SPECIAL SALE
OF
PIANOS

We are offering for one month for cash, a 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.

WE ARE NOW SHOWING

Ladies and Children's underwe ar in union and all wool. Ladies and Children's combinations. Ladies and Children's flannelette gowns. Ladies and Children's kimonas. Childrens' sleeping combinations. Ladies and Children's golf coats. Ladies sealette coats. Children's bear coats and robes. Wool Goods of every description bootees, mitts, gaiters, overalls, mufflers, Sca fs, polkas, aviation caps, bonnets, etc..

Now is the time to select you winter appearel.

R. L. BLACK - - York St.

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

COPY RIGHT BOOKS

Regular price $1.50

Selling for - - **65 cents**

Including:- The Riverman, Music Master, The Man From Prodneys, Danger Mark and many others.

HALL'S BOOK STORE - - Queen St.

SWEATER COATS and SWEATERS

For men, women and children at big reduction.

F. S. WILLIAMS ST. MARYS

SOMETHING NEW

Sardines in cream sauce, also Norwegian Sardines, Peanut Butter, Cream Cheese, Pan Yan Sauce.

E. G. HOBEN GROCER YORK ST.

Washington, D. C. Oct. 4—After more than 33 years' service, Col. Warren P. Newcomb of the Coast Artillery Corps was placed on the retired list today on his own application. Col. Newcomb is from Connecticut and was graduated from West Point in 1882. His service has been in the artillery, in which branch he reached the grade of colonel last March. His last command was that of the artillery district of the Columbia, which headquaters at Fort Stevenson, Ore.

THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)

So fast were events taking place—Meldrum's warning to fly; the finding of Felipa in the stranger-s arms, Ildefonso's return, and now the coming meeting with the "woman of the perfect mind and the perfect body"—all these exciting and disturbing happenings had confused me to such an extent that my mind was fillef with a jumble of incoherent thoughts as I happened now to meet the Golden Senorita who was to gnswer my questions concerning the sign of the cross.

But how had the Golden Senorita reached the hacienda? Had she come in the motor-car? If so, why had she failed to appear in the ballroom? The car stood now not far from the door of my room—my patio door. All the curtains were still drawn. To the chauffeur who was standing near I said:

"You brought out the stranger and the Senor Larry Annesley?"

"Si, senor."

"And who else?"

"None other, senor. I had only two passengers."

I walked to my patio door and entered my room. No one was there. I waited in the semi-darkness. Perhaps five minutes elapsed and then—a woman in white entered, from the patio.

"Close the garden door," she said.

I knew that voice. It was Felipa's. Yet how could that be?

I closed the garden door. She at the same time closed the patio door. We were now in total darkness.

"Light the candle," the voice ordered.

I found my way to the table by the bedside and my hands trembled as I lighted the candle that stood there beside the little crucifix. Then my voice rang with joy as I looked up at her and cried:

"Senorita Alva! At last I hear your voice!"

She had come close to where I stood by the table. I lifted the candle to throw its light upon her Madonna face and found her eyes dilating and darting lightnings at me.

"Put down the candle," she commanded, and from her divinely curved lips seemed to come breaths of the passion of the desert.

"Your voice," I said, as I set the candle on the table, "sounds strangely like that of another senorita."

Her wondrous hair, now innocent of pin or comb, flowed over her shoulders in front as well as behind, in rippling golden streams. It gleamed like spun silk; it seemed to quiver like a mane, and the contrast of that hair with her snapping eyes of tropic night, lent almost superhuman beauty to her face.

"Your unbound hair," I observed nervously, keeping my words down to the commonplace, "would lead one to think that you aad been taking part in the confetti game in the ballroom."

"I meant to have taken part, was ready for it," she said, "but I changed my mind."

I noted that the bodice of her white lace gown was supported in precisely the same way as were all the evening gowns worn by Felipa—one velvet band on the left arm, three such bands on the right.

And now her bosom surged, rose and fell turbulently, and her nostrils flared and contracted, as she pointed to the three bands on her right arm, saying:

"Take hold of these three straps and unhook—no!—rip—rip them loose."

The straps were of sea-green velvet. In a kind of panic I ripped them loose, one by one, and there—plainly outlined on a "most exquisite arm just below a most beautiful shoulder" was the scarlet "sign" which, of course, I had more or less expected to behold.

It was the sign of the cross, a double cross.

So then, Alva, too, was the woman of the cross.

This second cross was absolutely identical in every respect with the cross I had already seen on Felipa's arm.

"Two crosses!" I cried. "In United States slang, I've been double crossed."

"If that means bewildered, brought to confusion," she said, "your slang is applicable."

She waited a moment for me to speak, then added:

"I am the woman trained to be your mate."

As she spoke the words I saw myself, as in a horrible dream, roaming in the Catacombs—a living prisoner in the most awful of prisons. For it had dawned upon me that I had, after all, made a "mistake" in my relations with Felipa.

"Yes," she went on, "two crosses. And you have already made your choice, John, you love Felipa."

The aroma of her produced upon me an effect that might be described as intoxicating. It was an aroma that reminded me of that subtle perfume I had detected in my bedroom at the Hotel Jardin in Mexico City.

"Alva, I've a lock of your—good Heavens! I may call you Alva?"

"Have I not called you John?"

