

Spring Millinery

Magnificent Display

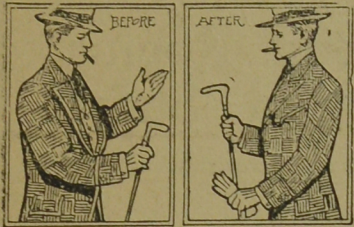
AT THE PARLORS OF

MISS S. C. KELLY

QUEEN STREET.

Paris and New
York Styles...

Lowest Prices in
the City.....



CLEANING PRESSING.

BACK INTO SHAPE

We press your Suit, Overcoat or Gloves, and we clean them so as to look like new before giving them the final press. Cleaning and pressing ladies' and gentlemen's wardrobes is our particular business, and we have made a reputation doing this in first-class style, delivering the goods promptly and making but a reasonable charge for the service.

Buzzell's Dye Works

W. ALLAN STAPLES

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER AND CONTRACTOR

SCIENTIFIC LIGHTING AND WIRING

ESTIMATES GIVEN ON ALL BRANCHES OF ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION AND SUPPLIES

QUEEN STREET TELEPHONE CONNECTION AT OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

Easter Opening

Tuesday, March 22nd, at 3 p. m.

IN OUR NEW STORE

Edgcombe Block,

York Street

MISS MORGAN

A MILLION A MINUTE

A ROMANCE OF MODERN NEW YORK AND PARIS
BY HUDSON DOUGLAS.

(Continued.)

Broadway was no less busy than Fifth Avenue, and Quintance, once more in the mood to enjoy its kaleidoscopic variety, strolled down the Street of Illusions, regarding its denizens and their doings with admiration unflinching.

He brushed shoulders with blue-shaven actors and smart soubrettes, inhaled an atmosphere of patchouli and cheap cigarettes, was well content to mix with the mob, to yield perchance to those with less time to spare than himself. The spectacle of the rush hour at Herald Square afforded him great gratification. He took a grave interest in all the up-to-date window displays he passed. Sometimes he thought of purchasing, for the sake of a new sensation, but wisely refrained. As dusk began to come down, and the blaze that is Broadway's boast was deftly switched on, he called to mind many nights he had spent in Africa without so much as a fire for light and company, and the present contrast was by so much the more acceptable. He jingled his loose change joyously and was glad of the glare.

He caught sight of a well-known actress in her coupe, and she caught sight of him simultaneously. He saw her lips part in a faint half-smile as she dropped her eyes, and at the same moment a flashily-dressed individual descended upon him from the steps of a hotel much frequented by sportsmen of a certain calibre.

"Hello, Cap!" began that ill-advised follower of the chase, accommodating his steps to Quintance's. "I'm a stranger in town like yourself, and—"

Quintance stopped. So did the stranger. Their glances crossed, and it was the confidence man's that shifted uneasily. He drew back with a premonition of evil impending as his proposed victim spoke.

"You're a stranger in town, are you?" Quintance retorted softly. "Then take my advice and get back to where you belong before anything unpleasant happens to you."

He waited to see that this prescription was faithfully followed, and, after the other had slunk away without so much as a muttered curse, pursued his own path, his features composed to a more decorous gravity. He had gathered that his expression

must have been rather too radiant for that observant locality.

And the policeman who had observed the incident from his post at the corner nodded to himself as he remarked, sotto voce,

"He's wise to be a walkin' danger-sign, for all his glad looks. Slim Jake got his dose straight, an' swallowed it too, like a lamb. Them mild-mannered-lookin' guys ain't always the safest to tackle, I've noticed, an' Jake has more luck as a rule when it comes to a bad man from Oshkosh, a reg'lar fire-eater achin' to shoot up the town."

With which professional application of the old axiom that still waters run deep he passed on to other interests, while the object of his encomium turned into a neighboring cafe.

The opulent bar-keeper there was obliging enough to mix him a dry Manhattan, and he found the flavor of that quite equal to his long cherished anticipation. But the appointments of the place were not to his taste of the moment, and he did not stay there to dine as he had half intended. There was too much marble and brass about it, he thought, an air of garish prosperity too pronounced for the real purveyor of Bohemia. He lighted a cigarette, and always drifting down-town, turned into a barber's; not so much for the sake of the shave, which he did not need, as to rid himself of the outwardly dusty sensation induced by his pilgrimage.

