

# 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.**

## CHILDREN'S DRESSES

We have placed on our counters an immense variety of Dresses for Children from 1 to 14 years of age, which will be cleared at wonderful reductions. 30 cts., 49 cts., 85 cts., \$1.10, etc. Come look them over.

Also a few extra nice DRESSES FOR LADIES, which must be cleared as we do not wish to carry any over. Gingham Dresses at \$2.00 and \$2.95. White Mull and Muslin Dresses at \$2.69, \$3.69, \$3.99 up to \$10. Worth nearly double Long Gloves in White, Tan, Grey and Black, 30 cts. WAIST SALE STILL ON.

**R. L. BLACK** - - - **York St.**

The Coronation Edition of the Prayer Book will be  
New Canadian Hymn Book

### SPECIAL FEATURES

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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Flowers and Ribbons all reduced

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goods at Special prices

Ladies' Embroidered Collars, Reg. 20 & 25c., special, 10 each.

Ladies' Jabots, reg. 20 & 25c., special 2 for 25c.

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Also something new in middies' waists, at \$1.05, 95c., 75c.

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# AT HOBENS

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Pineapples, Grapefruit, Coconuts,  
Cucumbers, Ripe Tomatoes,  
Lettuce, New Cabbage

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

## THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)

I looked around the bedroom while I dressed, noting each particular familiar object. On the centre-table lay a card-tray of exquisitely wrought gold. It was such a marvelously fine specimen of the goldsmith's art, that I had particularly admired it on each of my previous visits.

"This tray belongs in the parlor, Romero," I said. "Why is it here?" "Probably the maids, when cleaning the rooms, senior, left it here by mistake."

In the tray now lay only two cards, the one bearing the name:

"Leon Alvarado."

And the other:

"Alva Alvarado."

"Who are these people?" I asked Romero, indicating the two cards. "Were they the last to call on my father here—before he left for the States and his death?"

"Si, senior. The very last callers."

"Well, who is Leon Alvarado?"

"He was one of the greatest men in Mexico, senior—and perhaps the most beloved man in the Republic."

"Was?" I exclaimed. "Is he dead?"

"Si, senior, dead."

"And Alva Alvarado? Who was she?"

"His daughter?"

"No, senior. His ward."

"Living?"

"Living, senior. Alvarado left her so rich that they have a saying here—that she can buy a new motor-car every day of her life, should she wish to do so. But she gives her money, senior, mostly to the poor."

"And these people were close friends of my father's?"

"Si, senior. Leon Alvarado was your father's best friend."

"And his ward, the Senorita Alva—is she senorita?—I mean unmarried?"

"Si, senior. Unmarried. They have a saying here, however, that she is some day to marry Leon Alvarado's son."

"Ah! So Leon Alvarado left a son, did he? And the Senorita Alva is in love with him?"

"It is said, senior, that she loves him like—like I do not know what like. She loves him—that is all."

"When are they to be married?"

"None know, senior. She rarely sees him."

"They seldom meet? Why? Where is he now? Is he not in the city?"

"Pardon, senior. I know nothing more."

"The sponge of information, Romero, is squeezed dry—is that it?"

I laid the two cards back on the exquisite gold tray, with the card of the Senorita Alva Alvarado—uppermost.

A little later, while Romero brushed my black suit (for though my father had been dead something over a year, I had not yet discarded the sombre raiment of my period of mourning) I said:

"You're a jewel, Romero—of secrecy. What's all this mystery for, anyway?"

"You are ready now, senior, for—Senior Reyes."

And he gave me a final flick with his brush.

"The Minister of Justice—and the breaker of wills? Where is he?"

"In the sala, senior."

I entered the parlor and found a distinguished-looking man, tall, distinctly Mexican, gray over the ears, sitting at my father's desk—or I suppose I should say my desk.

"Senior Reyes," he said, rising and pronouncing thus his own name, after the custom of the country. "I represent the trustee of your father's estate."

The Minister of Justice was more than brisk in his manner. He was brusque. And I marvelled at finding this in the land of manana. After the briefest exchange of compliments he at once plunged into business, saying:

"Your father died in your arms in New York a little over a year ago. He left you a certain letter in which he referred to conditions regarding his—fortune. Have you that letter?"

I got the letter from the bedroom and gave it to my visitor.

"I will read this," he said, "in order that we may proceed with understanding."

"My son," the Minister of Justice began reading, "I have just made my will. You are now at the beginning of your twenty-fifth year. Will you grant your father's last wish? It is that you travel abroad for a year and then, upon entering your twenty-sixth year, return to the States—and you will at once receive notice as to where you are to report and what to do in order to receive the fortune I leave you. Though this may seem peculiar to you—even eccentric, believe, my dear boy, that I do it for your happiness. Farewell."

"The girl herself has her instructions, I presume?"

Having read this letter, the Senior Reyes put it in his pocket. From that same pocket he produced two other documents, one of which he opened, saying:

"Your father's will."

