

toast in honor of her betrothal, each time draining her glass.

"Bumpers," cried one of the men. "Nothing but bumpers to the Senorita Felipa!"

Like a very Bacchante, Felipa acted now, lavishing her glances upon each of her admirers in turn, making us more intoxicated by her wondrous beauty than we could possibly become through the stimulus of the wine.

But suddenly, to the disappointment of all the men and to my own particular chagrin, Senora del Treveno arose and said good-night, a signal for all the ladies to leave the room. I had hoped to be alone again with Felipa, while she still wore that gown. But now, with a merry good night, she left us.

After that the man, one by one, left the table and the house till, at the end of an hour after Felipa's exit, only del Treveno and Don Justino and I remained.

The Don produced, then, the inevitable, namely, a set of chessmen. We began the game.

Del Treveno, after reading a newspaper a while, yawned and said good night.

The Don and I played on and on, so that more than two hours passed before my opponent uttered the first words that either of us had spoken—"Check!" and "Mate!"

We put away the chessmen, turned out the electric lights over the table—for all the servants had gone to bed—and went out into the hall, where the Don started up the stairs. "Good night, Don Justino," I said. "That chess excited me. I'll go to the library and read a while before turning in."

He had reached the top of the stairs.

"Good night, my son," he said. And I heard him enter the room and close the door.

How silent now the house seemed, after the merriment of the evening!

I entered the library. Only a single light burned, one directly over the chair to which sat Felipa.

The novel I had given her, "The Man of the Lost Memory," lay on her lap, open, where she had left off reading. And Felipa was sound asleep.

"My pretty!" I murmured, tiptoeing toward her.

"My beautiful!" I whispered, standing over her.

"My God!" I exclaimed hoarsely, bending over her.

In the relaxation of her body in sleep, the straps holding her bodice had slipped down, and the three straps on the right had fallen so low on the arm that—there ended my quest of the girl of the convent and of the woman of the steamer and of—the sign of the cross.

I looked at her arm in stupefaction, then into her face in very rapture. Then back my eyes travelled to—the cross.

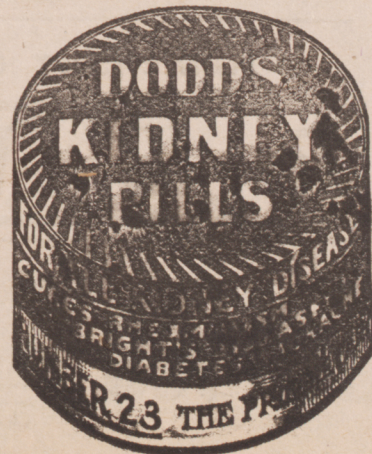
There it was just as Reyes had described—"on a most exquisite arm just below a most beautiful shoulder"—a scarlet cross, a double cross thrown into relief by the dazzling whiteness of her skin."

(To Be Continued.)

The Man
Who Knows Most
About Food
Eats
Grape-Nuts
"There's a Reason"

THE MAGNET CREAM SEPARATOR

Among many other exhibits at the Fredericton Fair this season is 'the Magnet Cream Separator, a machine that is manufactured by the Petrie Mfg. Co. Ltd., of Hamilton, Ont. We are pleased to say that this machine is one of the best if not the best cream separator being offered to the Canadian Farmers today. The Petrie Mfg. Co. was organized about thirteen years ago with a capital of \$100,000. Today they have a capital of nearly \$1,000,000 and their factory has a capacity of over 50 Mag-nets a day. They have 7 branches of their business situated in different Provinces in Canada. They established a branch at St. John about ten years ago for the benefit of the Magnet users in the Maritime Provinces. They have erected at Winnipeg last year a warehouse at a cost of \$30,000. This great advance in their business goes to show that the Magnet Separator has gained the hearts of the farmer and that the Magnet is meeting with a great demand. We believe it is to the best interest of our Maritime Farmers to purchase a Magnet Separator machine by a good reliable Canadian company. Canadian farmers who have invested their money in Canada and are employing Canadian labor. We wish this Company every success.



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Stylish Coats for misses and | Suits, Skirts, Waists etc.
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See our magnificent showing of swell furs

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GUIDE FOR TRAVELLERS

INTERCOLONIAL

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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. 328—Suburban from Marysville 19.15.
No. 338—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. Mary's 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. Mary's 4.40.
5.50 p.m.—Express for Montreal, 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.

S. S. Victoria leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a.m. Arrives on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 4 p.m.

Steamer Elaine leaves for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 a.m. Arrives on alternate days at 4 p.m.

Steamer Hampstead leaves Fredericton every week day for Gagetown at 4 p.m. Arrives from Gagetown at 10.30 a.m.

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The steamer Majestic leaves for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 a.m. Arrives on alternate days at 4.30 p.m.

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Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

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, 50 cents; No. 3, 25 cents. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook Manufacturing Co., Toronto, Ont. (In Canada only.)

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FREDERICTON, N. B.

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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.

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FREDERICTON BRANCH—QUEEN ST.
W. E. JARDINE, MANAGER

Rome, Sept. 22—The Vatican is closely guarded by troops in fear of anti-clerical riots in connection with the anniversary of the occupation of Rome. The police have prohibited a meeting in St. Peter's Square. The mayor led a parade to the Port Apla, where he made a speech in which he attacked the pope in guarded terms.