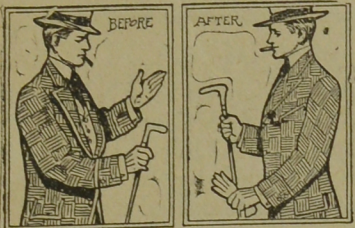


THE LATEST IN MILLINERY

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



**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.

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ELECTRICAL ENGINEER AND CONTRACTOR

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ESTIMATES GIVEN ON ALL BRANCHES OF ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION AND SUPPLIES

QUEEN STREET TELEPHONE CONNECTION AT OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

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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.

P. E. I. PRODUCING MUCH MORE MILK

An increase of 8,314,839 pounds of milk supplied Prince Edward Island cheese factories in 1909, over 1908, and an increase of \$67,214.93 in the gross value of the cheese output, was reported at the annual meeting of the Prince Edward Island Dairymen's Association, held in Charlottetown on February 22nd. The increase of milk supplied for buttermaking was 3,270,433 pounds, and the increase in gross value of butter made was \$22,328.30, making a total increase of \$89,534.23 in value of output from the dairy stations of the province. This is an encouraging increase over 1908, which in turn had registered a considerable increase over 1907. The average price for cheese last season was 11.16 cents.

GROUNDS TO BE SOLD.

New York, March 14.—Announcement was made Saturday that the American League Park at Broadway, and 168th street, would be offered at once for private sale. It is intended to cut it into 150 city lots. The ground is valued at \$1,700,000.

THE EVENING STORY

WHEN THE CURTAIN LIFTED.

"The bonbons are for you, the bouquet for Amy." Clay Cray, a privileged friend, bowed low as he proffered the dainty white box with its bands of silver ribbon, but he mischievously held the bouquet of heliotrope and tuberoses high above his head, quite out of reach.

Mrs. Dodge did not extend her hand or welcome him with her usual graciousness. Instead she frowned. "Clay," she said, presently, "I wish you would take you bouquets and bonbons and stay away till Amy's visit is over. I've made it plain enough, haven't I, that I prefer the acquaintance should not continue?"

"But why?" he asked with a lift of his brows, and not in the least discomposed.

"The disparity of age, if for no other reason."

"One man," he mused with joined finger-tips and down-dropped eyes, "receives his conge because he's too young; another because he's too old. Last week you sent Billy Todd away on the ground of youthfulness, today you dispose of me for the opposite reason. Consistency, my dear Grace, is—"

"Haven't I implied there are other reasons?"

"Possibly. They are—"

"Amy is too young to—"

"Look here, Grace." He laughed so gayly that Mrs. Dodge's frown almost dissolved in spite of her vexation. "Do you recall two young things, barely high school seniors, planning their life's journey with a judgment of ripe old age? It didn't occur to either of us, did it, that youth was a bar to wisdom? I had qualms though, three years later. I confess in the capacity of best man at your's and Dick's wedding. Unnecessarily so, too, as the years have proved. In fact, ever since that time you and Dick have been my admirations. Now, I—"

"That is one of my reasons, if you will permit me," she interrupted with an attempt at severity. "I think I may say my chiefest one. It is because Dick was Dick and Grace was I. But, Clay, you are not Dick, nor is Amy her sister."

Clay's expression changed to one of comical bewilderment. He drew up his shoulders and thrust forward his hands with a gesture so funny that Mrs. Dodge came near parting with her dignity. "Is it a conundrum?" he asked.

"It ought not to be to a man of your astuteness," she said gravely. "Surely I need not say more."

"By all means go on."

"Then I will. Only Clay, you must understand that I find no pleasure in saying things that may prove disagreeable."

"Why," he laughed. "I thought that you, Dick, and myself were great friends—in fact, mutual admirers. All these years, then, Mrs. Dick, your colors have been false."

"Indeed, no," she said in genuine distress. "If Amy were different I should gladly welcome you as a brother. But—well—you are not the man to make her happy."

"Monster that I am."

Mrs. Dodge turned away, looking out over the leafy greenness in the park opposite. "Clay," she said finally, "do go away."

"Nonsense," he laughed gayly. "I am ready, surgeon. Proceed with the knife."

