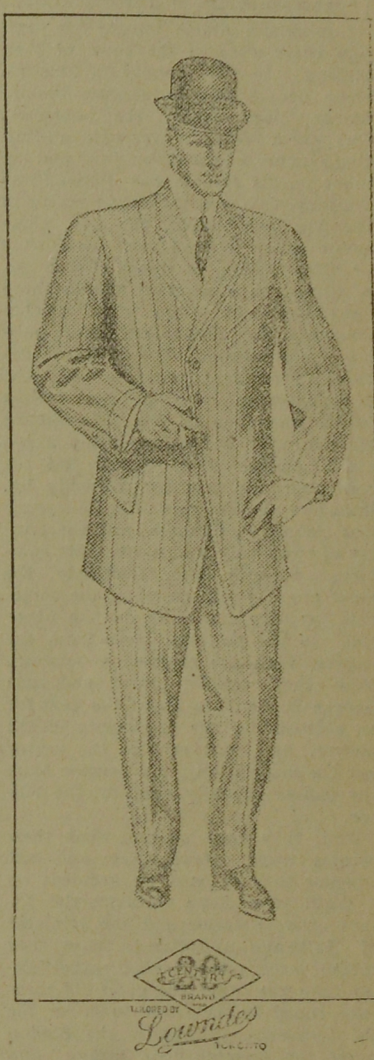
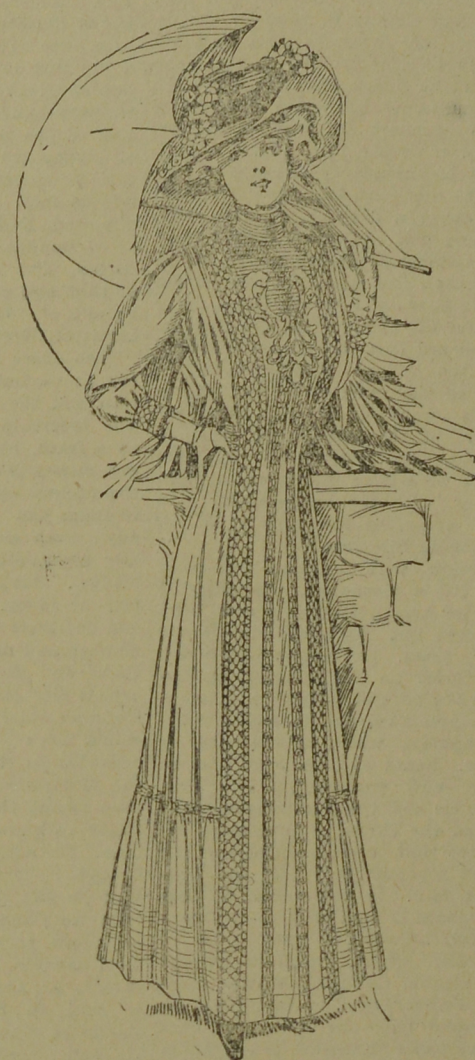
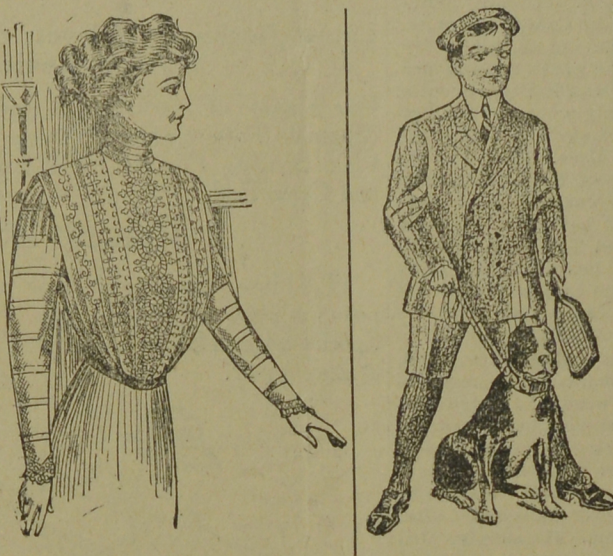


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THE EVENING STORY

REFORMED BY LOVE.

Graydon, clever pickpocket, gentlemanly lifer of valuable articles, with a reputation well worth not having, saw that something was wrong, and he stepped out from the shadow of the doorway where he had been smoking a cigarette in comfort and in peace. A tall, leering fellow had stopped a slim, frightened girl by placing himself in her path, and she had barely dodged his attempt to grasp her when Graydon touched him on the shoulder.

"Better run along," he suggested, in his gentlemanly, easy way.

The other turned with a quick snarl.

"Ain't I got a right to speak to a girl if I want to? Say, she's a friend o' mine. You butt along—"

"Is he a friend of yours?" Graydon turned to the girl.

"My, no," a frightened sweet voice answered him, in a gasp.

"Better run along," Graydon reiterated, quietly.

