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See the Women's Patent
Colt Buttoned Boot for \$2.49

McMANUS & CO.

THE MISSES YOUNG

MILLINERY OPENING

On Wed. Morning, March 27th at 10 o'clock.

We will show a charming collection of chic millinery, partly imported from the leading fashion centres and partly the production of our own work-rooms. The most fastidious will be charmed with our offerings. We solicit an inspection.

THE MISSES YOUNG

- Pretty Waists -

We sold about two thousand waists last season, which goes to prove we must carry the right goods at the right prices.

Fancy Voil Waists, \$1.75 to \$4.00. Embroidered Waists, 50c. to \$4.00. Tailored Waists, 75c. to \$3.00. Colored Waists, 50c. to \$1.00. Nett Waists, \$3.00 to \$6.00. Silk Waists, \$2.50 to \$7.00.

OUR DOLLAR WAISTS are seldom surpassed. Select your new Spring Suit or Coat now. Many styles and cloths from which to select.

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.**

SPRING and EASTER OPENING
of imported French English and American
Millinery.

Tuesday, March 25th,
and following days.

Miss Morgan **YORK STREET**

OUR MILLINER

will arrive from Boston to-day and be ready to meet the public on Tuesday Morning Full of the latest American Ideas. It will pay you to wait.

F. S. WILLIAMS ST. MARYS

Store open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings

Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's pills sold at 15c. a box or three for 50c. Mailed to any address. The Koebele Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sold in Fredericton by A. J. RYAN

A stock company has been formed to produce suffrage plays on the road. The Shuberts will present a new version of "The Master of the House" in the spring.

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

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[CONTINUED.]

"Oh, I fixed that up long ago. I am going to bunk with the steward."

"Well, why in the world didn't you let us know you were coming?"

"Say, don't kid yourself. You know I couldn't stay behind." Fraser blew a cloud of smoke airily. "I never start anything I can't finish. I keep telling you, and I'm going to put this deal through now that I've got it started." With a half embarrassed laugh and a complete change of manner, he laid his hand upon Boyd's shoulder, saying: "Pal, I ain't much good to myself or anybody else, but I like you and I want to stick around. Maybe I'll come in useful yet—you can't tell."

Emerson had never glimpsed this side of the man's nature, and it rather surprised him.

"Of course you can come along, old man," he responded heartily. "We're glad to have you."

The docks of the big, low lying tramp steamer were piled high with gear of every description. Ready now to sail, Boyd went out to the dock office to wire Mildred of his success.

"Fingerless" Fraser soon ran in upon him. "They've come to grab you for killing that striker!" he began breathlessly. "There's a couple of 'square toes' on the dock now. Better take it on the 'lawn'—quick!"

"God!" So Marsh had withheld this stroke until the last moment.

"You'd better 'beat' it, quick!"

"How? I couldn't get through that crowd. They know me, listen!" Outside the street broke into a roar at some faint of the fishermen high up in the rigging. "I can't run away, and if those detectives get me I'm ruined."

Boyd clutched his hands in desperation. "I guess they've got me," he said bitterly. "There's no way out."

"From what they said I don't think they know you," Fraser continued. "Anyhow, they wanted Peasley to point you out. When they come off maybe you can slip 'em."

Boyd seized eagerly upon the suggestion. "The wharf is empty—see! I'll have to cross it in plain sight."

Through the rear door of the office that opened upon the dock proper they beheld the great door almost entirely clear. Save for a few tons of freight at which Big George's men were working it was as unobstructed as a lawn, and, although it was nearly the size of a city block, it afforded no more means of concealment than did the little office itself, with its glass doors, its counter and its long desk, at the farther end of which a bill clerk was poring over his task.

They saw, at the foot of the gang-plank two men talking with Big George. They saw Balt point the strangers eagerly to the office, whence he had seen Boyd disappearing a few moments before, and turn back to his stoves. Then they saw the plain clothes men approaching.

