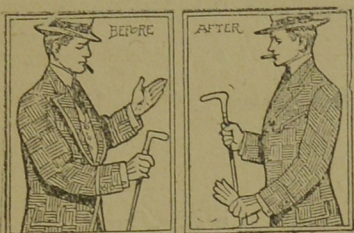


# THE LATEST IN MILLINERY MAY BE SEEN AT THE PARLORS OF MISS S. C. KELLY WE HAVE THE GOODS AND OUR PRICES ARE BOUND TO SUIT WATCH FOR OUR EASTER ANNOUNCEMENT



## 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.

**CLEANING  
PRESSING**

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

## WATCH THIS SPACE

FOR

## MISS MORGAN'S SPRING MILLINERY ANNOUNCEMENT

ALL THE LATEST MODELS AS WORN IN LONDON, PARIS AND NEW YORK

Edgcombe Block - - - York Street

SPRING STYLES **McKAY & CO.** SPRING STYLES

## Up-to-Date Footwear

From your point of view we feel sure you cannot help but be pleased with our showing of Spring Footwear

1910

THE ASSORTMENT IS LARGE  
THE STYLES ARE VARIED  
THE PRICES ARE LOW

1910

And time will tell you that our shoes will give you the best satisfaction. It's about time to make Easter selections. We would be pleased to show you our goods.

**McKAY & CO.**  
306 QUEEN STREET

## SPRING MILLINERY

Keep Watch on This Space For the Announcement of

## Miss M. E. Flanagan

Which Will Appear in a Few Days

SHE HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A VISIT TO THE GREAT EMPORIUMS OF BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

Candidates for Alderman of the City of Fredericton endorsed by the Civic Good Government Association.

Moses Mitchell, R. T. Baird,	WELLINGTON WARD.
John J. Weddall, Asa. H. Vanwart,	ST. ANNE'S WARD.
Joseph Walker, H. E. Harrison,	CARLETON WARD.
W. J. Osborne, D. J. Shea,	QUEENS WARD.
W. G. Clark, G. F. Wilkes,	KINGS WARD.

For these the Support of all Citizens is asked.

## FROZEN TO DEATH IN BLIZZARD

Two Women and Little Child Met Fearful Death In Western Blizzard

Aberdeen, S. D., March 8.—Huddled down in their abandoned sleigh, two women and a little child were found yesterday by the husband of one of the women, frozen to death in the blizzard which swept the country three weeks ago. Mrs. Gilbert Majhor, her mother-in-law and her three-year-old son, in trying to drive from their home to neighbors, were overtaken by the blizzard eight miles from home. They turned the team loose and huddled down in the sleigh to wait for the storm to pass. They slept and never awoke. The return of the team occasioned no uneasiness because it was supposed that the animals had escaped from the corral.

Praise makes a wise man cautious and a fool careless.

## THE EVENING STORY

### Blessed Are the Peacemakers.

On a certain October afternoon, which was brightened only by a flare of crimson leaves on all the maples and the ever-present tangles of aster and golden rod along the bushy banks, Elsie turned her horse in at a rickety picket gate and dismounted before the porch of a tiny, shabby, neglected house. With the reins upon her arm she stood looking about her with tender, remembering eyes. The little yard was grown up with mingled grass and weeds. In one corner was a bit of garden where corn had ripened and was curing as it stood, where a few red tomatoes which the birds had not eaten glowed jewel like upon fading vines, and a yellow pumpkin and a green Hubbard squash lay side by side. At the right side of the narrow path which led up to the door a flower bed showed a few scarlet geranium blossoms. Upon the shelf within the porch stood an oval and a cactus dead for want of moisture. The house blinds were shut. It was a very pitiful little house, like a shell without its mollusc or a body without its soul. Tears came to Elsie's eyes, as she thought of the dear woman who had animated it with her kindly presence. She felt that she would like to go in and look about and try in imagination to refurbish the abandoned rooms and to people them with the gentle figures which had once frequented them.