The other looked Graydon's slim build over with a sarcastic smile "Betta run along!" he repeated. "What do you think I am, a puppy?"

A quick trip and a blow and the big fellow measured his length in the gutter, but came back hard, only to meet the same fate. The girl shrank into the corner, a slim, little, fearful bit of humanity, and a crowd rapidly collected. But Graydon knew his business. In a few moments the other was worsted so that he growled that he was ready to quit, and a mutter of word from one of the bystanders that it was Jim Graydon he was fooling with seemed to quiet his ardor. But his curses were grim and venomous, as he saw Graydon, taking the girl's arm, guide her through the crowd.

When farther down the street he released her arm and offered to see her to her place. After a moment's hesitation she accepted and they went on. Then, for the first time, Graydon saw closely the face of the girl who he had rescued from the "masher," and the face interested him as none other ever had in the long course of his wanderings. He had seen and knew every type of the city face, but in hers a touch of something he did not know in the many others of his acquaintance—the

little tinge that the face receives from a soul that does not know the darker side of life, or, if it knows, feels that the better side is far greater than the worse.

His skillful questions brought out the information that she had recently come to the city for work from a city farther south and that this was her first experience away from her friends, who had made it a point to look out for her.

When he said good-by as she had mounted the steps into the tenement his quick eyes had caught a full picture of her round girlish face, the big gray eyes with their frank belief, and when the door closed he stood for a moment feeling the new sensation that he had met some one whom he would want to see again.

His thoughts ran to her more than was good for him, and the result was that the next afternoon he was on hand when the great dry-goods store where she worked closed. But he here received the first inkling that there were others who thought her as attractive as he did, for he saw a tall fellow leave the store with her, showing her many of those little attentions which bespeak a man's frame of mind. Graydon managed to get a close view of his rival, and saw a chap no different from the ordinary, but looking a little shrewd and clever with the cleverness that comes from knowledge of city life and its ways. He knew that such a knowledge used rightly would count with the little gray girl.

That she was pleased with the tall fellow's attention he could easily see, and the thought sobered him. "Jimmy, stop and think," he muttered to himself. The result of his thought showed in the little glint that flickered in his eyes. He had been afraid to own up to himself that he had come to think of her as he had of no other girl in his shift life, and the knowledge set him to thinking, started the grim determination in him that had carried him through many tight places, and the next time he managed to secure the place at her side as she left the store, leaving the tall chap looking after them in open-mouthed astonishment that turned a second later into something of the same look that Jimmy had worn.

The next time he scored again, for

the battle was on. That time the tall chap, Waldon by name, tried to stir up a little argument, but Graydon's cool, experienced eyes with the little mocking light in them, held the other to a moment's pause, and in that pause Graydon conquered, for she went with him.

All the skill which he possessed went into the effort he made to please her, to win from her frank, gray eyes a look of a little more than mere ordinary friendship and liking. And he was successful. As proof of it he asked for nothing more than her quaint and hesitating invitation to attend a dance which the girls were to give the following week.

Graydon made good use of his time in the intervening days, taking her to places of amusement where he knew he would not be watched too closely, using all the means he knew to make her doubly his own. Waldon saw what was going on, but he was playing a poor hand against the crack thief. She told him in her confiding way of the looks that Waldon had given her, but she had taken good pains that he should not get a chance to speak with her, though he had tried a number of times.

The night of the dance came. After grooming himself until his dark handsomeness was made as evident as possible, he went to her boarding place. When she came in the room, ready to go with him, he caught the swift, pleased glance she gave him. He, in turn, in a swift look, realized that she had never looked prettier with her childish beauty than tonight. All the way to the hall she was happy, and as she went to the wardrobe he whispered: "I shall be proud of you tonight."

The dances started and went on and he was enjoying himself as he never could have believed possible after all his years of shift and change in the city life. One thing bothered him, and that was a man whom he caught looking sharply at him a number of times. Then on top of that Waldon came up for a dance, and, because she had been a little unkind toward him, the little girl in gray accepted him as a partner.

Graydon waited in a corner of the room and watched them begin, she giving him a little reassuring smile. As they danced on he saw Waldon talking with her earnestly, and she looking up at him sharply, and once she seemed to be begging him to stop. The next time they came around she did not look at Graydon, and she looked pale. She soon stopped in front of him, and, looking into her wide eyes, he caught a look that told him the story. She asked to see him outside.

In the quiet of the farthest corridor she turned to him and looked at him a moment, all the turmoil in her heart evident in her eyes. "Jimmy, he told me you were a-a-a-common street thief—" she waited, watching.

He knew it was coming, but he waited without a word.

"He said you had been arrested and in jail," and the horror of the thought widened her eyes. "A common thief, a pickpocket." With a sudden rush she went to him and threw two slender, beseeching arms across his shoulders. "Jimmy, you aren't—you aren't, are you?" she begged.