To the easy conversationalist who attended him there he outlined his theory as a dinner, and asked advice. He was possessed of a little devil of lazy irresponsibility, was disinclined to think for himself. And the man proved equal to the occasion. He did not confuse his client with any choice.

"You can't do better than dip into Martin's," he said without undue deliberation, and Quintance at once decided to do so. The whole of New York was at his disposal, but he would most certainly dip into Martin's since it had been thus ordained that he should. The very expression appealed to him. It savored of the lucky-bag life had lately become. He rose, refreshed, and, having rewarded his counsellor with a liberal tip, went on toward Martin's.

SPEAKER JOE CANNON AS MATRIMONIAL AGENT

Speaker of House of Representatives
Frequently Asked to Play the Part
of Cupid.

Washington, March 29.—New England girls, driven to seek a wider matrimonial market because of the scarcity of eligible young men in their own neighborhood, have now appealed to Speaker Cannon to play Cupid's part and find them husbands. Boston girls, Maine girls, in fact girls from all New England, have become members of Uncle Joe's Matrimonial Bureau, and so have some of the men. The Speaker also has letters from every other section of the country demanding husbands, and just as many letters from men who want wives.

It all started in his own district when a prosperous young farmer living near Stewardson, Ill., wrote the Speaker, saying that he wanted to find a wife to live in his one hundred and twenty-acre farm. Uncle Joe confided the man's wishes to a newspaper man, who spread the story far and wide, and L. White Busbey's desk in the Speaker's ante-room has groaned under the letters received.

One of the earliest letters came from Waterville, Me. It was written in the crabbed hand of an elderly woman, and said:

To Mr. Joe Cannon: If you know of a good man who is about sixty-five years old, I would be pleased to correspond with him. I am a widow, am about sixty years old, am smart and healthy and am a good housekeeper and not afraid to do my share. Hoping to hear from you, I am,
Yours in respect

P. S.—Should prefer some one in the West—west of St. Paul.

CHANCE FOR GIRL WITH HENS.

Here is one from a Lewiston, Me., man who offers to make Uncle Joe President if the Speaker finds him a wife with a few hens:

Lewiston, Me.
Dear Uncle Joe—I see you are in the matrimonial business. I wish you would get me a wife. I am a republican so I think you ought to help me a little. I am thirty years old, dark hair, blue eyes, smooth shaven and am called goodlooking. I am poor but honest. I want a wife Joe about 20 or 25 years old with a small farm and a few cows and hens. I don't care if the woman is a widow if she don't have more than one child but she must be pretty and plump now if you want to be president Joe let me know and I will vote for you and get all my friends to now if you can find me any kind of a woman Joe let me know by way of the Lewiston sun which is a paper printed here in Lewiston enclosed you will find my picture now do the best you can for me Joe and I will thank you very much yours truly a Lewiston Farmer
Lewiston Me.

From Jersey City two young women have written the matrimonial bureau. Old-fashioned legal cap was their type-written letter that they are both good looking, of eighteen years, and that they would like to marry "nice, generous, Protestant young men, American or English, it makes no difference which."

CAN GIVE REFERENCES.

The longest letter of all came from a little Michigan town. The writer says she can give references and refers the Speaker to a former associate of his in the House of Representatives. She says:

I own a fine farm of one hundred and sixty acres, but I am a milliner and not a farmer by trade and I'd like to find the right sort of a man to take charge of the farm for

He only stopped by the way to buy a flower for his buttonhole, again to have his cigar-case refilled, and a third time to purchase an evening paper for which he paid it crippled and ragged vendor a dollar.

But he had both time and money to spare. The past was dead, well buried, and all but forgotten. The future, the roseate future, was his to do what he would with. He had opened a new account with fate, could draw on that at his own discretion. "And now I'll dip into Martin's," said he, with a nod to the deferential doorman.

CHAPTER II.

MADEMOISELLE CREATES A SENSATION AT MARTIN'S.