I read that will—delighted with the nature of its contents; for to me it was as a searchlight focussed upon—the woman of the steamer.

Divested of legal phraseology, the provisions of the will were these:

First: That until I complied with the condition named, I would not receive my father's estate, but would be paid only an annual allowance of the same sum—(a liberal sum, by the way)—that I had received during the five years since coming of age.

Second: The condition was that I should marry the woman who would appear to me bearing the "sign of the cross on her right arm just below the shoulder."

Third: That at the time of reading the will, I must sign a marriage contract with "said woman of the cross," the said contract then to be entered in the public records.

Fourth: The said "sign," being scarlet and thrown into relief by the dazzling whiteness of skin, was described as a double cross, a drawing of which was given—my father having himself made the drawing, in scarlet ink.

The moment I finished reading this remarkable document, Reyes suggested, significantly:

"It can be broken."

"I don't wish to break it," I blurted. "To contest this will would be to fight—the loveliest woman in the world."

Reyes seemed astounded.

"Then you are heart-free," he said. "We thought you might wish to govern your heart affairs in your own way, and so were prepared to break—"

"No, not heart-free," I cried eagerly. "I've given my heart to the lady bearing the sign of the cross."

"You have already received the sign of the cross?"

Reyes sprang to his feet.

"No, senior. But I have met the girl of the cross, just the same."

The Minister of Justice smiled, indulgently.

"Incredible," he said, resuming his seat. "Had you met her you would not be here in this hotel. You would be at the mansion of—never mind."

"Tell me, Senior Reyes," I said, "has she not recently returned from Spain? And did she not attend the Convent School here five years ago?"

"I can tell you nothing, senior, except that—she is the woman trained to be your mate."

"Trained to be my mate?" I repeated, wonderingly.

"Yes. She has the perfect mind and the perfect body."

"Perfect mind and the perfect body? What, exactly does that mean? And—by the way, senior, she has black hair, of course?"

"Si, senior, black as that of any senorita of Mexico. Your father met this girl ten years ago. She is now twenty-one. He trained her to become the ideal wife for you, his son,—devoting himself to the task with the zeal of a fanatic. Yes, it was your father's mania that you should marry this girl, and only her. He often said that he would rather your death than your marriage to any other woman."

"But supposing something should go wrong?" I said. "Supposing the woman I have in mind should prove to be—not the woman of the cross? I swear I will marry no other woman than the one I have in mind. What if she should not be the woman of the cross? I would then forfeit my fortune. Is that it?"

"But you will marry the lady of the cross," Reyes insisted, confidently.

"The girl herself has her instructions, I presume?"

(To Be Continued.)

### Electric Restorer for Men

Phosphorol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vitality, promotes decay and all sexual weakness acted on once. Phosphorol will make you a new man. Price \$3 a box or two for \$5. Mailed to any address. The Secret Drug Co., St. John.

### DIAMOND BROKER'S

#### STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE

New York, Aug. 11.—Mrs. Maria A. Demault, an aged woman of probably 55 years, who gave her address as No. 277 Ontario Street, Montreal, reported to the police last night that her son Jean, 35 years old, a diamond broker, had disappeared while she was standing at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn bridge.

She said that with her son who has an office at No. 17 Place D'Armes Hill, Montreal, she came to New York yesterday. Jean brought with him a white Stallion, which he disposed of during the day for \$700.

The two decided to go to Coney Island and reached Brooklyn Bridge, when Jean left his mother, saying he was going to get a drink. She waited for him a couple of hours and then a passerby asked her who she was waiting for. She fears her son may have been waylaid and robbed.

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## READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS

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Ladies' Duster Coats, Silk Coats, Cloth Coats, Black Coats and Fawn Coats.

### CLOTH SKIRTS

Ladies' Cloth Skirts a limited number at Half Price.

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### 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.

#### A GREAT OFFER.

The Daily Mail will be mailed to any address from now until the 1st of October for only twenty-five cents. The Mail is the leading Liberal newspaper of central New Brunswick and will contain the latest and most reliable political news.

Washington Aug. 11—President Taft, it was learned today, will designate Thursday, November thirtieth as Thanksgiving day in the United States this year.

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CALL ON

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

Great variety of patterns to select from.

Style, Fit and Finish first-class.

## WALKER BROS.

Merchant Tailors

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Next Bank of Montreal

FREDERICTON, N. B.

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I. H. C. GASOLINE ENGINES

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205-11 Gibson, Mrs. Wm. res. Gibson

435-32 Matthews, J. J. Gibson

242-11 Waycott, Miss S. M. res. Waterloo Row.

**New Brunswick Telephone Co Limited.**

**S. B. EBBETT**

Exchange Manager

### MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

To the Ratepayers of the Parish of St. Mary's:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the urgent request of a large number of ratepayers, we have decided to offer ourselves as candidates for the York Municipal Council at the election to be held on Sept. 5th. If entrusted with your confidence we will do our utmost to further the interests of the Parish.

Soliciting your votes and support, we are

Yours respectfully,

G. FREED P