"If I must, then, your admiration—you know it—is solely for brilliant, capable women. You would demand in your wife the qualities to make her your intellectual equal. The little, kittenish home body, which is another name for Amy, would inevitably bore you. Because she is young, you fancy she would develop into your ideal, but that she never can, unless it be at a fearful price. The disappointment would be terrible for both, but far, far worse for her."

"Is that all?" Clay straightened himself with a look of relief and laid the box of bonbons and the bouquet

in her lap. "Then Grace, with your permission—"

"Which you haven't."

"Then without it. Amy herself shall desire. Don't turn her against me, Grace."

He stood for a while, real concern replacing his usual careless expression. "Tell her," he said from the doorway, "that I shall call this evening."

An hour later he and Amy came in together, placing themselves like two children before Miss Dodge and laughingly asking her blessing; but over Amy's shoulder Clay's eyes silently asked a question, and Mrs. Dodge's as silently answered.

Visits for some years were hurried and infrequent, but Amy's letters, always gay and cheery and full to the last inch of space, conveyed no impression of disillusionment. Clay was thoughtful and appreciative, there was a beautiful home and lovely children, and a steadily increasing mention in society columns of the handsome Mrs. Clay, cleverest member of a clever set.

"Amy's cup is surely full," Grace told Clay on the occasion of a flying visit, "I marvel, though, that she developed a taste for society. Are you sure she's happy?"

Clay sprang up with a laugh so infectious that Grace was compelled to join. "Don't you go raising a snare again, my lady," he admonished. "Amy has never known an unhappy moment that I know of, and, of course, I should know. There's no curtain between her inmost self and me. I should be wretched," he finished soberly, "if I suspected that her life was less rose-colored than our honeymoon promised. But it isn't, and there you are."

"One would as soon have expected a little brown bee to evolve into a butterfly," Grace laughed. "But I'm very glad that I was wrong in my prediction."

"Dead wrong," he assented, and at that precise point Mrs. Dodge's misgivings permanently halted. Only once ever after were they given an impetus.

She and Amy were resting in the twilight of a fatiguing day. The scent of heliotrope just outside mingled with that of tuberoses in the window boxes, and floated across the room to where they sat.

"Heliotrope and tuberoses," Amy mused slowly. "Oh, I recall where—my bouquet, you remember, at your home. It marked the severing of all that should have been, the distortion even of nature itself. No wonder I loathe those odors."

Grace suddenly sat up, misgivings so long inert leaping to life again. "Amy," she gasped. "I don't in the least understand."

"Sometimes I wonder—" Amy said, and broke off, embarrassed.

"What a strange thing life is!" she began again. "Nothing is as we plan. It's like idle fluttering, not even caring to fly, till some fierce, propelling power seizes and one is forced along, leaving behind all that one had loved. Women, through their love, are hourly crucified. Did you know that, Grace. But, of course, not. How could you?"

"But I knew it," she went on, "I, so weary of all that the days bring, social duties and obligations, studying this and coaching in that, forever on the rack to make a fine figure, an agreeable impression and with not so much as one minute dawn to midnight, day after day, year upon—"

"Why don't you give it up, then?" Grace interrupted harshly. "My surprise from the first has been that you threw yourself headlong into society."

"Give it up! I dare not give it up. It means too much. Clay so admires brilliant women, and I want—I must have—his admiration. But I hunger for whole days at home with just the children, or old, homey friends, or cuddled on the sofa, with a book wholly without pretensions. I want a little, ever so little, ease

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Choice range of New Shades and Black to choose from in high class and popular priced cloths. If you want to be convinced send for samples or better still, come in and we will show our lines and compare them with any other lines being shown this season.

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Our collection of New Wash Fabrics excels any previous showing in Scotch Zephyrs, Gingham, Chambrays, New Crepe Vestings, Indian Head Linens, etc. We have a wide range of patterns and colors from 10c. up to 50c. per yard.

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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.