"Here! Gimme your coat and hat, quick!" cried Fraser in a low voice, his eyes blazing at a sudden thought. He stripped his own garments from his back with feverish haste. "Put mine on. There! I'll stall for you. When they grab me, take it on the run. Understand?"

"That won't do. Everybody knows me." Boyd cast an apprehensive glance at the arched back of the bill clerk, but Fraser, quick of resource in such a situation, forced him swiftly to make the change, saying:

"Nix. It's your only out! Stand here, see?" He indicated a position beside the rear door. "I'll step out the other way where they can see me," he continued, pointing to the wagon way at the right. "Savvy? When they grab me you beat it and don't wait for nothing."

"But you?"

Already they could hear the foot steps of the officers.

"I'll take a chance. Goodby."

There was no time even for a hand-shake. Fraser stepped swiftly to the door, then strolled quietly into the view of the two men, who an instant later accosted him.

"Are you Mr. Boyd Emerson?"

The adventurer answered brusquely.

"Yes, but I can't talk to you now."

"You are under arrest, Mr. Emerson."

Boyd waited to hear no more. The glass door swung open noiselessly under his hand, and he stepped out just as the bill clerk looked up from his work, staring out through the other entrance.

"Fingerless" Fraser's voice was louder now, as if for a signal. "Arrest me? What do you mean? Get out of my way."

"You'd better come peacefully."

Boyd heard a sharp exclamation—"Get him, Bill!"—and then the sound of men struggling. He ran, followed by a roar from the strikers, in whose full view Fraser's encounter with the plain clothes men was taking place. A backward glance showed him that Fraser had drawn his pursuers to the street.

Scarcely had Boyd reached Big George when a wing of the besieged army swept in through the rear door.

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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entrance and down the dock like an avalanche, leaving behind them the battling officers and the hungry pack clamoring for the prisoner.

"Drop that freight and get aboard the best way you can!" Boyd yelled at the fishermen, and, with a bound, was out into the open, crying to Captain Peasley on the bridge:

"Here they come! Cast off, for God's sake!" The dozen men who had been slinging freight on the dock hastened up the gangplank or climbed the fenders, while the signalman clung to the lifting tackle and, at the piping cry of his whistle, was swung aloft out of the very arms of the rioters.

Above, on the flying bridge, Captain Peasley was following orders. At last the Bedford Castle was under way.

Even after they were miles down the sound Boyd remained at his post, sweeping the waters astern in an anxious search for some swift harbor craft, the appearance of which would signal that his escape had been discovered.

"I won't feel safe until we are past Port Townsend," he confessed to Cherry, who maintained a position at his side. "The police can wire on from Seattle to stop us and take me off at that point."

"If they find out their mistake."

"They must have found it out long ago. That's why I've got Peasley forcing this old tub. She's doing 10 knots, and that's a breakneck speed for her. Once we're through the straits I'll be satisfied."

"What will happen to Fraser?" she queried.

"Nothing serious, I am sure. You see, they wanted me and nobody else. Once they find they have the wrong man I rather believe they will free him in disgust."

A moment later he went on: "Just the same, it makes me feel depressed and guilty to leave him. I—I wouldn't desert a comrade for anything if the choice lay with me."

"You did quite right," Cherry warmly assured him.

"You see, I am not working for myself. I am doing this for another."

It was the girl's turn to sigh softly, while the eyes she turned toward the west were strangely sad and dreamy.

"Two hours more," he told her as the ship's bell sounded, "then I can eat and sleep—and sing."

Captain Peasley was pacing the bridge when later they breasted the glare of Port Townsend and saw in the distance the flashing searchlights

of the forts that guard the straits. They saw him stop suddenly and raise his right glasses. Boyd laid his hand on Cherry's arm. Presently the captain crossed to them and said:

"Wonder seems to be a launch making out. See! I wonder what's up. By Jove! They're signaling."

