

# 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 more. Gingham Dresses at \$2.00 and \$2.98. White Mull and Muslin Dresses at \$2.69, \$3.69, \$3.99 up to \$10. Worth nearly double

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Great Big Bananas, Nice Juicy Oranges,  
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Lettuce, New Cabbage

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YORK ST.

## THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)

Upon reaching the passageway between my room and that of the girl with the mellifluous voice, I found it in darkness. I wondered who had turned out the lights, and why. And, though I had left my door open, it was now closed. I wondered at this too.

I opened the door, stepped in, and—I solemnly affirm that I felt not the least surprise at finding—her—there.

She had not bothered to turn on the electric light, the moonlight being sufficient for her purpose, which was, to read my Marconigram.

Yes, holding the message close to the port, she was reading, by the light of the moon, those strange words about the—sign of the cross.

Her face, silhouetted in the round frame of the port, was to me as hazy, as elusive in definition, as that of the lunar sorceress which I had tried to find in the silvery disk a quarter of an hour ago.

I understood now why the passageway was in darkness. She herself doubtless turned out the electric light in that passageway to lessen her chance of being seen in the act of entering my room. Wise, thoughtful girl!

All this I noted in the first glance as I stepped into the room. My hand, now, mechanically, sought the electric button on the wall beside the door, which I had left wide open. But she was quicker than I, for I found her own hand guarding the button. I clasped that warm, jewelled hand, held it tight, while she said:

"Senor—please—do not turn on the light."

It was that same voice, the same quaint accent, that had attracted my interest a little while before.

There emanated from her a strangely subtle perfume that to me was half intoxicating. It seemed to be, not the product of a perfumer, but rather the aroma of a deliciously fragrant and wholesome personality. And that perfume, or aroma, or what you will, thrilled me, producing in me the effect of listening to strains of sweet, but mystic, music.

I started to close the door.

"Please, senor," she pleaded—no demanded, "leave it open."

I now gripped her hand in both my own, nervously, hardly conscious of what I was doing. To my astonishment, she in turn pressed my hand responsively, confidently. My heart beat fast. My voice trembled as I stammered:

"I'm sorry to have—caught—you here. Please don't be distressed. It's all right. I know that my fellow-passenger from the opposite room—has some good reason for—thus honoring me."

"Her hand was still prisoned in both of mine."

"I believe, senor," she answered very calmly, "that you saw me reading your telegram. I was curious—like the wireless men. I heard him ask you a question in a stage whisper. And some women, you know, have gone to their death through sheer curiosity."

"Curiosity!" I cried. "No," I proceeded to deny, vehemently, "your interest in that message, senorita, is something more than mere curiosity. I'm inclined to the belief that you know more than I do about—the sign of the cross."

"Madre de Dios!" she exclaimed, hardly above a whisper.

Her hand trembled in mine, her grip relaxed. And she looked at me with strange, tense anxious fixity of gaze, or at least so it seemed in the vague light of the moon.

I could see that she had great, luminous black eyes. And her hair! what beautiful hair! Black as the shadows in the room.

"You are Spanish—a woman of Castile," I said, studying her features as best I could in the obscure light.

"I have just come from a journey in Spain—as you have," she replied. "As I have!" I echoed, pressing once more that firm-fleshed, responsive, capable, confident hand. "You know me?"

"Senor, are we merely shaking hands, American style," she answered, speaking now in Spanish and in a tone of rally, "or is it," she added, "that you have taken possession of my hand—forevermore?"

"Si, senorita, forevermore," I exclaimed, now using her own native tongue and speaking very excitedly. "For, by all that's wonderful!" I went on, "I have found you—at last. I have seen you before. I know you."

Yes, I had recognized her.

"You were a pupil at the 'onset of Las Cruces in Mexico City five years ago," I continued breathlessly. "You walked in the Alameda (public gardens) in the centre of the town, with the other girls from the convent—two by two, a robed and

hooded sister leading, another sister following. I saw you there—every evening for two weeks at the hour of the Angelus. Then I left Mexico. Two years later I came again to Mexico City, paying a second visit to my father. At the hour of the Angelus I again walked in the Alameda. But you were not then among the señoritas from the convent school—though a lot of them passed me on that evening promenade. I had lost you."

All this time I clung to her hand. All this time she stood perfectly still, listening, looking into my eyes as I into hers. She seemed, now to be as excited as I, and she cried:

"Senor! what are you saying. Why did you not contrive to speak—oh! I mean, tell me more—more about—the Alameda."

