

## 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

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**McMURRAY & CO.**

## NEW FALL AND WINTER COATS

Having just returned from a trip to the leading Style Centres we are now showing many NOVELTIES IN COATS, SUITS, DRESSES, WAISTS, GOLFERS, ETC. Our garments are always select and up-to-the-minute in style and prices moderate, see them for yourself, then decide. New Goods always arriving.

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The Coronation Edition of the Prayer Book will be  
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An appropriate title page printed in colors. Photogravure portraits of their majesties, King George V and Queen Mary. The coronation service and the coronation anthem printed in gold.

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## THE MISSES YOUNG

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.

## THE MISSES YOUNG

## LUCKY

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.**

Also another lot of GALATIA at **8 cents per yard.**

**F. S. WILLIAMS ST. MARYS**

## 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** GROCER  
YORK ST.

## THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)

"The master wants me, señor," Romero now said. "Will you be pleased to come into the sitting-room and wait there a moment while I go upstairs to the study."

Up! I had forgotten that there could be an upstairs to this bungalow, having supposed that all the rooms were on one floor, in usual bungalow style.

Romero mounted the stairs—not hearing me coming up behind him. He knocked on a door, and I heard a voice say:

"Enter."

It was the voice I knew so well, the voice that had enthralled me on the steamer—Felipa's voice.

I dashed past the affrighted servant, opened the door myself and entered.

The stranger, wearing his mask as usual, sat at a table, writing.

Romero discreetly vanished and the stranger turned to me, showing not the least surprise.

"You honor me, John St. John."

He arose and bowed with that indescribable grace of manner I had noted at the hacienda.

"Where is the Señora Felipa?" I demanded harshly.

"I have a poor head for enigmas," he replied.

I stode across the room, threateningly.

"Stand still!"

He uttered the warning in a low tone, the tone of a man who knows that he is master of the situation. A flash of steel had diverted my glowing eyes from his face to a stiletto with which he now toyed.

"It is a beautiful weapon, is it not?" he said, very calmly. "See, is not its handle of gold exquisitely carved? It is quite as deadly, too, as a full-grown machete. You thought to tear the mask from my face? No? Yes?"

"I did. Who are you?"

"I am enjoying the masquerade," he replied.

"I don't doubt your enjoyment," I snapping, thinking, of course, of his relations with Felipa.

But he pretended not to understand.

In short, he kept his head and I had lost mine. I had entirely forgotten the lines I had intended saying to him.

"How do you come to know me?" I blurted.

He looked at me and smiled and smiled, saying nothing.

"What do you know of me?" I persisted. "Why did you warn me—to fly from the hacienda?"

"I said you would lose everything by remaining there, John. Well, you are losing at the rate of—let us say about a hundred thousand a day."

"Will you unmask?" I cried, "or will you compel me to tear the mask from your devilish black eyes the first time I catch you without—that weapon?"

"I will unmask, John, the day you marry."

And he tapped his thumb-nail with the point of the stiletto.

"You are in some way involved in that arbitrary and absurd condition named in my father's will," I asserted wildly.

Then suddenly I thought of the key question I had planned to put to him; a question which would show him that I knew he had given me a false warning when he said that Felipa was not the woman I sought.

"Are you aware," I asked, "that I have seen the sign of the cross?"

To my joy the question produced exactly the effect I had hoped it would. He sprang to his feet as if in alarm.

"Say that again," he commanded, peremptorily.

"I have seen the sign of the cross. Where is Felipa? I saw her standing in your doorway a moment ago."

"If you have seen the sign of the cross," he replied soothingly, even sadly, I thought, "then go in and win. You will find Felipa at the house of the Señor del Treveno. I repeat, go in and win."

"Adios!" I cried, throwing open the door.

Suddenly, however, I turned upon him in a raging temper, intending to heap anathemas upon his head.

But there he stood, smiling, such a frank, winning smile. There was something so gentle in his face, something that inspired in me so much of what?—reverence?—for him—that now I felt ashamed of myself for my display of temper, though I had given vent in words to only a

few of my tempestuous thoughts.