The two boats were drawing together rapidly, and soon those on the bridge heard the faint but increasing pattering of a gasoline exhaust. Carrying the same speed as the Bedford Castle, the launch shortly came within hailing distance. The cycloped eye of the ship's searchlight blazed up, and the next instant out from the gloom leaped a little craft, on the deck of which a man stood waving a lantern. She held steadfastly to her course, and a voice floated up to them:

"Alloy! What ship?"

"The Bedford Castle, cannery tender, for Bristol Bay," Peasley shouted back.

The man on the launch relinquished his lantern and, using both palms for a funnel, cried more clearly now:

"Heave to! We want to come aboard."

With an exclamation of impatience, the commanding officer stepped to the telegraph, but Emerson forestalled him.

"Wait. They're after me, captain; it's the Port Townsend police, and if you let them aboard they'll take me off."

Turning, the skipper bellowed:

"Who are you?"

"Police!"

"What did I tell you?" cried Emerson.

"What do you want?"

"One of your passengers—Emerson. Heave to. You're passing us."

"That's bloody hard luck, Mr. Emerson. I can't help myself," the captain declared. But again Boyd blocked him as he started for the telegraph.

"I won't stand it, sir. It's a conspiracy to ruin me."

"But, my dear young man!"

"Don't touch that instrument!"

From the launch came cries of growing vehemence, and a startled murmur of voices rose from somewhere in the darkness of the deck beneath.

"Stand aside!" Peasley ordered gruffly. But the other held his ground, saying quietly:

"I warn you. I am desperate."

"Shall I stop her, sir?" the quartermaster asked from the shadows of the wheelhouse.

(To Be Continued.)

TRIED EVERYTHING WITHOUT RELIEF

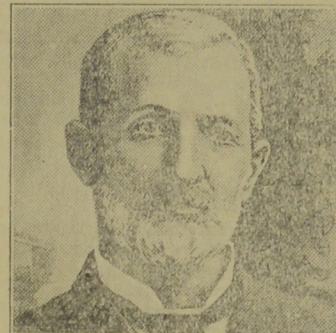
Until I took "Fruit-a-lives"

SARNIA, ONT., Feb. 5th, 1912.
"I have been a sufferer for the past 25 years with Constipation, Indigestion and Catarrh of the Stomach. I tried many remedies and many doctors but derived no benefit whatever."

Finally, I read an advertisement of 'Fruit-a-lives'. I decided to give 'Fruit-a-lives' a trial and found they did exactly what was claimed for them. I have now taken 'Fruit-a-lives' for some months and find that they are the only remedy that does me good.

I have recommended 'Fruit-a-lives' to a great many of my friends and I cannot praise these fruit tablets too highly."

PAUL J. JONES



"Fruit-a-lives" is the only natural cure for Constipation and Stomach Trouble, because it is the only medicine in the world that is made of fruit juices and valuable tonics. Hundreds of people have been cured, as if by a miracle, by taking 'Fruit-a-lives', the famous fruit medicine.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.

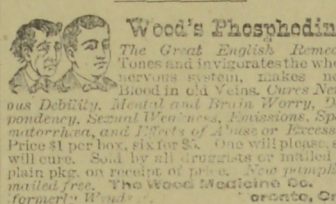
At dealers, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

VETERAN SOLDIER TO RETIRE

Washington, D.C., April 12—On his own request, Brig. Gen. Daniel H. Brush was today relieved of his duties as commander of the department of California in anticipation of his retirement for age next month. Gen. Brush is one of the most distinguished officers in the United States army and one of the few still on the active list who served in the civil war. He began his career as a member of the 145th Illinois regiment. After his retirement he will make his home in Baltimore.

ENGLISH SETTER CLUB FIELD TRIALS

Medford, N.J., April 12—A sportsman-like atmosphere pervaded this "day today" as it was the opening day of the seventh annual field trials of the English Setter Club of America. Sportsmen from half a dozen states were on hand with their hand-some dogs to compete in the Derby class, the all-age class and other events making up the two-day program.



