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Every pair cheaper than others sell them.

- Heavy Calf, Waterproof Soles, Goodyear Welt, Low Heel, Blucher Cut, only \$3.25.
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## Spring and Summer Coats

The long coat with fancy collars is the correct thing for this spring and summer. We are now showing our new Linen Coats and Skirts. Our styles in these garments are always right and prices the lowest. Linen Coats \$4.00 up, Cream serge Coat \$12.00, Spring Coats \$7.00 up, Short Covert Coats \$4.00 Linen Skirts \$1.00 to \$3.75. Our suits are all reduced.

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

**Wall Paper** Our samples of Wall Papers this year are far ahead of anything that we have ever shown. Don't fail to look at them before you buy.

**HALL'S BOOK STORE** - - Queen St.

## CHILDREN'S DAY:-

**Tuesday, April 23rd, 1912**

First showing of children's trimmed and untrimmed Hats. School hats and Galaties for boys and girls. Hoods in Silk Muslin and Straw.

**Miss Morgan** YORK STREET

## LADIES!

Don't forget that Our Millinery Dep't is the Cheapest place in York County to

**: Buy Your Hat :**

Also one of the most up-to-date stock of DRY GOODS, etc.

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Plays in the National and American leagues have already started after the umpires. It is now up to Messrs Johnson and Lynch to make it known that the rules must be obeyed.

**Dr. de Van's Female Pills**  
A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the reproductive portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's pills sold at 25¢ a box, or three for \$1.00. Mailed to any address. The Scofield Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.  
Sold in Fredericton by A. J. RYAN.

## The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

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[CONTINUED.]

Willis Marsh was ahead of him, standing with Mr. Wayland at the rail. Some one else was with them. Boyd's heart leaped wildly as he recognized her. He would have known that slim figure anywhere. And Mildred saw him, too, pointing him out to her companions.

With knees shaking under him he came stumbling up the landing ladder, a tall, gaunt figure of a man in rough clothing and boots stained with the sea salt. He looked older by five years than when the girl had last seen him. His cheeks were hollowed and his lips cracked by the wind, but his eyes were adame with the old light. His smile was for her alone.

He never remembered the spoken greetings nor the looks the others gave him, for her soft, cool hands lay in his hand, feverish palms, and she was smiling up at him.

Alton Clyde was at his heels, and he felt Mildred disengage her hand. He tore his eyes away from her face long enough to nod at Marsh, who gave him a menacing look, then turned to Wayne Wayland. The old man was saying something, and Boyd answered him unintelligibly, after which he took Mildred's hands once more with such an air of unconscious proprietorship that Willis Marsh grew pale to the lips and turned his back. Other people whom Boyd had not noticed until now came down the deck—men and women with fieldglasses and cameras swung over their shoulders. He found that he was being introduced to them by Mildred, whose voice betrayed no tremor and whose manners were as collected as if this were her own drawing room and the man at her side a casual acquaintance. The strangers mingled with the little group, leveled their glasses and made senseless remarks after the manner of tourists the world over. Boyd gathered somehow that they were officers of the trust or heavy stockholders and their wives. He led Mildred to a deck chair and seated himself beside her.

"At last!" he breathed. "You are here, Mildred. You really came, after all!"

"Yes, Boyd."

"And are you glad?"

"Indeed I am. The trip has been wonderful."

"It doesn't seem possible. I can't believe that this is really you—that I am not dreaming, as usual."

"And you? How have you been?"

"I've been well—I guess I have. I haven't had time to think of myself. Oh, my lady!" His voice broke with tenderness, and he laid his hand gently upon hers.

She withdrew it quickly.

"Not here! Remember where we are. You are not looking well, Boyd. I don't know that I ever saw you look so bad. Perhaps it is your clothes."

"I am tired," he confessed, feeling anew the weariness of the past twenty-four hours. He covertly stroked a fold of her dress, murmuring: "You are here, after all. And you love me, Mildred? You haven't changed, have you?"

"Not at all. Have you?"

His deep breath and the light that flamed into his face was her answer. "I want to be alone with you," he cried huskily. "My arms ache for you. Come away from here; this is torture. I'm like a man dying of thirst."

No woman could have beheld his burning eagerness without an answering thrill, and although Mildred sat motionless, her lids drooped slightly and a faint color tinged her cheeks. Her idle hands clasped themselves rigidly.

"You are always the same," she smiled. "You sweep me away from myself and from everything. I have never seen any one like you. There are people everywhere. Father is somewhere close by."

"I don't care!"

"I do."

"My launch is alongside. Let me take you ashore and show you what I have done. I want you to see."

"I can't. I promised to go ashore with the Berrys and Mr. Marsh."

"Marsh?"

"Now don't get tragic! We are all going to look over his plant and have lunch there. They are expecting me. Oh, dear!" she cried plaintively. "I have seen and heard nothing but canneries ever since we left Vancouver. The men talk nothing but fish and packs and markets and dividends. It's all deadly stupid, and I'm wretchedly tired of it. Father is the worst of the lot, of course."