The thin old horse, a freckled grey from the livery stable in town, was pulling at the reins in an effort to get his nose to the grass. Elsie sought for some place to make him secure and remembered the little barn. If the door was not nailed up she could put him in there. The door was not nailed up. It slid open quite easily and she led the horse in and tied him to the stall which had held only cobwebs and hay dust for a long time. She carried it to the horse, who received it as eagerly as if it had been the freshest of fodder. Then she went to the house.

It was locked securely, of course. She went about trying the shutters. At last she found one partly off the hinges—blown off by the high wind, no doubt. She swung it clear and put her hand to the window underneath. To her surprise it raised as she pushed upon it. She seemed to hear a familiar voice saying in her ear:

"The ketch on that pantry window needs fixing bad, but I can't seem to do it. But la! what difference does it make. There ain't no burglar coming in here for the little trash I've got. If one did come in he'd be glad enough to get out again after I'd given it to him good and lively with that old pair of brass tongs I keep handy for the purpose."

Aunt Hope's dear voice! Aunt Hope's dear remembered words! And this was the pantry window. Elsie looked in. The tiny place was neat. The cupboard doors shut; and old iron spider hung against the wall. It looked perfectly natural and right, quite as if Aunt Hope had just stepped out. Clarissa Mains, the heiress, had left some things as they should be.

The window sill was only knee-high from the ground and Elsie climbed over it easily. She let the window down behind her. The floor gave back an empty sound beneath her feet as she walked across it to the kitchen. The kitchen, too, was quite unchanged. There stood the old-fashioned stove from which she had eaten so many of Aunt Hope's good dinners. In the dining room the chairs and the table still stood in their places upon the painted floor. But the dishes were gone from the shelves where Aunt Hope had kept them. Clarissa Mains had appreciated the fact that such old blue ware was valuable. After the dining room came the parlor, the room that in Aunt Hope's lifetime Elsie had always loved best. It was a good-sized room in the

front of the house. She lifted a window and turned the slats of the closed shutters. The yellow afternoon light came in across the bare floor. Innumerable motes danced in its rays. Upon the walls a few old pictures still hung upon its faded surface where others had been. There was a what-not in one corner; a few chairs waited as if for occupants; a shell and a large cheap vase were upon the mantel. Of all Aunt Hope's treasured parlor furnishings these things only remained.

Elsie sat down upon one of the appealing chairs and clasped her hands in their riding-gauntlets about her knee. There was a chill of firelessness and stale air in the room, but she did not feel it. She was thinking of the last time she had been in this room. It was one day of the past spring. There were flowers in the room and many people. In the midst lay Aunt Hope, always hither to so gracious and genial, so quick to respond to the love of her friends and neighbors. Her hands were crossed upon a flower; her lips smiled a new little smile of understanding of men's ways and of God's. Above the hushed sound of tears rose a dignified voice: "I am the resurrection and the life."

How vividly she remembered it all! She had sat here and he had sat there with Aunt Hope between. And though they both looked at Aunt Hope tearfully they would not look at each other. How pale he had been! And, perhaps, she, too, had been just as pale under her veil. Well, it was over. Of what use was it to regret? Yet Elsie knew how anxiously Aunt Hope had longed for them to be friends again, how strongly she had advised their making up their foolish quarrel.

"You are both young and high-tempered," she had pleaded again and again, "but there'll come a time when you'll be old and remorseful unless you make up now. Why, you are made for each other, Elsie. You'll never be happy with any one else, nor will David. He's a splendid young fellow. Don't I know? Wasn't I with his mother the night he was born and haven't I watched him grow up from baby to man? And haven't I watched you grow up, too? And I love you both. I've tried to have you care for each other because I've felt that was as it should be. And now you've let that little trollop of a Doris Kennedy come between you! Oh, I know what folks say about that—that I am a meddling old match maker."