He moistened his lips with his tongue. Inside, the music was swinging into the coda of the dance, a gay two-step; a bit of silvery laughter rang softly down to them over the music. He looked into her eyes, straight and squarely. "That's just what I am," he said quietly.

Her arms dropped from his shoulders and she drew away from him with a little gasp of—he knew not what.

For a moment she looked at him, then swiftly and sharply she spoke: "You and I are through; Mr. Waldon will see me home tonight. Good-bye."

She was gone.

Graydon drew his cigarette case from his pocket, and slowly lit one. Slipping on his coat he went out into the cold street and stood for a moment on the corner. The cigarette smouldered and died. "God! but I love her!" he muttered and went on.

A few months later came the panic that put many of the great concerns out of business, and the dry goods store that furnished employment for hundreds closed its doors. Among the girls discharged was the little girl in gray. Then commenced the search for work—the hopeless search that in hard times drains the nervous energy and saps the life. She hurried to another city, and then, falling there, came back, looking a little more slight, tired and weary. Then from a friend came news of a place where there was a chance and a short time found her waiting outside the door of an office with many others. At last she entered. At the desk was a man busy writing. He turned, and her cry of astonishment, mingled with his quick cry of joy, but as he stepped toward her he stayed himself. His eyes were grave and serious; his face the face of a man who had fought a hard fight and won.

"Little girl, you didn't expect to

find Jimmy Graydon here, did you? After that night I made up my mind to turn a new leaf, if I could, and I did; then to come back to you, and see if you would give me an opportunity.

"I got my chance. With my knowledge of city life and city ways, and what I have learned from my—my—past life. I have climbed until I am in a good position. After the failure of your firm, I tried to see you, but you had gone, and so swiftly I could not find you." He paused and fingered the papers on his desk. Then he looked up with the straight, frank look of a man whose conscience is clear. She was trembling a little bit as she listened and watched him turn from the desk to her. "I have done my best," he said, quietly and tenderly. "Won't you help me to keep on?"

He stood very close to her; across her face a hint of tears, of joy, or many things; then, with a little rush, trembling a little, she hid her face on his shoulder, while his arm went around her in a firm, reassuring way.

She lifted her face to his for a moment; and then said, smiling a little mistily: "But I came for a position?"

"You have one, my little gray sweetheart,—for life."

U. S. MINIMUM TARIFF.

A List of Colonies to Which It Applies.

Washington, March 11.—President Taft recently signed proclamations declaring that the countries and colonies named therein, to the number of thirty-six, were found, upon examination of the tariffs, to be entitled to the minimum rates in the new Payne-Aldrich tariff act. The list comprises the Isle of Man, Channel Islands, Gibraltar, Sokotra, Seychelles Islands, St. Helena, Ascension Island, Falkland Islands, British New Guinea, British North Borneo, Ceylon, Korea, British Honduras, Congo, Santo Domingo, Mauritius, British East Africa, Zanzibar, Pemba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Cyprus, Tripoli, Dutch East Indies, British Somaliland and the following named German colonies: Togoland, Kamerun, German Southwest Africa, German East Africa, Kiau Chou, Kaiser Wilhelmland, Samoan Islands also the Bismarck Archipelago, Solomon Islands, Caroline Islands, Marianne and Ladrone (with the exception of Guam) and the Marshall Islands.

The secretary of state has advised that Austria-Hungary is entitled to

the minimum rate, but the President has not yet signed the proclamation granting it.

CUTS FLORENCE AND ROME.

From Paris comes the report, by grapevine telegraph, that the Morris Rohrheimer party liked the racing sport so well that they remained over, cutting Florence and Rome out of the trip to give more time to the French capital. Incidentally it is known that the part mutual proved too much for the American lovers of odds in the orthodox fashion, and that their letters of credit had to be resorted to in short order. This week they are in Egypt, doing the pyramids.

AN AGED CHIEF IS KILLED BY GAS.

Head of Chippewa Tribe in Minnesota Found Dead in Washington Hotel.

Washington, Friday.—One of the most picturesque chieftains of the Italian race and her nephew, both members of the Chippewa tribe in Minnesota, were found dead in a local hotel today, the victims of asphyxiation. The dead chief was Pay-Baum-We-Che-Waish-Kung, more than ninety-five years old, and his companion was Ah-No-Way-Way-Aush. It is believed one of the red men blew out the gas.

This was the second visit of the chief to the capital of the "Great Father," his first journey to Washington being nearly forty-four years ago, when he came as one of the signers of the treaty of 1866 between the United States and the Chippewas.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was approaching the century mark, the old chief and his strength of character had made him a potent power with his people and his final visit was as a member of a delegation to consult with the Indian Office regarding payments which they asserted were due them under the treaty of 1866, and concerning certain lands in dispute. The dead chieftain always was a friend of the whites, and while he possessed a record for peerless leadership and bravery in the inter-Indian conflicts, he never raised a tomahawk against the conquerer of his race.

The man who sits down to wait for a golden opportunity never has a comfortable seat.