Emerson's eyes shifted to his own canneries. "You haven't seen mine—ours," said he.

"Oh, yes, I have. Mr. Marsh pointed it out to father and me. It looks just like all the others." There was an instant's pause before she ran on. "Do you know, there is only one interesting feature about them, to my notion, and that is the way the Chinamen smoke. Those funny crooked pipes and those little wads of tobacco are too ridiculous." The lightness of her words damped his ardor and brought back the sense of failure.

"I was down with the using beer at the mouth of the bay this morning when you came in. I thought I might see you," he said.

"At that hour? Heavens! I was sound asleep. It was hard enough to get up when we were called. Father might have instructed the captain not to steam so fast."

Boyd stared at her in hurt surprise, but she was smiling at Alton Clyde in the distance and did not observe his look.

"Don't you care even to hear what I have done?" he inquired.

"Of course," said Mildred, bringing her eyes back to him.

Hesitatingly he told her of his disappointments, the obstacles he had met and overcome, avoiding Marsh's name and refraining from placing the blame where it belonged. When he had concluded she shook her head.

"It is too bad. But Mr. Marsh told us all about it before you came. Boyd, I never thought well of this enterprise."

"Of course I didn't say anything against it, you were so enthusiastic, but you really ought to try something big. I am sure you have the ability. Why, the successful men I know at home have no more intelligence than you, and they haven't half your force."

As for this—well, I think you can accomplish more important things than catching fish."

"Important?" he cried. "Why, the salmon industry is one of the most important on the coast. It employs 10,000 men in Alaska alone, and they produce \$10,000,000 every year."

"Oh, let's not go into statistics," said Mildred lightly. "They make my head ache. What I mean is that a fisherman is nothing like an attorney or a broker or an architect, for instance; he is more like a miner. Pardon me, Boyd, but look at your clothes." She began to laugh. "Why, you look like a common laborer!"

"I might have slicked up a bit," he acknowledged lamely. "But when you came I forgot everything else."

"I was dreadfully embarrassed when I introduced you to the Berrys and the rest. I daresay they thought you were one of Mr. Marsh's foremen."

Never before had Boyd known the least constraint in Mildred's presence, but now he felt the rebuke behind her careless manner, and it wounded him deeply. He did not speak, and after a moment she went on with an abrupt change of subject:

"So that funny little house over there against the hill is where the mysterious woman lives?"

"Who?"

"Cherry Malotte."

"Yes. How did you learn that?"

"Mr. Marsh pointed it out. He said she came up on the same ship with you."

"That is true."

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did not you write me that she was with you in Seattle?"

"I don't know; I didn't think of it." She regarded him coolly.

"Has anybody discovered who or what she is?"

"Why are you so curious about her?"

Mildred shrugged her shoulder.

"Your discussion with Willis Marsh that night at our house interested me very much. I thought I would ask Mr. Marsh to bring her around when we went ashore. It would be rather amusing. She wouldn't come out to the yacht and return my call, would she?" Boyd smiled at her frank concern at this possibility.

"You don't know the kind of girl she is," he said. "She isn't at all what you think. I don't believe you would be able to meet her in the way you suggest."

"Indeed!" Mildred arched her brows.

"Why?"

"She wouldn't fancy being 'brought around,' particularly by Marsh."

From her look of surprise he knew that he had touched on dangerous ground, and he made haste to lead the conversation back to its former channel. He wished to impress Mildred with the fact that if he had not quite succeeded he had by no means failed, but she listened indifferently, with the air of humoring an insistent child.

"I wish you would give it up and try something else," she said at last. "This is no place for you. Why, you are losing all your old wit and buoyancy; you are actually growing serious, and serious people are not at all amusing."

Just then Alton Clyde and a group of people, among whom was Willis Marsh, emerged from the cabin, talking and laughing. Mildred arose, saying:

"Here come the Berrys, ready to go ashore."

"When may I see you again?" he inquired quickly.

"You may come out this evening."

His eyes blazed as he answered, "I shall come!"

As the others came up she said: "Mr. Emerson can't accompany us. He wishes to see father."

"I just left him in the cabin," said Marsh. He helped the ladies to the ladder, and a moment later Emerson waved the party adieu, then turned to the saloon in search of Wayne Wayland.

(To Be Continued.)

## WAS ALL RUN DOWN.

Doctors and Medicine Failed To Cure Him.

Many people become run down, but don't know just exactly what their trouble is. As a rule it is improper circulation of the blood, owing to not just taking proper care of themselves. All they want is a good tonic to build up the system and put their blood in proper shape, and for this purpose there is nothing to equal Burdock Blood Bitters. It regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system. Mr. Murdock A. Morrison, Tarbot, N.S., writes:—"I am now writing to tell you what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. Last Summer I was all run down, and doctors and medicine failed to cure me. At last I decided to try a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking one bottle I began feeling better, and after I had taken the remedy for two months I was completely cured. I can safely recommend your remedy to anyone."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

### NOTED MEN TO ADDRESS PUBLISHERS

New York, April 24—Publishers representing scores of the large daily newspapers of the United States and Canada gathered at the Waldorf-Astoria today for the annual convention of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. The convention sessions will last three days and will be devoted to the discussion of the labor problem, the labor question, the matter of co-operative insurance and other subjects of common interest and importance to the members of the Association.