"Peacemaker, Aunt Hope." Elsie had laughed tremulously.

"Well, then, peacemaker. I hope I am. Blessed—you know what the Bible says. But I ain't sure of that unless you'll let me make peace between you and David!"

"Some day," Elsie had half promised. That was a year ago. Then they had met at Aunt Hope's funeral and had not spoken. Afterward David had gone back to the city to his work and Elsie had gone to hers in the little country town. As far as she knew now, her romance was ended. There was no Aunt Hope to advise and gently smooth away the difficulty. But, oh, the sweetness and the bitterness of it lingered with her like mingled myrrh and honey. She had loved David—she loved him still—and must go on loving him as long as she lived. But she had the Bennett temper. He had it, too, for back somewhere, a couple of generations ago, a certain marriage had made them kin. She would not give up. Neither would he. And it was all because she had not liked his city cousin, Doris Kennedy, and he had! Perhaps down in her heart Elsie had been a bit jealous of the blonde young woman who looked as if she had been run in an exceedingly slender mold and had never so much as bent her back since—an effect obtained, it was said, by means of an exacting French dressmaker and a French corset. Elsie was far too natural to admire Doris' immobility, loads of false hair and layers of pink and white powder. And she had told David so in a none too pleasant way.

## A MAGNIFICENT GATHERING OF NEW SPRING GOODS

Superbly ready are we in every department of this helpful store to greet our store friends with charming, desirable and worthy assemblages of New Spring merchandise.

### SOME SPECIAL FEATURES

DRESS GOODS  
TAFFETA AND LOUSINE  
DRESS GINGHAMS  
NEW VESTINGS  
CREPELLE SUITINGS  
SWISS EMBROIDERIES  
LACE CURTAINS  
CRETONNES

DRESS SILKS  
RAW SILK  
DRESS LINEN  
DUCK SUITINGS  
DRESS MUSLINS  
NEW PRINTS  
ART MUSLINS  
CURTAIN MUSLINS

**A. MURRAY & CO.**

438 QUEEN STREET

TELEPHONE 423

OPP. NORMAL SCHOOL

## THE MISSES YOUNG

Are now prepared to fill Early Spring Orders  
The Milliners have returned from the leading fashion centres of Europe and America and are now preparing for the Spring Opening which will be announced later.

WATCH FOR THE DATE.

## SOCIAL GOSSIP

"But her heart is all right," he had argued stoutly. "Doris is a good girl. The trouble is, you are envious of her, that's all."

"Envious!" cried Elsie, scarlet with rage. So the quarrel had begun. And it had ended in David going his way and Elsie hers.

As she sat there now in the empty room, Elsie owned to herself sadly that she had been unreasonable. After all, Doris was David's own cousin and older than he. There had been no reason in the world for her being jealous—as she had been; yes, she had to admit that now.

"If I only had listened to Aunt Hope. If only I had let her make peace as she wished—"

A crash at the back of the house startled her. A window had fallen! She sprang to her feet. Steps were coming toward her through the house—heavy steps—a man's. Now they were in the kitchen—now the dining room. She plunged toward the door that opened into the little front entry. It was locked. She tugged at it frantically. Heavens! To be shut in this house with a tramp. Still tugging, with futile desperation, at the unyielding door she looked back over her shoulder just as the invader appeared in the parlor door—a tall young fellow in a respectable ulster, who looked almost as white and shaken as she knew she was.

"Elsie!" he exclaimed. "Great Scott!"

"David!" she gasped. And half fell against the supporting door. They stared at each other, the color slowly coming back to their faces.

"Did you get in at the pantry window, too?" Elsie asked, when she could.

He nodded.

"I remembered that Aunt Hope was always going to have it fixed, and never did. What are you doing here, Elsie?" He came close to her.

"What are you?"

"I came because I had to. I felt as if I were being called."