"Alva, I've a lock of your hair in the back of my watch. I found it in my card-tray at the Jardin, and now I know that it came from that head which you are now shaking in useless denial."

"I do deny," she persisted, smiling that enchanting smile that I knew so well. "You possess, John, no lock of my hair."

"Tell me, Alva," I said, abruptly changing the subject, "how you came to know—you!—that Felipa bears the sign of the cross? Who told you?"

"Perhaps, John, the stranger told me."

She caught up the little double cross that stood beside the candle on the table, and placed it on the scar on her arm.

"It's iron," she said dreamily, as if to herself.

Then, with excitement in her tone, she went on:

"It might, in an emergency, be used as a branding-iron. And it would leave a brand like this, (pointing to the cross on her arm) though it looks like a birth-mark."

She laid the iron cross back on the table.

"I have kept my pledge, performed my duty," she now said. "I have voluntarily showed you the sign of the cross. And now, John, you and I must be freed from each other."

"God! What do you mean?"

"Our marriage contract must be annulled."

"Then it is you—really you—who signed that contract years ago?"

"Yes."

"And you yourself wish to have our contract annulled now—because you love the son of Leon Alvarado, your guardian-s son?—to whom it is said you are engaged to be married? Tell me, did you look at me—like that—the times we met—just because I looked so much like—the man you love?"

Even as I asked that important question, I turned in feverish haste to the candle, stooped and blew it out, leaving us in total darkness.

"You heard a sound, Alva?—a jingle of spurs?—out there on the corridor?"

"Yes. And the clank of swords. They passed that window, John. They saw us."

"They? You think there was more than one?"

"Yes. Two or three—cavalry officers."

"Oh, no matter, Alva. I'm sorry I put out the light. I wanted to—look at you."

"The need for the light has passed, John. You have seen the cross."

"I want to ask you a million questions."

"No time now for a million, John. Ask just one."

"Ah! You mean that if I asv the right question everything may be changed. Do you really love the son of Leon Alvarado, as they say you do?"

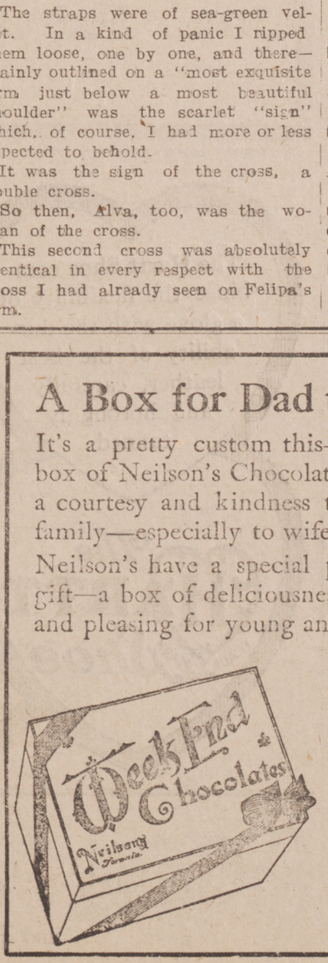
"I do."

(To Be Continued.)

A Box for Dad to Take Home!

It's a pretty custom this—of Dad taking home a box of Neilson's Chocolates for the week-end. It's a courtesy and kindness to every member of the family—especially to wife and mother.

Neilson's have a special package for this weekly gift—a box of deliciousness with something dainty and pleasing for young and old alike. Sold in 1, 2, 3 and 5 pound boxes. Neilson's "Week-End" box will save Dad a lot of trouble in trying to find good chocolates in variety enough to please all.



If your dealer does not have the "Week-End" Package, send 70c for pound box.

WM. NEILSON LIMITED, TORONTO. 11

Ready -- To -- Wear -- Department

Positively and absolutely The Biggest Values for your money

----- IN -----

Children's Coats, Misses Coats, Ladies' Suits, Ladies' Skirts, Ladies' Waterproofs, Children's Bear Skin Coats, Ladies' and Children's Furs.

A. MURRAY & COMPANY

THE STYLE AND QUALITY STORE



Wood's Phosphodine,
The Great English Remedy.
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. *Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Sexual Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhœa, and Effects of Abuse or Excesses.* Price $1 per box, six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* **The Wood Medicine Co.** (formerly Windsor) Toronto, Ont.

Mr. J. W. McRae of Ottawa arrived in the city last night.

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 7 a. m. Arrives on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 4 p.m.

Steamer Elaine leaves for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 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 6.45 a.m. Arrives on alternate days at 4.30 p.m.

MILLINERY

Miss Morgan having returned from London and Paris will hold her first showing of French, English and American Imported Hats and Millinery Novelties, on Thursday Sept. 14th.

MISS MORGAN

Give your servants GOLD DUST to clean with, treat them rightly and you will have few occasions to insert a "help wanted" ad

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.

Your servant can do more and better work and *keep sweet* with the aid of GOLD DUST in all household cleaning.



"Let the GOLD DUST Twins do your work"

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake.

-: CASSEROLE GOODS :-



have been very popular, and will continue to be so.

We have had quite a demand for these goods which we have continually on hand, and have ordered another large supply for later delivery.

A small booklet entitled "Cooking and Serving En-Casserole", free for the asking.

OPP. NORMAL SCHOOL **F. E. Blackmer** A Good Place to Trade 418 QUEEN STREET