Forthwith, in rambling speech and with variations, I repeated my story, at the same time making mental inventory of her present developed, "grown up" loveliness. For she was now in all the splendid fulfilment of her womanhood. I calculated that her age must be about twenty-one; and I was sure that her beauty was such as to fascinate any beholder. The loveliest goddess I had ever seen in drapery of chiselled marble was less lovely than this one of flesh and blood in modern Parisian drapery.

Her gown—a dinner dress—was something black and filmy and it revealed her white, white throat, her marvellously pretty shoulders, her splendid, round, shapely arms—her bodice being supported by a single black velvet strap on her left arm, and by three such straps on her right arm.

"Senor," she said, in bantering tone, her excitement at what I had told her of meeting her when she was "sweet sixteen" having now subsided, "since you have issued your pronouncement that you will hold my hand forevermore, may I—borrow—that hand?"

"On one condition I will—loan—you your hand," I promptly answered. "It is that you tell me what your real interest in it—that wireless message. You must tell me, I say, what you know of—the sign of the cross."

She trembled again, seemed agitated; and then, with a degree of strength that one would not have suspected her to possess, she wrenched her hand from mine and stepped towards the door.

"Adios, senor," she said, "Have the goodness to regard it as a—forced loan."

I threw myself between her and the open door.

"Don't go," I coaxed, eagerly. "Remain just a moment more—to tell me your name. I claim the right to know your name, you see, because I have—"

I paused, to try to find courage to say "loved you for five whole years." But I could not speak the words and so, instead I said:

"Because I have—known—you for five whole years. And," I added impulsively, "I've a table reserved for dinner in the Ritz. Won't you break bread with me?"

"Senor," she said, "I will defer my departure a moment—provided I be permitted to speak of some one more interesting than myself."

"No such person on earth," I cried. "He has black eyes and black hair," she said. "His complexion is as dark as that of an Aztec of Mexico. He has been on exploring expeditions—and his face, bronzed by exposure to many kinds of Big Outdoors, is almost Moorish in coloring. He is by no means ugly—what do you say in English?—homely?—in appearance."

"A compliment, senorita, turned inside out."

(To Be Continued.)

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All Druggists and Stores—50c.

### TOGO ENDS WASHINGTON VISIT

Washington, D. C., Aug. 9.—A large crowd, to which were included many representatives of the government, the navy and foreign diplomatic corps assembled at the Union Station this afternoon to bid farewell to Admiral Togo upon his departure from the capital. The distinguished Japanese naval hero expressed his warm appreciation of the cordial welcome and the many features of entertainment that had marked his visit to Washington. Admiral Togo and his party will spend tomorrow in Philadelphia and then proceed to New York.

Promoter Cofroth of California is trying to sign Bill Papke and Frank Klaus for a mull to take place in our Day.

# NEW FALL SUITS

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THE SAMPLES OF

**Ladies' Fall Suits**

Now is your opportunity, call and pick the style and cloth you want and have your suit made to measure.

These new models will be here for 10 days, call early and make your choice

**Every Suit Guaranteed**

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## GUIDE FOR TRAVELLERS

### INTERCOLONIAL

#### DEPARTURES.

No. 303—Mixed for Loggville, 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 Loggville, 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 Loggville, Chatham Junction, 11.25.  
No. 322—Suburban from Marysville 13.45.  
No. 304—Mixed from Loggville 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.

8.10 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.

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145-21 Hamilton, Wm. H. A., Electrical Contractor, Carleton St.  
2200-43 Irvine, Dr. W. H., Ravine Lodge, Woodstock Road.  
80-41 McCoy, G. C., King St.  
96-31 Barker, G. S., res Smythe St.  
38-11 VanWart, Frank G., res George St.  
434-12 Whitlock, Miss Eva, res Gibson.

## New Brunswick Telephone Co Limited.

**S. P. EBBETT**

Exchange Manager

Collector of water rates.

### 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,

Yours respectfully,

G. FRED POND,

GEORGE H. YOUNG.

July 31st, 1911.

### CITY DEBENTURES

Tenders are invited until August 15th next for ten thousand dollars of four per cent. Fredericton Street Debentures, maturing as follows: \$1000 on August 1st, 1932, and one thousand dollars each year following until all are paid. Further particulars on application to

E. R. GOLDING,

Acting City Treasurer, for.



## SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

ANY PERSON who is the sole head of a family, or any male over eighteen years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands 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 eighty 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 (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.