"David!" That's just the way I felt."

Their eyes sought each other's, awe-struck, wondering. Then their hands met.

"Forgive me, Elsie. I was wrong," he faltered.

"Forgive me, David, I was wrong too."

They clung together.

"I didn't care for Doris. But she was my cousin."

"I know. I know."

"She was in his arms now. And he had kissed her."

"David," Elsie said, from his shoulder, solemnly, "do you suppose—that she, Aunt Hope, drew us here today?"

His eyes had the look of one who had been very near to holy things.

"Who knows?" he answered, very low. "Blessed are the peacemakers!"

The Neighborhood Bridge Club met last week with Mrs. (Dr.) Crocker, Government Road. Mrs. W. D. McKay and Mr. J. Walter McKay were successful in making the largest number of points.

On Thursday evening last Mrs. W. J. Osborne entertained the sewing circle of the Ladies' Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Miss Grace Fleming has returned to her home in St. John, after visiting Mrs. J. Harvey for several weeks.

The naturally hate a thing that is naturally agreeable is to have it become a duty.

On Monday evening Mrs. James G. McNally entertained at dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Prescott and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dickson. Covers were laid for twelve.

On Saturday evening last Mrs. R. D. Hanson, Park Street, entertained at a small bridge of two tables in honor of her guest, Mrs. Price, of Moncton.

Governor and Mrs. Tweedie held their first reception of the season at the Queen Hotel on Wednesday. Mrs. Tweedie was assisted in receiving by Mrs. W. C. Crocker. In the tea room, which was beautifully decorated with red geranium and smilax, Mrs. Byrne and Mrs. J. P. Burchill presided. They were assisted by Miss Hazen Allen, Miss Sadie Sterling, Miss Jean Wilson, Miss Grace Winslow and Miss Burchill. About 400 ladies and gentlemen called.

Miss Mabelle Crocker of Millerton, is visiting her brother, Dr. J. B. Crocker.

Lt. Guy McLaughlin of Woodstock, and Lt. Hopkins of Andover are taking a special course at the Military School.

Mrs. Frank L. Cooper very pleasantly entertained at a bridge on Monday evening, when Mrs. W. A. B. McLellan gained the first prize.

Mr. Norman Rogers of St. John, spent a few days in town this week.

Mrs. Bedford Phillips was the hostess on Thursday evening at a very delightful bridge. Forty ladies were present, making one of the largest parties of the season. After an evening of play Mrs. B. C. Foster was the winner of the first prize, while Mrs. S. H. McKee gained the second.

Mr. D. McLeod of St. John, has arrived here to become teller at the Bank of New Brunswick.

Mr. Guy Yerxa, lately transferred from here to the Royal Bank's branch at Vancouver, is now at Nanaimo, B. C.

"Claremont," the beautiful residence of Mrs. W. H. N. Clements, at Douglas, was the scene of a merry gathering on Tuesday evening, when the Misses Clements entertained at cards and dancing. About forty young people were present, a great many going up from town.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Wallace entertained at dinner on Saturday evening.

On Thursday evening last the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Amos Wilson, St. John Street, held a very merry crowd, when their daughter, Miss Violet, entertained her young friends to a dancing party.

Mrs. Robert M. Campbell's bridge on Thursday evening was one of the most charming of the season. The party was given in honor of Mrs. Guillard, Mrs. Campbell's sister, of Halifax. Thirty-two ladies were present. The first prize went to Miss Vera VanBuckirk, while Mrs. G. Clowes Vanwart was successful in winning the second.

Miss Vera Lottimer is visiting friends in Providence, R. I.

Mr. George Howie of Grand Falls, spent a few days in town this week, with Mrs. Howie, who is visiting Mrs. Jas. R. Howie, Waterloo Row.

Miss Minnie Day, of Marysville, will leave shortly for Moosejaw, Sas., where she has accepted a position on the teaching staff of one of the schools of that district.

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