WANTS A BISHOP COADIUTOR

Topeka, Kas., April 12—Bishop Frank B. Millsbaugh of the Episcopal diocese of Kansas, entered upon his sixty-fifth year today and was the recipient of many congratulations. Owing to his age and the condition of his health, Bishop Millsbaugh desires to retire from his more active duties and has asked for the election of a bishop coadjutor. He was elected to his present office seventeen years ago, succeeding Bishop Elisha Smith Thomas.

WAS TERRIBLY NERVOUS.

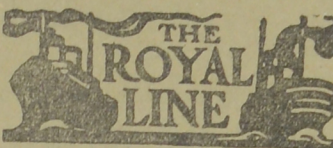
WOULD START AT THE LEAST NOISE.

Wherever there are people who are troubled with deranged nerves they will find that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will restore the equilibrium of these deranged centres, and bring back the shattered nervous system to a perfect condition.

Miss Emma Read, Laskay, Ont., writes:—"I have great pleasure in writing to tell you about the great benefit I have received by using your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. About a year ago I was very badly run down and could hardly do my work. I tried different medicines but none of them did me any good. I was terribly nervous, and would start at the least noise, and even start in my sleep, which made me very weak. I used two boxes of your pills and I am now well and strong again."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. For sale at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

TRAVELLERS GUIDE



Canadian Pacific

Passenger Train Service from Fredericton. Effective Oct. 8th 1911. Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday.

DEPARTURES

20 A.M.—For St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Plaster Rock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Carleton Place, Presque Isle, and for Portland, Boston, etc.

4.45 A.M.—Via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and Houlton, connecting at Newburg Jct. for points North. Plaster Rock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Carleton and Presque Isle.

4.45 A.M.—For Fredericton Jct. connecting for St. John and points East.

6.00 P.M.—Via Gibson Branch. For Woodstock and points North to and including Aroostook Jct.

6.45 P.M.—For Fredericton Jct. connecting with Montreal Express which connects at McAdam for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points North to Aroostook Jct. Also connects at Montreal for all points West. Also connects at Fredericton Jct. with Boston Express.

8.00 P.M.—For St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS

9.10 A.M.—From St. John and East

11.50 A.M.—From Boston Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock, and North and Houlton.

12.30 A.M.—From Woodstock and North via Gibson.

1.55 P.M.—From Woodstock and North via Gibson.

7.55 P.M.—From St. John and East

10.40 P.M.—From Boston, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton.

W.B. Howard, D.P.A., St. John, N.B.

CLERGYMAN'S DEATH

Amherst News.—Rev. J. L. Downing, Rector of the Anglican Church at River John, died on Saturday last at the age of sixty-five years. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon. He is survived by eight children. Mrs. Downing died just a fortnight ago. (Mr. H. M. Downing of Grand Falls, formerly on the staff of the G. T. P. is a son of the deceased.)

A RAILWAY BOOSTER

Woodstock Press.—Nelson W. Brown of Southampton, drove up to Woodstock on Wednesday. Mr. Brown found the distance very long and the driving poor, but as one of the early boosters of the Valley Railway he is delighted that the road will be commenced within a few weeks and that the earnest work of the agitators has at last borne fruit.

The Friars are to give a big dinner soon with David Warfield as the guest of honor.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$2; No. 3, for special cases, \$3 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook-McFarlane Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly W. & J. Cook.)

DIAMOND

Birthstone for April

As a Gift, nothing can compare with the DIAMOND—it is the Gift of Gifts.

Our assortment of Rings is the Largest and Finest in city

Only Gems of the Purest Grade are sold by us—the settings are in 18k. and 14k., Solid Gold and the prices are consistent with the quality.

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

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ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND GET RESULTS.