It was not yet seven o'clock, but Martin's was full, full to overflowing. The vestibule was crowded and every interior corner seemed to be occupied. There were even people waiting without, apparently in the hope that some early departure might make accommodation for them.

Quintance threaded his way through the outer throng, disposed of his coat and hat to a busy boy, and was looking casually round the brilliantly lighted rooms in search of a seat when a brisk attendant bustled up to suggest that there might still perhaps be room for one more upstairs.

(To Be Continued.)

Cromptons
Corsets

A. Murray & Co.

Ready-to-Wear
Second Floor

Fownes Gloves in Kid, Black, White and Colors
Guaranteed \$1.00 per pair.

This Bright Up-to-Date Store

Ready to supply your every day needs with the most beautiful Dry Goods at Moderate Prices.

Dress Goods and Silks

Our Dress Goods Stock includes every new weave and color at from 50c per yard up to \$2.50 and is the richest stock of Dress Fabrics we have yet shown.

Wash Goods and Linens

You'll be delighted with the wide variety of Wash Goods and you'll be satisfied with the Moderate Prices asked for such splendid Wash Fabrics.

Correct Styles in Ladies' Spring Suits—We present a nice range of choice Tailored Suits this season. Come and see the correct Suits for Spring.

A. MURRAY & CO.

with the system of letting the farm out on shares, as has been my unfortunate lot, I am not making enough out of it.

From Salem, S. C., came a letter from a man who was willing to marry through the Cannon Agency if that was the best he could do, but he was a bit uncertain as to the methods of matrimonial bureaus in general and the Cannon one in particular. The opening paragraph of his letter was barely legible, but his chirography improved as he went along. The letter concluded with the following statement:

I will not send no likeness to no woman at all one thing I haven't got one to send her now how and I won't git won taken. With respectfully,

Business and only business is indicated in the letter from a Detroit girl to Uncle Joe. She writes in a firm, clear hand as follows:

Hon. J. G. Cannon, Washington, D. C.
Dear Sir—Will you please inform me of the name of the farmer at Stewardson, Ill., who is in search of a wife, as I should like to make his acquaintance. Thanking you in advance, I am, yours truly,
(Miss) —

A PAIR FROM BOSTON.

The following businesslike communication bore a Boston postmark:

Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Washington, D. C.,

Dear Sir—We are two Boston girls who would like to go West. Now we think "it's up to you," to make us acquainted with some eligible Republican Westerners. Hoping to hear from you soon, yours sincerely,

Miss —

Miss —

No. — Tremont Street.

Another lovelorn maid from the land of the sacred codfish inscribes the following to her Uncle Joe:

I would like to write to the Republican farmer at Stewardson, Ill., who thinks he needs a wife. While I am not from Ohio, neither am I from Missouri. Hoping you will be able to send this young man's address, I will inclose stamped and addressed envelope. Respectfully

Miss —

Care General Delivery,
Boston, Mass.

A lengthy letter written upon the pinkest of pink note paper came from Detroit. The young woman explains to Uncle Joe that she is the daughter of a farmer, that her old home was in Gillespie County, Texas. She is now in Detroit and she considers the city a "most undesirable abiding place. Please give me the address."

NEW YORK SENATOR

RESIGNS HIS SEAT

Albany N.Y., March 29.—Half an hour before his colleagues were scheduled to begin voting on the question of whether he took a bribe, Senator Jotham P. Ald today resigned from the Senate. In view of frequent declarations that he would not take this course and would stand or fall by the decision of his colleagues, his action came as a thunderclap. It is taken as positive indication that Alds, after a poll of the senators found that there was a big majority against him and that a vote of the committee of the whole would be swiftly followed by his formal expulsion by the senate.

BELLE END ARRIVED.

Tommy Raymond arrived in this city last night with the seven-year-old pacing mare, Belle End, 2.20, which Mr. John McCoy recently purchased in Boston. The mare is at present in McCoy's stable, York St. About May 1st, Mr. Raymond expects to take up quarters at the Trotting Park, when he will train a string of horses during the summer.

Visit Our Parlors and be Convinced that Our Hats are the Correct Style