The Winner of That BIG CAKE

Mrs. Perley of St. John Street, whose guess was correct.
CORRECT WEIGHT OF CAKE, 10 LBS., 15½ OZ. Ask her what she thinks of

SCOTCH ZEST BREAD

DUNBAR'S BAKERY

Phone 361-41

and comfort in place of the strenuous pace set for me. I want—"Amy," Grace spoke slowly, "you must tell your husband just how you feel. He loves you and—coming, Dick?"

"One thing," she said, turning back at the door. "Hold fast your love for Clay and your faith that he loves you."

"Love!" Amy moaned as the door closed. "I shouldn't say it, Grace, but Clay loves only glitter and show. The love that's worth having he knows nothing about."

A man who had been leaning against the window box tiptoed softly away and flung himself face down in the shadow of the hedge. The curtain of Grace's fears had been lifted and its lifting had cut to the heart. An hour later he sauntered into the drawing room and crossed over to sit by Amy.

"Grace," he laughed, "do you remember that dark prophecy of your concerning our future. After ten years I am happily able to affirm that you were wrong; I'm a model husband, and Amy has but one fault a weakness for culture. I'm about to serve notice, though, that she drop ninety-nine hundredths of it and become a really, truly me ber of my family. There was never a prettier bride, Grace, do you remember, or one better loved, but the beauty and love of those days was nothing to now. I used to call Dick the luckiest of men, but I've transferred that title to myself."

His arm was around Amy's shoulders and his lips touched her hair. Grace looked away and coughed to conceal Amy's sudden sob, pretending even not to hear her low "Do you mean it, dear?" or Clay's answer, "More than I can tell, sweetheart."

PHELPS SHOCKS BOSTON BEAUTIES

(Boston Post, March 11.)

"American women, the most beautiful American women you could find, lined up beside the Grecian woman of old would look like caricatures," Professor William Lyons Phelps, of Yale, is responsible for this statement.

American women and caricatures in the same breath! American women, leastwise Boston women, don't like it. Witness the assemblage of 50 of Boston's most cultured women and one small boy at Lacey D. Caskey's lecture in the Museum of Fine Arts yesterday.

Mr. Caskey's subject was far from concerned with the merits of American and Grecian beauty. It was the

"Earliest Art of Greece," and he took for illustration samples of the early Grecian art from the Archaic room in the museum. All went well until he came to what is considered the gem of the Archaic room, the bronze statue of Aphrodite in the form of a mirror stand.

The mention of Aphrodite alone made the ladies sit up and take notice, for she comes down the generations as the most beautiful of Greek subjects. When Mr. Caskey explained further that "originally there was a piece of burnished bronze at the top of the statuette into which beautiful Greek women had doubtless gazed with satisfaction," there was a distinct rustle of excitement noticeable throughout the room.

Restlessness seemed to prevail until the end of the lecture. Promptly at the close of the lecture 50 voices raised as one asked, "Did you hear what that man at Yale said?" "Monstrous, untrue, absurd." "A hundred women in Boston are more beautiful than the famed Aphrodite herself."

"Ladies," begged a reporter's voice, "please, oh, please, may I quote you as saying that?"

"No, never. We are not defending ourselves. We know that Aphrodite may have been more beautiful than we. But set them all about you, in society, in your offices, in your departmental stores. Beautiful! Why, given the historic setting and the picturesque garb they are even more beautiful. There is not a Greek type that you can't duplicate today." "A Grecian maid on Boylston street," said one young lady, who had a right to defend herself, "would look like an old maid school teacher on a Cook tour."

"I hope my husband doesn't read that horrid man's opinion," said a recently married Back Bay woman. "Never mind," replied a matronly person, "he couldn't bring her to life." "I know," replied the other, "but he says I'm his ideal, and I want to make good."

"But who is there in Boston's society more beautiful than Aphrodite?" asked a doubter.

From all sides came names. The doubter couldn't get them all, but here are some. "The Misses Meyer," "Miss Dorothy Ames," "Oh, they came thick and fast. Some more of them: 'Mrs. Lars Anderson,' 'Mrs. Alexander Higginson,' 'Miss Gladys Deacon.'"

EGG GRAVY.

In one pint of water dissolve one level spoonful nut butter. Thicken with flour until thin gravy. Just before removing from the stove add one egg, well beaten. The white of egg may be used or omitted, as desired.