He, still smiling, now returned the stiletto to his pocket and said:

"I had no intention of using it, John, of course not. I would not hurt a hair of your—I mean—"

He paused, folded his arms and eyed me expectantly.

"I perceive, John," he went on, "that I will not need that weapon again, will I? No matter how often we meet after this, my mask will be safe from your hands? Yes?"

"I'm tamed," I answered. "Confound it, I ought to hate you. But I can't. Forgive me if I have offended you."

He put out his hand. I clasped it, and became conscious of something distinctly comforting, soothing, reassuring, in the way his own hand took hold of mine.

"I have learned that you know the Golden Señora," I said. "You seem to know all the loveliest señoritas now in this district, intimately. In God's name, Stranger—tell me—has the Golden Señora anything whatever to do with the cross?"

He went to the window and looked out, his back turned toward me. After a long silence he said, in a low voice and in a tone of pathos:

"Do you love Felipa?"

"Why—yes! Of course. She is the woman of the cross—as you doubtless know. But won't you answer my question about the Señora Alva?"

"The Golden Señora," he answered, with a deep sigh and still standing at the window with his back to me, "has for years loved the son of Leon Alvarado."

"Which is, perhaps, your way of saying that she has nothing to do with the sign of the cross," I asserted.

"I know that she is engaged to be married to the son of Alvarado," I continued. "Yes! Yes! I know that already. And I've been told that young Alvarado and I look enough alike to be twins. Can that be the reason the Golden Señora always looks at me so peculiarly when I pass her in the street? But still you have not given me a direct answer to my question—has the Señora Alva anything to do with the sign of the cross?"

He thought a moment, then suddenly turned to face me and to make this puzzling answer:

"A danza—the beautiful contradanza (country dance) will be given at the hacienda a few nights hence."

"Well, what of it?" I asked, for he had paused, as if expecting that I would understand the connection between the danza and the Golden Señora.

"During the danza," he replied, dumbfounding me, "it will be the duty of the Señora Alva to answer your questions concerning the cross—in person. And now, adios!"

I began closing the door, on my way out.

(To Be Continued.)

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At last a remedy has been discovered that will positively destroy this pest.

That Dandruff is caused by germs is accepted by every sensible person.

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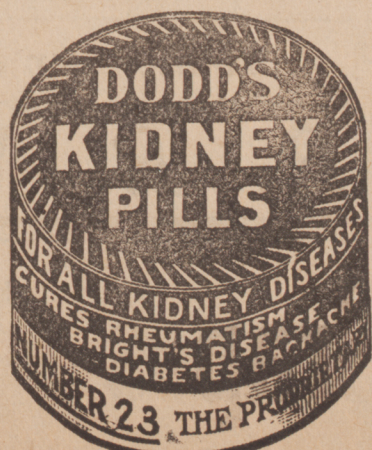
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SALVIA is a hair dressing that has become the favorite with women of taste and culture, who know the social value of beautiful hair. A large generous bottle costs only 50c. at leading druggists everywhere, and in Fredericton by Ryan. The word "SALVIA" (Latin for sage) is on every bottle.

BLUE AND GRAY REUNION

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 26—A great national reunion of civil war survivors is to be held in this city tomorrow in connection with the annual fall festival. It is to be a reunion of the blue and gray and from as far south as Texas and as far north as the New England States the old warriors have journeyed to Memphis to mingle together in peace and extend fraternal greetings to each other, looking back at the past with reverence and resolving to leave a heritage of a united country. The city presents a breezy, gay appearance. On all of the principal streets masses of bright colored bunting and great clusters of waving United States and Confederate flags can be seen. By agreement of the local members of the Confederate Veteran and the Grand Army, the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars are everywhere entwined and equal prominence given to both.



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to select your new clothes for Fall and Winter, and at this store you'll find the best assortment, the newest styles and greatest values.

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THE STYLE AND QUALITY STORE

## 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. 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.

### CRYSTAL STREAM S. S. CO.

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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The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effectual Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$2; No. 3, 25 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. For particulars, Address: The Cook Manufacturing Co., Toronto, Ont. Formerly in England.

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INCORPORATED 1820

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