At its annual banquet tomorrow the Association will have as guests of honor Thomas A. Edison, Signor Marconi and Alexander Graham Bell. Among the speakers will be Dr. John H. Finley, president of the College of the City of New York; Augustus Thomas, the playwright, and Talcott Williams, the new chief of the Pulitzer School of Journalism. Congressman Victor Murdock of Kansas, will act as toastmaster.

Hon. Thomas Mackenzie will succeed Sir Joseph Ward as Premier of New Zealand.

### Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

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, 50 cents; No. 3, 25 cents. For special cases, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook Manufacturing Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly Wm. Cook & Co.)

## DANGER IN PLANTING IMPORTED POTATOES

In view of the great scarcity of potatoes in several sections of the province and that many hundreds of barrels have been imported from Great Britain, our farmer should realize the danger of introducing one of the most serious potato diseases yet known by planting this imported seed. The disease known as "Black Scab," "Warty Disease," "Cauliflower Disease" or more properly "Potato Canker" has been spreading rapidly in European countries during the last fifteen years. It was first known in England in 1901. It was imported to Newfoundland in 1906, and there is grave danger of its introduction here by the importations of European potatoes that have been made during the past winter. Any one wishing full information in regard to this serious disease may obtain it by addressing H. T. Gussow, Botanist to the Dominion Experimental Farm, Ottawa, requesting a copy of Bulletin No. 63. After obtaining the information contained in Mr. Gussow's bulletin, no potato planter will wish to risk introducing this very virulent and destructive disease to his land. The disease comes from spores which are introduced into the land from the infected seed potatoes. It is stated that those spores will live in the soil for years, so that a field when once infected is not safe again for potatoes for a long time. The disease is said not to be noticeable while the crop is growing, but when harvesting begins it will be found that in some cases the whole hill is destroyed, in other cases the destruction is partial.

This disease, if reports regarding it be true, is the most serious danger affecting potato growing known to-day, and every man who takes any interest in the future prosperity of the province, should prevent, as far as possible, its introduction here. The only safe and sure plan known at the present time is to rigidly abstain from planting imported seed, unless it has first been examined by a competent authority and pronounced free from the disease.

D. V. LANDRY, Department of Agriculture, Fredericton, N. B.

### SENATOR FLETCHER'S DAUGHTER WEDS

Washington, D.C., April 24—Official society in the national capital particularly the southern contingent, was interested today in the wedding of Miss Louise Chapon Fletcher, daughter of United States Senator and Mrs. Fletcher of Florida, and Dr. Thomas Junior Kemp, a prominent physician of this city. The wedding took place at All Souls' Church and was followed by a large reception at Rauscher's.

## Ryan Has a Preparation That Will Grow Hair Abundantly

This is an age of new discoveries. To grow hair after it has fallen out today is a reality.

SALVIA, the Great Hair Tonic and Dressing, will positively create a new growth of hair.

If you want to have a beautiful head of hair, free from Dandruff, use SALVIA once a day and watch the results.

SALVIA is guaranteed to stop falling hair and restore the hair to its natural color. The greatest Hair Tonic known.

SALVIA is compounded by expert chemists.

Watch your hair if it is falling out. If you don't you will sooner or later be bald.

SALVIA prevents baldness by fastening the hair to the roots.

Ladies will find SALVIA just the hair dressing they are looking for. It makes the hair soft and fluffy and is not sticky. A large bottle, 50c.

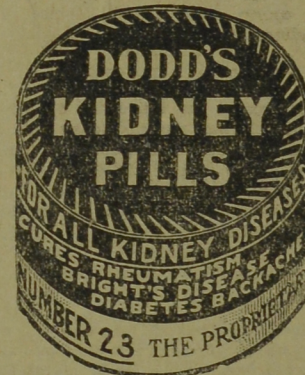
### ELECTRIC SHOW IN DES MOINES

Des Moines, Ia., April 24—A large attendance marked the opening in this city today of the annual joint convention of the Iowa Electrical Association and the Iowa Street Railway Association. In conjunction with the meeting there is being held in the Coliseum an elaborate exhibition of recent inventions and improvements in electrical machinery and appliances.

### FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD

348th birthday anniversary was joyously observed at Stratford-on-Avon today, and, although the celebrations were scarcely on so lavish a scale as in some former years, they were eminently successful. The old-world town was gayly decorated and thronged with visitors from many lands.

Lou Dillon, 1:58½, will be bred to Atlantic Express, 2:08½.



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